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## Wandering from Home to Home.

When swallows were building in early spring  
And the roses were red in June;  
When the great white lilies were fair and sweet,  
In the heat of the August noon;  
When the winds were blowing the yellow wheat,  
And the song of the harvest nigh,  
And the beautiful world lay calm and sweet,  
In the joy of a cloudless sky—  
Then the swallows were full of glad content  
In the hope of their Northern nest;  
Were sure that the land they were tarrying  
In  
Of all other lands was the best.  
Ah! if they had heard in those blissful days  
The voice they must heed say, "Go,"  
They had left their nests with a keen regret,  
And their flight had been sad and slow.  
But when summer was gone and flowers  
Were dead,  
And the brown leaves fell with a sigh,  
And they watched the sun setting every day  
Further on in the northern sky,  
Then the voice was sweet when it bid them  
"Go."  
They were eager for southward flight,  
And they beat their wings to a new-born  
hope  
When they went at the morning light.  
If the way was long, yet the way was glad,  
And they brighter and brighter grew,  
As they dipped their wings in the glowing  
heat,  
As they still to the southward flew;  
Till they found the land of the summer sun,  
The land where the nightingale sings,  
And joyfully rested 'mid rose and song  
Their beautiful weary wings.  
Like swallows we wander from home to  
home—  
We are birds of passage at best—  
In many a spot we have dwelt awhile,  
We have built us many a nest.  
But the heart of the Father will touch our  
hearts,  
We will speak to us soft and low,  
We shall follow the voice to the better land,  
And its bliss and its beauty know.  
—Mary A. Barr, in Harper's Weekly.

## A STRANGE STORY.

CHAPTER I.  
"To take whatever the gods may send,  
Putting to scruples and doubts an end,  
Is the sensible way to live, my friend."  
So sang a clear voice, with more of  
nature than cultivation in it. Perhaps  
there was more of conviction and  
acquiescence in it than of music.  
Whether there be such a thing as  
"luck" or not, it is certain that care-  
less Guy Crawford had found life very  
good and the world very pleasant while  
taking "whatever the gods had sent"  
him.  
The scene was scarcely calculated to  
stimulate one to musical efforts. Over-  
head were the wet and drooping  
branches of the trees, under foot the  
soaked soil, and all around the dreary  
moan of the rain-laden wind.  
The rain had fallen all day long in  
an almost silent torrent. As evening  
came on it had lessened a little, while  
the wind had increased in power. The  
world seemed to be a dreary, vacant  
realm of night and storm.  
But Guy Crawford, wet and weary,  
cold and in darkness, alone and lost,  
tramped sturdily on; and as he pressed  
forward he sang, over and over again:  
"To take whatever the gods may send,  
Putting to scruples and doubts an end,  
Is the sensible way to live, my friend."  
Guy Crawford had left the little  
railroad station at noon. He expected  
his friend there to meet him, but he  
had been disappointed. Asking the  
station-master for directions he set  
out on foot for his destination.  
It involved walking twenty miles;  
but he said to himself that he liked  
walking.  
It rained; but rain was better than  
heat and dust.  
Guy Crawford readily met each ob-  
jection which came up in his mind.  
His friend would send for his baggage,  
he said to himself; his friend could  
lend him dry clothes when he arrived;  
his friend would have a warm welcome  
for him.  
Guy would have laughed at being  
thought more than a moderately sens-  
ible young man. But the man who  
let the clearer hopes of his future shut  
down so near together in his mind as  
to make the present almost unreal,  
was a philosopher, whether he knew it  
or not.  
When night had fallen Crawford  
realized that he was lost. He believed  
it might be midnight now; he could  
only dimly discern objects about him;  
he had not seen a human face or a hu-  
man habitation for hours.  
But he sang, nevertheless, as we  
have said, and in the song only side of  
his character stood fully revealed. Guy  
Crawford would take life cheerfully as  
it came. He would not pause in a  
course which opened before him be-  
cause of doubts as to the end of it all.  
But, despite the debarment way in  
which he sang of putting scruples to  
an end, there was a strong undercur-  
rent of principle and honor in the  
course of this man's life, for all the  
manifold ebbs and flows on the sur-  
face—ebbs and flows which ran to and  
fro with the varying impulses of cir-  
cumstances, or fate.  
Guy Crawford would have thought  
of no alternative. He would have  
said "fate" at once.  
He sang the three lines over again;  
then muttered to himself:  
"That's all right; but it is a very  
natural thing for one to ask himself  
why in the world Clinton was not at  
the station?"  
Down the rainy gale ran his voice  
again.  
"To take whatever the gods may send,  
Putting—"  
"Stop your noise!" said a harsh  
voice at his elbow, and a heavy hand  
was laid on his shoulder. "Stop your  
noise."  
Something else touched his forehead;  
he could not see what it was. His im-  
pulse to fight was conquered by its

contact, however, for he guessed that  
it was the muzzle of a revolver.  
"Bring a lantern!" said the man  
who had captured Guy; and a light  
was produced almost immediately.  
But little was visible. The rain-  
drops on the branches shone in the  
light, and, having hung for a moment  
in brightness, dropped one by one into  
the blackness; trees and a fence near  
by stood half-outlined.  
There were several horses tied to  
the fence—horses which looked spec-  
tral and shadowy as Guy saw them.  
In the center of the lighted space  
there were two men besides Guy. Both  
were evidently disguised and both were  
heavily armed.  
"Come on," said both of them in a  
breath to Guy; and one of them added:  
"Don't you dare to make a noise  
about a whisper."  
The light went out; a hand rested in  
anything but a gentle manner on each  
shoulder, and the philosophical singer  
was hurried away by his two strange  
captors.  
Guy Crawford was not frightened;  
he was surprised and startled, but not  
frightened. He had little money with  
him, no valuable jewels, only an old  
watch, no papers. Robbery would be  
nothing to him.  
He didn't exactly welcome the curi-  
ous episode in which he was taking an  
involuntary part; but he thought of it  
in wonder, instead of fear.  
The line he had been singing ran  
through his mind—"Then to take  
whatever the gods may send"—and  
only half took his mind away, regard-  
ing as a ludicrous comment on the senti-  
ment it expressed, burst upon him.  
To have saved his life he couldn't have  
helped it—he laughed out loud!  
"You infernal fool!" hissed one of  
the men in his ear. "This isn't funny,  
even if you think so."  
"I know it," answered Guy; "it's  
a very solemn and serious affair. But  
only half takes my mind away, and  
watch at once, and let me go?"  
"We don't want your money and  
watch, man! We've money and  
watches enough, without going hunt-  
ing for them on such a night as this.  
What we want is a man. We want  
you!"  
They walked for a while in a com-  
paratively open road; they turned  
aside into a narrow path later. At  
length they climbed a stile and entered  
an inclosure.  
The dim light of the stormy night  
was enough to show white and indist-  
inct masses here and there. Guy  
recognized them as monuments and  
headstones. They had entered a  
cemetery.  
A walk of a quarter of an hour—  
really that, but seemingly longer—had  
carried them into what Guy felt was a  
particularly desolate and retired part  
of this desolate and retired place.  
They made a turn in an avenue  
which was closely hedged with ever-  
green, and a strange scene lay before  
them.  
Half-dozen lanterns stood on the  
ground or hung from the trees. In  
the space thus lighted a group of six  
men and one woman stood near a large  
and handsome monument. The woman  
was wrapped in a long cloak and was  
heavily veiled. Her arms were bound  
to her sides.  
She stood in a dejected attitude, lean-  
ing against the monument. Guy Crawford  
could believe she was crying from  
the way her head was bent; but her  
face was concealed from even the  
slightest view.  
One old gray-haired man, with a  
frightened face, stood near her; his  
hands, too, were bound. The rest of  
the men were free, were disguised,  
some of them with masks, and were as  
well-armed as the two who had cap-  
tured Guy.  
One of the captors held Guy Craw-  
ford, while the other stepped across  
the lighted space to the man who  
seemed to be the chief. The leader  
made an impatient movement, and  
said something in a tone so low that  
no one but the men to whom he spoke  
could hear it. He was evidently angry.  
The man answered in a louder tone:  
"Not the right man? How was I  
to know? I wouldn't have supposed  
more than one man would be tramp-  
ing about the country on such a night  
except he was well paid for it. This  
fellow came along shouting some non-  
sense about 'taking what the gods send'  
and we took him at his word."  
The leader laughed—a low, stifled  
laugh it was; a laugh that was shut  
in by the disguise which covered his  
face—but it showed that something  
had pleased him.  
He spoke again, and as low as be-  
fore; and the impatient man with his  
hands bound answered:  
"He'll do you, say? I should hope  
so. Why, I wouldn't go hunting  
through this black night for another  
one for twice the pay you offer!"  
The leader spoke again and the man  
before him nodded and turned away.  
He spoke loud enough for all to hear:  
"Whoever fails to do what he is or-  
dered to-night will not have a chance  
to disobey orders again in this world!"  
To the woman he said:  
"You know this place? It is your  
father's grave."  
Her head was bowed and remained  
bent lower than before.  
He turned to the old man.  
"You know the girl? You preached  
at his funeral who lies here."  
"I know her. I knew him. You  
are right," he said.  
Morning again. Rain still falling,  
but a break in the clouds low down in  
the eastern sky almost lets the sun-  
light through.  
The party who have made the past  
night a mystery are mounted now—all  
but Guy Crawford. The two cap-  
tives are captives still—he alone is  
free. The one who has been spokes-  
man during the night turns to him as  
they are ready to move off.

"As our way lies east this morn-  
ing, your lies west. You may go first.  
Never cross the path of any of us again,  
and be thankful in any of the gods sent  
you last night there was hope for you.  
Be thankful for life this morning."  
CHAPTER II.  
It is a beautiful morning. Fall has  
come, but it is not late. Many sum-  
mer tourists will linger at mountain  
and ocean for weeks yet.  
A young man walks along a narrow  
strip of sand. At his right is the ocean,  
smooth as the summer sea, free from  
the buffeting hands of the storm, ever  
becomes. At his left is a low line of  
cliffs, high in some places. They are  
scarcely more than twenty feet oppo-  
site him.  
We have thus far had only the  
merest glimpse of this man. Looking  
at him now, we see that he is young  
and strong, handsome and noble-look-  
ing, and with one paradox written on  
his mobile face—a puzzled look of care  
in the midst of a carelessness which  
nature gave him when she endowed  
him with the characteristics which  
make him what he is.  
We have heard more of him in the  
past than we have seen of him. Let  
us listen now. He is singing, a little  
more thoughtfully perhaps than when  
we heard him something more than a  
year ago, but much the same as then:  
"Then take whatever the gods may send,  
Putting to scruples and doubts an end,  
Is the sensible way to live, my friend."  
"Goodness gracious!"  
The climax was not unnatural when  
one considers the cause. A lady had  
ventured too near the edge of the  
cliff, and went over just as he came  
opposite her.  
Although steep the cliffs were not  
perpendicular, and Guy sprang forward  
and helped break the fall by catching  
the young lady in his arms.  
She was unconscious when he caught  
her, but recovered enough to smile her  
thanks to him, and to present the  
three young men who climbed hurriedly  
down to the beach to her aid as her  
three cousins.  
Guy had done little—except act on  
the prompt impulse in his favor of  
saving the lady who would have fallen  
on the sand but for him, and had  
already escaped the danger of the rocks  
on the way down.  
She had, however, or affected to  
have, a great deal of gratitude, and  
Guy Crawford always found a smile of  
welcome for him when he sought her  
side.  
To be with her became a habit, a  
joy, a part of his very life.  
The three cousins might look coldly  
at him; he never knew it. The woman  
might be more than kind to him; he  
never guessed it. His own heart might  
have startled his intelligence, but he  
never questioned it.  
Never any of these, until he stood  
one night with a telegram from his  
employers in his hand. His vacation,  
which was to have lasted for a month  
longer, must close. He had only one  
more day to remain.  
In the light of coming parting he  
knew it all at last.  
"I cannot go," he said; "I cannot  
leave her! But I must."  
"If I thought a little; I should have  
said: 'I had only known I should have  
gone long ago. For her peace and  
mine I should have gone. I see it  
now.'"  
Miss Maude Walton waited longer  
than usual that evening for the cus-  
tomer invitation for a walk along the  
beach.  
Guy Crawford felt that farewell  
must be short, and he knew that, in  
honesty, it must be hard.  
Together in the moonlight night  
they walked along the sands. The  
gravest crisis in their lives stood before  
them.  
He could not know how much of life  
and happiness lay within the reach of  
his hand if he put it forth in truth and  
honor. He could not guess how much  
the woman before him would shut back  
behind her lips and never utter, though  
the silence slew her heart, if a coward  
and a traitor sought what she might  
say.  
"I am going away to-morrow. I  
have received a telegram which makes  
it imperative."  
"Yes," she answered, with much  
the look that a heathen priestess might  
wear who found a flaw in the idol she  
served.  
But a look of faith in his truth came  
back to her face as he continued:  
"Yes, I am going; I ought to have  
gone before. I never knew—God help  
me!—until to-night that I loved you.  
I have been blind to my own heart. I  
must tell you I love you—I do; but  
we can never be more than friends."  
"You have not asked me to give  
you any hope."  
"No—nor shall I. I have no right  
to do so."  
"A true woman would never let a  
lack of wealth deter her."  
"I know it."  
"I refused each of my cousins to-  
day."  
"I am sorry. Since I can never  
win you for my wife I wish some  
noble man the good fortune which  
cannot be mine."  
"One of my cousins is not a good  
man. One of them is as great a  
scoundrel as ever lived."  
"You should find some little excuse  
for him in the fact that he loves you.  
No man can be wholly bad who truly  
loves a good woman."  
"He doesn't love me. He merely  
pretends he does."  
"Merely pretends. I don't under-  
stand."  
"I'll explain to you. I have a small  
fortune from an aunt, but my father's  
fortune was left with strange con-  
ditions. He loved my cousins almost  
as well as he did me. He wanted me  
to marry one of them, but he did not care  
to say which one. If his wishes were  
carried out I was to have half his for-  
tune and each of my cousins a fourth.

Unless I marry one of them I lose my  
share, and it will be divided among  
them. Unless each asks me except  
for the reason that I am already en-  
gaged to one of the others, he loses his  
share, to be divided among the rest.  
Two of these men love me. One does  
not. But my share of half a million  
dollars would be a temptation to any  
scoundrel, wouldn't it?"  
"Perhaps so. I can scarcely say  
how low a man might fall. Which  
one is it?"  
A look of puzzled horror settled  
down on her face.  
"I don't know which one and I  
never shall," she said.  
"What do you mean?"  
"He came a step nearer."  
"Tell me why you have not asked  
me to be your wife, while you still say  
you love me, and I will tell you."  
"You will not believe me. You  
will think I am a mere trifler."  
"Tell me the truth, no matter how  
strange it is."  
"Well, I will. Somewhere in the  
world I have wife living. I never  
saw her, I never expect to know her.  
I married her one night at her father's  
grave, with a revolver at my head.  
She was closely veiled. My captors  
and hers were in disguise. I love you,  
but a minister married me to her. The  
rascals forced him to give her a regu-  
lar certificate; my name is in it. It  
is legally binding. I think it is even  
morally binding, since I chose it de-  
liberately rather than death."  
"Guy Crawford, my name is in that  
certificate, too, and the certificate is in  
my pocket. One of my cousins was  
the leader in that plot which robbed  
me of my fortune. God only knows  
which one of the three it was, except  
the coward hirelings who helped him.  
Had you tried to win my promise to  
be your wife without owing to this,  
I should have carried my secret to my  
grave with me. But I love you, and I  
have tried as hard as a woman modestly  
may to win you. I think I have  
loved you ever since that terrible night  
when you became my husband. Are  
you satisfied to take what the gods  
have sent you?"  
CHAPTER III.  
Our closing scene is five years later.  
The marriage which had taken place  
in that rainy night had been suppli-  
mented by another ceremony—a happy  
one this time.  
The guilty man has died and has  
confessed his crime. The other two  
cousins have restored the money that  
the young wife should justly have.  
It is evening. Mrs. Crawford has  
just told the wonderful story of her-  
self and her husband to an interested  
audience of neighbors and friends.  
The natural question suggests it-  
self, "a half-dozen in concert."  
"The question as to why you were  
not at the station to meet him, Clin-  
ton?" says a practical man.  
"My question is as to whether Guy  
Crawford would have found life as  
happy as he has if Clinton had met  
him?" asks a speculative one.  
Providence and fate, chance and co-  
incidence, each of these had its ad-  
vantage in the group, and in favor of  
each there are questions asked.  
Up the hill comes the manly form of  
Guy Crawford. The light of the set-  
ting sun shines around him. His boy  
runs to meet him, and the wife and  
mother follows the two with a  
look of which father and son may well  
be proud.  
"Hark," says Clinton, "I hear the  
heart of my question beating up the  
beach."  
"All listen, and up the hill comes the  
music of a happy and honest heart."  
"Then to take whatever the gods may send,  
Putting to scruples and doubts an end,  
Is the sensible way to live, my friend."  
As the voice ceases Clinton asks,  
"Is the song true?"  
A natural question, dear reader, is it?

## Mostern Forms and Ceremonies.

The life of a good Moslem seems all  
interwoven with forms and cere-  
monies, and the law of the Koran or some  
such sacred words seems forever on  
his lips, mixing most freely with all  
secular matters. No action, however  
trivial, may be commenced without  
commending it to Allah. A Moham-  
medan will not even light a lamp  
without blessing the name of the  
prophet. Even the cries of the street-  
hawkers bring in frequent allusions to  
a spiritual market, as when the poor  
water-carrier offers a cup of cool, re-  
freshing water, to all passers-by, cry-  
ing aloud, "Oh! may God reward  
me!" Whatever be the matter in  
hand, one of the company will cer-  
tainly utter some such reminder as  
"Semmo," and his friends will reply  
"Bismillah," meaning in the name of  
God. In truth, the fatalism of which  
we hear so much seems little else than  
a strong faith; a power of living calmly  
in the presence of God (just as the  
strongest practical characteristic  
of a poor Hindoo's faith seems to be a  
simple submission to the will of the  
Almighty, under whatever name he  
may recognize Him). So faith or fatal-  
ism seems well nigh to merge, and our  
own Scotch expression of "It  
wasn't to be" seems tolerably akin  
to the "Kismet" of the East. I remem-  
ber an old household being sorely per-  
turbed at having knocked over and  
smashed a valuable china vase; but a  
few minutes later she recovered her  
equanimity and exclaimed, "Well,  
well! it had been long" the family,  
and it had been long" so saying the  
flattering unctious to her soul she  
went calmly on with her dusting.  
Lane, speaking of this continual allu-  
sion to the providence of God, mentions  
that no Moslem will speak of any  
future event or action without adding,  
"If it be the will of God." He explains  
theories of the night watchman, whose  
deposition voice resounded through the  
dark hours. One man cries, "Oh,  
Lord! Oh, Everlasting!" Another  
says, "I extol the perfection of the  
living king, who seetheth not, nor  
dieth." He tells, too, of a mode of  
entertaining a party of guests in Cairo  
by the recital of a khatmah, which  
means the whole of the Koran chanted  
in his hired for the occasion. Just  
imagine inviting a party in London  
to hear the whole Bible chanted as a  
pastime, with an accompaniment of  
pipes and coffee. Mr. Lane also speaks  
of the reverence with which the holy  
book is treated—always placed on some  
high, clean place, where no other book  
or anything else may be laid above it.  
He attributes the Mohammedan's dis-  
like to printing their sacred books to the  
dread lest impurity should attach to the  
ink, the paper, or above all, lest the  
book should be applied to the holy name  
with a brush made of hog bristles. Worse  
than all, the book, becoming thus com-  
mon, is in double danger of being  
touched by infidels. This dread of dis-  
honoring sacred names extends even  
to the ninety-nine titles of the Prophet  
and the names of those near of kin to  
him. Thus one man will refuse to  
stamp his name upon his pipe-bowls  
because it bears one of the names of  
the Prophet, who will thus be  
made to pass through the fire. An-  
other man, less scrupulous, is blamed  
because he has branded his name,  
which is also a sacred name,  
on certain camels and horses. The  
sin thus committed is three-fold; First,  
the iron brand is put in the fire, which  
is horrible sacrilege; secondly, it is ap-  
plied to the neck of the camel, causing  
blood to flow and pollute the sacred  
name; thirdly, the camel is certain  
some day, in being driven, to rest his  
neck on something unclean. The  
dread of casting holy things into the  
fire does not, however, seem to apply  
to such as can be consumed. A Mo-  
ammedan, finding a fragment of  
paper covered with writing, will burn it  
so that if holy words should be  
thereon inscribed, the flames may bear  
them up and the angels carry them to  
heaven.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

## How the Lion Kills His Prey.

I once had a rare chance of seeing a  
lion catch and kill his prey in the  
open daylight. While on a short hunt  
to the north of Waterberg, in the  
Transvaal, in the winter of 1874, with  
a Dutch boer, we saddled up one after-  
noon to shoot a couple of quaggas  
(Burchell's zebra) for our followers,  
quaggas never being preferred above all  
others by the natives of that country.  
We had ridden a considerable road  
without falling in with any, but about  
an hour before sundown we came across  
a troop of about fifty. Galloping up  
within shot, we fired, when one mare  
dropped. Rebounding and mounting, we  
started after the troop, which had now  
disappeared over a ridge. On gaining  
the rise we saw the quaggas tailing out  
in the hollow and commencing to as-  
cend a second slope, one or two stal-  
lions bringing up the rear, as is  
usually the case. Cantering on, my  
companion suddenly pulled up and  
pointed out to me a lion trotting swift-  
ly up across the quaggas' line of re-  
treat behind a few scattered boulders  
and low bushes dotting the slope, evi-  
dently with the intention of securing  
the supper. We moved slowly forward,  
when the hindmost stallion, thinking  
we were getting too close, started after  
his companions at a smart canter. It  
was now exciting. The quagga was  
close to the line of the lion's approach;  
a couple of seconds more and the dark  
mass of the lion's form shot out from  
behind a stone on his prey. In a mo-  
ment the quagga was on the ground.  
The lion left him instantly, moved a  
few yards distant and lay down with  
his head away from the quagga, twitch-  
ing his tail nervously from side to  
side, as much as to say, "I have done  
that properly." The whole thing was  
done so quickly and suddenly that it is  
difficult to describe. The lion had not  
yet seen us, but riding nearer he turned  
and faced, looking rather put out at  
our appearing on the scene. At first he

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

It may be set down as an axiom that  
when a person grows fat he grows  
wasteful.  
Late in life George Washington rode  
in his own carriage, but in his earlier  
years he took a hack at the cherry  
tree.  
We sneer at the Siamese for wor-  
shipping the elephant; but think of  
the money that is paid here annually  
just to see it!—*Saturday Night.*  
Charming frankness: "You have  
lovely teeth, Ethel." "Yes, George,"  
she fondly lisped; "they were a Christ-  
mas present from Aunt Grace."—*Puck.*  
When a man gets into a fit of tem-  
per, do not allow his example to be-  
come contagious, for there is a law  
against counter fits.—*Boston Trans-*  
*cript.*  
It is said that trained backs for  
evening wear are coming back into  
favor. It is very evident that if they  
were not trained it would be very hard  
for the wearers to manage them.—  
*Lowell Citizen.*  
The difference: A young gilded (or,  
as they now say, nickel-plated) youth  
of New York ordered a pair of fanta-  
sies of his tailor and returned them  
as too tight. "You told me to make  
them skin-tight," said the man. "Yes,"  
said the youth, "but I can sit down in  
my skin and I can't in these."—*Puck.*  
A chicken at Alliance, Ohio, went  
to roost upon an axle of a freight car.  
During the night the car was derailed  
to a train, and when the feathered  
bird descended from his steady perch  
he failed to recognize the scenes of  
his childhood. He was in Lima,  
Indiana, and the man in whose garden  
the fowl went to scratching got into a  
fight with the whole neighborhood by  
accusing everybody of owning the  
bird.—*Boston Journal.*  
This country may not be ready to go  
to war with a foreign power on a  
day's notice, but she could soon find a  
substitute for cannon balls, provided  
there were a shortage in this particu-  
lar. It is estimated that there are a  
million baseballs in this country, and  
if they were fired from a cannon at the  
enemy the destruction would be terri-  
ble. The American peace society might  
object to such an exhibition of cruelty,  
however, and want scrap iron used in  
their stead.—*Norristown Herald.*  
Sad accident: "A man while shaving  
accidentally cut off his nose. In his  
excitement he dropped the razor  
and decapitated one of his toes. Hastily  
picking up the dismembered part  
of the nose, he clapped them to the  
bleeding wounds and bound them  
on tightly. After the flesh had  
grown fast and healed up he removed  
the bandages and was filled with hor-  
ror when he found a well developed  
toe in lieu of a nasal organ, and vice  
versa. Now, whenever he gets a cold,  
he has to remove his shoe and stocking  
in order to blow his nose.—*Baltimore*  
*American.*

## The Head Hunters.

The London Telegraph describes the  
murder of Mr. Witt, the explorer,  
by the head hunters of Borneo. Mr.  
Witt had, it seems, been making his  
way to the head of the Siburo river.  
This region may be considered at present  
quite beyond the active administra-  
tion of the British North Borneo com-  
pany. The governor was not aware  
that Mr. Witt intended to make so  
long and hazardous a journey. At the  
same time, Mr. Witt being an experi-  
enced traveler, a brave man and on  
good terms with the natives generally,  
there was no reason to fear that he  
might not go through the very heart of  
the country without molestation. He  
had made an important trip, and was,  
it is believed, on his way to Kimanus.  
Near the head of the Siburo river he  
would be on the frontier of Dutch Borneo,  
and in a region where Mr. Carl  
Loock found the natives unusually sav-  
age and unfriendly. Witt had a party  
of seventeen men. He divided them.  
Some nine or ten were told off to at-  
tend to the boats. They were navigat-  
ing a river and Witt had bought  
boats from the natives. The other men  
remained to push on ahead in company  
with the explorer. The natives had  
shown no disposition to hostility. The  
local chiefs (the tribes are, no doubt,  
the Murats, though one account says  
they are Tandjoeng Dyaks) had hospi-  
tally entertained Witt, which is  
generally a guarantee of friendship.  
While his little party was preparing to  
move forward Witt sat down to make  
some notes in his diary. Suddenly,  
from an ambush in the river, some  
three hundred natives, armed with  
poisoned arrows and spears, rushed  
upon Witt and his men. Three of the  
latter fell almost immediately. Witt  
defended himself with his revolver and  
killed two of his assailants. The rest  
crowded upon him, however, and  
spared him to death. The others of  
his party had already run away, one of  
them, who was carrying Witt's Win-  
chester rifle, taking it off in his flight.  
From a hiding-place they saw one of  
the attacking party decapitate Witt,  
while others cut off a lower limb of  
his dead attendants, flung them, with  
the explorer's head, into a boat, and  
made off with the bleeding trophies  
down stream. They also carried off  
Witt's papers and dispatch box.  
Salt lagoons are met with in several  
places in Apache country, Arizona,  
the principal one being near the line of  
New Mexico. About 1,000,000 pounds  
are taken yearly from this lake, and  
with proper facilities it could be made  
to produce an almost unlimited sup-  
ply. The salt is precipitated to the  
bottom of the lake, wagons are driven  
into shallow water and the crystals  
shoveled in. Thus the supply for dif-  
ferent raisers in Apache and portions of  
Yavapai is obtained, in addition, to the  
large quantities required for the work-  
ing of silver ores.