SOUTH PACIFIC SAVAGES.

The Wars, Dress, Rites and Social Habits of the South Sea Islanders.

The inhabitants of the South Pacific coast islands are in many respects strange human beings, and not the least singular fact in connection with them is their manner and custom of life, both in the domestic circle and when battling with other tribes. Some six thousand miles from this city is the Marshall group of islands, the inhabitants of which are conspicuous for their warlike propensities, great size and gigantic strength, together with other traits of strongly original character, and regarding which little or nothing is known in the civilized world. A few days ago the three-masted schooner John Hancock returned from a trading cruise to the Gilbe and Marshall groups, and the master of the vessel, Captain William Chipman, secured a valuable collection of curiosities in the shape of war-clubs, spears, boat-paddles, shells, etc. With Captain Chipman, as a passenger, was a young man, S. F. Gray, of this city, who, during his visit to the islands, gained much interesting information concerning the islands and their inhabitants.

The natives are large and powerful. They are not unlike the New Zealanders, being of a dark, copper-colored complexion. In addition to a natural inclination for warfare they are very treacherous and in some portions of the group are cannibals. Their main occupation is like that of the Indian, loafing and picking cocoanuts, which are prepared and shipped to this country with considerable profit. When not engaged in harvesting the cocoanut crop or loafing about on the ocean in a dug-out canoe, the Marshall Islander puts in his time carving grotesque figures on canoe paddles and in whittling out murderous-looking war clubs, spears, arrows and other similar weapons. In carving they display great ingenuity and while the figures as shown on the paddles are not exactly pretty, they are very intricate and are not unlike similar work done in China.

The figures on the paddle represent idols and, according to the Islander's belief, if upon his boat paddle there is carved the figure of an idol he can safely navigate anywhere. In this connection it may be well to state that these Islanders are the boldest and most skillful canoe navigators in the Pacific. They make voyages extending over many months, trusting to Providence, or rather rain, to supply them with fresh water. They navigate by means of a small chart composed of small sticks tied together and representing the position of the various islands as regards the point of departure.

In warfare their weapons consist of clubs, spears and arrows, all of which they use with the greatest skill and accuracy. The clubs are made of ironwood and are very heavy. They are of various shapes, the most murderous being the gnarled root of the ironwood tree. The other clubs are of lighter character. The arrows are made of light bamboo, the points being of ironwood. The spears are also made out of the same kind of timber and run down to a fine point, which is tipped with a poisonous preparation. The feather end is fantastic and gaudy, a regular bouquet of feathers plucked from the rarest birds being used and blended together with a strict regard for colors.

The Islanders, particularly in the vicinity of New Ireland, have no particular love for the whites, and it is not an infrequent occurrence to find some settler lying in front of his door dead. It is the work of some native, who, having become offended at the white man, has lain in wait and killed him.

The natives do not tolerate polygamy, and after marriage the women are famous for their fidelity. A sort of a slave traffic exists throughout the islands, though, and single women can be purchased for servants for a mere trifle. Clothing is a thing unknown in most of the islands. In and about New Britain and Ireland, however, the breech-cloth is used.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

CLEAN NEWSPAPERS.

The Rapidly Growing Feeling Against Sensational and Unreliable Sheets.

There is a growing feeling in healthy communities against journals which make it their special object to minister to a perverted taste by seeking out and serving up in a seductive form disgusting and licentious revelations. There is good reason to believe that the clean newspaper is more highly prized to-day than it was four or five years ago. It is also safe to say that, as people in all ranks of life, who protect their own, at least, from contamination, become more conscious of the pernicious influence of a certain class of journals, which are called enterprising because they are ambitious to serve up dirty scandals, they will be careful to see that the journals they permit to be read in the family circle are the class that never forget the proprieties of life. Already men and women of refinement and healthy morals have had their attention called to the pernicious influence of bad literature, and have made commendable efforts to counteract the same, by causing sound literature to be published and sold at popular prices. These efforts are working a silent but sure revolution. The best authors are more generally read today than at any previous day. The sickly sentimental story paper and the wild ranger and pirate story books are slowly but surely yielding the field to worthier claimants. In praise of the decent newspaper it may be said that where it has a place in the family, and has been read for years by young as well as old, it has developed such healthy tone and such discriminating taste, that the life-nature of the slums has no admirers. Fortunately, the number of such families is increasing in the land, and as they increase, the journal that devotes itself to sickening revelations of immorality will be compelled to find its supporters solely among those classes who practice vice and crime, or are ambitious to learn to follow such ways. —*Printers' Circular.*

FAMOUS FOUNTAINS.

The Poor Mechanic Who Invented the Marly Water-Works at Versailles.

There is a curious history about these Marly water-works. When Louis XIV. was laying out the gardens at Versailles he discovered that the springs and ponds included in the grounds were insufficient for supplying the fountains of the park with water. His engineers studied over the matter, and finally it was determined on the construction of a machine to bring it from the Seine by means of an aqueduct. The plan accepted out of the several presented was one by the Chevalier de Ville, an engineer connected with the works in progress at Versailles, but the real author of the Marly machine, considered at the time one of the wonders of the world, and the scientific chef d'œuvre of Louis XIV., was a poor carpenter named Renequin Sualem. Shut up in a little cottage at Bongival he patiently elaborated the diagrams of the complicated ensemble of beams, wheels, and dams, for which Chevalier de Ville got all the credit, and he submitted to this injustice rather than lose his only means of support, the small salary paid him as a subordinate to the Chevalier de Ville. The machine was intended to force the water of the Seine to the top of the aqueduct. This was accomplished by 14 wheels, each 39 feet in diameter, working 64 pumps, which carried the water to a first reservoir dug in the side of the hill, whence 79 other pumps carried it to a second reservoir, and from there it was forced by 78 pumps to the reservoir from which it flowed into the aqueduct. In all there were 221 pumps to raise the water to a height of 504 feet from the surface of the stream and to carry it a distance somewhat less than two miles. The inauguration took place in 1682, in the presence of Louis XIV. and his court, who were stationed on the top of the great tower of the aqueduct. At a signal given by the King the fourteen wheels commenced turning and in a few minutes the water was flowing into the granite basin at his feet. The Chevalier was overwhelmed with praise, and rewards in the shape of titles, honors and money were freely bestowed on him, but poor Sualem got nothing and soon afterward died in poverty. Since then his name has been given to the quai on the river nearest to the machine he erected, a tardy and sterile reparation. The machine cost 9,000,000 livres, a sum which would nowadays be equivalent to $15,000,000. Its capacity was six thousand cubic yards of water per day; but this was found to be an insufficient quantity to realize the project of Louis XIV., which was to have the fountains playing all the time. Then another scheme was devised, that of turning the little river Eure into a reservoir, and of utilizing its water for the purpose. Work was commenced and pushed forward actively. The erection of an aqueduct, the remains of which still exist, near the village of Maritenon, was undertaken, canals were dug and more than thirty thousand soldiers labored on the enterprise. The sickness caused by the turning over of such masses of earth was so fatal among the troops that wagon loads of dead bodies were carried away from the hospitals by night, and as secretly as possible, in order not to cause a panic among those who were well enough to work. The project was persisted in for several years, and only abandoned in 1688, when the war required the presence of the soldiers elsewhere. According to Dangeau, Louis XIV. was not sorry to have a good excuse to abandon an undertaking the cost of which far exceeded the estimates. It is a well-known fact that the King was so ashamed of the sums spent at Versailles that with his own hands he burnt the records relating to the matter. Since its completion the cost of maintaining the Marly machine has constantly increased, and at the same time the quantity of water it could supply constantly diminished. At the commencement of the present century the supply dropped to 300 cubic yards of water per day. The machinery was repaired and improved several times, but the results were still unsatisfactory. In 1857 it was entirely rebuilt, and two years later the Mansart aqueduct was constructed, which supplied the grounds at Versailles with from 10,000 to 18,000 cubic yards of water per day. This instead of being a masked fortress of rafters and wheels which occupied a surface of 900 square yards and deafened the neighborhood with its noise, and which it took Sualem seven years to build, was a machine, simple in its parts, working with accuracy and noiselessly. From the small brick house that sheltered the machine, the water is pumped directly into an aqueduct that carries it to a reservoir with a capacity of 350,000 cubic yards and from the reservoir it is distributed through three mains to Marly, Versailles and St. Cloud.—*Paris Cor. N. O. Picayune.*

The Voracious Spider.

A spider, as shown by an estimate by means of actually weighing it and then confining in a cage, ate four times its weight for breakfast, nearly nine times its weight for dinner, thirteen times its weight for supper, finishing up with an ounce, and at 8 o'clock p. m., when he was released, ran off in search of food. At this rate a man weighing one hundred and sixty pounds would require the whole of a fat steer for breakfast, the dose repeated with the addition of a half dozen well-fattened sheep and four hogs for supper and then as a lunch before going to his club banquet he would indulge in about four barrels of fresh fish.—*N. Y. Star.*

—A couple of colored children, boy and girl, near Feliciana, La., recently became engaged in a quarrel, and at a certain stage the young man threatened to shoot the girl if she did not stop talking. The girl wanted the last word, as usual, whereupon the boy pulled a revolver and shot her in the eye, killing her instantly. The boy is under arrest.—*N. O. Times.*

IN THE POULTRY YARD.

How Hens and Young Chicks Should Be Cared For in Early Summer.

One must not expect too much. The poultry-keeper certainly will be disappointed unless he discounts his hopes fifty per cent. and is contented with half as much as he expected. The maiden of the old story who counted her chickens too soon is only a type of the modern poultry amateur, who uses additional and multiplication too freely, and is badly cut up by division when he comes to sum up the results of his business. Nevertheless, there is a way of being successful in keeping poultry, and the man or woman, boy or girl, who can keep a flock of twelve or twenty fowls, and can figure up at the end of the season a profit of a few dollars from them, is on the way to make a larger business profitable. One thing at least is favorable, which is that poultry products are salable everywhere at fair prices, while near a large town or city quite a good price can be obtained for both eggs and chickens. Near a large city a profit of $7 per head has been made from a flock of twenty-two light Brahma hens, the eggs averaging seven dozen to each hen for the year and the young fowls forty pounds per hen, which resulted from an average of eight chicks to each hen, and each young fowl when fat for the holidays, weighing one with another, five pounds. At 25 cents a dozen for the eggs and 18 cents a pound for the chickens the sum total equaled $8.75 per hen. This instance will afford a basis for comparison with other flocks less favorably situated, and if the usual division be indulged in and the product be halved, and the prices then be halved, there will still be the very comfortable and satisfactory profit of nearly $2 per hen. This figuring ought to be encouraging to the ambitious young poultry-keeper, who can see very clearly that it does pay to rear poultry, although the price of eggs and fowls may be low, if he is careful and attentive to the needs of his flock.

In spring and summer care is most needed. The brooders are busy and the young chicks arriving freely require attention. The greatest bane however, of the poultry yard is fussing. When a hen is well set she should be left alone. The hen understands the business of incubation better than any incubator maker, and the only care required after a hen is safely on the nest is to watch for the chicks and be ready to take them from the nest until all the brood is hatched. A small basket, with a piece of blanket or soft woolen cloth to cover the young nestlings will be found very useful to save the young chicks from being crushed in the nest. As they are hatched they should be brought in and put in the basket, which is kept in a warm place. No feeding is required for twenty-four hours or more. The little creatures will sleep and digest the remnants of the yolk inclosed within them during the one or two days the remainder of the brood are coming forth.

The coops should be roomy and should be put in a dry place. After a number of years' practice we think an open shed facing the south is the best place for the coops, which are thus protected from sudden rain storms or rough weather. When the hen is in the coop with her brood she will get along without being watched, and fussing is again a bane to her. The staple food for young chicks is cracked wheat and corn. A coffee mill will serve to crack the wheat and a bushel of corn may be taken to the mill and be ground into coarse hominy. This is for the first few days' feeding. Whole wheat may be given when the chicks are ten days old. The greatest treat is a few earth worms dug from rich damp soil, and these are swallowed with avidity, and seem to be healthful. In place of these we take some lean beef and chop it fine and give a teaspoonful to a brood of ten or twelve once a day. Pure water renewed three times a day is indispensable. The very frequent "gapes" which destroys one-third of all the chickens hatched, as we believe, is easily avoided by keeping the chicks on clean ground. Our chicks have the run of the garden, the coops being set among the melons, where there is more room, but adjacent to the other coops. The sprightly, active young creatures will wander over half an acre of garden, picking up the flea beetles from the radishes and turnips, the flies from the onions, jumping up to take striped bugs from the melons and cucumbers, and by their restlessness disturbing every insect pest and saving something from its ravages. In a garden of half an acre there is room for twenty crops of ten chicks each, and the service these 200 chicks will do will pay all the cost of rearing them. A little corn-meal scattered around a plum tree, which is jarred immediately afterward, will bring up the chicks, which will seize upon every sly curculio which drops and lies as if dead, and will thus save the plums. The garden ground is clean and the gape worms are not picked up to infest the young chicks.

But the hens should not be neglected altogether. They are, or should be, inclosed in a yard and kept out of mischief. If the yard is large, as it should be, and divided into two parts to afford a change, and each half alternately sown with oats or peas, or rape seed, for green picking for the hens, they will do as well as if on a range. But among other varied food, a liberal tri-weekly allowance of fresh bones from the butcher, broken up small with a hammer, should not be neglected and an abundance of pure water should be provided. We have found a pasture of young rape and mustard sown upon half of the yard to be a most excellent provocative of eggs, and the plowing or spading of the yard—a hand plow is very useful for this purpose—buries all the foul matter and keeps the ground sweet, pure and healthful. This sort of food and ground is particularly conducive to health, and health to eggs and flesh, and consequently to profit.—*Henry Stewart, in N. Y. Times.*

—The New York Legislature passed a bill providing that no minor under the age of eighteen and no woman under twenty-one shall be employed in any manufacturing establishment more than sixty hours per week, and that no child under thirteen shall be employed in any such establishment.

LIFE-BOAT SERVICE.

A Sketch of the Work Performed on the English Coast.

We will imagine the watch set and all the other good Caister folk in bed. The night wears away, until as day begins to break, a longer look than ordinary is taken through the glass, and a discussion of bearings, etc., ensues, with the result that a vessel is descried fast aground on the Cross Sand, with a heavy sea breaking over her.

Out dash the men on to the staging; one lays hold of the cord attached to the clapper of the bell and the other rushes at break-neck pace down the steps and up the gap, shouting and hammering at the doors as he goes. Then breaks out a Babel of sounds; men rush from every door and side road, some of them with their trowsers on, pulling on their shirts as they run, stumbling in the dark, through the heavy sand, but all making for one point, the shed. There, hung up to the rails at the roof, are their oilers, sou'westers and boat stockings; under the benches their big sea boots. In a twinkling the men have donned their sea-gear, and are making a bee line across the sands for the life-boat. The surf is smashing on to the beach and up the gap, bringing with it clouds of sand, until the air seems almost solid with it. The red tanned lugsails are carried down and placed in the boat ready for hoisting, and the skids laid down forward of the boat; the legs which kept the boat on an even keel are taken away and replaced by the broad backs of the sturdy beachmen, amid shouts of "Hold her up;" the hauling off warp, which is anchored out to seaward, is taken in over the pulley in the bow, and the boat begins to move on her porpoise oiled skids. As she goes over and clears the one at her stern it is caught up by the side handles by two beachmen and taken to her bows, and placed in line ready to pick her up again as she comes steadily on down the sand. Then the men tumble on board and haul at the warp. The remaining men keep her moving over her skids until she dashes her bows into a mass of water just breaking and thundering on the beach, and, shipping tons of it and giving her crew the first smother of many they will have before they return, she moves slowly on. Another breaker catches her ere she has fairly gathered way, and she looks almost like coming back, but the beachmen on shore have had the sett ready. They ship it on the stern and shove her off into the smother. Up goes the foresail with a run; up goes the mizzen and the boat thrashes through the broken water; overboard goes the hauling off warp and she is clear of the beach and fighting her way through the heavy seas to the wreck; sea after sea breaks over her until they can see nothing of that boat, only feel it under their feet, hang like grim death to the ridge ropes and take a breath when the sea gives them a chance.

Over the Barber they thrash, then over the Scroby. They have to make a long leg to fetch the wreck, and as they rise on a wave they can sometimes make her out dimly, with seas spouting fountains over her. She is a small schooner, and her crew, two men and two wretched, half-starved-looking boys and an equally wretched-looking mongrel cur, are huddled together in the weather shrouds of the foremast; the mizzenmast has already gone over the side. The life-boat fights her way to windward, then anchors, and lowering her lugs veers down to the wreck, drops alongside and takes in the poor half-drowned wretches and their poor dog, hauls back to the anchor, then up sail and away to the beach, where the rest of the company is awaiting them. —*English Illustrated Magazine.*

STARTLING FACTS.

Figures Showing the Superiority of the United States Over All Other Countries.

Some of the facts and figures which Mr. Carnegie cites in his "Triumphant Democracy" are "stunning." For instance (picking up points at random), that the United States contains more English-speaking people than all the rest of the world; that the wealth of the Republic exceeds that of Great Britain; and that it also surpasses the mother country not only in agriculture but in manufactures; that for every pauper in the United States there are twenty-one in Holland and Belgium, and six in Great Britain and Ireland; that seven-eighths of our people are native born; that twenty-two per cent. of them now live in towns of eight thousand or more inhabitants; that if the live stock in our country were marshaled in procession five abreast in close order the line would reach around the world and overlap; that Chicago alone makes half as many steel rails in a year as Great Britain, and Minneapolis turns out so much flour that the barrels would form a bridge from New York to Ireland; that we produce sixteen pounds of butter annually for every man, woman and child in the country, and if our crop of cereals were loaded in carts it would require all the horses in Europe, and a million more, to move it; that more yards of carpetings are manufactured in Philadelphia than in all Great Britain; that a single factory in Massachusetts turns out as many pair of boots as thirty-five thousand boot-makers in Paris; that our Government has given us more land for the support of schools and colleges than the entire area of England, Scotland and Ireland.—*Chicago Journal.*

Questionable Security.

"I wish you would pay me for those pants. I've been waiting more than a year for the money."

"I can't pay you just now, but I'll get you another customer. My friend, Bill Yardly, will let you make him a suit on credit."

"But I don't know him."

"That makes no difference. I'll stand good for him."—*Texas Siftings.*

—Wife—"How I do wish I could have a little change this summer." Husband—"You can, my dear. Here is twenty-five cents for you."—*Burlington Free Press.*