

THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

STORIES FROM THE SOUTH SEAS A big lump of opium, and retire to the bush to est and sleep it off. The man under pre-vention during my stay at Tei-o-hae lost pa-tience while the Chinese opium seller was

A Smitten Polynesian Beau Who Tattooed Himself to Please His Lady Love. THE LIBERTIES PERMITTED TO PRISONERS.

Male Convicts Spend the Day in the Chase and the Night Taking in the Town-The Females Go Out to Make Calls-Thefts Caused by Opium-The System of Torture-1 Chat With Queen Vackehu-Effect of the Drum Beat-Chief Stanislao and the Work of Father Dordillon-Married and Unmarried Missionaries-Specimen of Marquesan Literary Attainments.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Letter No. 3.

The port-the mart, the civil and religious capital of these rude islands-lies strung along the beach of a precipitous green bay. It was midwinter when we came to Tai-o-hae, and the weather was saltry, boisterous and inconstant, Now the wind blew squally from the land down gaps of splintered precipice; now, between the sentinel islets of the entry, it came in gusts from seaward. Heavy and dark clouds impended on the summits; the rain roared and ceased; the scuppers of the mountain gushed, and the next day we would see the sides of the amphitheater boarded with white falls. Along the beach the town shows a thin file of houses, mostly white, and all are ensconsced in the foliage of an avenue of green bruaos; a pier gives access from the sea across the belt of heathers; to the eastward there stands, on a projecting bushy hill, the old fort which is now the calaboose or prison; custward still, alone in a garden, the residency flies the colors of France. Just off Calaboose Hill, the tiny Government



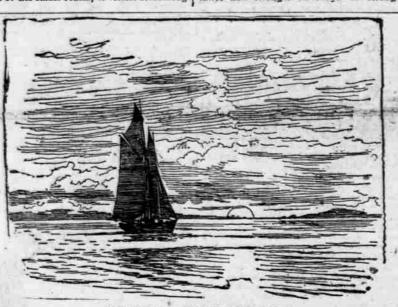
schooper rides almost permanently at anchor, makes eight belts in the morning (there of thereabouts) with the unfurling of her flag,

bly dodging me about the corners. The prisoners' dormitory was a spacious, airy room, devoid of any furniture; its white-washed walls covered with inscriptions in Marquesan and rude drawings. From this noontide quietude it must not be supposed the prison was untenanted; the calaboose at Tai-o-hae does a good business. But some of its occupants were gardening at the residency, and the rest were probably ht residency, and the rest were probably hi work upon the streets, as free as our scaven-gers at home, although not so indus-trious. On the approach of evening they would be called in like chil-dreu from play, and the harbor master (who is also the jailer) would go through the form of locking them up till 6 the next morning. Should a prisoner have any call in town, whether of pleasure or affairs, he has but to unhook the window shutter; and if he is back again, and the shutter decently if he is back again, and the shutter decently replaced, by the hour of call on the morrow, he may have met the harbor master in the avenue, and there will be no complaint, far

less, any punishment. But this is not all. The charming French resident, M. Delarnelle, carried me one day to the calaboose on an official visit. In the green court, a very ragged gentleman, his legs deformed with the island elephant-

iasis, saluted us smiling. All Out Enjoying Themselves. "One of our political prisoners—an in-surgent from Raiatea," said the resident; and then to the jailer: "I thought I had or-dered him a new pair of trousers." Meanwhile, no other convict was to be seen-"Eh bien," said the resident, "ou sont vos pris-onniers?" "Monsieur le Resident," replied the jailer, with soldierly tormality, "comme c'est jour de fete, je les ai laisss aller a la biere." "The see all upon the mount chasse." They were all upon the moun-tains hanting goats! Presently we came to the quarter of the women, likewise deserted. "Ou cont vos bonnes femmes?" asked the resident, and the jailer cheerfully respond-ed: "Je crois. Monsieur le resident, qu'elles

sont allees quelgepart faire une visite." It had been the design of M. Delarnelle, rule in Polynesia, with low exceptions; the higher the family, the better the man-better who was much in love with the whimsical-ities of his small realm, to elicit something taller and stronger in body. A stranger



PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1891.

Thankful for a Kiss.

out; "all the Chinese here sell opium. It was only to buy opium that I stole; it is only to buy opium that anybody steals. And what you ought to do is to let no opium come here, and no. Chinamen." This is precisely what is done in Samoa by a native Government; but the French have bound their own hands, and for 40,000 frances sold native subjects to crime and death. Of course, the patentee is supposed to sell to Chinamen alone; equally, of course, no one could afford to pay 40,000 frances for the privilege of supplying a scattered handful of Chinese; and every one knows the trath, and all are ashamed of it. **A Wonderful Native Queen.** The history! of the Marquesas is, of late years, much confused by the coming and going of the French. At least twice they

both cheeks. Given the same relation of years and of rank, the thing would have been so done on the boards of the Comedie Francaise; just so might Mme. Brohan have warmed and condencended to Mme. Briosant in the "Marquis de Villemer." Father Dordilion's Career.

Father Dordillon's Career. I have had occasion several times to name the late bishop, Father Dordillon, "Mon-seignen," as he is still almost universally called, Vicar Apostolic of the Marquesas and Bishop of Cambysopolis in partibus. Every-where in the islands, among all classes and races, this fine, old, kindly, cheerful fellow is remembered with affection and respect. His influence with the natives was para-mount. They reckoned him the highest of meu-higher than an admiral; brought him their money to keep; took his advice upon their purchases; nor would they plant trees upon their own land till they had the ap-proval of the tather of the islands. During the time of the French exodus, he singly the time of the French exodus, he singly represented Europe, living in the residency, and ruling by the hand of Temoans. The first roads were made under his auspi-

oes and by his persuasion. There seems some truth at least in the common view, that this joint reign of Temoana and the Bishop was the last and brief golden age of the Marquesas. But the civil power re-turned, the mission was packed out of the residence at 24 hours' notice new methods residency at 24 hours' notice, new methods supervened, and the golden age-whatever it quite was-determined. It is the strong-est proof of Father Dordilion's prestige that it survived, seemingly without loss, this hasty deposition.

Methods of the Bishop.

His method with the natives was ex-tremely mild. Among these barbarous children he still played the part of the smiling father, and he was careful to obsmiling father, and he was careful to ob-serve, in all indifferent matters, the Mar-quesan etiquette. Thus, in the singular-system of artificial kinship, the Bishop had been adopted by Vaekehu as a grandson; Miss Fisher, of Hatiheu, as a daughter. From that day Monseigneur never ad-dressed the young lady except as his mother, and closed his letters with the for-malities of a dutiful son. With Europeans he could be strict, even to the extent of harshness. He made no distinction against heretics, with whom he was on friendly terms, but the rules of his own church be would see observed, and once at least he would see observed, and once at least he had a man clapped in jail for the descera-tion of a saint's day. But even this rigor, so intolerable to laymen, so irritating to Protestants, could not shake his popularity.

Protestants, could not shake his popularity. His character is best portrayed in the story of the days of his decline. A time came when, from the failure of sight, he must de-sist from his literary labors; his Marquesan hymns; grammars and dictionaries; his scientific papers, lives of saints, and devo-tional poetry. He cast about for a new in-terest; pitched on gardening, and was to be seen all day with spade and waterpot, in his childlike eagerness, actually running be-tween the borders. Another step of decay, and he must leave his garden also. Inand he must leave his garden also. In-stantly a new occupation was devised, and

he sat in the mission cutting paper flowers and wreaths. His diocese was not great enough for his activity; the churches of the Marquesas were papered with his handi-work, and still he must be making more.

His Memory Held Sacred. "Ah," said he, smiling, "when I am dead what a fine time you will have clearing out my trash!" He had been dead about six months; but I was pleased to see some of his trophies still exposed, and looked upon them with a smile; the tribute (if I have read his cheerful character aright) which he would have preferred to any useless tears. Disease continued progressively to disable tim; he who had clamored so stalwartly over the rude rocks of the Marquesas, bringing peace to warfaring clans, was for some time car-ried in a chair between the mission and the

tale of one of his colleagues, Kekels, a mis-sionary in the great cannibal isle of Hivaoa. It appears that shortly after a kidnaping visit from a Peruvian slaver, the boats of an American whaler put into a bay upon that island, were attacked, and made their es-cape with difficulty, leaving their mate, s Mr. Whalon, in the hands of the natives. The captain, with his hands tied behind his back, was east into a house, and the chief announced the capture to Kekela. And here I begin to follow the version of Kan-wealoh; it is a good specimen of Kanaka English, and the reader is to conceive it de-livered with violent emphasis and speaking

livered with violent emphasis and speaking The Pastor's Vivid Recital

sautomime:

"I got Melican mate," the chief he say. "What you go do Melican mate?" Kekela he say. "I go make fire, I go kill, I go eat him," he say: "you come to-mollow eat piece." "I no want eat Melican mate!" Kekela he say: "why you want?" "This had shippee, this slave shippee," the chief he say. "One time a shippee

you want?" "This had shippee, this slave shippee," the chief he say. "One time a shippee he come from Peiu, he take away plenty Kan-aka, he take away my son. Melican mate he bad man. I go eat him: you eat plece." "I no want eat Melican mate!" Kekela he say: and he cy-all night he cly! To-mollow Kekela he get up, he put on blackee coat, he go to see chief; foutomine). Kekela he cly. He say chief; "Chief, you like things of mine? You like him to blackee coat; he go to see chief; heatomine). Kekela he cly. He say chief; "Chief, you like things of mine? You like him to blackee coat?" Yes," he say. "You like him to blackee coat?" he say the ship while boat? "Yes," he say. "You like him to blackee coat?" Yes," he say, Kekela he take him hight out house: he give chief he whale-boat: he file-a'm, he blackee coat. "The Ake Missa Wheila' he house, make him wheil all-the-same pelison (prison): he wife he chil'en in Amelica; he cly-whe a'. Ke-kia he soily. One day Kekela, he see shin (Pathomime.) He say Missa Wheila': "Ma' waka they begin to go down beach. Kakela he set 11 Kanaka get oa' (oars), get evelything. He say Missa Wheila': "Now you go quick." They jump in whalebeat. "Now you go quick." They jump in whalebeat. "Now you go quick." They jump in whalebeat. "Now you go quick." (Violent pantomime, and a change indicative the heach.) All the Kanaka they say: "How ! Melican mate he go away ?"-jump in what he beat. (Violent pantomime and char; low afta. the target and the say are say the say the say for the beat.) "How ! Melican mate he go away ?"-jump in what he has the say: "tow youck."

A Specimen for Contrast. Here I think Kauwealoha's pantomine had

confused me; I nave no more of his ipsissima verba; and can but add, in my own less spirited manner, that the ship was reached, Mr. Whalon taken aboard, and Kekela re-Mr. Whalon taken aboard, and Kekels re-turned to his charge among the cannibals. But how unjust it is to repeat the stumblings of a foreigner in a language only partly acquired! A thoughtless reader might con-ceive Kauwealoha and his colleague to be a species of amicable baboon; but I have here the antidote. In return for his act of gallant charity Kekela was presented by the American Government with a sum of money American Government with a sum of money, and by President Lincoln personally with a gold watch. From this letter of thanks, written in his own tongue, I give the fol-lowing extract. I do not envy the man who can read it without emotion:

When I saw one of your countrymen, a clii-zen of your great nation, ill-treated, and about to be based and caten, as a pig is caten. I ran to sarehim, full of pity and grief at the evil deed of these benighted people. I gave my boat for the stranger's life. This boat came from James Hunnewell, a gift of friendship. It became the ransom of this countryman of yours, that he might not be eaten by the sav-ages, who knew not Jehovab. This was Mr. Whalon, and the date, January 14, 1854.

Taught by the Missionaries.

As to this friendly deed of mine in saving Mr. Whalon, its seed came from your grea and, and was brought by certain of your coun trymen, who had received the love of God. It

trymen, who had received the love of God. It was planted in Hawaii, and I brought it to plant in this land and in these dark regions, that they might receive the root of all that is good and true, which is love. 1. Love to Jshovah. 2. Love to self. 3. Love to self. 3. Love to self. 3. Love to our neighbor. If a main have a sufficiency of these three, he is good and holy, like his God, Jebovah, in His triume character (Father, Son and Holy Ghost), one-three, three-one. If he have two and wants one, it is not well; and if he have one and wants is the the son well; and if he have one and wants they this went and if he have but if he cherishes all three then he is holy, indeed, after the manner of the Bible. This is a great thing for your great pation to boast of before all the nations of the earth. From your great labd a meat predict the earth.

From your great land a most precion brought to the land of darkness.



PAGES 17 TO 20.

FANTASTIC TALE, INTRODUCING HYPNOTIC THEORIES.

WRITTEN FOR THE DESPATCH BY F. MARION CRAWFORD,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," "A Roman Singer," and Many Other Stories That Have Taken Rank as Standard Literature.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

STOOPED OF DESIGNATION OF A STATE AND A ST

CHAPTER IX.

The principal room of Keyork Arabian's dwelling was in every way characteristic of the man. In the extraordinary confusion which at first disturbed a visitor's judgment, some time was needed to discover the architectural bounds of the place. The vaulted roof was indeed apparent, as well as small portions of the wooden flooring. Several windows, which might have been large, had they filled the arched embrasures in which

ing upon a knotted club, fierce, grinning, lacking only sight in the sunken eyes to be terrible. There again, sprmounting a lay figure wrapped in rich staffs, smiled the calm and gentle face of a Malayan lady-decapitated for her sins, so marvelously pre-served that the soft, dark eyes still looked out from beneath the heavy, half-drooping lids, and the full lips, still richly colored,

parted a little to show the ivory teeth. Strange and wild were the trials he had made, many and great the sacrifices and blood offerings lavished on his dead in the

that death might yet be

reactives he had distilled wherewith

yet the nerves could still be made to act as

words were "Immortality" End "Soul." He began to speak aloud to himself, being by

willing to grant that. But it does not in any

way follow that it is the source of life, or the

seat of intelligence. The Buddhists distin-guished it even from the individuality. And

yet life holds it, and when life ends it takes

its departure. How soon? I do not know. It is not a condition of life, but life is one

"Yes. The soul is immortal, I am quite

nature fond of speech.



hey were set, admitted the daylight when hope of seeing that one spasm which would



have seized the archipelago, at least once deserted it; and in the meanwhile the natives pursued almost without interruption

natives purened almost without interruption their desultory cannibal wars. Through these events and changing dynasties a sin-gle considerable figure may be seen to move —that of the high chief, a king, Temoans. Odds and ends of his history came to my ears—how he was at first a convert of the Protestant mission; how he was kidnaped or exiled from his native land, served as one kibeard a whaler and was shown for cook aboard a whaler, and was shown, for small charge, in English scaports; how he returned at last to the Marquesas, fell under the strong and beniga influence of the late Bishop, extended his influence in the group, was for awhile iont ruler with the prelate

was for awhile joint ruler with the prelate, and died at last the chief supporter of Catholicism and the French. His widow the sisters. remains in receipt of £2 a month from the French Government. Queen, she is usually called, but in the official almanac she figures as "Madame Vackehu, Grande Chefesse. as "Madame Vackenu, Grande Chelesse." His son (natural or adoptive, I know not which), Stanislao Moanatini, chief of Akaui, serves in Tai-o-hao as a kind of Minister of Public Works; and the daughter of Stanislao is High Chieftess of the south-ern island of Tanata. These, then, are the greatest folk of the archipelago; we thought them also the most estimable. This is the rule in Polynesia, with few excentions: the

its effect on the natives was extreme. Bishop Dordillon might entreat; Temoans himself command and threaten; st the note of the drum wild instincts triumphed. And now it might beat upon these ruins, and who should assemble? The houses are down, the people dead, their lineage extinct, and the sweepings and jugitives of distant bays and islands encamp upon their graves. The decline of the dance Stanislao especially

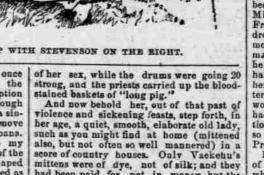
his own power, custom after custom is placed on the expurgatorial index.

his own power, custom and the second tration, that officer having scarce begun to be efficient ere he was recalled. I thought gathered, too, that he regarded with some fear the coming change from a naval to a civil Governor. I am sure at least that I regard it so myself; for the civil servants of France have never appeared to any foreigner as at all the flower of their country, while her naval officers may challenge competition with the world.

of her sex, while the drums were going 20 strong, and the priests carried up the blood-stained baskets of "long pig." And now behold her, out of that past of violence and sickening feasts, step forth, in her age, a quiet, smooth, elaborate old lady, such as you might find at home (mittened also, but not often so well mannered) in a score of country houses. Only Vaekehu's mittens were of dye, not of silk; and they had been paid for, not in money, but the cooked flesh of men. It came in my mind with a clap, what she could think of it her-self, and whether at heart, perhaps, she might not regret and aspire after the bar-barous and stirring past. But when I asked Stanislao--"Ahl" said he, "she is content; she is raligious, she passes all her days with the sisters." The Polynesian Drumbeat,

The drumbeat of the Polynesian has a strange and gloomy stimulation for the nerves of all. White persons feel it-at these precipitate sounds their hearts beat faster; and according to the old residents,

laments. "Chaque pays a ses coutumes," said he; but in the report of any gendarme, perhaps corruptly eager to increase the number of delicts and the instruments of



and salutes the setting sun with the report of a musket,

Here dwell together and share the comforts of a club (which may be enumerated as ; billiard board, absinthe, a map of the world on Mercator's projection, and one of the most agreeable verapdas in the tropies), a handful of whites of varying nationality. mostly French officials, German and Scotch merchant clerks, and the agents of the opium monopoly. There are besides three tavern keepers, the shrewd Scot who runs the cotton-gin mill, two white ladies, and a sprinkling of people "on the beach"-a South Sea expression for which there is no exact equivalent. It is a pleasant society, and a hospitable.

Tatooed Bimself for Love

But one man, who was often to be seen seated on the logs at the pier head, merits a word for the singularity of his history and appearance. Long ago, it seems, he fell in love with a native lady, a high chieftess in Uapu. She, on being approached, declared she could never marry a man who was untaioned; it looked so naked; whereupon, with some greatness of soul, our hero put rimself in the hands of the Tahukus, and with still greater, persevered until the process was complete. He had certainly to bear a great expense, for the Tahuku will not ork without reward; and certainly exquis ite pain. Kooamna, high chief as he was and one of the old school, was only par initioned; he could not, he told us with lively pantomime, endure the torture to an end. Our enamored countryman was more re solved; he was tattooed from head to foet it he most approved methods of the art; and

at last presented himself before his mistres a new man. The fickle fair one could neve behold him from that day except with aughter. For my part, I could never see the man without a kind of admiration; of him it might be said, if ever of any, that he had loved not wisely, but too well. The residency stands by itself, Calaboos

Hill screening it from the fringe of town along the further bay. The house modious, with wide varandas; all day i stands open back and front, and the trade



blows copiously over its bare floors. Of a week day, the garden offers a scene of most untropical animation, half a dozen convicts toiling there cheerfally with spade and bar-row, touching hats and smiling to the visitor like old attached family servants. On Sun-day these are gone, and nothing to be seen but dors of all racks and notating to be seen slumbering in the shady grounds; for the dogs of Tai-o-hae are very courtly, minded, and make the seat of Government their promenade and place of siesta.

Pleasant for Prisoners.

On the summit of its promontory hill the alaboose stands all day with doors and under shutters open to the trade. On my first visit, a dog was the only guardian visible. He, indeed, rose with an attitude so menac-ing that I was glad to lay hands on an old harrel hoop; and I think the weapon must stantly retreated, and as I wandered round the court and through the building. I could see him, with a couple of companions, hum-

SIGHTING AN ISLAND AT SUNSET

friends were persons of station.

Great in Mind and Body.

I have said "usually taller and stronger." I might have been more .absolute-over all

Polynesia, and part of Micunesia, the rule holds good; the great ones of the isle, and

well employed in a study of the point.

elaboration of her manners, and the gentle falsetto in which all the highly refined

among Marquesan ladies (and Vaekcht above all others) delight to sing their Ian

guage. An adopted daughter interpreted, while we gave the news, and rehearsed by name our friends of Ansho. As we talked we could see, through the laudward door,

another lady of the household at her toilet under the green trees; who presently, when

Mackehu's very deat; "merci" is her only word of French; and I do not know that

she seemed clever. An exquisite, kind re-finement, with a shade of quietism gathered

perhaps from the nuns, was what chiefly struck us. Or rather, upon that first occa-

sion, we were conscious of a sense as of dis-trict visiting on our part, and reduced

her hair was arranged, and her hat wrea with flowers, appeared upon the back

veranda with gracious salutations. The Queen's Exquisite Refinement.

Vaekchu

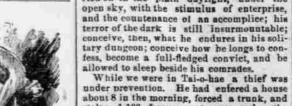
comical; but not even he expected anything (advances blindfolded. He scrapes acquaint so perfect as the last. To complete the picture of convict life in ance as he can. Save the tattoo in the Marquesas, nothing indicates the difference of rank; and yet, almost invariably, we found, after we had made them, that our

Tat-o-hae, it remains to be added that these criminals draw a salary as regularly as the President of the Republic. Ten sous a day is their hire. Thus they have money, food, shelter, clothing, and, I was about to write, their liberty. The French are certainly a good-natured people, and make easy masters. They are besides inclined to view the Marquesans with an eye of humorous in

even of the village, are greater of bone and muscle, and often heavier of flesh, than any "They are dying, poor devils," said M. Delarnelle; "the main thing is to let them die in peace." commoner. The usual explanation-that the high-born child is more industriously shamp

Theft the Popular Crime.

Theft is practically the sole crime. Origi-nally petty pilferers, the men of Tai-o-hae now begin to force locks and attack strong boxes. Hundreds of dollars have been taken at a time; though with that redeeming moderation so common in Polynesian theit, the Marquesan burglar will always take a part and leave a part, sharing (so to speak) with the proprietor. If it be Chilean coin-the island currency-he will escape; if the sum is in gold, French silver, or bank notes, the police wait until the money begins to come in circulation, and then easily pick out their man. And now comes the shameful part. In plain English, the prisner is tortured until he confesses and (if that be possible) restores the money. To keep him alone, day and night, in the black hole, is to inflict on the Marquesan torture inexpressible. Even his robberies are car-ried on in the plain daylight, under the



stolen 1,100 frances; and now, under the horrors of darkness, solitude, and a be-devilled cannibal imagination, he was re-luctantly contessing and giving up his spoil. From one cache, which he had alread pointed out 300 francs had been recovere

and it was expected that he would presently disgorge the rest. This would be ugly ough it it were all, but I am bound to say, because it is a matter the French should set at rest, that worse is continually hinted. I heard that one man was kept six days with his arms bound backward round a barrel; and it is the universal report that every gendarme in the South Seas is equipped with 'something in the nature of a thumb

Torture the Calprit's Belatives. Perhaps worse still, not only the accused but sometimes his wife, his mistress, or his iriend is subjected to the same hardships. I was admiring, in the tapu system, the inge-nuity of native methods of detection; there is not much to admire in those of the French,

had already

and to lock up a timid child in a dark room, and if he prove obstinate lock up his sister in the next, is neither novel nor humane. The main occasion of these thefts is the new vice of opium eating. The successful thief will give a handful of money to each of his friends, a dress to a woman, pass an evening in one of the taverns of Tai-o-hae, during thick the taverns of Tai-o-hae,

Teaching Stanislao History.

I recall with interest two interviews with Stanislao. The first was a certain afternoon of tropic rain, which we passed together in the veranda of the club, talking at times with heightened voices as the showers re-doubled overhead, passing at times into the billiard room to consult, in the dim, cloudy daylight, that map of the world which forms its chief adornment. He was natu-rally ignorant of English history, so that I had much of news to communicate. He was intent to hear: his brown face, strongly marked with smallpox, kindled and changed with each vicissitude. His eyes glowed with the reflected light of battle; his ques-tions were many and intelligent, and it was chiefly these that sent us so often to the map.

But it is of our parting that I keep the strongest sense. We were to sail on the morrow, and the night had fallen, dark, pooed, is probably the true one. In Caledonia, at least, where the differgusty and rainy, when we stumbled up the ence does not exist or has never been re-marked, the practice of shampooing seems hill to bid farewell to Stanislao. He had already loaded us with gifts, but more were to be itself unknown. Doctors would be waiting. We sat about the table over cigars and green cocoanuts; claps of wind blew

through the house and extinguished' the lamp, which was always instantly relighted Vackehu lives at the other end of the town from the residency, beyond the buildings of the mission. Her house is on the European plan, a table in the midst of the chief roem; with a single match; and these recurring intervals of darkness were felt as a reliei. photographs and religious pictures on the wall. Here, in the strong thorough draft, For there was something painful and em-barrassing in the kindness of that separaher Majesty received us in a simple gown of tion. "Ah, vous devriez rester ici, mon cher ami!" cried Stanislao. "Vous etes les gens print, and with no mark of royalty but the exquisite finish of her tattooed mittens, the

with all their gross blots, with all their deficiency of candor, of humor, and of common sense, the missionaries are the best and most useful whites in the Pacific. This is a subject which will follow us throughout; but there is one part of it that may conveniently be treated here. The married and the celibate missionary each has his par-ticular advantage and defect. The married missionary, taking him at the best, may offer to the native what he is much in want of-a higher pleture of domestic life: but

in touch with Europe and out of touch with Polynesia, and to perpetuate, and even to ingrain parochial decencies, far best forgotton.

Woman's Greatest Weakness.

The mind of the female missionary tends for instance, to be continually busied about dress. She can be taught with extreme difficulty to think any costume decent but that to which she grew accustomed on Clap-ham Common; and to gratify this prejudice the native is put to useless expense, his mind is tainted with the morbidities of Europe, and his health is set in danger. The cellbate missionary, on the other hand, and whether at best or worst, falls readily into native ways of life; to which he adds too

commonly what is either a mark of celibate man at large, or an inheritance from medizeval saints-I mean slovenly habits and an unclean person. There are, of course, degrees in this; and the sister (of course, and all honor to her) is as fresh as a lady at a ball.

aries would prove more indulgent, but the reverse is found to be the case. The new broom sweeps clean; and the white mission-ary of to-day is often embarrassed by the igotry of his native coadjutor. What else should we expect?

The best specimen of the Christian hero



qu' il faut pour les Kanaques; rous etes | that I ever met was one of these native mis that I ever met was one of these native mis-sionaries. He had saved two lives at the risk of his own; like Nathan, he had bearded a tyrant in his hour of blood; when a whole white population fied, he alone stood to his duty, and his behavior under domestic sorrow with which the public has no concern filled the beholder with sympa-thy and admiration. A poor little smiling laborions man he looked; and you would have thought he had nothing in him but that of which indeed he had too much-facile good nature. douz, vous et votre famille; vous seriez obeis dans toutes les iles."

facile good nature.

More Credit Than Was Due

evangelical gentility on the part of our hostess. The other impression followed after she was more at ease, and came with Stanislao and his little girl to dine on board We had been civil; not always that, my conscience told me, and never anything beyond; and all this to do is a measure, not the Casco. She had dressed for the occasion, wore white, which very well became her beyond; and all this to do is a measure, not of our considerateness, but of the want of it in others. The rest of the evening, on to Vaekehu's and back as far as to the pier, Stanisho walked with my arm and sheltered me with his umbrella; and after the boat had put off, we could still distinguish, in the murk dask access his accounter for well wore white, which very well became her strong brown face; and sat among us, eating or smoking her cigarcite, quite cut off from all society, or only now and then included through the intermediary of her son. It was a position that might have been ridicu-lous, and she made it ornamental; making believe to hear and to be entertained; her the subscreaments in the strength of the second str the murky darkness, his gestures of farewell. His words, if there were any, were drowned by the rain and the lond surt. face, whenever she met our eyes, lighting with the smile of good society; her contri-butions to the talk, when she made any, and

I have mentioned presents, a vexed ques-tion in the South Seas. In many quarters the Polynesian gives only to receive. The shabby Polynesian is anxious till he

that was seldom, always complimentary and No attention was paid to the child, for inhas received the return gift; the generous is uneasy until he has made it. The first is disappointed if you have not given more than he; the second is miscrable if he thinks he has given less than you. But generosity on the one hand and confidences meanness stauce, but what she remarked and thanked us for. Her parting with each, when she stance, but what she remarked and thanked us for. Her parting with each, when she came to leave, was gracious and pretty, as had been every step of her behavior. When Mrs. Stevenson held out her hand to say good-by, Vaekehu took it, held it, and a moment smiled upon her; dropped it, and then, as upon a kindly afterthought, and with a sort of warmth of condescension, held on the one hand, and conspicuous meanness on the other, are in the South Seas, as at home, the exception. It is neither with of his friends, a dress to a woman, pass an evening in one of the taverns of Tai-o-hae, with a sort of warmth of coudescension, held lively wisn to please, that the ordinary during which he treats all comers, produce out both hands and kissed my wife upon Polynesian chooses and presents his gifts.

brought to the land of carkness. It w plauted here, not by means of guns and me of-war and threatenings. It was planted means of the ignorant, the neglected, the c spised. Such was the introduction of t word of the Almighty God into the group Nunhiwa. Great is my debt to American who have taught me all things pertaining this life and to that which is to come. this life and to that which is to come. How shall I repay your great kindness to me! Thus David asked of Jebovah, and thus I ask of you, the President of the United States. This is my only payment—that which I have re-ceived of the Lord, love (aloha). ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. the woman at his elbow tends to keep him GAMBLING AT WASHINGTON

> There Is as Much of It as Ever, but It's on the Quiet Now.

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.

A great deal of gambling is done in Washington by prominent men on the sly, and there are numerous quiet little clubs whose members never sit down to a game of cards without the chips on the table. The days of faro and roulette have passed, and it is now only poker, euchre, whist and other modest games which can be played with nothing but a deck of cards. Pendleton's used to be the great gambling club of the capital, and in the days of Henry Clay prominent men of both parties won and los in it. It was an elegant place, the dinners

of which were free, and where one was not asked to play unless he wished. It is recorded that one Minister to China lost his whole allowance for outfit and traveling expenses here one night and it is said that Clay was one of the best poker players who ever came to Washington used to be that there was a great deal o gambling done at the Capitol, but card-playing there is falling into an innocuous desuetude, though during a long night session it is apt to break out again, and the members seek the seclusion that the con nittee rooms grant. When the late Mr. Wintersmith, of Texas,

was chosen as Doorkeeper of the House, he received a proposition from a noted gambler of his own State to establish a brace game at the Capitol. "We can call it a club" wrote he, "and have our rooms in the base-ment. You can catch the suckers and bring them in, and I will bleed them and we'll divide the profits." It is needless to say that Doorkeeper Wintersmith did not fall in with the offer.

CLUBS OF WASHINGTON.

Organizations Whose Fame Has Extende From Ocean to Ocean.

WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.

Washington is becoming a club city more and more every day. The swellest of all is the Metropolitan Club, to which all the diplomats and the men about town belong and the happenings of which seldom get into the newspapers. The Cosmos Club is a scientific club and its club-rooms are in the house which Dolly Madison occupied after her husband's death. The members of the Smithsonian Institution, artists and others belong to it, and it pretends to have a continuous feast of reason and flow of soul. The Grid Iron Club is made up of newspaper men. It is the daughter of the Clover Club of Philadelphia, and is quite as fam-ous as its mother. It gives elegant spreads once a month and there is hardly a noted man in the country who has not been dined at it. President Harrison was one of the invested enacts this winter but Sarcater invited guests this winter, but Secretary Windom's death prevented his attendance. The Six O'clock Club is another dining clu

whose motto is said to be "Grub and Gab," and whose dinners cost \$1 a plate. The Grid Iron dinners cost all the way from \$ upwards a plate, and though there is ptenty of good wine, there is no drunkenness. The Navy has its club and the United States Service Club is one of the features of the capital.

STOP at the Hollenden, in Cleveland, ican and European plans,

here was enough of it in Prague to serve many the engines, the machines, the artifi-cial hearts, the applications of electricity that he had invented; many of the powerful the purpose of illumination. So far as could be seen from the street, they were commonplace windows without shutters and with double casement against the cold, but from cite the long dead nerves, or those which but two days had ceased to teel. The hidden essence was still undiscovered, the meaning within it was apparent that the tall arches in the thick walls had been filled in with of vitality eladed his profoundest study, his keenest pursuit. The body died, and a thinner masoury in which the modern rames were set.

though alive for the space of a few hours, in rare cases for a day. With his eyes he had seen a dead man spring half across the room from the effects of a few drops of musk The room received its distinctive character, however, neither from its vaulted roof nor from the deep embrasures of its windows, nor from its scanty furniture, but -on the first day; with his eyes he had from the peculiar nature of the many curiseen the dead twist themselves, and move and grin under the electric current-proous objects, large and small, which hid the vided it had not been too late. But that "too late" had baffled him, and from his walls and filled almost all the available space on the floor. It was clear that every first belief that life might be restored when once gone, he had descended to what one of the specimens illustrated some point in the great question of life and death which seemed the simpler proposition of the two, to the problem of maintaining life indefinformed the chief study of Keyork Arabian's latter years; for by far the greater number itely, so long as its magic essence lingered in the flesh and blood. And now he believed of the preparations were dead bodies, of that he was very near the truth; how terrimen, ot women, of children, of animals, to bly near he had yet to learn. all of which the old man had endeavored to He sat alone. A heavy book lay open on the table by his side, and from time to time

he glanced at a phrase which seemed to at-tract him. It was always the same phrase, and two words alone sufficed to bring him back to the contemplation of it. These two

She Sat in Deep Thought mpart the appearance of life, and in treat-

It is not a condition of life, but life is one of its conditions. Does it leave the body when life is artificially prolonged in a state of unconsciousness—by hyphot-ism, for instance? Is it more close-ly bound up with animal life or with intelligence? If with either, has it a ng some of which he had attained results of a startling nature. The osteology of man and beast was indeed represented, for a huge case, covering one whole wall, was filled to the top with a collection of many hundred skulls of all races of mankind, and where real specimens were missing, their place was supplied by admirable casts of craniums; but this reredos, so to call it, of bony heads, formed but a vast, grin-ning background for the bodies which stood and sat and lay in hulf-raised coffins and sarcophagi before them, in every condition produced by various known and lost methods of embalming. There were, it is true, a number of skeletons, disposed here and there in function stitute statement with the soul in the hypnotic state? there in fantastic attatudes, gleaming white

their jet black hair combed and arranged oud dressed by Keyork's hand, their faces softened almost to the expression of life by one of his secret processes, their stiff-ened joints so limbered by his art that their arms inad taken natural positions ag-in, i lying over the edges of the sarcophagi in which they had rested motionless and im-morable through 30 canturies.

iving over the edges of the sarcophagi in which they had rested motionless and im-movable through 30 centuries. Here, a group of South Americans, found dried in the hollow of an ancient tree, had been restored almost to the likeness of life, and were apparently engaged in a lively dismit of the art of the sarcophagi in hit is not a mere mechanical or chemical process. I have gone too far to believe that, Take man at the very moment of death-inve everything ready, do what you wili-emy artificial heart is a very perfect instru-ment, mechanically speaking-and how long description of a mere and the artificial circulation in the artificial circulation dispute over the remains of a meal-us old as thomselves, and as human. There, tow-prod the standing body of an African, fean-

definite abiding place in the heart, or in the brain? Since its presence depends directly on life, so far as I know, it belougs to the body rather than to the brain. I once made a rabbit live an hour without its With a man that experiment would need careful manipulation-I would like to try it. Or is it all a question of that phantom, vitality? Then the presence of the soul depends upon the potential excitability of the nerves, and, as far as we know, it must Unorna hynotizes our old friend the and ghostly in their mechanical nakedness, the bones of human beings, the bones of giantic orang-outangs, of creatures large and small, down to the flimsy little framework of a houry oung one, too. Forher, they have and our young one, too have so they have and our young one, too have sould for they mout the inter they have

pass through rocks or universes-stay by him? Could an ingenious sinuer escape damnation for a few thousand years damnation for a few thousand years by being bypnotized? Verily the soul is a very unaccountable thing, and what is still more unaccountable is that I believe in it. It is quite certain that

through the carotid artery? Not a eth part so long a time as arowned pe often lie be ore being brought to

seigneur and his mission in the Marquesas were certain of these brown-skinned evangelists, natives from Hawaii. I know not what they thought of Father Dordllon; they are the only class I did not question; but I suspect the prelate to have regarded them askance, for he was eminently human, During my stay at Tai-o-hac the time of the yearly holiday come round at the cirks' holiday came round at the girls' and a whole fleet of whale boats

yearly came from Uapu to take the daughters of that island home. On board of these was Kauwenloha, one of the pastors, a fine, rugged old ger mmon in Hawaii. He hald me a visit in ents his gills. | the Casco, and there enter

An American Whaler Caught.

It chanced that the only rivals of Mon

ntleman of that

It might be supposed that native mission-