

was perfect and he was sick with satisfaction; and he was free of the devil he had seen in the bottle.

One evening, on his way back to the Bright House, he chanced upon a beautiful woman bathing by the sea. His heart went to her as swift as a bird. He asked her her name and if she were married.

At this she laughed out loud and said, "Kokua. Are you married yourself?"

"Indeed, I am not. And never thought to be until this hour. If you want none of me say so, and I will go on to my own place; but if you think me no worse than any other young man, say so, and I will turn aside to your father's for the night and tomorrow I will talk with him."

Kokua said never a word, but she looked at the sea and laughed. She went ahead of him, still without speech; only sometimes she glanced back and glanced away again, and kept the strings of her hat in her mouth; and in this way they came to her father's house.

That night they dined with Kokua's father, and although his daughter knew Keawe not, he knew him well, the fame of Keawe's house having travelled far. All evening they were merry together; and the girl was bold as brass under the eyes of her parents, and made a mock of Keawe, for she had a quick wit.

The next morning, Keawe found Kokua and said, "It is late and I must leave now Kokua. I have professed my love for you but I still don't know your heart. If you wish to have seen the last of me, say so at once."

"No," said Kokua, but this time she did not laugh.

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Lopaka's, a lawyer in town, and inquired of him. They said he was grown suddenly rich. Keawe called a hack and drove to the lawyer's house. The house was all brand new, and the lawyer, when he came, had the air of a man well pleased.

"What can I do to serve you?" said the lawyer.

"You are a friend of Lopaka's," replied Keawe, "and Lopaka purchased from me a certain piece of goods that I thought you might enable me to trace."

The lawyer's face became very dark.

"I do not profess to misunderstand you, Mr. Keawe," said he, "though this is an ugly business to be stirring in. You may be sure I know nothing, but yet I have a guess, and if you would apply in a certain quarter I think you might have news."

And he named the name of a man. So it was for days, Keawe went from one to another finding everywhere new clothes and carriages, and fine new houses and men everywhere in great contentment, although, to be sure, when he hinted at his business their faces would cloud over.

At last he came to a door recommended to him where there were the usual marks of a new house, and the young garden, and the electric light shining in the windows; but when the owner came, a shock of hope and fear ran through Keawe; for here was a young man, white as a corpse, and black about the eyes, the hair shedding from his head.

"Here it is, to be sure," thought Keawe, and so with this man he noways veiled his errand.

"I am come to buy the bottle."

"The bottle!" gasped the young man. "To buy the bottle!" and he began to choke. He seized Keawe by the arm, carried him

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He went forth again furious, and wandered in the town all day. He met friends and drank with them; they hired a carriage and drove into the country; and there drank again. All the time Keawe was ill at ease, because he was taking his pastime while his wife was sad, and because he knew in his heart that she was more right than he; and the knowledge made him drink the deeper.

Now, there was an old brutal sailor drinking with him, one that had been a boatswain of a whaler, a runaway, a digger in gold mines, a convict in prisons. He had a low mind and a foul mouth; he loved to drink and to see others drunken; and he pressed the glass upon Keawe. Soon there was no more money in the company.

"Here, you!" says the boatswain, "you are rich you have always been saying. You have a bottle or some foolishness."

"Yes," says Keawe, "I am rich; I will go back and get some money from my wife who keeps it."

"That's a bad idea, mate," said the boatswain. "Never you trust a petticoat with dollars. They're all as false as water."

Now, this word struck in Keawe's mind; for he was muddled with what he had been drinking. "I should not wonder but she was false, indeed," he thought. "Why else should she be so cast down at my release? But I will show her I am not a man to be fooled. I will catch her in the act."

Accordingly, when they were back in town, Keawe bade the boatswain wait for him at the corner, by the old gaol, and went alone to the door of his house. The night had come again; there

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Kokua concealed the bottle under her shawl, said farewell to the old man, and walked off, she cared not wither. For all roads were now the same to her, and led equally to hell. As she wandered, all that she had heard of hell came back to her; she saw the flames blaze, and she smelt the smoke, and her flesh withered on the coals. Near day she came to her mind again, and returned to the house. It was even as the old man said – Keawe slumbered like a child.

"Now, my husband," she whispered, "it is your turn to sleep. When you wake it will be your turn to sing and laugh. But for poor Kokua, alas! no more sleep, no more singing."

With that she lay down in the bed by his side, and her misery was so extreme that she fell in a deep slumber instantly.

Late in the morning, Keawe woke her, and gave her the good news. He was silly with delight, for he paid no heed to her distress, ill though she dissembled it. The words stuck in her mouth. It mattered not; Keawe did the speaking. She ate not a bite, but who was to observe it? Keawe cleared the dish. Kokua saw and heard him like some strange thing in a dream; there were times when she forgot or doubted, and put her hands to her brow; to know herself doomed and hear her husband babble seemed so monstrous.

All the while, Keawe was eating and talking, and planning the time of their return, and thanking her for saving him, and fondling her, and calling her the true helper after all. He laughed at the old man that was fool enough to buy the bottle.

"A worthy old man he seemed," Keawe said. "But no one can judge by appearances. For why did the old reprobate require the bottle?"

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