

A HONOLULU EDITOR.

Stories of the Pluck and Courage of Mr. Walter G. Smith.

Mr. Walter G. Smith, the young American editor who made such a stir in Hawaii in his conduct of the Star, which he founded and used fearlessly in his attacks on Hawaiian royalty and its supporters, returned recently to his former home, Sherwood, N. Y. His old friends greeted him enthusiastically, and have been listening eagerly to narratives he has told of the many episodes in Hawaii during the time of suspense which Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Gresham inflicted upon the residents there. Mr. Smith has also brought home some amusing anecdotes.

The system of jail management at the Islands is peculiar. It is the custom there to rent out the prisoners to citizens as laborers at so much a day. Everyone who pretends to any social standing in Honolulu has a telephone in his house, and a conversation over it like this is said to be of frequent occurrence:

"Is this the jail?"

"Yes."

"Well, won't you please send up a murderer to the house to-day? That burglar you sent up yesterday was not satisfactory." The prisoners are required to return to the jail before six o'clock every night. Mr. Smith is said to have asked the keeper what he did when the prisoners failed to return.

"What do I do?" said the keeper, in surprise at such a question. "Why, sir, I lock 'em out!" It will be remembered that Mr. Smith was threatened with assassination by "Paramour Wilson" because Smith dared to give expression to Wilson's scandalous relations with the royal house. Upon receipt of the news to expect death, Smith went out on the streets armed, and exposed himself purposely to meet his antagonist. The other man didn't shoot, but Smith was none the less ready for emergencies.

It turns out, however, that it wasn't Smith's first experience of this kind in newspaper life. Before Smith went to Hawaii he edited a paper in San Diego, Cal. There was a tugboat captain there who came from Smith's native place, Sherwood. One day the editor found in a paper sent to him from his old home an extract from a letter that the tugboat captain had sent home, and which, because of the glowing account it gave of the writer's success, got into print as an instance of what push would do in the far West. The tugboat captain referred to himself as the captain of "a large steamer," and so exaggerated his position in life that he appeared to be one of the magnates of the town. Smith, in a spirit of fun, reprinted the article without comment.

Soon after its publication a sound of heavy feet was heard rushing up the stairs to the editorial rooms of the paper. The excited tugboat captain dashed in and inquired for Editor Smith. He hadn't come down yet, the boy said.

"Well, you tell him," said the captain, "that I shall be here to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock to shoot him dead. I give him warning."

Smith received the message, and has acknowledged since that he did not like it. Still it would never do to show the white feather. He procured two large revolvers, had them cocked and hidden under a newspaper on his desk that had been thrown down carelessly, as it seemed, and tried to show no concern when on the following day the lookout reported that the angry captain was headed for the office exactly on time. He burst into Smith's office, and the latter's right hand stole under the newspaper and grasped one of the cocked revolvers. With a tremendous amount of profanity the captain shouted:

"What did you mean by printing that thing about me?"

"You wrote it, didn't you?" asked Smith, as his hand stole under the paper and grasped the second revolver, and both hands began to tip up the muzzles for instant use, the editor at the same time trying to conceal his trepidation.

"Yes, I wrote it, but what the blankety, blankety blank, did you mean by printing it?"

"If I choose to reprint such an article," said Smith, the points of the revolvers coming up still more and his hands shaking a little more, "I have a right to do so."

"You have, have you?"

"Yes, I have."

"Well, do you know what I am going to do?" asked the furious captain.

"No, I don't," said Smith, prepared now to shoot and kill if his trembling hands would permit him to hit the mark.

"Well, I am going to go down stairs and stop my paper."

Where Women Rule.

The squaws of the Onondaga Reservation, in New York State, are held in such high esteem by their semi-barbarous masters that the tribe is spoken of as a people ruled by women. There is but little work done by any of the Indians, but that little is done mostly by the men. The squaw is called upon only to do her household duties. The superiority of the squaw to the buck is shown in the fact that the children, according to the custom of the Iroquois, belong to the family or nation of their mother. If a Seneca Indian marries an Onondaga squaw and they have children the latter are Onondagas and should the father be of the family of the Wolf and the mother of the Snake clan the children are Snipes. It is as if John Smith married Mary Jones and a child of the marriage was named John Jones.

Air a Non-Conductor of Heat.

"We have proved to our satisfaction," said a maker of water coolers, "that plain air is as good a non-conductor of heat as we can obtain. We made three refrigerators exactly alike, save that one was packed with sawdust, one with charcoal, and the other provided with an air jacket. Then we put into each a piece of ice, equal in weight and as nearly as possible similar in texture. The three were left overnight, and the next morning by far the largest piece of ice was found in the cooler with the air jacket."

An Australian Vesuvius.

One of the most remarkable sights to be seen in Australia is a burning mountain, 1,820 ft. in height. The mountain is supposed to be underlain with an inexhaustible coal seam, which in some way became ignited. It was burning long before the advent of white men to that part of the country.

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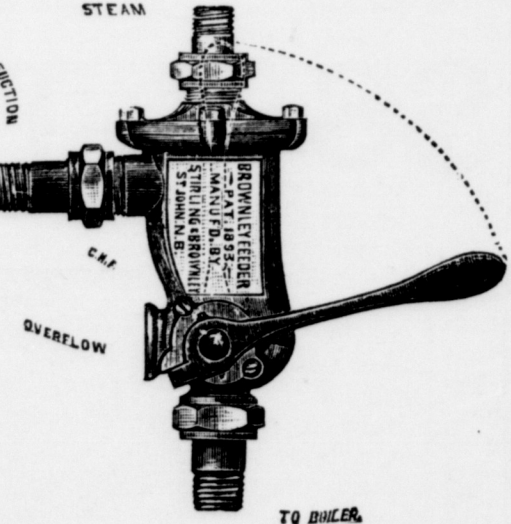
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FAMOUS WILL CASES

That Are Even More Interesting than Recent St. John Ones.

The case of the lawyers of Odessa have recently had to settle, as to the presumption of survivorship in a husband and wife, both drowned (or all that could be known to the contrary) at the same instant, has been spoken of as though it were an unusual circumstance, but in the English courts there have been many similar cases. The Odessa catastrophe was caused by a collision, and it has been decided that the wife survived—a woman, as the doctors considered, being likely to float longer than a man. In England, juries, or at least judges—are less inclined to be moved by the laws of experts. In the case of General Stanwick, who was lost with his wife, and every soul on board, in the Irish Channel, administration was granted to the representatives of the husband; but the judge expressly observed that he was not deciding that the husband actually survived the wife, but assumed that both parties had perished at the same moment. In a case where a mother and daughter were drowned in a cabin through the sea coming through the skylight, it was held, though physical strength was much in favor of the younger woman, that neither could transmit to the other.

In the case of Underwood vs. Wing, it was shown that the husband clasped his wife in his arms, and though the man was a strong and a good swimmer, it was decided (after two appeals however) that their property would go the same way as though they had died the same instant. The effect of this was to set aside the wills of both, and the property was handed to one whose name was intentionally excluded from both documents. There was a case of presumption of survivorship in John Franklin's expedition, which was decided upon opinions of other Arctic voyagers, notably Dr. Ray and Sir John Richardson. They both concurred that no member of the expedition could have possibly survived 1852. A very small amount of proof—there were no other witnesses—was required for evidence of survivorship. "A father and son were seized as joint tenants and to the heirs of the son." They were also seized as joint accomplices in a murder and hanged accordingly. They were turned off at the same time, but because the legs of the son shook after the father was still, it was held that he survived and the wife was entitled to her dower.

Yawning and the Devil.

It is not generally known that the practice exacted by the rules of good society of placing the hands before the mouth when yawning was originally a religious custom. Yet such is the case. It was a medieval superstition that when the Evil One desired to take possession of a man's soul he entered by the mouth. If, after the devil had been long in wait, the victim either remained silent or else spoke so rapidly that the evil spirit could not slip into a wide open mouth, then the arch-fiend tormented his unsuspecting prey into a fit of yawning, in the hope of thereby effecting an entrance. It was to escape this danger that the yawner held his hand before his mouth. At the same time the sign of the cross was made. The latter custom now survives only in a few mountain districts of Europe, while the other practice is invariably required by etiquette. A counterpart of this superstition is furnished by the painters of the pre-Raphaelite and renaissance periods, especially in Italy. In pictures representing the casting out of an evil spirit, they show the latter in the form of a little black or red fiend, in the act of escaping from the lips of the demoniac. In death scenes, a blessed spirit is represented as a small, naked, flesh-colored man or woman, while a damned soul is either red (the color of sin) or black (the color of death and perdition). In both cases the spirit is often seen issuing from the dying person's mouth. In the facsimile edition of Sir John Mandeville's travels, published in England fifty years ago, Judas is represented as he hangs upon the mulberry tree, the devil is taking his black soul from out his side, apparently. We more rarely meet with pictures in which an evil spirit is on the point of entering into a sinner. Those who have seen the Sistine Chapel in Rome will remember, immediately to the right of the entrance, a large wall painting in fresco (not by Michael Angelo) which represents the Last Supper. It gives a side view of Judas Iscariot, and shows a little black devil on his shoulder, waiting his opportunity to enter the traitor's soul. This picture is a curious and unquestionable illustration of the Roman Catholic superstition connected with yawning.

Real Beauty.

A reply which was at once wise and witty is said to have been made by a gentleman to whose decision in regard to a certain matter two pretty young girls appealed. They were discussing the question as to what constituted beauty in a hand and differed greatly in opinion. At last they referred the matter to the old man, of whom they were both very fond.

"My dears," said the old gentleman, with a kindly smile, "the question is too hard for me to decide. But ask the poor, and they will tell you that the most beautiful hand in the world is the hand that gives the most freely."

Not in Practice.

A colored woman presented herself as a candidate for confirmation in the diocese of Florida, and was required to say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments. She got through with the first two fairly well, as somebody had evidently been coaching her, but when it came to the last she bungled and hesitated, and then remarked in a confidential tone to the clergyman: "De fac' is, Mr. Turnip, I hasn't been practicin' de Ten Comma'dments lately."

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MISS FLORA McDONALD.

I could think of, but it did me no good. My cousin said I must

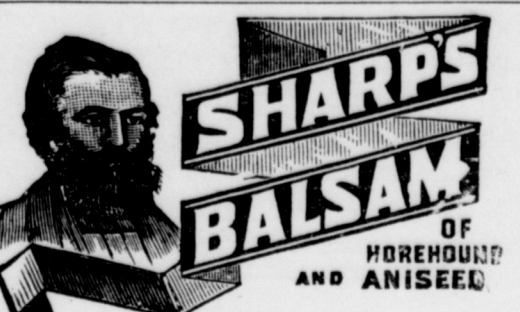
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THE LAST FIGHT IN ARMOR.

An Incident of Colonel Philipps' Forthcoming Book.

An incident of Colonel Philipps' forthcoming book, "The Marshals of Napoleon," is described in Temple Bar, as probably the last occasion of the appearance of men in armor on the field. The incident from the original account is as follows:

"In January, 1799, a party of some four hundred French held the town of Aquila in the Ambruzzo, Italy, a town defended by walls and having a small, weak fort. The inhabitants were well disposed toward the French, but the peasantry were hostile, and when the main French army in Rome marched on Naples, the peasants attacked the detachment in Aquila. In March, some ten or twelve thousand penetrated into the town by night, and got possession; but having no artillery they could not attack the garrison. On the glacis in front of the fort, and exposed to the fire of both sides, lay twelve iron guns, on skiddings, which the French had not had time to bring into the fort. Without cartridges they seemed safe, but the French took the precaution of keeping two of the guns of the fort, loaded with grape, laid on them every night, with a gunner ready to fire, if he heard any noise such as would be made by an attempt to remove the guns.

"One night, the gunner in charge heard a noise near the guns, and fired, but the sound continued. There was more firing without evident effect, and when daylight dawned it was seen that the peasants had fastened a rope to one of the guns which they had tried to remove by the aid of a captain. The gun had followed the pull at first, but the breech soon made a furrow so deep that the gun stuck. It would have been very easy to have moved the gun by parbuckling (i. e., rolling), but the peasants were not up to that. However, the French looking anxiously over their parapets were as much puzzled what to do as the besiegers. What next?

"Boulart, the officer of artillery, ransacking his brains for the means of sending out men to spike the guns on the glacis under the fire of the insurgents from the neighboring houses, suddenly remembered he had seen in his magazines some suits of plate armor, and he decided to try whether men, protected by them, might not sally out and spike the guns with impunity under the enemy's fire. He got together twelve complete suits, dressed out twelve big men, and while the garrison opened a steady line of artillery and musketry fire on the insurgents, out marched the twelve knights of the Eighteenth Century, much in David's state of mind when he complained he had not proved his armor. The men carried handspikes, hammers and spikes. They moved slowly and awkwardly in their heavy steel mail, but still they succeeded in completing the work, under a hail of bullets from the insurgents.

"It is said that the insurgents seeing these grim figures moving silently and slowly, and spiking the guns with apparent indifference to the leaden hail, thought hell itself had sent forth these extraordinary antagonists, until, the task accomplished, and the men returned to their comrades, the whole garrison, true to their nature, burst into roars of laughter. The men had been struck many times, but only one man was wounded, and that in the arm, where the brassart, not being properly fastened, had fallen off.

"The fight continued until the French got reinforcements, when the insurgents, caught between two fires, were driven off with heavy loss."

The Indiscreet Porter.

This joke at the expense of the poor bridal couple is told in the Philadelphia Record: "They looked like a bridal couple as they boarded the Chicago train at Broad Street Station. There were half a score of friends on the platform who had come to say good-bye. A few grains of rice dropped from the young man's hat-brim as he entered the parlor car. He carefully escorted his fair partner to a seat. All the other passengers smiled indulgently and looked interested. Then the young man extended his hand to the young woman and said in a very loud voice, and with the most commonplace formality: 'Well, Miss Blank, the train is about to pull out. I wish you a very pleasant journey.' And doffing his soft hat he hurriedly left the car. The passengers looked disappointed; the young woman looked nervous. By-and-by she called the porter and whispered to him. The porter nodded his head and passed to the rear of the car. He came back in a moment, and said in a voice that was audible to every one in the car: 'You're all right, ma'am. He's in de smokin' compartment.' Everybody smiled and the bride blushed prettily."

Like the Prisoner of Chillon

Dr. Herbert tells of a woman, a witness in the celebrated trial of Lovell, whose hair blanched to pure white in a single night. The hair of both Mary, queen of Scots, and Marie Antoinette whitened within a few hours of the time of their execution. The jet black locks of Oscar Pfeiffer, who died at Vienna in 1887, were suddenly changed to pure white through fright at falling into a deep well. The beard and hair of the great Duke of Brunswick whitened within 24 hours upon learning that his father had been mortally wounded in battle. Cassell's "World of Wonders" cites several prominent cases of this kind, one being King Ludwig of Bavaria, whose "hair became almost white," upon learning that a person whom he had put to death was innocent of the crime charged.

Apologetic.

Squam Inlet Postmaster—I'm beggin your everlastin' pardon, lady, but 'deed it wasn't my fault. Somehow 'r nuther your letter's got a great hunk 'o red bees-wax onto it, an' I ain't been able 't git it off without tearin' th' envelope.

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