

Samoa, 1892

March 1st
Faivina.

My dear Joe.

I have received a very good photograph of you by Joe for which I thank him very much.

This terrible blow to poor Melly was not unexpected to us, nor, I think, to her. I shall always be so sorry that you were born a deaf mute; I know how much you would have liked him. Sis's mother was charmed with him; he was so frank and kind, and yet dignified. Sis and I had a very deep affection for him, as well as respect. I have proposed to Melly that I send to her Bell's little boy, and that the two children

go to the proprietary school of the Uni-
versity in California. After a long
illness Adolph cannot have left very
much behind him, and I want to
help help Betty in some way that can
not wound her pride. I am, too, very
glad of the opportunity of sending Austin,
for he is sitting too old to be taught at
home now. Austin is rather a stupid
child and will never do much with
his books, but that is one reason for
sending him as far as we can. Keller's
boy is different; a perfect whirlwind
of energy, and plenty of intellect.

We were flattery ourselves that we
were going to have peace in the Islands,
but the negotiations seem to have fallen

though. It can be only through the meddling of white men, and if the war comes on, it will be their doing. As to us, we are in a curious position, being friendly with both sides, as we are with the missionaries, but is the only house where there is intimacy with both priests and protestant clergymen, to be sure there are a number of people who won't speak to Shyde because he went over to the rebel camp to visit Mataafa. When Shyde was in San Francisco & his amusement he heard that this visit had been reported in Washington. The people who work on our place are half on one side, and half on the other, and all good friends.

we had an odd funeral here the other day. We found the bones of a man lying not very far from the house, under a tree. Some examined the remains and came to the conclusion that there were two heads to one body; his thing is that a soldier, ^{perhaps} probably in the last ~~war~~ war, had cut off his enemy's head in the Samran fashion, and being mortally wounded had crawled into the bush to die, still holding on to his prize. At any rate, we invited the American Consul General Mr. Sewell, his father, and a brother of Ryder Hays and the minister to the burial of the bones. All of our men were dressed up in new waist clothes with flowers in their heads, and shone with the oil they had rubbed themselves down with. Some made

an address, also Mr Sewell, and they
paid off a salute over the grave. Then,
as old Mr Sewell wished to see what
a tropical jungle was like, we took
him into the very heart of the bush where
to his great surprise he found a table
~~spread~~ out in a little glade beside a
stream, with oranges and guava
nuts, and beer chilled in the river.

We sat down on the benches and rested
and Mr Haggard made a very nice
speech. My boys managed everything
beautifully, and I was startled myself
when we suddenly came upon the
seats and table covered with a red and
white cloth, and the shining glasses,
and the crowd of fine looking young

standing in a circle outside ready to
'jump' at a word.

I hope, if you saw that picture in
the newspaper of our house that you
did not think it a truthful one. Our
house is really very pretty and not in
the least like that ugly woodcut. We
have some photographs taken of the
place, but cannot get them printed,
of course I shall send you some
whenever we get them; but you must
not be shocked at the small amount
of clothing worn by our people. Our
men often have on nothing at all
but a handful of green leaves.

Joe Stang was just telling me that when he first came here he was invited to a picnic by the civilized native ladies. An old woman attended them carrying a large ~~bag~~ carrying a large ~~bag~~ ~~with~~ a cover. A heavy rain came on, when to Joe's surprise, the ladies tore off their fine European clothes which were packed in the bucket by the old woman. Each young lady after she had stripped to the skin leisurely pulled leaves off a tree and lashed herself a little fringe that she tied round her waist. It was a little while before Son's mother could get used to being waited on at table by what she called a naked tattooed man.

One of our men has just nearly died from the operation of
tattooing. It sensibly begins at the waist and goes to just
below the knees, and gives the effect of dark blue lace knee
breeches. I must stop, for here comes a tattooed man
with almost nothing else to clothe him to say that it is time
to begin cooking dinner and the cook is away, and will I
please show him how to do it. So, with much love to
you all, goodbye.

Affectionate yours

Fanny.