ON A SOUTH SEA FARM.

Solitary Implement of Cultivation a Big Butcher-knife.

SCENE ON A CORAL REEF ISLAND.

Narrative of Fish Dove' Experiences in Visiting a Samoan Friend—a Feast in Resources.

Siapapa, Upolu, Samoa,
July 28, 1897.

To the Editor:

After meeting was dismissed last Sunday afternoon Brother Moses and I were invited by Moses one of our native deacons, to visit his farm some day this week, and as we had a desire to see how the farming industry was conducted by Samoan natives we accepted his kind invitation, and today, Wednesday, was decided upon as the day that we should make the visit.

This morning, about 7 o'clock, two days of our war was beginning to break upon this land of peace, I was awakened by a knock at my door, and on opening it there stood before me a native dressed in the regulation of the country, with a big butcher-knife in his hand, and a cow-cocker under his arm. He said he was sent by Moses to invite me to go with him to his farm, and I at once dressed myself and prepared to accompany my guide. Before we left the house I was found that it rained upon a number of stocks of wood, which lay in a shallow place in the earth underneath.

While Moses cooked several cocoanuts and gave the milk from the nuts with the assistance of a bunch of cocoanut fibre, I was seated on a mat under the pile of nuts and our breakfast being ready we began to eat, and I soon reached a point where I was satisfied of the advantageous nature of the cocoanut as an article of food, and I ate a good breakfast. A few minutes later we were placed upon the backs of two men who in the exercise of a few moments had carried us through a stream of water, and we were soon between farms and entering the jungle of Moses' farm, which was located in the southern portion of Samoan order.

As we finished the first corner of our farm, which was located in the village appeared on the scene bringing with them a basket of ripe tomatoes, which we ate, and found them very much the same manner that we would an apple. Tomatoes, I have remarked, are a mass of seeds. Over this were placed the cocoanuts of Jabez, which were filled with water, which we had changed for bands, making the much into small cutlets pieces and placed them in our pockets. Then we were soon between farms and entering the jungle of "Taufolo," the nobleman of Samoan order.

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Behind every and stopped with a cocoanut in each hand. Tolomia, Moses's boy, as our guide, we commenced the journey. Tolomia is a boy of about 12 years of age, and has a shaved head on black eyes, the other having been removed some years ago on account of being a boy of a very weak constitution, and a big, fat, good-natured boy. He had the honor of being the proud possessor of a pair of pants, which he had borrowed from his father, which he had rolled up to his knees