

He spoke in the Maori language, which is singularly musical.

"I come of a long line of Maori kings" [rangatira], said Hirini Whaanga. These kings [rangatira], my ancestors, have ruled through twenty generations before me, and first came over from Hawaiki, otherwise Hawaii, in his boat, the Takitimu, followed by a large number of people. That king was Rua Wharo, and he was a very able potentate."

The chief had been talking slowly, and when mention of the twenty kings was made, he named them all, Elder Gibson counting them off in the Maori language on his fingers. Elder Gibson explained that the Maoris had no written language until the advent of the English, but that their history had been perfectly preserved by being transmitted verbally from father to son. He said they had the most remarkable memories of any people, as was attested by Sir George Gray, who had for some years resided among them.

"In those remote times when my an-

cestry vividly the pervading wars among the Maoris for sixty years. In many of them I took an active part. In those days I had several man-horses, or powerful men captured as slaves, which were used as horses. I have a man-horse now, whom I rode in many a battle, and who, according to the royal mandate, must be ready any moment to instantly carry me wherever I wanted to go.

"This man-horse I speak of was Pononga, now a very old man. I saw him just before I came away. He was running a ferry boat on the East coast. My tribe yet numbers about 400, and they inhabit an area 100 miles long on the ocean too far back in the interior. Many of my people are expert fishermen and whalers. My sister-in-law, Mary Apikara, who accompanies my family with her two children, has seven brothers, all large, strong men, who are expert whalers.

"My people are expert musicians on native instruments. In early times we played on a shell from the ocean and

with a rich soil. It is a little like California in its fruits. I am going to Utah to live, since I was converted, and I think many of my people will come and live with me. We will go to war no more, because it is forbidden in the Bible and is not right. I am now an old man, with my hair and beard whitened by many experiences, and though the blood of twenty generations of kings flows in my veins, I am content to throw aside all claims to rule and be simply a man among the people, and among all men, for we are all brothers."

The chief and his people, with the five Mormon Elders, will go on as soon as the railroad strike is over. The Elders are the Reverends Lars C. Rasmussen, Wesley Gibson and William Douglas of New Zealand, and Reverends A. J. Butler and James Kinghorn of Toga, one of the friendly islands. Elder Gibson says there are now about forty missionaries of the Mormon Church of Latter-day Saints in the country, and that about 3,300 converts are the result. Of these are a few Europeans, but the vast majority are natives. The Mormons first began this work there ten years ago.

### WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 1st, 1898.—A visit to the Patent Office calls to mind something Bill Arp wrote, a few years ago. Said he:

"Old Father Time used to go about in summer clothes, with nothing on but his bones and a scythe blade in his hand; but now we can cut down ten acres to his one with a Buckeye reaper. They ought to get up a new picture with the old feller sitting up on a machine and driving a pair of Kentucky mules in a wheat-field at harvest time. There are a heap of the good old primer and spelling-book pictures going out of date. Nobody ever uses an hour-glass now. Nobody ever sees an old fashioned bee-hive with a round top and made of straw. The old farming pictures look curious to this generation—the hump-back man cutting his wheat with a crooked sickle, holding a bunch in one hand and cutting it with the other. And there were two men a-plowing—one was driving the steers and the other holding the plow, and that's where Ben Franklin got his maxims—

"He that by the plow would thrive Himself must either hold or drive." But now one man will sit upon a cultivator or a pulverizer and do ten times the work in a day. I don't see how them old-time fellers did make a living for with all our improvements it is nip and tuck to get along and keep even."

Besides the useful things above mentioned and a great many more, the desire to be beautiful which is implanted in the female breast, furnishes the inspiration for thousands of queer inventions. One is a wire mask, to be worn on the face at night, and is filled with blunt pencils and screws to push them into the cheeks and chin at the points where dimples are desired. Possibly it may produce the "Cupid's snares" aforesaid; but think of the torture of it, and then reflect on female vanity! Another dimple-maker, on which a patent has actually been obtained, is this: A small spot is to be smeared on the cheek or chin with colorless chellac varnish mixed with glue, and the center of the spot is to be pressed firmly with a pencil point, until the substance on the face becomes dry and hard. "The stiffened indentation thus retains the exact shape of a dimple, and a little face-powder dusted carefully over it will completely conceal the varnish glue compound." The person who adopts this wily device is warned not to smile too suddenly or the dimple may be broken, although with gentle usage it will last a whole evening, if not



cestors landed and began to rule," resumed Whaanga. "we collected the greenstone for war-clubs, spears and other use, made clothes from flax, caught fish and to a small extent cultivated the land. We also hunted for the native animals of that semi-tropical country, but much of our time after several generations was given to war.

"The people increased and spread, and as they diverged, subordinate rulers were necessary, who in time sought to question the authority of the descendants of Whaanga. The result was that there became tribal wars and wars bordering on revolution. Because of this the greenstone, which is very heavy, and admirably suited for weapons of all kinds, was prized above everything else. It made a very good war club," said the chief, "and with one with a rather sharp or oval edge, a man's head could be laid open.

"I was born in 1828, am consequently 64 years old, and, of course, recall

invented a flute made of wood, on which we could play almost anything. We were always expert dancers, and the Haka dance has nothing to surpass it for grace and beauty of movement.

"This is a very wonderful city," said the old chief, manifesting his great pleasure by a smile and repetition of the word wonderful. "I never had any idea there were so many people. The buildings are so large. The street cars run without horses or any engine. It is wonderful how they do it when nothing is drawing them. The people are very great here, but there is one thing I don't understand. They don't observe the Sabbath. In Auckland, Brisbane or Wellington you can look all around on the Sabbath and not see anything sold, but here it is very different. I noticed the clothing of the men and women. It is very beautiful.

"The country I come from, where my powerful ancestors have lived so long, is a very verdant, semi-tropical land,