

was a light within, but never a sound; and Keawe crept about the corner, opened the door softly, and looked in.

There was Kokua on the floor, lamp at her side; before her was a milk-white bottle, with a round belly and a long neck; and as she viewed it, Kokua wrung her hands.

A long time Keawe stood and looked in the doorway. At first he was struck stupid. Had his bargain with the old man gone amiss, and the bottle come back to him? And then fear fell upon him; and his knees were loosened, and the fumes of the wine departed from his head like mists off a river in the morning.

"I must make sure of this," he thought. So he closed the door, and went softly round the corner again, and then came noisily in as though he were but now returned. And, lo! by the time he opened the front door no bottle was to be seen; and Kokua sat in a chair and started up like one awakened out of sleep.

"I have been drinking all day and making merry," said Keawe. "I have been with good companions, and now I only come back for money, and return to drink and carouse with them again." And he went straight to the chest and took out money. But he looked besides in the corner where they kept the bottle, and there was no bottle there.

At this the house span about him. "It is what I feared," he thought. "It is she who has bought it." And then he came to himself a little more, and rose up; but the sweat streamed on his face as thick as the rain and as cold as well water.

"Kokua," said he, "I said to you today words that ill became me. Now I return to carouse with my jolly companions," and at that he made gentle his voice, "I will take more pleasure in the cup if you forgive me."

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"My husband," said Kokua humbly, "his purpose may have been good."

"Ha!" laughed Keawe. "An old rogue, I tell you; and an ass to boot. For the bottle was hard enough to sell at four centimes; at three it will be quite impossible. It is true I bought it myself at a cent, when I knew not there were smaller coins. I was a fool. There will never be found another; and whoever has that bottle now will carry it to the pit."

"Oh my husband! Is it not a terrible thing to save oneself by the eternal ruin of another? It seems to me I could not laugh. I would be humbled. I would be filled with melancholy. I would pray for the poor holder."

Then Keawe, because he felt the truth of what she said, grew angry. "You may be filled with melancholy if you please. It is not the mind of a good wife. If you thought at all of me, you would sit shamed."

Thereupon he went out, and Kokua was alone, and but sat in the house, and now had the bottle out and viewed it with unutterable fear, and now, with loathing, hid it out of sight.

By-and-by, Keawe returned, and would have her take a drive. "My husband, I am ill," she said. "I am out of heart. Excuse me, I can take no pleasure."

Then was Keawe more wroth than ever. With her, because he thought she was brooding over the case of the old man; and with himself, because he thought she was right, and was ashamed to be so happy.

"This is your truth," cried he, "and this your affection! Your husband is just saved from eternal ruin, which he encountered for the love of you – and you can take no pleasure!"

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played within them; so after he had disputed awhile after the manner of his kind, the shop-man gave Keawe sixty dollars for the thing, and set it on a shelf in the midst of his window.

"Now," said Keawe, "I have sold that for sixty which I bought for fifty – or, to say truth, a little less, because one of my dollars was from Chile. Now I shall know the truth."

Back he went home, and when he opened his chest, there was the bottle, and had come more quickly than himself.

Keawe confided his adventures with the bottle to his friend Lopaka. Lopaka immediately offered to buy the bottle from him. Before paying though, for assurance and out of curiosity, Lopaka asked to see the imp. Keawe commanded it show itself, and a terrifying face pressed itself against the inside of the glass of the bottle. This so startled them both that Keawe dropped the bottle; instead of breaking on the ground like such a flask should, it bounced back into Keawe's hands like a child's ball. He dashed it against a large rock; but still it bounced and would not break. Keawe and Lopaka looked at each other with fear; clearly the bottle had been tempered in the flames of hell. Reluctantly, Lopaka honoured his promise and purchased the bottle for forty-nine dollars.

Lopaka wished for a schooner; and he went trading through the islands. Keawe stayed in Ho'okena and enjoyed the many balconies of his splendid house. He loved the front balcony where he drank the wind of the sea, but equally the back where the land breezes brought the orchids closer to him. He enjoyed the many fine things of glass and gilt that were furnished within the halls of his mansion. He kept everything polished and his house became known as the Bright House it sparkled so. His life

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Keawe sang all the way home. He sat and ate in the broad balcony and sang between mouthfuls. He sang on the front balcony and the voice of his singing startled men on ships. He knew that Kokua loved him as he loved her.

"Life may be no better," Keawe sang to himself as he undressed for his bath. Then his singing stuttered and stopped. For as he undressed, he spied upon his flesh a patch like a patch of lichen on a rock, and he knew the likeness of that patch. He was fallen. It was leprosy which had no cure and which, so contagious an evil, banished one from society.

Now, it is a sad thing for anyone to fall into this sickness. And it would be a sad thing for anyone to leave a house so beautiful, and depart from all their friends to live the rest of their life in the leper colony on the north coast of Moloka'i. But what was that to Keawe, he who had met his love but yesterday, and won her but that morning, and now saw all his hopes break, in a moment, like a piece of glass?

Keawe recalled the bottle. "A dreadful thing," thought he, "and dreadful is the imp, and it is a dreadful thing to risk the flames of hell. But what other hope have I to cure my sickness and to wed Kokua?"

"What!" he reasoned, "would I beard the devil once, only to get me a house, and not face him again to win Kokua?"

The next day, Keawe caught the steamer to Honolulu, and after a night's and a day's travel came to its pier. He stepped out among the crowd and began to ask for Lopaka. He was gone upon an adventure in his schooner so there was no help to be looked for from him. Keawe called to mind a friend of

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