

NEW ZEALAND FREAKS.

All About the Moa, Which Was as Big as a Camel and Laid Eggs as Large as a Pumpkin.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

(Copyright, 1901, by Frank G. Carpenter.)

Christchurch, New Zealand.

How would you like to meet a bird as tall as a giraffe, which lays eggs as big as a pumpkin? You can see the image of one at Christchurch, New Zealand. You can see a baker's dozen of skeletons showing the gigantic monster in the different stages of its growth and behind glass you can see some of the real eggs laid by it a century or more ago, when it trod the soil of this country. I refer to the great moa, supposed to be the biggest bird ever created. I sat down before the model of it in Christchurch, New Zealand, and made some notes describing it. Its tail as the bird stands on the floor is just as high as my head and its ankle is as big around as my calf. Its gigantic body, covered with gray feathers, might have been modeled out of a small haystack, and its tail, thin neck is stretched so high above the breast that the whole could not possibly be squeezed into the average parlor. It has no wings, but its legs are as strong as those of a camel, and it looks quite as big. Its feet have claws much like those of a turkey save that they are enormous in size and each a foot long. I doubt not the original could have stamped out the life of a man at one blow. Beside one of the moa skeletons was placed the skeleton of an ordinary man, the head of the bird rising at least eight feet above the skull of the man. The bones were real bones found in this part of New Zealand; they are joined together by wires.

The first bones of the moa were discovered about sixty years ago. The bird existed in New Zealand within a very recent period and there are Maoris who will tell you that their forefathers hunted it. The probability, however, is that it antedated the advent of the Maoris, but there is no doubt that it was once eaten in great numbers, for in the old ovens which have been excavated quantities of cooked moa bones have been found. But as to when that time was and who the moa hunters were no one knows.

EGGS AS BIG AS FOOT BALLS.

The moa eggs were each about a foot long. One was found some years ago by a man when digging the foundation of a house. He had gone down several feet when he came upon the skeleton of a man in a sitting posture. The egg was held in the man's bony fingers in such a manner as to bring it immediately opposite his mouth, and it is supposed that it was placed there with the idea that the ghost of the dead would have something to eat during the intervals of his long sleep. There were a stone spear and an axe by the side of the man, showing that he was probably a warrior, and his skull bore evidence of having received several hard knocks, probably on the battlefield. The egg was ten inches long and seven inches in diameter and its shell was about as thick as a silver twenty-five cent piece. Its inside was perfectly empty, but whether time or the dead native had sucked out the contents the records do not say.

THE WINGLESS BIRDS OF NEW ZEALAND.

The moa was wingless. It seems to have been a giant edition of some of the strange birds New Zealand has now. There are wingless birds in New Zealand not larger than good-sized chickens, which are moas in miniature. I refer to the kiwis, which I have seen here at Christchurch. The kiwis have hairlike feathers of somewhat the color of a quail. They have long bills, sharp at the point, with which they can bore down into the soil for worms, and their legs are much like those of the moa.

I have had several of them in my hands, and by feeling carefully I can discover what seems like a little lump on each side where the wing ought to be. Otherwise than this no wings are perceptible.

The kiwi is a night bird. At the college here, where I saw them, the birds were penned up like chickens and had to be brought out of the coop for me to examine them. They seemed almost blinded by the light, much like the dead fern leaves, and they take refuge in crevices in the rocks and in deep holes



VICIOUS SHEEP KILLING BIRD.
Destructive Flesh and Fat Eating "Kea" Parrot That Is a Terror to the Flockmasters of New Zealand.

THE SHEEP-EATING PARROT.

There is another bird in New Zealand which is quite as curious as the kiwi. This is the kea parrot, which eats sheep, fastening its claws into the wool of the back, and digging out the choice bits of flesh. Thousands of sheep have been destroyed by this bird, the loss from them being so great that the government once offered a reward of seventy-five cents a head, when as many as fifteen thousand keas were killed in a year. The kea has aristocratic tastes. It does not care for any part of the sheep except the kidneys and the fat which surrounds them. Through several generations of birds it has learned by instinct or tradition—whether birds talk or not I cannot say—just where the kidneys lie in the sheep's anatomy. I am told that it strikes the right spot every time, and that it hores a hole into the side of the sheep right over the kidneys, boring a hole in with its bill as smooth as though the flesh was cut round with a knife. The kea tears out the kidneys and the fat, and then leaves the sheep, which, of course, dies.

NATURE'S FREAKS IN NEW ZEALAND.

These are, however, but a few of the freaks which Nature has created in this out-of-the-way part of the world. There are others so strange that I hesitate to mention them. This is, you know, the land of the marsupials, or pouch-bearing animals. You have all

The Kiwis or the Wingless Birds—Lizards Which Have Three Eyes—A Parrot Which Eats Sheep—And a Mouse the Size of a Cricket, Which Carries Her Young in Her Breast Pocket—The Vegetable Caterpillars—Land Which Grows Turpentine—Kauri Gum and How It Is Found in the Swamps and Shipped to the United States Markets—Travels Among the Maoris—The Girls and Their Tattooed Lips—A Cannibal Feast—The Condition of the Natives Today.

LAND WHICH GROWS TURPENTINE.

Have you ever heard of kauri gum? It is a solidified turpentine or resin which is found in great chunks on the top of the ground and below the surface in the northern island of New Zealand. The lumps are from the size of a walnut to that of a man's head, and single pieces have been found weighing as much as one hundred pounds. This gum is often as clear as amber, varying greatly in color. Sometimes it is a rich yellow, sometimes brown and sometimes just the color of champagne. It is used as a substitute for amber in cigar holders and pipes, but the most of it is sold to the manufacturers of varnish. It is by no means a cheap article, and the annual exports of it amount to several millions of dollars. In 1898 not quite ten thousand tons were exported, the total value of which was in the neighborhood of \$2,750,000. Altogether since 1853 more than \$4,000,000 worth of this gum has been gotten out, amounting in all to about 260,000 tons.

AMONG THE GUM DIGGERS.

There are now about seven thousand men going over the country with spears and picks looking for this gum. They drive their spears down into the earth and when they find a piece dig it out. The gum lies within a limited area. It is mined on about 700,000 acres north of Auckland City and south and east of Auckland on about 90,000 acres more. They are rather to be found in Australia. New Zealand, however, has marsupial rats, and I saw at the college here in Christchurch a mouse not much larger than a good sized cricket which had a pouch on its belly in which it carried its young. This mouse is perhaps the smallest marsupial known. It is a part of the biological collection of the college museum at Christchurch, and was shown me by Prof. Martineau, the chief biologist. Another thing he showed me was a live lizard which he says is a descendant of a family of three-eyed lizards. This lizard is especially puzzling to the scientists just now. In the center of the head is a third eye, which is clearly visible through the skin of the young animal, but which becomes thickly covered when it reaches maturity. Prof. Martineau says there is little doubt but that this eye was once used. The lizard he showed me is about a foot long and, I should say, two inches in diameter about the waist.

THE MAORI WOMEN.

I rather like the Maori women. They are not especially good looking, but they seem well disposed, genial and pleasant. Some of the younger ones are almost beautiful. At least, they would be were it not for their custom of tattooing cashmere shawl patterns on their chins and lips. The tattooing takes the cherry red of their lips to the blackness of ink. In fact, I would as soon think of kissing an ink bottle as one of these tattooed Maori maidens. And, still, if you keep your eyes well raised the experience might be worth the trial. Many of them have rosy complexions. They have luxuriant hair, heavy eyebrows and beautiful eyes, liquid black and full of soul. Some of them are as tall as the tallest of the tall. Their beauty, however, vanishes with years. They are rapidly, until their faces look like withered apples, punctured with ink spots.

THE LAND OF THE TATTOO.

The Maoris understand the science of

tattooing. In the past both men and women covered not only their faces but the greater parts of their bodies with such decorations. The grand chiefs had their faces covered with ornamental spirals. They were tattooed on the thighs and hips in a Dolly Varden pattern, which often extended from the knees to the waist, giving his royal ribs the appearance of having on a pair of neat-fitting trunks. The women then, as now, were tattooed on the hips and chin, with a sort of fish-hook curl at the corners of the eyes. Some of the women had also their thighs and breasts decorated but how one of these cannibal feasts appeared. The tattooing instrument was a small bone chisel, which was driven in with a mallet. The pain was so great that it could only be done in sections, a complete job often lasting for years.

FROM CANNIBALISM TO CHRISTIANITY.

When the English first came here the Maoris were cannibals. Now they are nearly all Christians. They have their own churches and schools, and the most of them believe in our religion. As to cannibalism, it was quite central. The tribes warred with one another, and after a battle there was always a feast of human flesh, in which the women were not allowed to join. It is a disgrace to a man to be eaten, and for one to hint that a man's father had been eaten was taken as an insult. I have before me a paper which tells just how one of these cannibal feasts was conducted. One corpse was sacrificed to the god of war and the remainder were given up to the braves who had taken part in the battle. The cooking ovens were dug out of the

earth. The human flesh was thrown in and kept there for about twenty-four hours. When it was roasted the chief had the first bite, then his sons and then the whole army. The eating was interspersed with singing and dancing and all gorged themselves to such an extent that many died at every banquet. After the feast was over the remains were packed up in baskets and sent around to the neighboring tribes. If they were accepted the tribes were supposed to have made a treaty of friendship with the senders and to be ready to fight with them thereafter. The Maoris had a far higher grade of civilization than our American Indians. They had a society of their own, the people of each tribe being divided up into classes consisting of priests, chiefs, a middle class, lower classes and slaves. They had their own customs of war and were so noted for their bravery that it is doubtful whether the English could have gained a foothold on the island without great loss of life had it not been for their dissensions among themselves.

Their customs of marriage were much like those of savages in other parts of the world. Girls were carried off by force, the friends of the groom and the friends of the bride fighting each other. Both polygamy and divorce were allowed and the chiefs usually had several wives. They had their own ideas of religion, their gods being demons who were feared rather than revered or worshipped. The men were farmers and hunters, and the women cooked the food, wove baskets, brought down the wood and made the clothing and worked in the fields. At present the natives are diminishing at the rate of 1 per cent annually.

IN THE CARNEGIE WORKS.

The Marvelous Birthplace of Fortunes—Vast Workshops at Homestead in Which Modern Industrial Success is Epitomized—Wonder Working Machinery—One Building 1,200 Feet Long.

Fortunes, says the Kansas City Star, spring from strange soils, from pork butcheries and oil puddles, from Wall street subtleties and Tammany administrations. Eastern romancers racked their brains to devise fit forcing ground for the riches of their dreams, yet Aladdin plucked his gems from cherry trees—an insipid proceeding, born of the limitations of the Mark. No Arabian visionary ever fancied so remarkable a birthplace for millions as the Carnegie works at Homestead, Pa. Nestling in to the Monongahela, on the flat ground by the river, by day they are marked by a cloud of smoke, at night by a dozen pillars of fire. A man approaching the hamlet of sheds can see there only the crude outlines of a steel factory. It is the laboratory of an alchemist, where great hills of brook, an earthen and huge heaps of scrap iron are transmuted into gold and old scrap pensions, into free libraries and art galleries.

As after the use of the Bessemer converter. From the ceiling, like great hams in a farmer's kitchen, glowing incandescent to their appointed places—tons of red hot metal held easily by iron fingers. Under one's feet, on moving platforms, pass slabs of blazing, scorching steel. When the melodramatist and the author of the dime novel have penetrated the mysteries of Homestead they will find rare opportunities for sensational villainy, such as never yet has appeared between two yellow covers. One stands on a bridge naked of fencing and underneath rattles a block of red hot metal that would grill a man in a twinkling. It is on its way to the rollers and there is a pressure which would grind him to powder. Everywhere are furnaces and caldrons of incinerating metal, awful hydraulic presses and silent, remorseless engines. For the man of melodramatic imagination Homestead is a place of horrible possibilities.

I stood in one of the long sheds while a charge was being drawn. The hot steel gushed out, a violet white, at first, embowered in golden sparks, immense, beautiful. As the air got at it the outer edge grew orange and on the surface the frothy cream gathered and bubbled a ruby red. When the vessel was full the claws of a great electric crane were fixed in its sides and it was swung upward—a proper tankard for some bacchanalian demon to quaff! As it dangled above our heads, fifty tons of swelling steel, belched at the silent power of this birthplace of wealth. If a staff should break, or a bolt snap? And I moved hastily away from the sinister vicinity of the swiping caldron. Seven thousand men labor daily in the Homestead works, but nowhere is their presence felt. And yet the work done by one machine would tax the muscles of the army that built the Pyramids. The making of millions is no child's play, and simple pieces of mechanism will here perform before our eyes feats of strength that were impossible to a force of a hundred men. In the armor plate department is an engine which will exert a pressure of fifteen thousand tons. In another shed a reversing engine of ten thousand horse power. There are electric cranes that will carry hither and thither weights of a hundred tons as easily as one would raise a handkerchief. In the armor plate department are machines that bend like tin foil plates the biggest gun of the civil war would have proved harmless to penetrate.

In one shed there is a machine that receives a prodigious ingot, rolls it out and fro into shapely slab, cuts it into pieces as though it were cheese, then weighs each section and records the weight before passing the regulation billets to the train awaiting them. The very sheds are Brobdingnagian. One is twelve hundred feet in length, full of pulsing machinery, huge cranes and irresistible presses. In one of the mills a long pathway of rollers receives a slab of glowing metal, passes it down to the cylinder presses, carries it backward and forward till it is twelve times its original length and

There is no fuss of men, no anxious couplings and uncouplings, the engine has done all its work unaided, save for a single man, who sits within, fingering a little shaft of levers. Some time later one returns to the furnace and gazes with blue spectacles through the peepholes, sees the popping, sputtering devil's porridge within. In time the door will be opened and the burning metal run off into great cauldrons hungrily waiting in the pit beneath. In a single one of these open hearth sheds are twelve furnaces, each with its hundred tons of metal. Occasionally there comes puffing from across the river a train freighted with jets of molten metal. It is run into the sheds alongside the furnaces. A single man appears and places a gutter, the vat tilts forward and pours its boiling contents into the center. In this way is fuel saved and the process of the manufacture dispensed with. In the filing of moulds and the making of ingots the process is the same

It troubled with rheumatism, give Chamberlain's Pain-Balm a trial. It will not cost you a cent if it does no good. It also cures sprains and bruises in one-half the time required by any other treatment. Cuts, frostbites, neuralgia and other swellings are quickly cured by applying it. Every bottle warranted. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Bad Coughs

There are hundreds of cough medicines which relieve coughs, all coughs, except bad ones! The medicine which has been curing the worst of bad coughs for sixty years is

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Now you can get a trial bottle of Cherry Pectoral for 25 cents. Ask your druggist.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1.00.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us \$1.00 and we will express a large bottle to you, all charges prepaid. Be sure and give us your nearest express office. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

but a twelfth of its thickness. On to this great plate a man throws a handful of salt. In an instant there is a crackle like the first volley of a battle, a few de jolt that silence every sound of the works and makes one's heart stand still with apprehension. They are beating the oxidized crust, and what sounds like the rattling of the world's supports is but an incident of manufacture.

When these plates have passed down another long alley of rollers they are arrested for a moment, while men with measures mark distances upon them. The stoppage is for an instant only; the next they are hastening down to where the sheets are being rolled out. A few minutes later, in the stock yard, they are being loaded on to trains for exportation.

Here also is turned out most of the structural steel, angles, rods and I beams. In all the process is similar, the exercise of force alike, the completed product equally miraculous. On Sundays, when the converters are resting, a remarkable machine makes pig iron. Until the other day pig iron was moulded in sand moulds, a slow and laborious process. Today the great caldrons of boiling iron are brought from the blast furnaces, tugged up a line of rails and tilted into the endless chain of pig shaped buckets. In these, like a twinkling, the iron is cooled, the metal cools, and when it reaches the turning point of the chain, is fed into railroad wagons as finished pig iron. Up on the hill from Homestead is a free library. With the library is combined a club, well appointed, with card room and billiard tables, a swimming bath, a gymnasium and a music hall, for \$1.00 a year all these are open to the workers—culture, health and recreation.

In the works is a savings bank, in which the men can contribute and from which the money is advanced, and the sum repaid by installment. Every man and woman who works together for their mutual benefit and to the preservation of good fellowship.

Out of eager competition, striving for a place in the ranks of the workers every seran of iron, every shapely, every bent piece, is carefully gauged, returned to the stock yard, to serve good purpose. No waste escapes from the chimneys that science can provide a means to prevent.

The whole problem of economy industrial success is epitomized in Homestead—able location, sufficiency of capital, daring to originate, energy to execute, economy of labor and materials, loyalty of workers and considerable benevolence of employer.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, and a bottle of BALDWIN'S HORSEHOOD SYRUP in time is worth a stack of physicians. Price 25 and 50 cents at Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

NEW CATALOGUE OF FURNITURE. Just issued by the Deseret News. Send for a free copy. Special terms to dealers, agents and canvassers.

Grand Showing

New Goods

We are Doing the Largest Furniture Business in Salt Lake.

Not by Chance, Not by Accident, but because our Prices in every instance are the Lowest in the City, a fact you can easily verify for yourself.

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD AT MADSENS' FOR ALL YOU WANT.

P. W. MADSEN'S FURNITURE STORE, 51, 53, 55, 57, East First South Street.

Special Carpet Bargains



Matchless Offerings from our new spring stock—New, Rich Fabrics, in elegant and exclusive designs. Don't glance at the items. Read Them! Good Brussels 65c Fine Axminster \$1.15 Carpets 75c All-wool Ingrain Carpets 124c Fancy Straw Mattings 50c Linoleums, New Patterns FREE! All advertised Carpets will be Made, Laid and Lined Free of Charge.

Our New Line of ODD DRESSERS.



The increasing popularity of the brass bed brings the separate Dresser into greater prominence. The new line is superb—hundreds of styles in white, maple, oak and mahogany—rich in design—magnificently fashioned—more styles than were ever shown before—\$10.00 to \$50.00

Our New Line of CHIFFONNIERS.



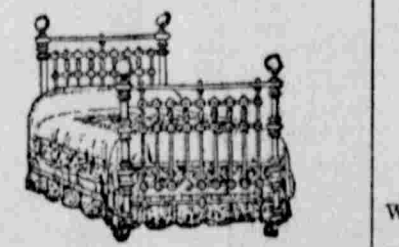
is particularly worthy of mention—here are 125 brand new styles, one prettier than the next, each elaborately carved and with beveled plate mirror in the most fanciful shapes; prices particularly pleasing and persuasive—\$9.50 to \$35.00

BEDROOM SUITES.



Handsome High-grade Bedroom Suite, polished finish, French bevel mirror \$17.50

IRON BEDS.



Enamelled Iron Beds, complete with all Wire Springs and Cotton Top Mattress \$6.75

Spring Wall Paper.



We're doing the Wall Paper business of Salt Lake. Nowhere else will you find such assortment, patterns and colorings, 50 LARGEST STOCK OF WALL PAPER in the city and the Lowest Prices—9c to 35c Per Double Roll.