

THE PEOPLE OF SAMOA

BEAUTIES OF LIFE IN THE KINGDOM ON THE SEA.

The Inhabitants Are Happy, Love Fun, Are Hospitable to Strangers, Never Worry, and Are Splendid Fighters When Forced to It.

The recent difficulty in the Samoan Islands has turned public attention to that quarter of the Pacific, and we begin to wonder what kind of people live there.

In color the Samoans are the lightest, in physique the most perfect and imposing as well as the most graceful of the Pacific Islanders.



U. S. HARBOR, PAGO PAGO.

to stiffen the hair so that it will more easily stand erect—a style greatly admired. The hair is generally worn short, combed upward toward the crown, and receives frequent and liberal applications of coconut oil.

Hospitality is a part of Samoan religion, politeness one of their chief

THE KAISER'S GAME DID NOT WORK.

German Attempt to Expand in the Samoan Islands Promptly Frustrated by Uncle Sam and John Bull.



who represents an old rebellious faction that for many years was headed by a rebel chief, Tamasese, and who has been urged on and assisted by the Germans, who hope that once they have him on the throne they will be able to do anything they please with him.

MRS. CORDELIA BOTKIN. San Francisco Woman Convicted of a Diabolical Crime.

Mrs. Cordelia Botkin, the San Francisco poisoner, who has been convicted by a jury which fixed her punishment at imprisonment for life, is a remarkably pretty and attractive woman.

THEY LOST NO TIME.

Announcement of an Engagement Was an Important News Item.

In a Milwaukee newspaper office the telephone rang loud and long the other night, or rather, in the early hours of the morning.

"Not if it's important," was the reply. "Oh, it is," was the assuring response.

The reporter rushed for a pad of paper and a pencil, screwed his ear to the receiver again and said: "All right. Fire away there."

The voice was heard again, this time tremulous with emotion. "The engagement of Miss — to Mr. — is announced."

The wrathful explosion at the newspaper end of the line was picturesque and prolonged. After a choice assortment of profanity in an aside the query went back: "Why didn't you send in such stuff earlier in the day?"

"But I couldn't," said the voice apologetically. "You see, it just happened."

ONLY WOMAN ENGINEER.

A Cleveland Girl Who Enjoys a Unique Distinction.

Miss Florence Caldwell, of Cleveland, Ohio, has gained the distinction of being the only woman civil engineer in America.

"Do you drink?" asked the millionaire. "Once in a while."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me." The young man broke off the habit at once, and at the end of the year came to see the millionaire again.

"Do you smoke?" asked the successful man. "Now and then."

"Stop it! Stop it for a year, and then come and see me again."

The young man went home and broke away from the habit. It took him some time, but finally he worried through the year, and presented himself again.

"Do you chew?" asked the philanthropist. "Yes, I do," was the desperate reply.

"Stop it! Stop it for over a year, and then come and see me again."

The young man stopped chewing, but he never went back again. When asked by his anxious friends why he never called on the millionaire again he replied that he knew exactly what the man was driving at.

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MAN BAIT FOR A TIGER TRAP.

Horrible Punishment Inflicted on an English Engineer in Burmah.

Burmah was a most disturbed country from 1852 till 1856. I had my share of rough work, for I was detailed to survey and explore the country with a view to opening it out by roads.

Moung-Goung Goo, an independent warrior, half soldier, and wholly a dacoit, was in arms at this time, and appeared here and there from time to time.

About 5 p. m. I was walking off a good six or eight miles through dense jungles, rattled and tortured more or less the whole way, and at length I found myself stripped and thrust into a trap prepared for a tiger—a bamboo arrangement of simple construction.

My jailers were needlessly brutal and abused me in every way, hoping I'd like the treatment I should meet from the man-eating tiger which hovered about near where the trap had been specially laid.

But previously, while a prisoner and tied to a tree, a Karen girl had, at the risk of her life, given me a little water, and I begged of her to send some one hurriedly to Captain D'Oyly, who was camped a few miles off, to hurry to my rescue.

Shortly afterward I heard soft footfalls first, and then something sniffing round the trap. There could be no doubt that it was the man-eater. My heart nearly burst. I was kept in agony for fully ten minutes, and then the beast evidently found the door, for he entered and I heard the door fall.

There was a partition of bamboos between him and me, but I anticipated that he would soon demolish that and then tear me to pieces as I lay huddled up helplessly.

It appeared afterward, however, that the Karen girl's brother had been forced to erect the trap, and had made the partition of male bamboos of great strength.

In the darkness I could see the great, luminous, watchful eyes of the man-eater. The fearful brute, finding he could not get in to me, began to insert his paws gently, but I crept up to the outer bars, and then he could barely reach me. He did succeed, however, in giving me a claw or two on my back and buttock.

As he smelled the blood he began to gnaw at the bars, and would doubtless have made short work of them, but there was a sudden glare of torches, a confused murmur, and then I felt the worst had passed.

The Karen girl, with ten of the Sikhs out of the twenty which formed my bodyguard, came up and bayoneted the tiger, who was caught literally like a rat in a trap.

Fire they dared not, as they were only a couple of miles from Goung Goo's camp. They released me—more dead than alive—from my living tomb, and then improvised a hammock out of a native blanket and carried me to my camp.

"The Land of the Long Night" is a comprehensive work by Paul du Chaillu, the scene being laid in Scandinavia. This book is partly historical, and contains an especially striking description of the great sea fight of the Vikings.

"The Story of America," by Hezekiah Butterworth, is a compact volume of more than seven hundred pages, tracing the history of our country from the earliest days down to the recent signing of the Peace Protocol ending the brief war with Spain.

Except it be John Keats, there is perhaps no English writer of this century to the sun of whose known literary productions an addition deserves a more gracious reception than Charles Lamb. Some newly-found correspondence between him and Robert Lloyd, the erratic brother of Charles Lloyd, is soon to be published by the Lippincotts.

It will deserve reading for a better reason than mere curiosity about the writer's personal affairs. Ella had the faculty of talking about nothing in such a way that he made it worth more than the something of other people.

Jokai, the Hungarian novelist, the character of whose work merits for him a place among the great names of Hungary—Kossuth, Liszt, Munkacsy—lives in extreme simplicity; he is seldom seen away from home, and he begins work at his desk in the early morning, sometimes remaining there the whole day. A small room adjoining his library contains the books of reference he consults, a narrow bed like a soldier's and a few window plants. The room is so destitute of what is generally looked upon as necessary comforts that it might be the dormitory of a monk.

Dr. Jokai, now in his 74th year, is constantly attended by a devoted man-servant, who has grown aged in his beloved master's service. The Hungarian novelist possesses an extensive knowledge of horticulture, he tends his garden with his own hands and he is the author of a little work, "Hints on Gardening," which is extremely popular among his neighbors.

Several Northumberland pitmen who were waiting to hear the result of a pigeon homing contest began to discuss the merits of various well-known breeds of pigeons. One of the miners said he knew an instance of a young pigeon that had never been flown, having been taken to Carlisle, a distance of about sixty-five miles, yet the first time it was liberated it came straight home.

"That's a novelty," exclaimed a well-known authority. "A raven flew two eggs from a hen in Edinburgh and another under a nest here. As you put it, I've never had a hen 'flown' down there straight as an arrow back to Auld Reekie."—San Francisco Wave.

Short Lesson in English. A tiresome caller who had spent the evening at the home of a friend, a young lady, and had devoted nearly all the time to a description of a trip to Europe, from which he had recently returned, said to her, as he rose to go: "I beg pardon for being so talkative. I fear my long story about my adventures abroad has entertained you but little."

"On the contrary," she replied, politely, "it has entertained me quite well."—Youth's Companion.

It is surprising how much more willing a man is to give up his turn in a dental parlor than in a barber shop.

DOLLS FROM SAXONY.

Makers of the Celebrated "French" Ones an Interesting Community.

In the forests of Saxony, Germany, are thousands of thatched huts in which dwell the makers of the celebrated "French" dolls.

Not many years ago a traveler riding through these noble forests might have seen drying in the sun before the queer houses—thousands upon the thousands—whole acres—of doll heads.

That was in the day of "composition" heads, but now the doll heads are manufactured of bisque in the factories of Dresden and other cities, whither the peasant doll makers trudge each Saturday with big baskets piled full of beautiful new dolls, taking back to their pitiful poor homes the blank heads, wigs, kids for the bodies, hands and feet and other parts to be used in the next week's work.

The father works daily in the forests and all the rest of the family engage heartily in the work of dollmaking; the good wife tints the cheeks, paints the eyebrows, adjusts the wig, and makes the tiny shoes. The boys fasten the jointed limbs together, stuff and cover the body and get it ready for dressing, while little Gretchen makes the wee stockings and the prim muslin skirt in which the lady dolls cross the great ocean to the shops in the big cities of America, where Santa Claus goes each year to buy his dolls.

All through the rainy season the father also sits about the fireside working with his family. On Friday night the faithful frau packs the dolls in large, shallow baskets, and prepares a lunch of bread and cheese, for the Saturday's journey is long, and Hans may have to carry his basket twenty miles or more before he reaches the village or town where the commission merchant lives who is to buy his wares.

Hans is very proud if he is paid at the rate of one mark a day (about 25 cents) for his dolls, but if he is paid at the rate of a mark and a half a day (37 cents) on account of having brought in some especially fine dolls, his heart is so light and his hopes so high that he sings all the way home as he carries his basket of "blanks," kids and curled hair.—Gentlewoman.

The Professor (singing hurriedly, eager to return to work)—The sto-orm is raging wild-ly through the fo-orest.—New York Journal.

Encouragement. He—I wonder what people will say of my poems a hundred years from now? I suppose the smart critics will have to dissect them, as they do Byron's and Wordsworth's now.

She—Oh, don't borrow trouble on that score. The critics a hundred years from now will have nothing unkind to say about you. They'll not know that you ever were.

His Suggestion. Young Author—Well, how do you like my play? Have you any suggestions to make? Manager—There is one suggestion I would like to make. Instead of having your hero lynched by a mob in the last act, I think it would be well to have the mob hang all the characters early in the opening scene.

Her Distinction. Manager—So you want to go upon the stage? Have you ever been robbed of any diamonds? Fair Applicant—No, but I have lived in Chicago six months without being stopped by a highwayman. Manager—Whoop-ah! I'll put you on as a star immediately. You're one in a million.

The World as a Debtor. Bibbston—Oh, well, the world owes me a living. The Rev. Mr. Goodman—That may be so, but the world, like a good many individuals, doesn't go hunting around after creditors in order to pay its debts.

An Explanation. Little Willy—Papa, what is an old-fashioned patriot? Papa—He is a voter who believes that a man who is popularly called "Honest John" or "Bill," and so on, is really honest.—Puck.

Horrible. He—Yes; she is living under an assumed name. She—Horrible! What is it? He—The one she assumed immediately after her husband married her.—Syracuse Herald.

Putting His Foot Into It. "Stupid affair, this, eh?" "Um." "Let's leave." "Can't. I'm giving the party, you know."—New York Times.

A Hard Job. "Timlins is a man who had to face great odds in this world." "I don't know how you make that out. His father was rich and famous, wasn't he?" "Yes; and yet Timlins has made people recognize the fact that he has succeeded on his own merits."

An Angel. Smith—I hear Robinson has lost \$50,000 on bad notes. Jones—Indorsing for a friend? Smith—No; backing a prima donna.—Judge.

How He Won Her. "Ah," sighed the rich widow; "how do I know that you do not wish to marry me simply for my money?" "Darling!" cried the man, who was young enough to be her son; "have I not written poetry for the magazines? And did you ever hear of a poet who allowed money matters to enter into his calculations?"

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Beyond Help. "I can't imagine why they call bad actors 'ham.'" "Nor I. They can't be cured."

He Confesses. "And what would you be now if it weren't for my money?" "A bachelor."—Puck.

One of Them. "There goes one of the hardest-worked men in this town." "How can that be possible? He's rich, isn't he?" "Yes, but he has three married daughters who work him for the support of their husbands right along."

And the Baby Had a Fit. The Professor's Wife—If baby cries, hubby, just sing to her, and she'll go right to sleep again.

Very Likely. Jones—Wonder what made Columbus first think that the world wasn't square? Johnson—Reckon somebody put up a job on him.

Her Chance. Miss Passe—They say marriages are made in heaven. Miss Pert—Ah, then you have one more chance.—Syracuse Herald.

Author and Critic. "Stubs, your new novel is splendid. It is written in a crisp style and is interlarded with flashes of wit." "Great Scott! That sounds as if you had brought up in a bakery and were describing piecrust."—Chicago Record.

Seeking Knowledge. Little Harry—Papa, is it true that Delilah knocked Samson out by cuttin' off his hair? Papa—Yes, I believe so. Little Harry—What was Samson—a football player or a fiddler?

A Blissful Prospect. Languid Lannigan—Gee, weary, don't yer wish dey'd git up er six day eatin' and sleepin' contest?—Denver News.

Her Opinion. "People ought not to take children to the theater," said the bachelor. "Not if they can possibly avoid it," answered the young mother. "The noise on the stage does keep the poor little things awake so."—Washington Star.

Not a Public Benefit. "I see that a Southern author recently inherited \$25,000." "Well, that was a fine piece of luck." "No, it wasn't. He's still writing."

Of Course. The Optimist—Now, as to woman, generally speaking—The Disagreeable Man—Yes, she's generally speaking.

But Still a Bird. "I wouldn't call the doctor a quack." "Why wouldn't you?" "It suggests a duck, and there are lots of birds with bigger bills than that."—Cleveland Leader.

He Knew. Teacher—What is a fossil? Little Willie (raising his hand)—I know, please. Teacher—Well? You may tell us what a fossil is. Little Willie—That's what mamma said you were the day you sent me home for a better excuse when I stayed out because we heard Johnny Tripp's sister had the measles.

Blotted Out. "What was your first impression of Chicago?" "I don't know. A chunk of mud splashed into my best eye just as my first impression and I were about to meet."

Ignorance of Boastful Boston. The place was Boston. The district courtrooms and the corridors leading thereto were crowded with applicants for citizenship. "Where does the President reside?" the judge asked one of these. The man was an Italian. "In Washington street." The Italian went away to brush up his history, and the judge said to a French-Canadian from Fall River: "Who is the President of the United States?" "McKinley." "If he should die, who would succeed him?" "His son." This man also went away sorrowful. So did the man who said the President lived "on Fleet street," and another who declared the President's name was "Byron"; and still another who asserted that the President was likewise the Governor of Massachusetts and Mayor of Boston.—Youth's Companion.

At a wedding the men all pity the bride and the women all pity the groom.

His Experience.

Miles—Marriage is a failure. Giles—How do you know? You were never married.

Miles—That's how I know. You see, the girl refused me.

Keeping It Up to the Last. Dix—I understand Windig, the attorney, is seriously ill.

Hix—Yes; I met his physician this morning and he says he is lying at death's door.

Dix—That's just like a lawyer.

A Heartless Wretch. Wife—Here's an article in this paper on "How Men Propose." Do you remember how you proposed to me? Husband—Not exactly; but it must have been in the dark by mistake.

Convincing Evidence. Friend—That song of yours has become very popular, hasn't it? The Song Writer—Yes; I've heard a number of people swearing at it.—Puck.

Where Reason Totters. Husband—What! Another hundred dollar gown. Didn't I tell you that you must keep within your allowance? Wife (triumphantly)—You said unless in case of absolute necessity!—Puck.

Maybe. Mansard—I may be awfully ignorant, but what are "Job's comforters"? Hallroom—What the landlady puts on your bed these cold nights.

Lost Time. "The first act, you know, is supposed to cover a period of twenty years." "What a long time between drinks."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

National Greatness. Bennet—Do you think we will have space enough at the Paris exposition? Neapass—Yes; I think so. Of course, we can't expect to look as big as we feel.—Puck.

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MEN PROMINENT IN THE SAMOAN TROUBLE.

characteristics, and a dishonest act is the exception. Food and shelter are vouchsafed to every one entering their homes or villages, and the stranger has but to deposit his own wishes when he is ready to depart.

The Samoans are a joyous, fun-loving



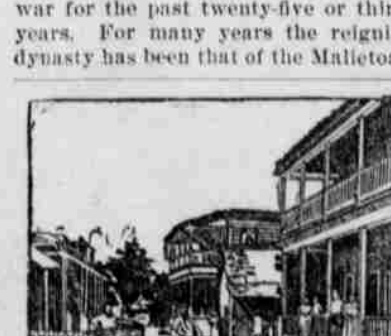
COURT HOUSE AT APIA.

people, and under the slightest pretext for an excuse they indulge their buoyant natures in singing and dancing.

While the Samoans are not a warlike people, they are good fighters when forced to fight. The distinguishing feature of their warfare is that after they have slain their antagonists they cut off their heads and bring them home as trophies of their victory.

They do this on much the same principle as the American Indian in days gone by, prided himself in the number of scalps he could strike to his belt, or as the American of to-day brings home a captured flag. They have an inborn hatred of foreigners, and only make friends with them when they think they can profit by doing so or when they fear the superior power of the foreigner.

They have had almost continual civil war for the past twenty-five or thirty years. For many years the reigning dynasty has been that of the Malietoa.



STREET SCENE IN APIA.

Malietoa Laupapa was the greatest king in Samoa's history. He was deposed several times, and as often was reinstated on the throne. The present king is Malietoa Tanu, but he is having great difficulty, owing to the treachery and treason of Mataafa, a brother and

P. Dunning, of Dover, Del., and of Mrs. Dunning's sister, Mrs. Deane. It was proved that Mrs. Botkin bought arsenic and candy just before the box of poisoned bonbons was sent through the mails to Mrs. Dunning. The evidence was most conclusive and left the defense not a foot to stand upon. The motive for the crime was the infatuation of Mrs. Botkin for Dunning and her intense jealousy of Mrs. Dunning, whom she had never seen. The pretty San Franciscan met Dunning in the coast metropolis, and these two went to "have a good time generally." Mrs. Botkin was one of the gayest women in the gay town, and the testimony as to her pranks with her friends was not especially edifying. Toward the latter end of July she conceived her diabolical plan of destroying her lover's wife, but she overreached her ends. The real fight for Mrs. Botkin's liberty, was made upon the question of jurisdiction. The prosecution was conducted under the provisions of section 27 of the California code providing

for the punishment of crimes committed in whole or in part in that State. The defense contended that, as the outcome of the crime really took place in Delaware, Mrs. Botkin was only liable to the law of that State.

Figures on the Colored Vote. By the figures of the last census the colored vote of the country—that is, the males above the age of 21 years—numbered 1,740,455. Of these the following States had the largest proportions: Georgia, 170,028 voters; Mississippi, 150,403; Alabama, 140,763; South Carolina, 132,949; and Louisiana, 110,815.

A Great Scottish Industry. The Scottish herring fishery is now the greatest in the world, employing 12,000 boats and 100,000 people.

The office seldom seeks the man, but the officer very often does.

Mines of the State of Colorado at Golden. She was the only female student in that institution, and after four years graduated with a certificate of civil engineer. No other woman in America holds such a paper. Miss Caldwell is a daughter of Judge Caldwell, a prominent Ohio jurist.

In a Bread Basket. How Two Lovers Outwitted a Parent in the Days of Elizabeth. The story runs that Lord Compton fell in love with the only child of Sir John Spencer, one of the most opulent of London's merchant princes, proverbially known at the time as "rich Spencer." Sir John by no means approved of the advances of the young courtier, and positively refused to consent to the marriage; the course of true love, however, never running smooth, Lord Compton devised a plan to outwit Sir John and carry off his lady love.

A bribe to the baker enabled him to disguise himself and deliver the loaves one morning. As soon as the basket was empty the lady got in, and Lord Compton was boldly carrying his precious load down stairs when he was met by Sir John, who, luckily not recognizing him, gave him a sixpence as a reward for being so early, observing that that was the way to thrive.

On discovering the truth Sir John was so angry that he disinherited his daughter, and the quarrel was only made up through the intervention of Queen Elizabeth, who invited him to stand sponsor with her for a child, whom he promised to adopt—to find it was his own grandson.—Fall Mail Magazine.

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