SIMPLE SAVAGE JUSTICE.

COMEDY THAT GOES ON IN THE NEW COURTS OF SAMOA.

Surprising Results of Fastening Civilized Methods Upon the Samoans—Cheerful Willingness to Hang a Murderer or Let Him Go—Triumph of Native Justice.

Out in the South Pacific the Samoans had advanced in their own culture to a judicial system which was well understood and never failed to satisfy their simple needs. By the Berlin act the civilized nations have given to Samoa in a lump the laws of the United States and Great Britain, and have left to the islanders the task of adapting themselves to unfamiliar codes. Hence arises confusion which is inconvenient, perjury, which is a crime, and mislaid justice, which is frequently comic in the sight of the disinterested spectator.

In their purely aboriginal state the Samoans had their own judicial system, which was carried into effect by chiefs and heads of households as far as their authority extended. As the power of a ruling chief over his town or district, the power of the holder of a family name over his house, extended only as far as the subjects of such authority might consent, punishments were mild. There was a general compurgation for the discovery of the offender, followed by a punishment which took into account the relative ranks of the offender and the person injured, the degree of the damage done, and the social or political necessity for making reparation. This compurgation must have been a fine sight in a Samoan village in the pagan days; it is imposing to-day as practiced without a change except in the modification of one small detail. When men were pagan and heathen and were not ashamed, the solemn oath was sworn by the *aitu*, the god of the town, some deified animal. Now it is taken upon the Samoan version of the Scriptures. An offence having been done in one of the villages, justice is set upon the course which it has followed for ages of Polyhesian life. At the order of the chief all the townsfolk gather at the *malae*, the village green, where all affairs of state are transacted. From the nearest houses floor mats are brought forth and spread upon the turf in the shade of a spreading tree and close beside the mounds under which are laid the ancestors of the community. Each in turn binds himself by a mighty oath that he is clear of any complicity in the wrong which has been committed—all except the guilty one, who shrinks from the oath. If there is reason to suspect that any particular conscience is in a condition of atrophy there are means of stimulating its activity. One is a bitter root which is presented to the suspected liar. It smarts when first bitten, it smarts still worse the next day, and it lasts for a week of pain unless the chief can be induced to give the remedy, which is one of his official secrets. Another is the detective magic of a certain leaf. The chief chews it to a paste, which he mixes with water and holds the fluid in his hollowed palm. Extending his arm at full stretch he solemnly calls the names of the people over whom he rules; so long as he is calling the names of the innocent the green fluid lies at rest in his palm, but at the name of the one who has done the deed the liquor runs out of the hand and up the arm of the judge.

With these aids to justice it is possible to get fairly true the facts in any case which is entirely within the town itself. In heathen times when a town was put thus upon its oath in a case in which some other town was the sufferer the amount of truth obtained depended entirely upon the fear inspired by the chief of that town. It was therefore very seldom, for these pagans enjoyed a full home rule system in their heathendom, that a compurgation under these circumstances yielded any result. With the coming of the whalers and the immediate dissemination of the benefits under the legal fiction was promptly devised that all white men were people of another village, and from this sprang the custom of helping themselves to the goods of the strangers without redress. At the present day, such a thing would be taken on the Bible, in which they all believe, they commit the most unblushing perjury in any case in which a white man is concerned. And this is true not only of the village comurgation, but equally so when a Samoan appears in any capacity in the expensive courts which the civilized Governments have forced upon them; in the high and the middle justice as well as in the low justice the white man is to every Samoan the man of another village, and therefore is perjury against him no sin.

Recognizing that for some barely comprehended reason the white men, the Papalangi, were not content with the results of their system of justice, the islanders were ready to profess their thankfulness at the chance of receiving the great benefit of Papalangi justice. The results will scarcely appear in law texts for the schooling of future Blackstones, but though fairly maddening to the officials who have to take the case under review, they are not without amusing features.

Some few years ago it entered the head of a young Samoan to kill a black boy on a German plantation. Now, because everything German is sacred in Samoa, even a German slave, the German Consul of the time demanded the King and Government distinctly aware that Germany expected to see rigorous justice done. It must be confessed that the native authorities will do what a Consul insists upon, if it happens to suit their convenience, and in this instance the Consul was insistent and there was no way of getting out of it, and the Government could make a point by compliance. The parliament of *faipule*, accordingly, pronounced sentences of death upon the murderer. Yet even thus was the German Consul not satisfied. He wrote to them once again and he showed them that a proper theory of legal practice called for a conviction before the imposition of a capital sentence, and a trial before that. The highest chiefs in all the islands met in council, the Consuls to the Samoan throne, a mixture in about equal parts of locutions of exaggerated respect, of solecisms in the Samoan grammar and instruction in elementary government. It is a pity that they could not have discovered higher diplomacy, for a volume of them would add to the merriment of the world.

The Samoans felt that they were being put to needless trouble by the Consul, who ought to be content so long as the prisoner was hanged, but they were willing to do anything the German Consul to help them out with the indictment and all the other schemes which he had mentioned in his letter. At every stage of this momentous inquiry the Consul insisted upon that form of words which seemed to him which is characteristic of all Germanic endeavors. And his was no easy task. As soon as the indictment had been hammered into shape and the prisoner had been put upon his defence, that party put in the plea of not guilty, the most unconvincing air imaginable. When he had been duly instructed that he must deny his guilt in order that there might be a trial, the court and the jury and the witnesses arrived at the conclusion that the German Consul had changed his mind and did not want the man convicted. Therefore every witness gave his testimony and took solemn oath that he had seen the accused not do it, for no Polynesian is in the least bound to recognize the difficulties which Papalangi logicists in the way of proving a negative. In the course of the trial the Consul discovered how the evidence was going and protested. The Government then saw that he had changed his mind again and wanted the prisoner hanged. The prosecutor offered to recall his witnesses and have them swear that they had seen the accused kill the black boy. When the Consul had expressed his horror of this perjury the Government drafted a new company of witnesses from the crowd in attendance at the trial and triumphantly proved the guilt of the man who had already been sentenced to death.

At last all the motions of a trial had been gone through and the sentence of death by hanging was once more pronounced upon the black murderer. The scaffold was built in the Government quarters on Mulinuu Point, the Consuls had been invited and had refused to attend, with the exception of the German representative, and the rope and the man were together hoisted on the platform under the guns of the King's guard, who were no more cheerful than the malefactor, and he was brimming over with enthusiasm, for no Polynesian ever has the faintest objection to dying. The rope was adjusted and the murderer had thrown away his cigarette. One moment more and the sentence of the law would be executed. The German Consul arose from his seat next the King and began a speech touching upon the immorality of killing a German slave and the nature of the death penalty. One of the women seated in a ring about the gallows recognized that the address was likely to be protracted and ran up the ladder to the gallows with another cigarette for the offender. The speech wound up with a plea for mercy, with the statement that Germany would be content in this case with a commutation of sentence, provided the man were heavily punished as a warning to others. King Malietoa plunged himself into deep thought and for a long time gave no reply. Finally he too made a speech, in which he repeated all of the Consul's speech that he had been able to understand and made some additions of his own. He made his words as severe as he could and commuted the sentence to imprisonment with hard labor for three months. This brought the Consul to his feet in protest and the sentence was again revised to hard labor for ten years, and the culprit was set at work immediately in taking down his own gallows. The next morning he began his sentence with the hard labor of sitting in the road in front of the royal hut and weeding the path wherever he could find a patch of shade. This continued for ten days, until an English planter offered to take the man and work out his sentence on the bush estate of Suisinga. The Government promptly accepted the offer, which saved the cost of keeping the malefactor. Not more than a week later the murderer ran away from Suisinga and returned to his own town, where he is to-day held in high honor for his safe passage through Papalangi laws.

Those who are familiar with the form of opinions rendered by the Supreme Court will not have failed to notice the concluding clause, "we concur," followed by the names of the Justices. In the Samoan practice this concurrence is carried a step further, and a judgment is not considered to have much value unless it receives the concurrence of the accused. Last year an aggravated case of trespass was brought to official attention, and it was decided that it was of such gravity as to form a good peg on which to hang the much needed lesson that the Samoans must respect the decisions of the Land Commission and the Supreme Court. King Malietoa promptly declared that as the land trespassed upon was in a district in Savaii, which was in rebellion against him, he did not have the force available in his army of three soldiers to bring the marauders to justice. Chief Justice Chambers, however, was of the opinion that it was best to exhaust the possibilities of the civil arm before making appeal to the Consular Board for naval interference. Much to the surprise of everybody the offenders accepted the summons as an invitation to visit Apia under the assurance of safe conduct, a trip which they had been wanting to make and had been prevented by their rebellion. Into court they came with all the show which they could make and stood their trial. There could be no doubt as to the facts in the case. They had entered upon the land and stripped the trees of cocoanuts, and they knew that the land belonged to the Papalangi; but that did not make any difference to them, for they were rebels and did not acknowledge the Malietoa Government. They were apparently unconcerned over the issue of the investigation, and without hesitation assisted the prosecution in proving the case against themselves. When called upon for any reason why sentence should not be passed upon them, they politely told the Chief Justice that they were interested to hear what he had to say.

The sentence of the Court made it clear that they were to keep off all lands of the Papalangi, and three years in the Government jail was given them in which to think it over and impress their minds with the lesson. Then arose the leader of the party, a chief of some rank, and with the utmost courtesy thanked the Chief Justice for the honesty of his intentions, and said that he was personally a lowly man and of no account. Whereupon he marched out of the Supreme Court and over to the nearest trader to transact his business which had brought him to Apia, the sale of the copra into which the stolen cocoanuts had been dried. The native magistrate of the court could not bring back the offender, for his rank was not sufficiently high to insure obedience. But the trespasser made no objection to returning into court when asked by the marshal, a white man. After Chief Justice Chambers had called on him for an explanation of his gross contempt of court, the convicted prisoner assured the Chief Justice of his most distinguished consideration, but was still positive that as he himself had given a dissenting opinion, there was no justice in his case as the Papalangi, the sentence amounted to nothing, and he hoped that the wise Judge did not think him such a fool as to voyage all the way from Savaii to be put into jail by a Government which he did not care to recognize. All this was said with the utmost courtesy, and the man was confident that he was right; but when the Chief Justice insisted that his sentence should be carried out it was necessary to employ force before the chief could be brought to accompany the policeman of inferior rank.

The Government jail, the *Fale Paipui* or fenced house, is a shed of corrugated iron set in a small compound fenced by a corrugated iron wall two sheets high, and the whole contrivance is planted at the edge of the mangrove swamp at the leeward side of Mulinuu Point. This is only another way of saying that it is the hottest place in all Samoa. The rigors of confinement therein are somewhat tempered by the customs of the country to such an extent that nobody objects to confinement except in some such case as the one just recorded, where the chief found fault with the company he would have to keep at the seat of a Government. He did not accept. During the day the prisoners are rented to the municipality of Apia for a shilling a day, and may be seen dawdling over petty tasks upon the public roads. At night they are in theory locked within their sheet-iron compound and fed on prison fare. But the jailers keep the gates open and admit all comers, particularly those who bring baskets of food. If a prisoner is of higher rank than the jailer who has the keys of the gate he has but to order and the gates swing open before him as he goes out to pass the evening with friends. Thus it is no uncommon thing to meet in Apia at night a swaggering party of the jail inmates out for an airing. It is noted in Samoan annals that a Chief Justice who rather coddled the natives used to encourage secret political gatherings under the shades of night, had the pleasure one evening of discussing politics at one of these gatherings with a man whom within a week he had sentenced to confinement. As it was all mixed up in the fortuitous game of Samoan politics, the Chief Justice could make no public clamor about this feature of the execution of his sentences. But as a result of his private inquiries there soon appeared on the inner side of the prison gate an expostulation addressed to the wonderful white chief, with the Samoan version of the Ten Commandments, and the Chief Justice could make no more of it than that it was forbidden for any of them to pay evening calls upon the Chief Justice at his residence.

If it is only with great difficulty that the administration of justice can be kept straight in the Supreme Court which the Berlin act has settled on this small island realm at an annual cost of $6,000 and more, one can imagine what it is in the wholly native courts which deal with cases in which no Papalangi are involved. Of such courts there are at least a dozen. Every town has its Judge, every district its Chief Judge, and over all is a Chief Justice. Officially the two officials are distinguished as the Chief Justice of Samoa and the Samoan Chief Justice, but common parlance has dropped the matter of fact, and Samoans look upon this sentence of their own Supreme Court passed without any white men to direct them as a triumph of justice and a proof to the Papalangi that the Samoans have really attained civilization. For this reason the sentence is being carried out with no relaxation of its rigor. Just how long the prisoner can stand this punishment no one knows, and in the absence of any provision of the Berlin act bearing upon him he seems likely to rattle his chains in the maddening solitude of a pitch dark oven just so long as four pieces of hardtack a day can support life.

Nothing Made in Vain.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

"I notice there's a good deal of agate in this part of the country," said the tourist, who had stopped at the farmhouse for a drink of water. "That's a great drawback. It unfits a man for work entirely, does it not?"

"Gener'l'y it does," said the sallow woman who had handed him a tin cup. "Still, when John has a right hard fit of the shakes we fasten the churn dasher to him, and he brings the butter inside of fifteen minutes."

HAWAII'S GREAT FEASTS.

SURPRISES FOR THE WHITE MAN AT HIS FIRST LUAU.

Dusky Beauties Who Devour Raw Fish and Live Shrimps—Shark, Squid, and Seaweed Among the Other Delicacies—Wonderful Poi and Its Fascination.

POMONA, Cal., July 30.—"The diet of the natives of Uncle Sam's recently annexed Hawaiian Islands," said Harmon E. Buckley, who was local agent in Honolulu for a sugar-cane company for five years, "is one of the interesting things about them. What one eats indicates one's social standing in Hawaii. The aristocrats of Hawaii are the children of the missionaries who sailed from New England around the Horn in the thirties and forties, and took the Gospel to the Kanakas. The natives were easily converted to Christianity and the Yankee missionaries and their young wives became so happy in the beautiful, fertile islands out in the Pacific that very few of them ever left the tropical paradise. Their children intermarried with the finest Kanaka children, and with the Yankee spirit of industry and invention they developed the sugar-cane industry of the island. A score of the sons of missionaries from Massachusetts and Connecticut are millionaires in Hawaii. Several are multi-millionaires. The Bishop estate is reckoned at $18,000,000. It was all made from cane sugar in thirty years.

"This part of the population dines on the best. Cases of oysters packed in ice come by every boat to the rich Americans in Honolulu from the Chesapeake. Hundreds of heads of celery are taken from Michigan to Hawaii every winter. Tons of California vegetables are consumed by Americans in the islands. The English residents have their roast beef, and they sometimes have to import it in cold storage from San Francisco. The thousands of Portuguese in Hawaii have dishes reeking in garlic and chilis, while the 5,000 Chinese regale themselves on rice and dried sharks' fins. The Japanese dine on poultry and a native vegetable like ancient squash. Every steamer from Hong Kong and Yokohama brings tons of products for the Oriental tables in the islands. For the Kanaka there is abundant poi—an edible that might pass for bill posters' paste five days old—dried and smoked squid, cooked seaweed, raw mullet, dog roasted in ti leaves and a combustible drink made from the fermentation of a root. From all this provender, native and foreign, the kitchens of Honolulu are able to make a discriminating choice which gives the bills of fare at some entertainments a peculiar piquancy.

"The natives of the Hawaiian Islands are famous eaters. They have a feast—or more properly speaking a feed—on every possible occasion. And it is truly marvellous what quantities of food they can stuff into themselves without physical injury. A custom from time immemorial among the Kanakas is to have a luau—an enormous feast—about once every fortnight. King Kalakaua used to have the most gorgeous luaus in the memory of the oldest natives in Honolulu. The average native would go without his grass hut and clothes rather than forego a luau with his big family or a company of friends two or three times a month. The hardest work I have ever seen a Kanaka do has been in preparing for a luau, and some hard work must always be done in getting ready for a luau that is a luau.

"These feasts are usually served in the open air. At the royal palace they took place in a great banquet hall. The gorging is almost always accompanied by music on guitars and a peculiar native stringed instrument, like a crude 'cello. The meal is served on the grass. Ti leaves, a variety of huge lilios, are used as tablecloths. The food is heaped on the ti leaves before the feasters come, and there is no passing of food to the guests. Each person at the luau sits cross-legged, Turkish fashion, on elegantly woven grass mats about the edge of the area of ti leaves and food. The meal is in one course, and the feaster eats as he likes. There are no knives or forks. One's fingers are good enough for dining purposes at a luau. The feast usually continues several hours. The fattest Kanakas can sit with their legs doubled up beneath them all day and night and never have a suggestion of an ache, but it is positive torture to an American or European who is eating his first luau, when the feast has progressed about an hour. I have seen many a portly American who wished to be polite perspire with pain while he forced smiles and tried to be agreeable during his Kanaka host's elaborate luau. Robert Louis Stevenson took as naturally to the customs of the luau as any paleface I have ever known. The people of the South Pacific had a wonderful fascination for him, and he loved to see them at their feasts. He used to say that the Kanaka was seen and studied best at a luau, and I believe Stevenson was right. I have known several Americans to be thoroughly amused by sitting at a luau as if they had been horseback riding for the first time.

"Meat is seldom eaten by the Kanakas and is seldom served at a luau, unless the Americans predominate. Fish is served in abundance. The waters of the ocean adjacent to the Hawaiian Islands teem with a score of varieties of mullet and mackerel, and the Kanakas have an inordinate liking for fish. A peculiar thing about the Kanakas is their fondness for raw and half raw fish. I have seen a native at a luau Kalakaua munch the flesh of a mullet that had been swimming three minutes before. The largest fish in Hawaiian waters is a species of shark. Its weight is generally about thirty pounds. It holds the place of honor at a big luau, just as turkey does at an American Thanksgiving dinner. It is cooked about ten minutes only. Then the tough skin is peeled off, and the steaming, odoriferous flesh is cut up and put on ti leaves for the guests. Several raw dishes of the mullet family are a delicacy at a Kanaka luau. It has often tried the nerves of an American guest at one of these feasts to see a gorgeously decked young Kanaka woman reach into one of the dishes of raw fish and, arranging in intervals about the ti leaves, and snatching therefrom a writhing mullet about twice the size of a sardine, bite off its head and munch the fish down. Often a half dozen live mullets from an aquarium are eaten by each individual at a luau. Some of the more daring Kanaka women who have observed the expressions of amazement on the faces of the pale-faced guests may select merely a minnow, and will content themselves by rolling it under their tongues.

"Live squid is partaken of at a luau as a sort of entrée. The fish is not easily caught, and is, therefore, a delicacy. There are squid epicures among the Kanakas, just as there are terrapin epicures in New York and Baltimore. On the island of Kauai there are dozens of great ponds of salt water where squids—a small species of the cuttle fish—are cultivated. Ex-Queen Liliuokalani had a pond some two acres in area on her estate where squids were grown for the money there was in the sale of them and for her own native feasts. The squid that the natives like is a dank, slimy, squirming thing, with a strong fishy smell and a great staring eye. Hold a live squid up before an assemblage of Kanakas and the effect is magical. You can see a movement of the lips of every one who looks upon the fish. At a luau the squids are held upon the ti leaves by strings attached to small weights. A feaster will reach over now and then and break off a tentacle from a squid, and while the poor creature feebly stabbing around in pain at its dismemberment, the Kanaka will chew the meat down with a grin of pleasure.

"Raw shrimps are a luxury also in the Kanaka diet. They are never prepared there by being cooked. It takes some nerve to see a witching native girl in gay-colored muslin, with a wreath of flowers about her shoulders and prodigious hirsute decorations, put her swart hand into a wooden bowl of shrimps and bring forth a handful of tiny, wriggling crustaceans and stuff them in her mouth. I remember being at a luau given by the Princess Liliuokalani (later Queen) when Robert Louis Stevenson had his first introduction to the love of raw fish by the Kanakas. I smile still at the memory of how astonished he looked in spite of his efforts to appear unmoved when a very handsome, jolly young lady opposite him grabbed a mass of live shrimps and stuffed a handful into her mouth with unmistakable evidence of relish. Dried seaweed, chopped with a savory sauce of peppers and vinegar, is a salad, is another entrée. Then there are dozens of fruits served in many ways on the ti leaves. Gin and a mixture of milk, water and gin are the drinks.

"But then there is the poi. That deserves a whole chapter to itself. In all the range of foods of the human race there is nothing that can be compared to poi. It is unknown outside of the Hawaiian Islands, and nothing can ever be devised that will fill the place of poi in the diet of the Kanaka. Every one who has ever been in Honolulu knows what poi is. Long before the steamer from San Francisco reaches Honolulu harbor the initiated begin to say:

"'Well, the day after to-morrow at this time you will be eating poi.'

"You hear it on every side, until at last you begin to look forward with eagerness to your introduction to poi. Not that you know what poi is. No one ever tells you that. It is deemed sufficient for you to know that poi is, and you are forced to content yourself with rosy dreams of the gustatory delights awaiting you.

"Poi is made from taro, and taro is a tuber, like our potatoes. It grows only in the Hawaiian Islands, and there it may be found in the water at the edge of ponds. It has a big green leaf like a lily. The name of the man who invented poi from taro is lost in the murk of years. May he rest in sweet sleep wherever he lies, for he has brought joy to the hearts and stomachs of thousands of his fellow men and women. There is an upland taro cultivated in the mountains by the natives which has a more decided taste and which, as I learned to my cost on tasting it raw, bites the throat like horseradish. The lowland taro is the chief vegetable in the island, and in early days constituted the natives' principal crop. When cooked it assumes a mottled gray and white appearance, very like the lava rock that abounds on the islands. The process of manufacturing poi is quite long, and has been in vogue hundreds of years in the islands. A great hole is dug in the ground, and into this the taro roots are placed around piles of hot stones. The earth is then heaped over the place and the taro left to steam. When the taro is thoroughly cooked, which often takes several hours, the roots are dug out again, peeled and put into a huge stone receptacle, in which they are pounded into a pulp. This work is performed by the men. It is an arduous task, and on a hot day (and nearly all days are hot in the islands), the pounding of poi is a scene over which it is advisable to draw a veil.

"Yankee invention has taught the Kanakas how to make poi wholesale, so that the old-fashioned, crude poi-pounding ways are passing away. The poor backwoods natives still make their own poi. When the mass is thoroughly beaten and smoothed, it is mixed with water to the proper consistency—about like good thick pastes—strained through a coarse cloth and set away for two or three days until it begins to ferment, when it is ready to be eaten. It then tastes a little like buttermilk, and is very nutritious and wholesome. The natives eat it by the gallon. Give the average native a big pot of poi, half a dozen raw fish and a bottle of gin and you may have the kingdom and the rest of the earth as well. He will squat upon the ground, break the head off one of the fish, take a bite from its raw side, pack it in a mouthful of poi and wash the whole down with a swallow of gin, and repeat the process until all have disappeared.

"Every Kanaka in Hawaii eats poi, from the ex-Queen to the poorest peasant. There are dozens of ways of serving poi. One of the most satisfactory is the poi cocktail. An army of tourists who have been in Honolulu have returned to their native heaths with souls panting after poi cocktails, even more than the hart panteth after any water brook. Poi cocktail is a marvelous deception, manufactured in this wise: The artist takes a tall glass and a long spoon, cracked ice fills half the glass, and a tiny bunch of bruised peppermint goes in also; a teaspoonful of sugar follows; then come two heaping tablespoonfuls of poi, along with a dash of absinthe. The glass is next filled with seltzer water, and the artist behind the bar may gaze with admiration on the work of man. King Kalakaua used to insist upon the addition of a preserved cherry or strawberry to his poi cocktail, and Robert Louis Stevenson used to have a little vermouth with his. But such artistic effects take time, and the average man cannot well stand and watch the careful labors of the mixing artist long enough. Indeed, you will see the customer's anxious hand reaching across the bar even while the artist is putting on the final touches. Poi from taro is not intoxicating, except in a high state of fermentation. How it comes by its reputation for being a wonderful power to stimulate downtrodden man no one can tell. Nevertheless, it is there. There are one or two places in San Francisco where poi cocktails may be obtained, and men who have been to the islands and feel it's need call for it, but to the masses of people in the Pacific coast its beneficent qualities are little known. It is one of the many cases wherein travel is an education.

"When one has been in Hofpulu several days and has heard the virtues of poi talked on every hand, his curiosity is roused. Then you will wander into one of the many little restaurants in the city, and artfully ask for poi as if you were a veteran at that article of diet. Then there is brought to you a wooden bowl, known among the Kanakas as a calabash, containing a queer looking, grayish, sticky compound. You are sure to regard it askance and ask for a spoon, but are told it is to be eaten with the fingers.

"'Why, no one could take that stuff up in their fingers!' you gasp.

"'Oh, yes; just see,' and into a companion dish your instructor dips two fingers, and with a twirl only acquired by long practice withdraws them loaded with a huge glob of the nourishing food, which he transfers to his mouth and swallows, his countenance assuming, meantime, an expression of beatitude. You do not know what expression may have taken its abode upon your visage, but you know your principal sensation is one of Simon Pure horror.

"Then comes your turn to try poi. Tentatively you dip a forefinger into the pearl gray mass and gather on the finger end a wad of poi as one would thin paste. A sour, dank smell greets your nostrils as the stuff means your mouth. You are for a trial of the poi, however, and so you close your eyes and by a supreme effort open your mouth and quickly suck the substance from your finger. Your mind is all alert, and you are very watchful of your sensations when you wonder that any one could hanker for such vile, clammy, cold, stale stuff. But the stuff has gone down, and you have eaten your first poi. It leaves behind a taste of stale yeast. It can be traced by a track of warmth down the full length of the œsophagus and a peculiar glow about your stomach.

"If you are very stout hearted you may eat a few more dabs of poi from the calabash, but not one in ten does that. You feel sorry that you have disappointed the jovial Kanaka who has stood here expectantly waiting for you to express your praises of the wonderful poi.

"'Oh, never mind,' he says, as he reads your thoughts from the expression on your face, 'you no like poi now. You like him all same to-morrow next day. I know. I know.'

"'Of course you know better than that. You've had your fill for a lifetime. If, however, you give in to the quasi hankering for another trial of poi a few days later, you are a poi epicure from that time forth. Thousands of good Americans have returned to the same downward path to heathenish diet before you. If you go about Honolulu you will see your acquaintances in the restaurants and hotels dip into their calabashes and hear them expatiating on the delights of poi, and ever and anon an epicure in taste again. You think about it by day and night and at last you venture. Before you are aware of it you are calling for the Kanaka poi at every meal, and you wonder how many millions of dollars could be made by the man who should successfully introduce poi into the United States. It is extraordinary how one finds so many excuses for poi. You take poi for an appetizer, you use it as a top dressing after dessert, you ballast with it before eating, you use it as a broke-up forage to make other viands ride easy. If your food doesn't taste good, you eat a little poi to tone up your palate. If you are out of sorts or under the weather, you take a little poi for your stomach's sake. If you have an eye opener in the morning, it serves admirably as a nightcap on retiring, it takes the place of afternoon tea, and tiffin is incomplete without poi. In a word, you have contracted the poi habit.

"Then becomes the expert period of your development as a poi eater. You begin to know that there is poi and poi. You talk learnedly on poi as one of the great institutions of the world and wonder how the world at large has done so long without it. You become particular as to the shape you appreciate if your restaurant calabash and finally purchase one after your own taste. You regard with disfavor the blunders of inexpert poi eaters. It is not considered elegant to use more than two fingers in eating it or to put the stuff on the edges of the calabash or drop any of it in transit. You acquire a scientific twirl of the fingers in gathering up your mouthful and an airy grace in conveying it to your mouth."

MYSTERIOUS BOMBARDMENT.

Field Workers Assailed with Missiles from an Empty Ditch.

From the Selma (Ala.) Journal.

The citizens, white and black, living along the boundary line of Dallas and Perry counties in the vicinity of Hamburg, have been in a state of excitement since Tuesday last over a mystery that, try as they would to solve, baffled every effort. It is a ghost story of the first water and was witnessed by a number of gentlemen who are as much mystified as the most illiterate darky, and they are putting themselves to no little trouble to find out the thousness of the whole matter.

It seems that on Tuesday morning last, while three negro women were pulling fodder on the Burns place, about seventeen miles from the city, all of a sudden from a little ditch that runs through the field came a shower of rocks, one of the missiles hitting one of the negroes on the head. They tried to find who had thrown the rocks, but utterly failed to discover any one near by. They reported the matter to the white people of the neighborhood, and the next day a delegation went over to see if the rocking would be resumed. Sure enough, as soon as had the women begun pulling fodder than from the ditch commenced to pour rocks, ears of corn, &c. Still, no one could be found who was responsible for the misdeed, though a search was made.

Mr. Joe Robbins, a young man well known, and who has a place about a half mile from where the rocks mysteriously were thrown, was in the city yesterday morning, and from him the particulars of the affair were learned. He says that, not believing the tales told by the negroes, he went himself to the ditch, which is only about two feet deep and about three feet wide. He was accompanied by Mr. Joe King, a son of ex-Sheriff King of Perry county. They took a position where the ditch could plainly be kept in sight and only about fifty yards off. Sure enough, hardly had the women begun their work before out from the ditch, plainly to their view, came not only rocks, but an ear of corn and pieces of trace chains. Young King, who had brought his gun with him, took aim at the spot whence the missiles came and fired, immediately running up to the ditch and calling his hounds, which he had brought for the purpose, to follow him, but no trace of human whatever could be found. Negroes had been stationed at either end of the ditch to keep any malicious person, if such there had been, from escaping.

HOW TO PUT MONEY IN BANK

IT'S VERY SIMPLE; GIVE UP BEER, WHISKEY AND TOBACCO.

Mr. Finn Tells His Discontented Friends That They Must Study and Improve if They Wish to Get Better Wages—Cooney Island Political Economy.

For three months Brady's barroom in Cooney Island had been deserted by its usual patrons. This did not indicate that Brady's liquor was less appetizing or potent than it had ever been, but that there were other places in the hamlet equally attractive. The desertion of Brady was due chiefly to the fact that Mickey Finn had visited the Sub-Treasury in New York and had held for a few blissful seconds $500,000 in his hand. The news had spread rapidly, and there was scarcely a man, woman or child in the hamlet who had not visited the Finn shanty in order to grasp the hand that had held such an enormous amount of money. Each visitor had been so kindly received, Mrs. Finn was so cordial, her husband so affable and the atmosphere of the humble home so thoroughly congenial that the men got gradually into the habit of dropping in after supper for a few minutes' chat and to smoke a friendly pipe of tobacco. It was not uncommon for fifteen hardy workingmen to call during the evening. Seated around the big kitchen table while the frogs played on the bassoons in the swamp and the Junebugs blundered against the kerosene lamp, nearly all the great questions which have agitated civilized man for centuries, ranging from the immortality of the soul to the tariff, were discussed.

But since Mickey's visit to New York the leading question under discussion had been money. All their lives these humble workmen, like millions of their fellows, had been regarding themselves as abused and downtrodden. They envied the rich and those who were more fortunate than they in the possession of land or money. They had drunk in with their mother's milk the absolute consciousness that they were entitled to a larger share of the world's goods than they enjoyed. To these rude philosophers these facts were so plain that there was no ground and therefore no necessity for argument. But Mr. Finn had caused consternation at one of the evening gatherings by asserting boldly that, while it was true that capital oppressed labor, it was also true that each man in the group could have a competence in the bank if he chose to bend his energies toward that result. This statement raised such a storm of incoherent disapproval that Patrick Clancy voiced the sentiments of the crowd when he sneered:

"I suppose the Republican party has been paying you, Mike, to talk like that so they can get our vote next fall!"

Mr. Finn's fist clinched and his face darkened as he rose to his feet and exclaimed:

"'Tis well for you, Clancy, that you are under my roof! But come outside and I'll ram them words down your throat!"

Clancy arose, but ten men stepped between and with soothing words quieted the storm.

Rafferty, the big blacksmith, prevailed on the two men to shake hands, and when they had resumed their seats he exclaimed:

"Mike, we all know you to be one of the squarest men on the island, but that was a quare remark for you to make. Mebbe you will tell us how we can each of us have money in the bank if we want it?"

"So you can, boys, every one of ye," said Mr. Finn, "and I'll tell you how; that is, if ye want to hear me."

"Well, Mike," said Sullivan, the brawny foundryman, "of course we want to hear you. But if you know how to get money, why don't you get it yourself?"

Everybody laughed but Mike, whose Irish pugnacity had been aroused.

"Because," he replied, "I don't want it as much as I want some other things. If I wanted money as bad as some of ye seem to want it I wouldn't be sittin' here at me ease with my pipe in my mouth and my can of beer at my elbow and listening to the music of the crickets outside."

"And where would you be, Mike?" anxiously inquired a listener, as if he expected to hear some magic words drop from his lips, which should serve as an open sesame to a treasure chamber.

"Well, mebbe I'd be in the Klondike, where there's a thousand men with thousands of dollars that would be glad to change places with me, and I not having five dollars to me name."

"Begorra, I didn't think of that," said Clancy.

"I wonder where Paddy Flynn, who went out there two years ago, is to-night?"

"I'd be making he'd like to be here to-night," said Mickey. "I read in the papers that the miners were starving at the mines, and hundreds of them had started to walk 600 miles with the thermometer fifty degrees below zero. The papers said that not more than one in ten would get there."

"And it's money they are after," said Mr. Finn, with a sly, triumphant twinkle in his eye. "How many of ye would like to be there, even if ye had a fortune thrown at you?"

A general murmur of assent ran around the room. But still there were many present who thought that Mr. Finn's argument was not conclusive, and one of them exclaimed:

"But, Mike, I don't want a lot of money. I would be satisfied with a few thousand dollars."

"You think you would," resumed Mr. Finn, "but you wouldn't. Show me a man who has ten thousand dollars and I'll prove to you that he's no more satisfied than you are. Give any man as much as he asks, and he will still be unhappy."

"Faith, that's not so," declared Doolan. "I'd be contint if I had the morgidge on me house paid up, so I would."

"You would not," contradicted Mr. Finn. "When you had your mortgage paid, you'd want gas in your house instead of kerosene, and water pipes and a lot of things that you don't think of now bekase you know you can't have them."

"Well, now, Mike," said the blacksmith, "You're so wise, I suppose you could have money if you wanted it?"

"Sure, I could," said Mike confidently.

The group roared with laughter as one man.

"Ye may all laugh," said Mr. Finn complacently. "But do you know how I got it?"

"No, that's what we want to know, so that we can get some ourselves," replied Clancy.

"You seem to be mighty eager," went on the amateur financier, "but you won't take my advice bekase you are like the—you like other things more nor you do money."

"No, no, Mike," arose a chorus of dissenting voices, "that's not so. We all like money better nor we do anything else."

"Ha! ha! Yes, except your ease, and your tobacco, and your beer. There's three things you like better nor money, and I could tell you a hundred other things you like better."

"Don't talk foolish, Mike, dear," interrupted Mrs. Finn.

"'Tis not foolish, Biddy," replied her husband. "Tis sense I'm talking. You all remember old Widow Corcoran who died last week?"

"Yes," replied the blacksmith. "What of her?"

"You know well that she starved herself, and that the Coroner found $5,000 hid away in old places in her room. Well, she liked money so much that she was willing to starve to keep it."

"Now that ain't fair argyment," declared Doolan. "A man that's willing to work and that does work ought to have enough to eat and money besides."

"Yes, he ought and he can. Listen to me. You can't have your money and spend it, too. When I was a young man in Ireland there was a time when I could earn nothing at my trade, and I worked for a long time breaking stone. For this work I earned only one shilling a day. You will all say that was mighty small pay, which it was, but 'twas the best I could do, and I lived on it."

"But, Mike, have all you wanted to eat?" inquired Clancy.

"Yes, I had all I could eat of the coarsest kind of food. I didn't have many things that I have to-day, but all I needed to keep me strong and healthy."

"Now, Mike," exclaimed Peter Mulvey, "that's not the kind of an argymint for a poor man to make. 'Tisn't right for you to talk that way."

This remark met with the approval of nearly every one in the room. But Mike only laughed.

"I knew ye wouldn't like it," he said. "But I thought when you were talking about money I would tell ye what I thought about it."

"Well, Mike, while you are about it you may as well tell us how we can get rich," said one of the group, who was really in search of information.

"I don't know that I can do that," replied Mike. "But I can tell you how I would go to work if I wanted to git money. In the first place, no man, unless he is a lucky gold or silver miner, can get rich by working with his hands only."

"How's that?" interrogated the blacksmith.

"Bekase," replied Mike, "most of the trades in which only the hands are used are crowded with men. They are obliged to work or starve, and they have to take what they can get. But in the work where brains is used there are not so many men and so wages are higher. Now, if any of ye want to earn more money than you can earn handling coal or working in the quarry, or making horseshoes, you must stop sitting around Brady's every night, telling lies and talking about your neighbors. Stay home and study. Get knowledge, my lads. Learn to do something with your brains. Then you can get more money and may luck go with you. I'm too lazy myself to do it. But you that want money bad can get it if you are willing to go at it in that way. That's how most of the rich men in America got their money. A few had money left them by their fathers, but there's only one in many thousands who got it that way.

"But suppose a man is raysonable and only wants a few dollars to lay away for a rainy day," said the blacksmith. "How could a man save anything when he earns only a dollar and a half a day?"

"He'd be a long time saving a fortune on that amount of wage," said Mike with a grin. "But you'd be surprised to see how much a man can save if he wants to. What do you spend every week for tobacco?"

"Twenty cents; I buy four 5-cent packages," was the reply.

"Twenty cents a week," said Mr. Finn, "is $0 cents a month and $0.60 a year. How much for beer?"

The blacksmith hesitated. He had never considered political economy from this standpoint before.

"Out with it, man; don't be afraid. 'Tis only argymint," exclaimed Mr. Finn, cruelly.

"Sometimes more and sometimes less," replied the blacksmith, "but at $2 a week wouldn't be telling a lie; would it, boys?"

"Indeed it wouldn't," replied two men, who knew the generous bibulous inclinations of the blacksmith.

"That's $104 a year," figured Mr. Finn, "and $10 for tobacco makes $114. How much tea and coffee do you drink, not to mention the sugar you put in it. It tastes good, but it does you no good, and it costs"—

"Hold on, Mike, are you going to count everything that tastes good and that cheers a man?"

"Yes," replied Mike inexorably. "I don't want money bekase it costs a lot of trouble and hard work to get it. Not that I don't like it. No man would rather have it nor me, but when I have got to go