Democratic Watchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., April 21, 1893

THE MAN THAT NEVER SWEARS.

l've often wondered how he feels When troubles crme his way, When everything goes wrong and clouds Obcure his sunny day: For instance, when a gust of wind Takes off the tile he wears. I wonder what he thinks about— The man that never swears.

Or when to make a business trip He hastens thro' the rain, And gains the station just in time To miss the morning train; How does he feel as in the west The express disappears ? I wonder if he thinks "bad words" — The man that never swears.

The world is full of trying scenes, No matter where we go, The truly good are tempted sore As you, perhaps, may know; And when I find him vexed and mad My swmathy he shores My sympathy he shares, For I imagine how he feels-

The man that never swears. -T. C. Harbaugh, in the Cincinnati Tribune

HIS WEDDING-DAY.

BY MISS MARGARET TENNANT.

It was one o'clock on a hot day in June. The approach to St. George's, Hanover Square, London, was thronged with landaus and victorias, out of which beautiful heads strained impatiently to see how soon the policeman would allow them to move on ; coachmen and footmen stiff with powder and bouquets eyed each other, and waited for the official arm to be lowered, and the counter-stream of carriages to be stopped in their turn. Thickly packed groups of on-lookers crowded round the pillars of the great black church, and jammed and jostled each other upon the pavement. Through the bustle and rustle of the open doorway strains of the organ were faintly heard. Carriage after carriage pulled up and delivered its fashionable beauty.

A group of little bridemaids in white were chattering to each other on the top of the steps, hugging large bouquets of roses and ribbons, while their mothers in busy pride circulated smiles and bows, and readjusted the large hats of their officiating offspring, which, owing to the delay of the bride, were poised at strange angles.

"What a little sweet your Violet is," said one lady, pointing to a plain little girl standing stiffly in her new dress with her toes turned in. "I was thinkging how becoming these hats are to your little Angela."

"Hold yourself up, darling," said an other lady, tapping her child across the other one's hat, "and do not all stop at the altar huddled together, but leave a little space between each of you, and do not stand or kneel on the bride's dress, or our darling Pamela will be upset. What a long time the dear girl is, and she was nearly dressed when I looked in twenty minutes ago ! The room was too full of people, and her poor mother would insist on kissing her after her veil had been most carefully arranged by Mary and Jane.

less self possession than she had shown on her entrance. As they reached the doorway a man pushed himself rather roughly through the scattering throng that was closing round the bride in enthusiastic congratulation, and stepping quietly up to the bridegroom, took from his own breast pocket a letter, which he pressed sig-nificantly into his hand. His expression was so sinister that Pamela shrank up closer to her husband ; he hurried wim back, but this made him wild. He her into the carriage after putting the letter in his pocket.

It was not to be expected that such an occurrence should pass unnoticed, and many were the curious glances that followed the mysterious wedding guest as he stole into the street and disappeared. He was the subject of much speculation.

"I never saw a more threatening countenance in my life," said one lady; "poor Pamela was terrified, I could see; and did you see her expression when her husband would not let her have the letter ? Depend upon it, there was something curious in that letter. I thought she was very absent. during the service." "Oh my dear Fanny, how could you see—we were all behind her ?"

"But she looked round continually." "I never noticed that."

"Oh, I did; but it was to make litle Violet come and hold her glove and bouquet." said another. "But did you see the man? He was close to me, and never stopped staring at Pamela, and held his hand so mys-

teriously under his coat, I began to think he had a revolver, and would blow the bridegroom's brains out." "Oh my dear Fanny what ideas you have got !'

"Well such things have happened before.' "Have they? I have been to a great many weddings. and never saw anything interesting. I never have met

any one who ever heard the banns disputed." "I wonder who the man was ; he reminded meso much of a face I have seen somewhere."

"Don't let us think of him; his hungry. Here we are at the house." "I hopeour present looks well, John. I rather wish we had chosen the other

tea set, though £15 is as much as I ever give for a wedding-present. "My dear Fanny, no one would think that our present had cost so little ; if you look at the teapot, it might have cost anything."

"Jump out, Angela; and step on the matting, or you will ruin your shoes."

Nobody was very clear as to how the bride and bridegroom looked or conducted themselves during the wedding breakfast, but sly Fanny Jones said there was a visible change in their faces, and orserved that the only time Pamela spoke to her husband he did not answer her. Some one said that this was because he was removing this was because he was removing white, but they sometimes have a red-sugar cradles and bird cages off the dish or purple tinge. The centre of the number still believe in false gods, just cake preparatory to cutting it. Pamela went up stairs, surrounded by a longs to the poppy family. The root of to warfare they fight more desperately and longer than their forefathers did, her travelling dress. There was a ble medicinal qualities, and it also has the white men having taught them how deafening hum of talk and laughter, some of the somniferous influences be- to use fire arms. They are ever ready and the crush upon the stairs defied progression. A confusion of bridemaids' bouquets in waiters' faces ; lace shawls caught into parsol spikes; dresses torn ; toes trodden on. In the long drawing rooms the wedding presents were laid out for inspection, and many and free were the criticisms passed upon them. "This is the ninth traveling clock I have counted. I have given up trying trees especially. Both varieties of this to count the candlesticks and papercutters. Dear me, what a shabby eight or ten inches high, with white petwriting case! Who can have given als, or white tinged with a delicate that? (looking at the card.) The shade of blue. In the rue anemone the Princess L. of Saxe D. Goodness ! I flowers are in clusters, but in the other dare say it's valuable. It grows on me. What a handsome glove-box! I am sure some great person has given our darling this. No! Mr. Truefitt ! its appearance in the latter part of April, Fancy, John dear, look ! I don't see is usually in full maturity in May and our present anywhere. We must find bears a fruit which ripens in June or it. If you take that side, I will work July. The fruit is a fleshy, egg-shaped my way down here, and we can meet over at the diamonds. At this minute ant to the taste. The plant's leaves and there was a rush to the toot of the stairs roots, though, are poisonous if eaten. As to see Pamela come down in her that the fruit was of considerable value. "going away" gown. She wore a three- The May apple is umbrella-shaped, and cornered hat and a long green cloak. Pulling one side of her skirt and cloak out of the way of a dainty little foot, skirts of woods. she stepped slowly down the stairs, such dignity in the upward poise of her than almost any of the wild flowers lovely head that, instead of crushed which have been mentioned here is the compliments and tearful embracings, trailing arbutus, the Mayflower of the the company stood still to look at her. pilgrims and of the present day New was in the flash of a moment that their The carriage drove off in a shower of rice and heelless satin shoes. Pamela, called the ground laurel. The trailing leaning out of the window, kissed arbutus, it is said, was the first flower to her hand to her mother. As she did greet the pilgrims at Plymouth in the so, a face in the crowd caught her eye. She withdrew her head instantly, and the horses stepped on out of the square, swung round the corner of Park Lane towards Paddington Station. After the incident which I have des cribed, it was not to be supposed that such company as gathers at a fashionable wedding should not talk. Henry Mortimer was fifteen years older than his bride, Pamela Churchill. fast or tea. The following is an excelfrom the stained windows cast a mys. He was well known in two worlds, sporting and dramatic. Tall, well the whole church was in direct con- bred, and easy going, there was no sensation he had not experienced. A finished man of the world, he argued, When the bridegroom, following the | with Altred de Musset, "Qu'il faut aimer beaucoup de choses dans ce bas monde of salt, half a grated nutmeg, with peppour savoir apres tout ce qu'on aime le per to taste; put the milk on to boil, mieux." The announcement of his rub the butter and flour together, stir movement at the back of the church, marriage provoked considerable sur-and the long stranger stepped slowly prise. It was the subject of endless forward to where he could see the al. conversation, nor was the interest in beat until well mixed, add the seasontar. He stood quite motionless till the | any way diminished by the occurrence clergyman said, "Those whom God related above. Some time after the and hard, form into cone shaped crophath joined together let no man put wedding a lady told the story to a few asunder," then he retired to the ob very intimate triends after dinner, thus. Of course everyone knew why Henry Mendelssohn's magnificent Wedding not know his name, her friend was too liefs ?" March. It was noticed afterwards that loyal to tell me that, but I know he is Pamela did not stop, but walked rath-a wretched creature full of debts, and wear a No. 3 shoe on a No. 6 foot, and ized whites. They have a fine climate, er hurriedly past her friends on her with an awful temper. He had great a 23 inch corset on a 30-inch waist,

husband's arm, looking about her with influence over her, and everyone knews How the Samoan Lives, they were most intimate. She was madly in love with him. At the wed ding, I was told by the cousin of a woman who was there herselt and saw it with her own eyes, a wretched looking man, but a gentleman, of course, made himself most conspicuous, going right up to the altar and staring at the bride so intensely that she turned and shuddered whenever she caught his eye. A group of guardsmen pushed slipped down the side aisle, and as Henry and Pamela were going to get into their carriage he placed himself in front of the door, and took a letter, end of the city the main street is nowhich some swear was in Pamela's thing more than an ordinary footway. handwriting, out from under his coat It is also just as crooked as a path, sel and thrust it into Henry Mortimer's dom more than fifty feet of it being at hand. Pamela with a slight cry tried any point in a straight line. Each to get it away from him, but he pushed her roughly into the carriage, and of its own, every successive winding be-with a rigid face put the letter in his longing to some other. Of course the

pocket and got in after her. My native Samoan requires no wide streets friend's cousin only just had time to for their accommodation, but why the catch Pamela's expression as she leant back in the carriage. Wasn't it terri- siderable expense in erecting large stores ble? And it is quite true, for I have and dwellings should not have placed heard much the same story from one or two very ungossipy people. Fanny says she will never forget that wedding. She kept the menu of the breakfast." "Has no one heard anything of the

young couple since? It would be a strange thing if, after all this, the marriage should turn out well."

"Let me relieve you," said a some what cynical listener to the lady speaker. "I met a man last night at the Turf who had seen the Mortimers at Monte Carlo. He was gambling most recklessly. From this you will surely infer the worst."

Let us go back to the church door. The footman touched his hat, and jumped upon the carriage beside the in which they keep what little wearing coachman, who drove them rapidly away from the gaze of the crowd. Henry Mortimer caught his wife's little hand, and, powerless to speak the their sleeping mats, having for a pillow passion that he felt for her, looked silently into the depth of her eyes. "Oh, Harry, at last we are alone !

Must we go back to the Louse ?" And she pouted playfully, drawing

the least thing nearer to him. He put starved expression has made me quite his arm round her, and touched her hair with his lips. "What a strange man that was that

came up to us at the door, Henry."

"Yes, poor devil. Let us see what his paper says. 'Venus Soap-saves they put lime on their heads every mubbing.'" Henry laughed, and said, morning regularly, washing it off to-Saves washing.' "-Harper's Weekly.

April's Wild Flowers.

Where They Are to Be Found and How to Know Them

The bloodroot is among the earliest of the wild flowers. It is often found as early as the middle of March, and ap-young men and live on the fat of the pears in rich soil and shady situations. land. In April, however, it is more commonly found, and when once known can not readily be forgotten. Its petals, of which it has from eight to twelve, are flower is of a deep golden color. It be- as their ancesters did, and when it comes longing to the other members of the poppy family. Everybody is, or ought to be, acquainted with the anemone-the rue anemone and the wood anemone-often called thought his people would be far better the wild flower. The wood anemone, as its name suggests, has its favorite haunt in the woods. although often it may be found close to the trouble the introduction of firearms trees in the more open ground. The rue anemone likes the companionship of old flower have slender stems from four to tillery. variety they are solitary. The May-apple appears later than the bloodroot and the anemones. It makes berry, which is edible and not unpleasa medicine the Indians used to think its flower is white and large. It may be found in meadows and along the Better known, at least in literature, Englanders generally, and sometimes early spring after their first winter in that bleak and sterile spot. It is, with all the natives of New England and of eatable part being then pounded into a the middle states, the favorite among pulp and placed in a hole dug in the the early wild flowers.

Isles of the Pacific. Apia is the capital and the largest

city of Samoa, and is situated at the among the Samoan national sports. base of a large bill bordering the shores of a beautiful coral formed semicircular

bay. The larger part of the inhabitants are of course natives; of Americans, Englishmen and Germans there are only a few hundred, who live in neatly constructed cottages. The first impression a stranger receives as he walks through the town of Apia, is that the country must be limited in space, other wise more room would be given for foot and wheel passage, for from end to store and house has apparently, a street foreign residents. who have been to con-

wide, open spaces between and in front of them, appears strange and unaccount-able, for land is neither so dear nor so scarce as to have precluded them from doing so,

THE HUTS OF THE NATIVES. The natives live in rudely constructed

huts, which are circular in form, the rain or hot tropical sun being kept out cile. by the thick layers of banana leaves, which compose the cone-shaped roofs. The sides of these huts are closed in the daytime by mats, made of cocoanut fibre and suspended from the edges of the roof. At night the mats are taken down so the cool sea breeze may blow none except a few camphor wood boxes, apparel they possess. The floors of their huts are covered with round smooth-

worn pebbles, and on them they spread a piece of bamboo pole supported by props under each end—a by no means uncomfortable bed.

A FONDNESS FOR RED HAIR.

A peculiarity about the Samoans. which I at first thought was natural. is that almost all of them have red hair. was undeceived as to my belief for, after being a few days on the island, I met a native whose hair seemed snow white, and upon inquiry, I learned that they put lime on their heads every ward noon. In this manner they bleach their hair to a bright red color. They seem to have a particular liking for a white person having red hair, and I take the liberty of advising one and all the red baired girls of Pennsylvania

ALWAYS READY FOR WAR.

Though white men have inhabited Samoa for almost a half century, the namore powerful than steam." to go to war. The majority of them, The invention is George Sheffield, I am afraid, think more of their muswho says that his motor will give a speed kets than they do of their wives. A naof thirty-five miles an hours to a steamtive chief once remarked to me that he ship of 5,000 tons. The machine is very simple, or at off had the white man with all his evils never set foot upon the beautiful islands of Samoa. When I look back and see would be needed to supply it with necand whisky has gotten the Samoans into essary force to drive a steamship like I cannot help thinking that he was a the Teutonic across the ocean in three wise moralist who, once upon a time, days and a half is a barrel of ordinary made the remark that, judged by its fruits, civilization consists of humbug sandwiched between a church and a dis-

for the gathering Then, too, the sea produces fish in plenty, and the reefs atford many things edible, the capture or fetching of which is merely classed

SAMOAM CLOTHING. As for clothing, what little the Sam. oans require is made either from leaves plucked in the bush, or from the bark of the paper mulberry tree. This last however, being exclusively the work of the females, the men have plenty of time for what they love most-sleep. When they do work, their main duty is house building and the cutting of the timber necessary therefor; and even here the women do not escape some share of the labor, for the thatching and | years. plaiting of the Venetian curtains, which form the sides, is their work. So is also the transportation, in baskets, of the beach gravel with which the floors are covered. Only planting, fisbing cooking are performed by both sexes alike. and it is no disgrace for even a high chief to be caught engaged in preparing the family meal.

SKILL IN BOAT BUILDING.

Canoe and boat building is the business of a few experienced men, who are very well paid for their ingenuity and extraordinary labors ; and house carpenters, too, are of considerable importance in the islands. To the latter even the most powerful chiefs are at times subservient, and it is amusing to see one playing second fiddle to the man engaged in the construction of his domi-

THE WOMEN OF SAMOA.

The women and girls, the first thing in the morning after rolling up the sides sleeping mats and mosquito screens, pass an hour or so in weeding in front through. Furniture these people have while. As soon as the sun is well up,

SAMOAN POLITICS.

In the evening the men assemble in politics and the affairs of the village. At these meetings, the men almost invariably bring with them small bundles make a good start, but will begin to lag up to date. directly, and after a few days quit alto-gether. Of time, these natives seem to have no conception whatever. They remember nothing by dates; just before such and such an event, they say, naming some great storm or other thing of import sufficient to have made an enduring impression. As for their own ages, they absolutely do not know how old they are. You may ask an old man, to all appearance not less than 80. what his age is, and after a deal of studying he will gravely inform you that he does not know to a certainty, but thinks he cannot be less than eight or nine years old.

Steam is Nowhere

A Motor That Will Give a Speed of Thirty-Five Miles to a Steamer. In an article printed in the New Yo

The World of Wome a.

The waists of the new French gowns are either quite round or just a triffe pointed in the back.

Dr. Mary Putman Jacobi has been elected chairman of the section on neurology at the New York Academy of Medicine.

Black satin has come to stay. It peeps out on evening gowns from the midst of lace and other filmy materials and fairly weighs down the street gown in the wealth of its affection. No color is too vivid or too dull to be its companion, and indeed as a trimming nothing so effective has been introduced in many

In the Wisconsin House of Representatives on a recent occasion the morning prayer was made by the Rev. Mrs. Bartlett, a minister of the Universalist faith. It is said that the prayer was the most thoughtful and appropriate of any delivered during the session and was listened to with reverence rather than impatience even to the amen.

Long stemmed flowers in high quivering clusters, and in contrast, many flat wreaths of brier roses, hawthorn, gera-niums, etc., are on new French hats. Grasses, thorny stems and pussy willow sprays are arranged in novel ways. Jonquils and Parma violets make lovely aigrettes on cream colored open work straw bats trimmed with reseda green. velvet and ecru lace.

The velvet cape that reaches just tothe waist line was the prettiest wrap out on Easter day. Some of them were violet, some green and some of the irriof their houses and putting away the descent shades, another was of checkered velvet. One of these velvet capes was covered with passementerie of wavof the huts, gossiping continuously the ed cords. The long fringes about the waist are as fascinating and irresistible they quit their outdoor labor until as ever and are loth to depart. "Jet night, doing sewing, making mats, etc., during the heat of the day. rain'' it is called, and it is as pretty as it useless and foolish. useless and foolish.

A certain coat that we saw last year on a well known woman has thus been village council, gravely discuss island renovated and is very lovely. It was of black, braided heavily with gold, apparently an expensive affair. This spring it appears with sleeves and vest of cocoanut fibre which, while listening of black satin. A high plaited collar or talking, they plait into sinnet, or na-tive string. To any steady, settled work, however, it is quite impossible to bring the ordinary Samoan. He will and which make our cloths seem always

> To jump right into summer modeswe must tell you of a white duck suit that is being made for a blonde beauty by a tailor who finds in her a model with which he can find no fault. The skirt is to be box plaited all around and a little short jacket will open over a These duck yellow silk shirt waist. suits promise to supersede the serge ones that have been popular so long. The goods are shrunk before being made up, and after that the wash tub is all that is necessary to restore your tailor gown to its pristine beauty.

The spring girl is in great contrast to the winter girl. Her skirts are yards and yards around the bottom. The latest skirt is the Lois Fuller, and this, is a circle of cloth only less in diameter by two-thirds than the circumference-that is to say, it would be wider if it could. and longer than their forefathers did, Herald, of Tuesday, great claims are but the diameter will not permit of it. made in behalf of a "new motive force It you would have a Lois Fuller skirt, measure twice your length from the waist line to the floor. This is the diameter from the centre of which describe the circle. From its centre cut a small circle, whose circumference is your waist measure, and when you don it the least the inventor says it is. If applied gathers fall naturally. The proper to an ocean liner it would occupy little trimming for this skirt is narrow ribbon space. Sheffield claims that all that of which forms the shirring string. The Empire skirt has become a favorite in Paris, and has much of the bell effect, though looser to wear. It repowdered sugar, a barrel of chlorate of potash and enough sulphuric acid to forty-two to forty-six inches in width, supply the combustion needed to keep making the bottom of the skirt from three and a half to three and seven-eighths yards wide. The front, as well be no more need of mammoth boilers or as the back width, is perfectly straight, while each side is just half a width at the bottom and gored up each seam to a width of only three inches at the top. The front and sides are titted with scanty gathers, and the back has the French his power inrough the explosions result-ing from the ignition of the sugar and This skirt looks especially well in light and medium weight materials, and when worn with a round or Empire waist it should escape the floor. "Would I marry ?" laughed a lovely young lady of five and twenty dependent on her income as a teacher for supcooled by water rumped through tubes port. "Well, no. When I consider the lot of my married friends I am thankful for common sense enough to remain single. I thoroughly enjoy my the vacuum box at the top of the ma- free, unfettered life. To be sure, I go to my work in the schoool room potash. The gases which are evolved day, but my married friends have by the meeting of the three elements in househould cares as imperative as mine, what would be the steam chamber in an | with far greater chances of failing to ordinary engine, are said to develop a give satisfaction. I have no husband to find fault with the coffee or the state of my wardrobe, no children to worry my peaceful hours, no servants to cater I have not to plan for three times three hundred and sixty-five meals each year and no hungry family comes in to devour in one brief hour the result of my hard morning's work in the kitchen. No stern tyrant of a husband deals out with grudging hand small bank bills to supply my needs and those of my chil-dren. If I am engulfed in a whirlpool of extravagance and purchase a lovely gown, a pair of delectable evening boots or a morsel of a French bonnet] can endure the reproaches of my own conscience with some equanimity, but the scowls of an angry spouse would wither my very soul. When the blessed summer vacation comes around there is a whole continent at my disposal, and according as I have been economical or luxurious, I may choose my summer outing. Old age? Yes, it may come to me. It will come to my married friends, and may find them widows with a half-dozen children to work for. But if the worst comes and I cannot work or find a snug corner in the old ladies' home, I fancy I could win some old gray-haired lover who would offer me a home. There is generally some one around, you know," and the cold-hearted little beauty whisked off around the corner, leaving her married friend to reflect that perhaps all the advantages were not with the matrimonial state, as she had been taught to believe.

and of course the diamond stars caught in the lace of her sleeves, and dragged poor Pamela's Greek knot and orange blossoms most terribly."

The church was filling rapidly. In the chatter and curiosity and whispered criticism a long figure of a rather obscurely dressed man slipped past the bridesmaids up the steps, past the ladies'-maids holding wedding-favors, past the reporters and wedding guests, took up his position behind some young guardsmen who were standing just inside the door. He had a pale face, and on any other occasion the intensity of his expression must have attracted notice. He held his hand across his chest under his coat, and kept his eye riveted on the church door. At the entrance of the bride the excitement was great; the organ pealed and vibrated, and the company fell back to allow the bride to walk down the aisle on the arm of her father. Every head was turned and every eye strained to see the exquisite beauty of Pamela Churchill, as for one moment she stood in her long white gown and scanned the dusky interior of St. George's.

The pale guest had been carried forward by the eagerness of the crowd, but finding himself close to the bride, he stepped back, lowering his head to escape observation, not, however, before Pamela's little head, erect and moving had turned towards him, and her direct gaze fixed upon his face. It eyes met; the white swaying figure passed on, and its outline was lost in the procession of hats and bouquets, but the man shrank into the shadow of the gallery like "a guilty thing sur-prised," and if possible his face was a shade paler, while his arm seemed to to contract across his heart as if stifling its throbbing.

The organ stopped playing. The voice of the priest rose clear, "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God." Shafts of light fell in mottled purple at the feet of the young couple. The sun and shade tery over the altar, and the gloom of trast to the summer brilliance of the congregation.

clergyman, said, in a deep, audible voice, I, Henry, take thee, Pamela, to be my wedded wife," there was a slight scurity of his former position.

To quote the evening paper, "the Mortimer was in love with Pamela. service was choral, and efficiently con. She was not a bit in love with him. I ducted." The young couple walked know from her greatest friend that she out of the church to the strains of has always cared for one man; I do

Croquettes, or as the rural visi- longer the better, some natives leaving tor termed them, "hash cakes" are the it thus buried for years. When wanted best known means for getting rid of for the table, it is brought out, a little cold meats. They are always palata. freshly prepared bread fruit added, and ble and make delicious dishes for breaklent recipe for veal croquettes.

Chop cold veal fine; to every pint allow half a pint of milk, a large tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one of chopped parsley, a teaspoonful of onion juice, a teaspoon ful in the boiling milk until it is thick; take from the fire, add the meat and ings and turn out to cool; when cold quettes; dip first in egg and then in bread crumbs and fry in boiling fat.

A Fair Martyr.

Maud-"She is a woman who has suffered a great deal for her beliefs.' Ethel-"Dear me ! What are her be-

and an abundance of food is to be had cease.

A SAMOAN DINNER.

capacious coal bunkers. The space now The Samoans are a very hospitable devoted to these obj cts could be utilizpeople, especially so toward Americans, ed by the steamship companies for paswhom they almost worship. I remem-ber distinctly partaking of dinner with a sengers or freight. Sheffield says his machine is so simprominent chief of Samoa within one of their intrenchments during the late unple a child could manage it. He obtains his power through the explosions resultpleasantness between Samoa and Germany. The meal was spread on mats laid in the centre of the hut, cocoanut potash by contract with the sulphuric acid. The ingredients are introduced shells split in half answering for plates. into the proper chambers by air pressure, All of us sat on the mats, tailor-fashion. Samoans always take their families with them to war. We ate what we wished and, as they mingle a rapid series of explosions result, which drive the piston rod back and forth at a high rate of with our fingers. The bill of fare, as speed. The chambers are constantly near as I can remember, consisted of the following : First, fish. And let me re-mark here that Samoans are very fond from a tank at the lower left side of the machine. of fish, often eating them without going

Cylindrical chambers on either side of to the trouble of cooking them. The fish had been cooked by wrapping them chine are reservoirs for the sugar and in banana leaves and placing them on heated stones, such a thing as stoves being unknown among the natives of by the meeting of the three elements in Samoa. After the fish came their favorite dish, poipoi. It is made of bread fruit which has first been roasted in an force more powerful than steam, and much less dangerous. open fire built upon the ground, the

Influence of the Local Newspapers.

earth where. nicely protected by leaves, Concerning the value of the local it is left for an indefinite time-the paper--and all papers large or smell, daily or weekly, are local in a certain sense-in advertising the advantages of towns as sites for business, and heralding their attractions as places of homes and their business resources, Bro. Col-lins gives some ideas which are so senfruit, freshly roasted. Eaten in this sible, so true, and have so wide an application that we take pleasure in transferring an abstract from his essay to our own colums "The local paper," he says, "is the greatest advertisement a locality can have of its advantages, reanas, roasted. These were, as is the sources, and attractions- In this respect there is no substitute for it. The tizing morsels, but rather rich. For desert we had fine ripe oranges, ban-anas and pineapples, and as a beverage, he may endeavor with all persistence conviction which one zealous citizen cocoanut milk served in the original and enthusiasm, to impress upon others weekly paper is entertainment, which, though lavish reach that widers the world with a range and theusand fold in influence and result actly palatable to one of civilized taste. for good. THE LAZIEST PEOPLE ON EARTH.

"The local paper must fairly be cred-Judged from a live American point ited with being the principal fruition of view, the Samoans are about the laz- and successful issue all sorts and kinds iest people on the face of the earth, and of enterprises, beneficial to the commuthey might also be the happiest if their nity .- Press and Printer.

-----The irrigation of milk must

behold ! you have a dainty morsel for the Samoan palate. Next came bread manner it is so much like our potato that, for some time after my arrival in

Samoa, I ate it daily under the impression that I was eating the familiar murphy. Next on the bill of fare was bancustom, wrapped in leaves and laid in hot askes until done. They are appenuts. 'Cigars, made of native tobacco | in his travels, in his and dried banana leaves, concluded the from a Samoan standpoint, was not ex-