

mind was changed within him, and he cared naught for those leprous scabs, nor banishment from all and Kokua; and had but one thought, over and again, that here he was bound to the bottle for time and eternity, and had no better hope but to be a cinder forever in the flames of hell.

When he came to himself a little, it was night and the sound of the band playing downstairs fell on Keawe's ears. The tunes were lively but all the while he heard the flames crackle from the bottomless pit. Of a sudden the band played the song he had sung with Kokua the night he met her, and at the strain, courage returned to him.

"It is done now," he thought, "and once more let me take the good along with the evil."

So it was that he returned to Hawai'i, and as soon as it could be managed he was wedded to Kokua, and carried her up the mountainside to the Bright House.

Now it was so with these two, that when they were together, Keawe's heart was stilled; but so soon as he was alone he fell into a brooding horror, and saw the red fire burning in the pit of hell. Kokua was full of song. She went to and fro in the Bright House, the brightest thing in its three storeys; and Keawe beheld and heard her with delight, and then must shrink upon one side, and weep and groan to think upon the price he had paid for her.

There came a day when Kokua's feet began to be heavy and her songs more rare; and now it was not Keawe only that would weep apart, but each would sunder from the other and sit in opposite balconies with the whole width of the Bright House betwixt. Keawe was so sunk in his despair he scarce observed

which is about half a cent. Ah! Sorrow!" she cried, "that makes it scarcely better, for the buyer must be lost and we shall find none so brave as my Keawe! But, then, there is France; they have a small coin which they call a centime, and these go five to the cent or there-about. We could not do better. Come, Keawe, let us go to the French islands. There we have four centimes, three centimes, two centimes, one! Four possible sales to come and go on. Come, Keawe, kiss me and banish care. Kokua will defend you."

Early the next day Kokua took Keawe's sea-chest, and first she put the bottle in a corner; and then packed it with the richest of their clothes and the bravest of the knick-knacks in the house. "For," she said, "we must seem to be rich folks, or who will believe in the bottle?"

Thither they went to Tahiti, the wise island. They hired a grand house, opposite the British Consul's, to make a great parade of money, and themselves conspicuous with carriages and horses. This it was very easy to do, so long as they had the bottle in their possession; for Kokua was more bold than Keawe, and, whenever she had a mind, called on the imp for twenty or a hundred dollars.

They got on well after the first with the Tahitian language, which is indeed like to the Hawaiian; and as soon as they had any freedom of speech, began to push the bottle. You are to consider it was not an easy subject to introduce; it was not easy to persuade people you were in earnest, when you offered to sell them for four centimes the spring of health and riches inexhaustible. It was necessary besides to explain the dangers of the bottle; and either people disbelieved the whole thing and

affection; now I say farewell to the white steps of heaven and the waiting faces of my friends. A love for a love, and let mine be equalled with Keawe's! A soul for a soul, and be it mine to perish!"

She was a deft woman with her hands, and was soon apparelled. She took in her hands the change – the precious centimes they kept ever at their side; and ventured into the night. When she was in the avenue, clouds came on the wind, and the moon was blackened. The town slept, and she knew not wither to turn till she heard one coughing in the shadow of the trees.

"Old man," said Kokua, "what do you here abroad in the cold night?"

The man could scarce express himself for coughing, but she made out that he was old and poor, and a stranger in the island.

"Will you do me a service?" said Kokua. "As one stranger to another, will you help a daughter of Hawai'i?"

"Ah," said the old man. "So you are the witch from the eight islands, and even my old soul you seek to entangle. But I have heard of you, and defy your wickedness."

"Sit down here," said Kokua, "and let me tell you a tale." And she told him the story of Keawe from beginning to end.

"And what should I do?" said she, "If I went to him myself and offered to buy the bottle, he would refuse. But if you go, he will sell it eagerly; I will await you here; you will buy it for four centimes, and I will buy it again for three. And the Lord strengthen a poor girl!"

"If you meant falsely," said the old man, "I think God would strike you dead."

laughed, or became overcast with gravity and drew away as from persons who had dealings with the devil. So far from gaining ground, Keawe and Kokua began to find they were avoided in town.

