

ent places, and my guide informed me that a general quarrel was taking place and that it was an almost every day occurrence, the Indians being a very quarrelsome race. One little man who came running through the village at full speed seemed to be at war with all the rest, as he "javed" right and left and shook his fist vehemently at some women who seemed to make sport of him. The Indians are a very small race of people being in this respect opposite to the Fijians who are a tall and strongly built specimen of humanity. The Indian women are great hands for ornamenting their persons. They decorate their ears, noses, necks, arms, waists, fingers, ankles, toes, etc., with all sorts of bracelets, chains and rings. These are sometimes made of gold and silver, and in other instances of brass and other cheap materials. One woman, whose curiosity led her to come up close to me when I had sat down to rest on the beach, was almost covered with English silver money through which holes had been bored and then tied to cords of various lengths to suit different parts of the limbs and the neck. After visiting the Indian village, which is situated on the opposite side of the peninsula from Suva, I walked across the intervening hills to the latter place, a distance of about two and a half miles, being quite tired after my day's ramble, though I had only walked about eight miles; but the day was hot and sultry and a man can't walk in a tropical country the same as he can in a colder climate.

ANDREW JENSON.

Suva, Vitilevu, Fiji, August 9th, 1895.

#### DOUBLE ANNIVERSARY.

HARRISVILLE, Weber Co.,  
Utah, Nov. 2, 1895.

Yesterday it was the good fortune of your correspondent to attend one of the grandest birthday and marriage reunions he has witnessed during the three score years of his life.

By early dawn the good people of Farr West ward were all astir, preparing to spring a surprise upon their worthy Bishop and his very good dame, in honor of the 71st year of his life and the 40th year of their marriage. At 10 a.m. the ward clerk was diverting the Bishop's attention into an investigation of the condition of the ward records, and the good lady was making preparations to keep up the old time practice of celebrating the wedding day around the old hearthstone. But the sisters of the Relief Society and others, nobly aided by the Farr West brass band, were making preparations to assault the Bishop's domicile, and by 11 a.m. they had the house surrounded. The band struck up a lively air, which brought the Bishop to his feet, exclaiming, "What's that?" Up in the door being thrown open, he plainly saw he was a captive, and at once surrendered. He was then taken in charge and marched to the amusement hall at which place there were hundreds of assembled guests, which sat down to an abundant dinner; four tables, seating 80 people to a table, were loaded with the substantial and dainties of life, pleasing to the taste of any epicure. There were many of the Bishop's southern friends present; amongst the number D. H. Peery and wife of Ogden, who had known him and the family all his life.

Before partaking of the viands, a sentiment from the pen of your correspondent was read, after which ex-Bishop P. G. Taylor, of Harrisville offered invocation and then they heartily enjoyed the feast, being waited upon by a corps of ladies and gentlemen who catered to every wish within their power. After all had been supplied, D. H. Peery spoke of his long acquaintance with the family, of their natural good heartedness, and of this goodness being hereditary for an impure fountain cannot bring forth a pure stream; the present gathering showed the esteem in which the Bishop and his amiable wife were held in his diocese; the monarch on his throne never had a greater demonstration of love and esteem according to the number of his subjects then was shown this day. He spoke with freedom and spirit, and called for a hearty vote of thanks to the sisters for the substantial dinner provided—saying it was as good as an old Virginia dinner of pork and beans, and for seventy years of his life he never sat down to a better one. Ex-Bishop P. G. Taylor made a few congratulatory remarks and Bishop McEntire closed with a brief account of the forty years of his married life; he said it had ever been their aim to live to be a living example to their offspring and associates and advised the people to live in love and kindness to each other, he was very profuse in his gratitude for this demonstration for it was indeed a surprise to him.

After some singing and recitations the crowd dispersed. The recitation by Miss Caroline Holland, "The Tramp's Story," was a pathetic one. The brass band, led by E. J. Thomas, interspersed the occasion with pleasing music, and the whole affair passed off without a hitch or a cross to mar its tranquility. In the evening the young people filled the hall, enjoying the dance which also passed off as charmingly as the day's exercises. P. L.

#### NOW FOR EGGS!

How do you do, Mr. Editor?

Do you and your subscribers expect fresh, new laid eggs from your own fowls at Christmas?

Of course you have the chickens, nice, early pullets hatched in April or May.

The next necessity is a water and wind proof coop or house. Remember that a hole, the size of a snail's ear, will cause your fowls to have more swelled heads and closed matured eyes than if you had taken out the whole window or left the door open with the thermometer at zero. Just sit all night with one side of your face to a window a little way open, or a very small piece of glass out of one corner and you will have something more than an idea what gives your chickens closed matured eyes and swelled heads. If you see these signs among your fowls, stop the cause by finding those small holes and stop them up by driving plugs of wood into them, or in cracks cork with rags or rope.

Then see that everything is as clean as good strong whitewash can make it. This should carry considerable coal oil in its make up and even carbolized will improve it. Apply with a good spray pump. By its use you can

force the whitewash into all the cracks and out of the way places (where vermin are apt to be concealed) which cannot be done with a brush. Don't be afraid of letting a little fall upon the floor of your coop, which should be in the earth. See that your floor is dug up as deep as a digging fork can turn it up. Never mind ventilating and don't put fowls into it like sardines into a can; two square feet will be enough for each bird to roost in only, but they must have at least four square feet (floor space) if to be confined in stormy or cold weather, and not long then without the strictest sanitary conditions being attended to.

Now for a few loads of those leaves, nature's scratching material. O for a wood lot with a roof over it for a winter paradise for my chicken! But I can't have it, so on the next best. Put at least six inches deep of leaves into your coops and every ounce of grain fed make them scratch and work for it. Make your fowls think it is summer and they will lay eggs for you like it were summer. But you must fulfill all the requirements of that season, of which I will tell in my next.

G. H. C.

#### TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

DETROIT, Nov. 8.—About 9 o'clock this morning the boilers in the Journal building, corner of Larned and Shelby streets, exploded with terrific force. A portion of the building about forty feet wide immediately collapsed, burying scores of people. Four dead and injured have already been taken out. Many girls and women were employed in the building. The editorial department of the Journal was all saved. Shortly after 9 o'clock the ruins broke in flames and great clouds of rising smoke seriously impeded the firemen. It is positively known that at the time of the collapse the stereotypers engaged on the fifth floor were: Michael Ward, Arthur Lynch and Camus Ross. All three went down in the wreck. In the third story was the Habbins Electrotape foundry, in which were half a dozen men. In the top story was the Journal's stereotyping department where four or five men were busy. There were twenty-five to thirty persons working in the building. Some people may have been injured while passing on the streets. Three men and one woman was carried into the news office in a helpless condition, within three minutes after the explosion. Cries of others could be heard in the ruins. The people brought into the news office were:

Martin Mayer, advertising solicitor of the Evening News, badly cut on neck and head. R. H. Foye, advertising solicitor of the News, badly cut on neck and head; Frank G. Meiner, artist in the Calvert Lithographing company, with a terrible gash on the forehead.

The portion of the building directly above the boilers on the first floor was occupied by the Journal's mailing department. About five men and boys were there. In the second story was George Hiller's book bindery, in which a couple of men and a score of girls were employed. All the people were precipitated into the horrible chaos of