

THE VOICE IN THE CHOIR.

Up in the music-loft I heard
A voice of wondrous tone,
Like warbling of a happy bird
That joyed o'er winter snow.

As singer I was never plann'd;
So I could not aspire
To rise to such a height as stand
Beside her in the choir.

I loved her; and I thank my wits
Another plan I knew:
I tried it, and—well, now she sits
Beside me in the pew.

Her voice sings and my heart replies,
Rejoicing in love's crown;
She "raised a mortal to the skies,"
I "drew an angel down."
—George Birdseye, in Town and Country.

THE "TANIFA" OF SAMOA.

BY LOUIS BECKE.

MANY years ago—in 1873—at the close of an intensely hot day, I set out from Apia, the principal port of Samoa, to walk to a village named Lauli, a few miles along the coast. I was bound on a pigeon-shooting trip to the mountains, and intended sleeping that night at Lauli with some native friends who were to join me farther on. Passing through the semi-Europeanized town of Matautu, I emerged out upon the open beach. With me was a young Polynesian half-caste named Alan, about 22 years of age, and one of the most perfect specimens of athletic manhood in the South Pacific. For six months we had been business partners in a small cutter trading between Apia and Savaii—the largest island of the Samoan group. Now, after some months of toil, we were taking a week's holiday together, and enjoying ourselves greatly, although at the time the country was in the throes of an internecine war.

A walk of a mile brought us to the mouth of the Vaivasa river, a small stream flowing into the sea from the littoral on our right. The tide was high; therefore we hailed a picket stationed in the trenches on the opposite bank, and asked them in a jocular manner not to fire at us while we were wading across. To our surprise—for we were both well known to the contending parties and on very friendly terms with them—half a dozen men sprang up and excitedly bade us not attempt to cross.

"Go further up the bank and cross to our ole (lives) in a canoe," added a young Manono chief, whose family I knew well. "There is a tanifa about. We saw it last night."

That was quite enough for us—for the name tanifa sent a cold chill down our backs. We turned to the right, and after walking a quarter of a mile came to a hut on the bank at a spot regarded as neutral ground. Here we found some women and children, and a canoe; and in less than five minutes we were landed on the other side, the women chorusing the dreadful fate that would have befallen us had we attempted to cross the mouth of the river.

"E lima gafa le umi!" ("Tis five fathoms long!") cried one old dame.

"And a fathom wide at the shoulders," said another lady, with a shudder. "It hath come to the mouth of the Vaivasa because it hath smelt the blood of the three men who were killed in the river here two days ago."

"We'll hear the true yarn presently," said my companion as we walked down the left-hand bank of the river. "There must be a tanifa cruising about, or else those Manono fellows wouldn't have been so scared at us wanting to cross."

As soon as we reached the young chief's quarters we were made very welcome, and were obliged to remain and share supper with him and his men—all stalwart young natives from the little island of Manono, a lovely spot situated in the straits separating Upolu from Savaii. Placing our guns and bags in the care of one of the warriors, we took our seats on the matted floor and filled our pipes; and, whilst a bowl of kava was being prepared, Li'o, the young chief, told us about the advent of the tanifa.

Let me first explain, before giving the chief's statement, that the tanifa is a somewhat rare and greatly dreaded member of the shark family. By many white residents it was believed occasionally to measure from 20 to 25 feet in length—as a matter of fact it seldom exceeds ten feet; but its great girth and solitary, nocturnal habit have invested it, even to the native mind, with fictional powers of voracity and destruction. However, although the natives' accounts of the creature are exaggerated, it is really a dreadful monster, and is the more dangerous to human life because of the persistency with which it frequents muddy and shallow water at the mouths of streams, particularly after a freshet caused by heavy rain,

when its presence cannot be discerned.

Into the port of Apia there fall two small streams—called rivers by the local people—the Mulivai and the Vaisigago. I was fortunate enough to see specimens of the tanifa on three occasions, twice at the Vaisigago and once at the mouth of the Mulivai; but I had never seen one caught, or even sufficiently exposed to give an idea of its proportions. However, many natives—particularly an old Karatongan named Hapai, who lived in Apia and was the proud capturer of several tanifa—gave me a reliable description, which I afterwards verified. A tanifa ten feet long, Hapai assured me, was an enormously bulky and powerful creature, with jaws and teeth much larger than an ocean-haunting shark of double that length; and its width across the shoulders was very great. Although it generally swam slowly, it would, when it had once sighted its prey, dart along the water with great rapidity, without causing a ripple. At a village in Savaii, a powerfully-built woman, who was incautiously bathing at the mouth of a stream, was suddenly swept away by one of these sharks almost before she could utter a cry, so swiftly and suddenly was she seized. Several attempts were made to capture the brute, which continued to haunt the scene of the tragedy for several days; but it was too cunning to take a hook, and was never caught.

The tanifa which had been seen by the young Manono chief and his men the preceding evening had made its appearance soon after darkness had fallen, and had cruised to and fro across the mouth of the Vaivasa till the tide began to fall, when it made its way seaward through a passage in the reef. It was, so Li'o assured me, quite eight feet in length and very wide across the head and shoulders. The water was clear, and by the bright starlight they could discern its movements very easily; once it came well into the river and remained stationary for some minutes, lying under about two feet of water. Some of the Manono men, hailing a picket of the enemy on the opposite bank of the river, asked for a ten minutes' truce to try and shoot it. This was granted; and, standing on the top of the sandy trench; half a dozen young fellows fired a volley at the shark from their Sniders. None of the bullets took effect, and the tanifa sailed slowly off again, to cruise to and fro for another hour, watching for any hapless person who might cross the river.

Just as the kava was being handed round, some children who were on watch cried out that the tanifa had come. Springing to his feet, Li'o again hailed the enemy's picket on the other side, and a truce was agreed to, so that "the white men could have a look at the malie" (shark).

Thirty or 40 yards away was what seemed to be a huge, irregular, wavering mass of phosphorus, which as it drew nearer revealed the outlines of the dreaded fish. It came in straight for the mouth of the creek, passed over the pebbly bar, and then swam leisurely about in the brackish water, moving from bank to bank less than a dozen feet from the shore. The stream of bright, phosphorescent light which had surrounded its body when it first appeared had now, owing to there being but a minor degree of phosphorus in the brackish water, given place to a dull, sickly-greenish reflection, accentuated, however, by thin, vivid streaks caused by the exudation from the nostrils and gills of viscid matter common to some species of sharks, and giving it a truly terrifying appearance. Presently a couple of men, taking careful aim, fired at the creature's head; in an instant it darted off with extraordinary velocity, rushing through the water like a submerged comet, if I may use the illustration. Both of the men who had fired were confident their bullets had struck and badly wounded the shark, but were greatly disgusted when, ten minutes afterwards, it again appeared, swimming leisurely about at 30 yards from the beach.

Three days later, as we were returning to Apia, we were told by our native friends that the shark still haunted the mouth of the Vaivasa, and I determined to capture it. I sent Alan on board the cutter for our one shark-hook—a hook which had done much execution among the scaprowlers. Although not of the largest size, being only ten inches in the shank, it was made of splendid steel, and we had frequently caught 15-foot sharks with it at sea. It was a cherished possession with us, and we always kept it and the four feet of chain attached to it bright and clean.

In the evening Alan returned, accompanied by the local pilot (Capt. Hamilton) and the master of a German bark. They wanted "to see the fun." We soon had everything in readiness. The hook—baited with the belly portion of a freshly-killed pig, which the Manono people had commandeered from a bush village—was buoyed to a piece of light pua wood to keep it from sinking; and then, with 20 fathoms of brand-new whale line attached, we let it drift out into the center of the passage. Making our end of the line fast to the trunk

of a coconut tree, we set some children to watch, and went into the trenches to drink some kava, smoke and gossip. We had not long to wait—barely half an hour—when we heard a warning yell from the watchers. The tanifa was in sight! Jumping up, and tumbling over each other in our eagerness, we rushed out. Alas! we were too late; for the shark, instead of approaching in its usual leisurely manner, made a straight dart at the bait, and before we could free our end of the line it was as taut as an iron bar, and the creature, with the hook firmly fastened in his jaw, was plowing the water into foam amid yells of excitement from the natives. Then suddenly the line fell slack, and the half dozen men who were holding it went over on their backs.

In mournful silence we hauled in the line. Then, oh, woe! the hook—our prized, beautiful hook—was gone, and with it two feet of the chain, which had parted at the center swivel. That particular tanifa was seen no more.

Nearly two months later, two of a much larger size appeared at the mouth of the Vaivasa. Several of the white residents tried night after night to hook them, but the monsters refused to look at the baits. Then appeared on the scene an old one-eyed Malay named 'Reo, who asserted he could kill them easily. The way he set to work was described to me by the natives who witnessed the operations. Taking a piece of green bamboo about four feet in length, he split from it two strips, each an inch wide. After charring the points he sharpened the ends carefully; then, by great pressure, he coiled them up into a small compass as possible, keeping the whole in position by sewing the coil up in the fresh skin of a fish known as the isumu—a species of the "leather-jacket." Next he asked to be provided with two dogs. A couple of curs were soon provided, killed, and the viscera removed. The coils of bamboo were then placed in the vacancy, and the skin of the bellies stitched up with small wooden skewers. That completed the preparation of the baits.

As soon as the two sharks made their appearance one of the dogs was thrown to the water, and was quickly swallowed. Then the second followed, and it was quickly seized by the second tanifa. The sharks remained cruising about for some hours, then went off as the tide began to fall.

On the following evening they did not turn up, nor on the next, and the Malay insisted that within five days both would be dead. As soon as the dogs were digested, he said, the thin fish-skin would follow, the bamboo-coil would fly apart, and the sharpened ends penetrate not only the sharks' bellies, but protrude through the outer skin as well.

Quite a week afterwards, during which time neither of the tanifa had been seen, the smaller of the two was found dead on the beach at Vailele Plantation, about four miles from the Vaivasa. It was examined by numbers of people, and presented a curious but horrible sight; one end of the bamboo spring was protruding over a foot from the belly, which was so cut and lacerated by the agonized efforts of the monster to free itself from the instrument of torture that much of the intestines was gone. That the larger of these dreaded fish had died in the same manner there was no reason to doubt; but probably it had sunk in the deep water outside the barrier-reef.—Chambers' Journal.

THE GRAND MEDICINE MAN.

Necessary Acquirements of the Indian Who Would Become a Wisecrone in His Tribe.

The ceremony of the Grand Medicine is an elaborate ritual, covering several days, the endless number of gods and spirits being called upon minister to the sick man and to lengthen his life. The several degrees of the Grand Medicine teach the use of incantations, of medicines and poisons, and the requirements necessary to constitute a brave, says the Open Court. "When a young man seeks admission to the Grand Medicine lodge, he first fasts until he sees in his dream some animal (the mink, beaver, otter and fisher being most common), which he hunts and kills. The skin is then ornamented with beads or porcupine quills, and the spirit of the animal becomes the friend and companion of the man." The medicine men have only a limited knowledge of herbs, but they are expert in dressing wounds, and the art of extracting barbed arrows from the flesh can be learned from them.

In olden times—yes, to within the memory of living Ojibways—the medicine man at the funeral ceremony thus addressed the departed: "Dear friend, you will not feel lonely while pursuing your journey toward the setting sun. I have killed for you a Sioux (hated enemy of the Ojibways) and I have scalped him. He will accompany you and provide for you, hunting your food as you need it. The scalp I have taken, use it for your moccasins."

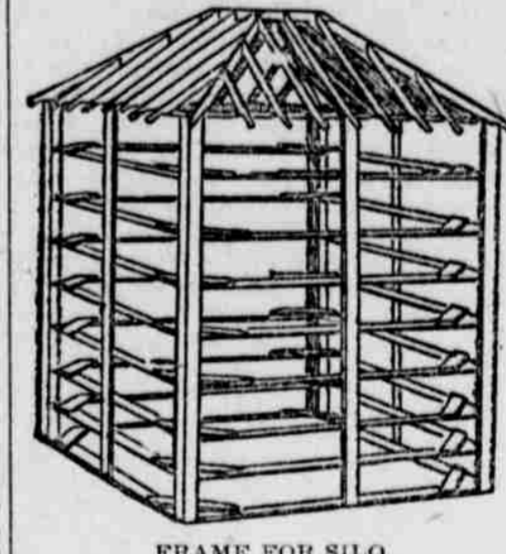
AGRICULTURAL HINTS

SILO CONSTRUCTION.

Observations and Experience of an Ohio Farmer Who Says He Has No Ax to Grind.

Before binding my silo I examined silos of different construction, some of stone, some of cement and others of wood; some round and some square. Then I built my silo of wood, square, with corners well rounded. I aimed to make my silo strong and cheap. There are many methods of construction, some complicated and costly. But I still think that the simplest, strongest, cheapest airtight pit that will preserve the silage is the best.

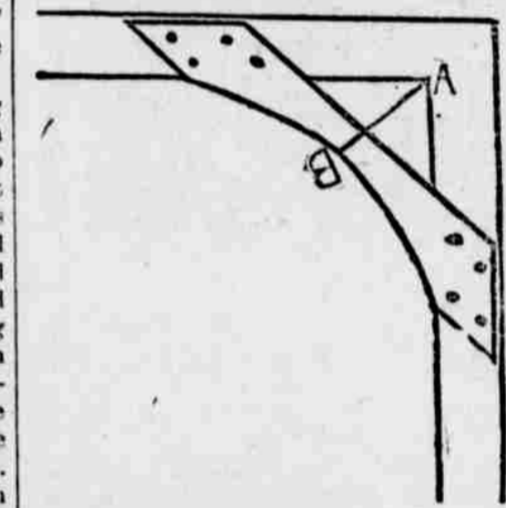
I believe that for the best practical results the diameters should



FRAME FOR SILO.

range from 12 to 16 feet, according to the amount of stock fed from the silo. I do not think it advisable or practical to build a silo smaller than 12 feet square or 12 feet in diameter. And rather than go above 16 or 18 feet in diameter I advise increasing the capacity by building more silos. The craze just now is for the round stave silos, but I think the average farmer who expects to build a silo would better build a square frame with rounded corners, for the following reasons:

A square wood silo with ribs or girts around it horizontally, lined up and down inside and weatherboarded outside, whether built in a barn or outside, whether tied to another building or standing alone, will always be firm and rigid, and will not suffer from the drying-out process



CORNER OF THE SILO.

that occurs during the hot weather, when the silo is empty. And this, I think, is a strong point in favor of the frame silo. I have learned of round silos that went to wreck, like an old barrel, in the dry weather. In the Wisconsin bulletin No. 83 the writer says he visited a number of stave silos that were badly damaged and wrecked in this drying-out process and by the wind. In my judgment this wrecking process would be worse in a silo where the staves had been spliced, for they must be made weaker in splicing the staves.

As I am not a draughtsman, I inclose an illustration from the Wisconsin bulletin that exactly indicates the framework of my silo, except that my silo is 30 feet high and that the girts are closer than here indicated. The corner pieces or segments are not properly indicated in the cut, so I have drawn another sketch that more clearly indicates them. In Fig. 2 you will see that I have the corner well rounded. From the inside of the corner (A) to the face of the segment (B) is 12 inches, and we have no trouble in going around this corner with ordinary tongued and grooved flooring. We lined this framework with yellow pine flooring and gave it a coat of hot coal tar every year; one dollar's worth of tar and one dollar's worth of labor are ample for this work. It is airtight and preserves the silage perfectly, and I believe if the tarring is not neglected the lining will last indefinitely. Some advocate a brick lining, but I do not think this practical, for the crevices would let in the air and the outside woodwork could not well be made airtight. While in wood-lined silo, tongued and grooved, the moisture of the silage will at once swell it into an airtight condition, and when the tarring is well done the drying out is re-

duced to the minimum and the wood protected against decay.

The next pit I will build will be of the same construction, but larger. I believe it is practical to build them firm enough and strong enough against any bulging, up to 16 feet square. I do not think cement at all practical in silo construction (except as a foundation), for the least swelling or contraction would crack and break the coating and let the air in.—M. C. Morris, in Ohio Farmer.

ORCHARD CULTIVATION.

Lack of It Is the Chief Cause of Barrenness, According to a Canadian Authority.

A Canadian fruit grower says that from his own experience and that of many others the conviction is firmly formed that the lack of proper cultivation is the chief cause of barrenness in orchards, although there are many other causes. The cultivation of an orchard should begin before it is set, by having the soil in a spledid state of tilth and rich. The selection of a site is of importance. Peaches and apples do best on a lighter soil, but not leachy. Pears and plums do better in a heavier soil. Do not attempt to grow any kind of a grain or hay crop. They draw too heavily on the moisture which your trees require, and you cannot conserve it by cultivation. You may grow a hoed crop for a few years, but do not get too near your trees. As the roots extend keep back with your crop. Put in a hoed crop that comes off the ground early or that does not occasion any moving of the soil in the late summer or fall season. As an instance, early potatoes may be grown because they are off the ground in good time, but not late ones, for the harvesting of them keeps the soil open and prevents the proper ripening of the wood. Many young trees have been damaged or killed by lack of care in this line. A young orchard that has been enriched and well tilled tending to grow an excess of wood may be thrown by seeding down, but do not leave your seeding but a short time, as an orchard in sod will begin to go down before you are aware of it. As soon as your orchard begins to bear stop growing a crop of any kind and cultivate shallow. As soon as the ground is in a proper condition in spring begin cultivating, and keep it mellow and well tilled until about the first of August, then if your soil is lacking in nitrogen (if the suckers show a growth of 12 inches and the leaves are a good, healthy, dark green, it is indicative that nitrogen is not deficient) seed with clover and plow under, shallow, the following June. If clover will not take, try peas. If you are not needing nitrogen, then sow some rye, but it must be plowed early in the following spring or it will rob your trees of moisture which they need later on. Some sow oats, but barley usually makes a ranker growth than the oats during the fall season. These crops die and form a splendid covering for the land, protecting the roots and making the soil much more receptive to the rainfall, which is a valuable consideration. A good cultivator or disc harrow will put your soil in good condition in the spring without the use of the plow. Cultivate thoroughly.—Prairie Farmer.

Great Variations in Milk.

Great variations are noticeable in the portions of milk drawn consecutively from the udder of the cow. At the New York station a cow was milked pint by pint and each pint was tested for fat. The following results were obtained: 0.85, 1.43, 1.68, 2.02, 2.23, 2.65, 3.28, 3.74, 4.05, 4.86, 4.48, 4.30, 5.23. There is a difference between the first and last pint of over 600 per cent. Cows at different ages produce milk varying in richness. One agricultural writer says that a young cow produces richer milk than does an old cow. We are not yet ready to accept this statement as a fact.—Farmers' Voice.

Modern Methods in the Dairy.

The question of breeds and breeding is an important and interesting subject—one on which there is room for great difference of opinion; but the matter of testing the cows to learn definitely whether they are paying their way decently or not is now so simple that there is little excuse for going on with our work blindly or with inglorious uncertainty, and if by testing we find that there are inferior producers in the herd consuming as much food as the superior producers it is clearly in order to insist on their expulsion and the substitution of a more profitable machine as soon as practicable.—Dairy and Creamery.

Rape Not Good for Horses.

Rape is essentially a sheep feed. Prof. Shaw, of Minnesota, who introduced rape into this country, says that it is an ideal succulent crop for sheep, but does not recommend it for horses and milch cows. If horses will eat it they should not be permitted to pasture on it only for a short time each day. We doubt if they will eat it if they can get grass or hay. If you have some sheep they will make good gains on rape and will eat it with avidity.—Farmers' Voice.