MRS. OLIVER REYNOLDS AND MISS MAC MILLER.

The next was a solo, "Because," by MRS. OLIVER REYNOLDS and MISS MAC MILLER.

Then was the final scene in the drama, "Above the Clouds," presenting a tastefully arranged artist's studio. The first act took up forty minutes, and was followed with a solo, "Pheon Waltz Song," by MISS MAC MILLER, as an interlude. Next was a duet, with a musical selection by MRS. OLIVER REYNOLDS.

In village visited by Mr. Coleman he found a white man—or at least a man who was once a white skin—who dressed like the natives, in the interior villages. It is needless to say he was not overburdened with garments. This man is a merchant, and he mingled with the natives as one of them. Mr. Coleman soon became acquainted with him, and mildly reproached him for living the way he did. He assured his new acquaintance that he was wealthy, and that in his business he was compelled to fall into the habits and customs of the Chinese; or they would have nothing to do with him and he would soon be out of business. He also informed him that these three months of this mode of living had made a great change in him, and he rather liked it.

Mr. Coleman explored many of the great crateres and canyons of the islands, and with his kodak has taken more than three hundred pictures of the wild scenery. He is in love with Hawaii, and intends returning to the islands as soon as his business permits. Mr. Coleman can recount for hours the many adventures he has met with, and tell of the many sights he has witnessed during his travels that makes one feel a deep interest in the native of Hawaii and gives one a longing to go there and see the country.

L. E. C. Jordan and Tom Smith, the two rustling traveling representatives of the Baker & Hamilton house, arrived here last Friday. Mr. Jordan handles the hardware end of the house in this section and Mr. Smith the waggons and implements. Baker & Hamilton are very much pleased with the results of the work of their local agents here, Messrs. Field & Barrus, who have disposed of $20,000 worth of wagons and implements the past season.

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The drama, "Above the Clouds," was successfully presented by local talent at New Pine Creek last Saturday evening. The audience completely filled the hall, and the excelent manner in which the drama was given was a delight to all present. Many were compelled to stand, and the drama, which occupied forty-five minutes' time, was well rendered and heartily applauded.

At 8:30 the curtain rolled up for the first time in the drama, "Above the Clouds," presenting a tastefully arranged artist's studio. The first act took up forty minutes, and was followed with a solo, "Pheon Waltz Song," by Miss Mac Miller, as an interlude. Next was a duet, with a musical selection by Mrs. Oliver Reynolds.

Mr. Coleman has spent all his time traveling over and exploring the Islands of Hawaii—that land of sunshine, flowers and fruit — the "Paradise of the Pacific." For six months he traveled from one island to another, and convinced himself that the Islands of the Pacific is full of interest—a grand panoramic view of nature's grandeur.

It would take volumes to pen picture and describe the sights that Coleman witnessed on his trip. There is what is called the wet and dry side of each of these islands—the former containing the most population. The dry side is inhabited mostly by natives, few white men being found there. It is the dry side that Mr. Coleman explored principally, and here was where he found the grand sights of Nature's ruggedness, with its laukata, country shrouded in creeping vines, beneath which the sunlight never enters; its vines covered with fungus, its trees loaded with native fruits growing every day in the year; its quaint little villages with its quaint little people; its billboards and cliffs upon which roam thousands upon thousands of wild goats, wild cattle and wild turkeys; and surrounded places with great drouzes of beautiful peo-fowls and peacocks, and many beautiful birds of plumage.

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As Pekin is the filthiest city in the world, not excepting Constantinople. In size it is equal to Philadelphia and is laid out in the shape of a letter T, with the top toward the south. It might be said there are four cities, the one forming the top of the T embracing five miles east and west by three miles north and south. Within the city contains a vast proportion of the business and population, and for a safeguard has a wall enclosing it forty feet high and forty feet thick at the bottom, tapering in at the top to a thickness of thirty feet.

The Mancha City on the north is surrounded by two brick walls fifty feet high and six feet thick, filled in between with dirt, making a solid embankment sixty feet thick at the bottom and forty feet at the top. This encloses an area of four miles square. Within the Tartar City is the Imperial City, two miles square, in which a large portion of the officials dwell. This city is surrounded by a wall thirty feet high, crenellated at the top with towers at the four corners and over the gates. This wall is one mile up.

The streets of the Chinese city are from ten to fifty feet wide. The larger streets are built up—no street about two feet above the sidewalks, so the water runs from the street to the sidewalk, thence to the sewer. The streets are all unpaved. Between the sidewalks and the roadway there are cesspools in which water flows, used afterward in the dry season for street sprinkling. The sewers are cleaned once a year and their contents piled up on the sidewalks until dry, and then utilized to build up the streets.

The Chinese houses are nearly all story high and have the appearance of dilapidated pigsties, built of brick and pieces of brick and covered with tiles. The houses and courts are all surrounded with brick walls from ten to fifteen feet high, partly for privacy and also to keep out thieves. The windows and doors are of paper and the beds are of brick.

Messrs. J. E. Dunnavin, V. C. Dunnavin, T. R. Dunnavin and J. A. Rice, of Warner, arrived here Saturday on route to Myrtle Creek, this state, where they will spend the winter. Mr. Rice is a brother-in-law of the Dunnavin brothers, and his family resides at Myrtle Creek.