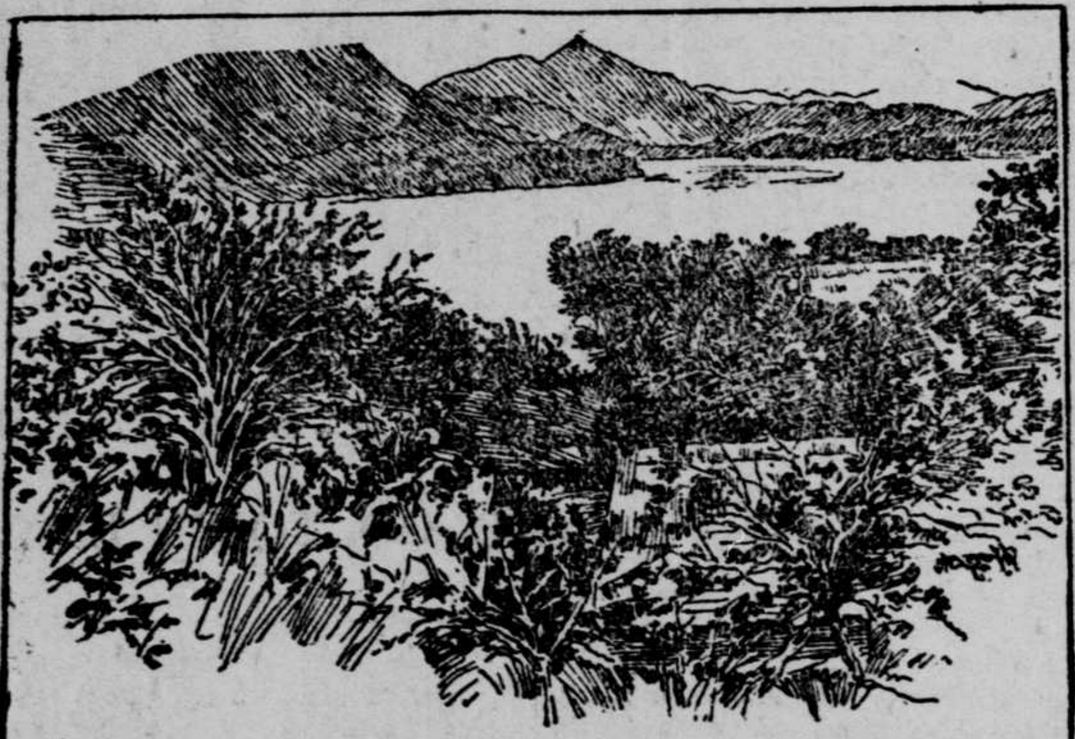
AMONG THE HEADHUNTERS OF LUZON.

(From the New York Sun.)

How a small party of Americans penetrated the land of the head-hunting Igorrotes of northern Luzon and how the handful of men constituting the first expedition that ever entered the land of the head hunters and came back again persuaded the savages to give up that immemorial usage form the subject of the following story, which is published here for the first time. The adventure is related by Lieut.-Col. W. H. C. Bowen, Thirteenth Infantry, U. S. A., who commanded the expedition and was at that time major of the Fifth United States Infantry and Provisional Governor of the Province of Abra. Under Gen. J. Franklin Bell he had operated against the Villamor brothers, Blas and Juan, and assisted in harassing them and their mixed followers, including Alzados, Negritos, Tinguianes and Igorrotes, into surrender. After the pacification of the province he served successfully in Batangas against Malvar, the successor of Aguinaldo, and against the insurrectos in the Cagayan valley. He was relieved in May, 1903, and is now in charge of the United States recruiting station in Buffalo.



THE ABRA RIVER, COAST RANGE IN THE BACKGROUND

"Adios, Americanos!" called out the presidente of Bangued, with a cadence of foreboding in his grave voice.

"They will come back again nevermore," remarked the larger part of the adult Ilocanos of the barrio, we thought hopefully.

These were the farewells that sounded in our ears on a pleasant morning on Dec. 26, 1901, as we rode forth from the capital of Abra to visit the wild tribes of the Alzados for the purpose of persuading them to give up their immemorial practice of head hunting.

The Ilocanos were Christians, after a queer fashion; the Tinguianes were pagans, and the Alzados were savages of the most ferocious type. The Ilocanos and Tinguianes had often been visited by white men, and I had visited the chief pueblos and villages during the summer, taking the flag and an escort, in order to administer the oath of allegiance.

I had made up my mind that there could be no peace and prosperity for the people of Abra, even under the flag, while the head hunters were allowed to continue their peculiar practice unrebuked. To attempt to persuade them from it by moral suasion was the reason for the expedition that started forth from Bangued, as stated above.

The expedition included Col. Juan Villamor, provincial secretary, who, with his brother Blas, was the head and front of the insurrectos until the surrender in the preceding April. He became my successor as Governor of Abra.

Arthur P. Wright, formerly color sergeant in the Rough Riders, was another prominent member of the expedition. He was an enthusiastic mineralogist. Others in the party were W. W. Leggett, provincial supervisor; two pedagogues from Bucay and Pidigan, a sergeant and two soldiers from the Fifth Infantry to look after the horses, a photographer who took the accompanying pictures, an interpreter, a guide who had been a captain in the insurrecto army, three packers and two muchachos (boy servants). It was not an impressive show of force, but it was at least very mobile.

It was at San Guillermo that the first mention was made of the Alzados, and that was when the natives brought to us one of their number who had been attacked by the head hunters a few days before. He had saved his headpiece, but his body was riddled with spear wounds. The rancheria had been attacked twice within two years by the Alzados.

On the last day of the year we reached Tue on the Buclog river, at the base of the Cordillera Central, and here at 2 o'clock in the afternoon we encountered a band of Alzados. We sighted them at a distance, and I saw them drop something into the bushes beside the trail as soon as they made us out.

"They are throwing away heads," observed Col. Villamor.

We were outnumbered, and had sent back the horses with the packers two days before, so we were in a fix, seemingly. The only resource was to bluff the game through, so we stood our ground.

The natives proved to be the presidente of Sumadar, a barrio three days' march over the mountains, with a retinue of as villainous looking savages as one would not care to meet alone.

The presidente looked even more villainous than his followers. He wore his hair twisted about his head. All of the members of the party were nude save for gee-strings, and all were tattooed, showing that they had taken heads.

AN ALZADO WOMAN WITH TATTOOED ARMS.

When we met, the presidente rubbed my palm solemnly with his nose, in token of amity, and his followers did likewise. I promptly brought up the subject of head hunting.

The presidente of Sumadar at first affected innocence, but when I insisted that I had proof against him he dropped his bluff and took on a look of entreaty.

"The Americanos know all," he said through the interpreter. "Say that it has been the custom of our fathers, and we have followed it, but that we have put it away from us. If any of our young men cut off a head, from this time, his head shall I take."

I assured him that I believed him, but that I would keep an eye upon Sumadar. Then I invited him and his band to sit down with us to a feast. They accepted greedily, and we all sat down amicably, but watchfully, to a feast of canned goods, which the Alzados seemed to take to as kindly as a city housekeeper.

I doubt if the Cordilleras ever looked down upon such a mixed company and such a banquet before. During the meal I asked the presidente why he had taken heads.

"It is the custom; the Anita (the idols of the Alzados) have ordered it. It is part of our religion," he replied.

"Ask him whom they are commended to kill," I sugegsted to the interpreter.

"Everybody," replied the presidente. "All strangers. Everybody is a stranger who does not belong to our tribe."

"Why do the young men always keep the heads with them?" I asked, looking toward the part of the trail where I had seen the party throw the objects into the long grass when they first sighted us.

The Alzados looked uncomfortably at one another when this was translated to them. Then the presidente replied:

"They carry them to show their bravery. The young men cannot marry until they have taken the head of a stranger."

"Is it bravery to kill babes and old women?" was retorted. I expected this question would bother the old scoundrel, but it did not.

"It is as brave as getting any head. The warrior must go close to the barrio of the stranger to get the head of the child. He cannot lie in the forest and wait until it comes to him. He must seek it in the village, where he may be slain," replied the presidente, as simply as if that question had been discussed in the affirmative in lyceums in his native barrio.

In reply to questions, he went on to explain that the heads of enemies were believed to bring good luck in about all the details of life among the Alzados. To kill and cut off heads before seed time and harvest brought luck, brought the rains and warded off the anger of the Anita, who, he assured us, had a weakness for the heads of strangers.

After an hour's talk the presidente and the other Alzados started for Sumadar, saying they wished to take some tobacco to San Jose to sell.

We were not so thoroughly convinced of the good intentions of the parting guests that we felt ourselves justified in going to sleep without setting guard that night. We all took turns at guard duty, and my relief was from 10 to midnight, so that I saw the year 1902 in, watching the shadows of the mountainsides lest in their friendly obscurity our late guest, the presidente of Sumadar, might creep upon us to add our heads to his collection.

However, the night passed without alarm, and we were forced to admit that our thoughts did him an injustice. From that day to this I have never heard aught to cast discredit upon the promise of the presidente of Sumadar to give up head hunting.

CANAL A WHITE ELEPHANT.

Hard to Do Away With, Though Its Usefulness Is Gone.

In a report recently rendered to the governor of New Jersey the famous Morris canal is declared to have lost its usefulness through railway competition. The canal company was incorporated in 1824 and built this waterway soon afterward, from Phillipsburg on the Delaware river to Jersey City, a distance of 106 miles. A number of reservoirs were constructed, some of which are now surrounded by valuable estates. The state has a right to take the canal in 1974. It was leased in 1871 to the Lehigh Valley Railroad company, which has since operated it. The commissioners report that even were the property in perfect condition it could not be operated at a profit. It stands in the way of needed public improvements, but its abandonment involves the untangling of a complication of interests, including those of the stockholders of the canal company, the lessee railroad company, the state, the municipalities along the route, the landholders about the reservoirs and the people having contracts for important water rights. While the abandonment is assured, it will involve more trouble and delay than did the original construction of the canal.

Vessel Construction.

At the end of March there were, excluding warships, 398 vessels under construction in Great Britain, as compared with 425 a year ago. The gross tonnage amounted to 988,664 tons, against 974,686 in 1903. The tonnage of vessels under construction in the United States on March 31 amounted to 122,935 tons, a decrease of 155,205 tons from 1903; and in Germany 134,545 tons, a decrease of 19,571.

Less Timber by Lake.

Timber receipts at Milwaukee by the way of lake, during 1903, fell off 30 per cent, compared with 1902, and railway receipts in the same district increased. The timber must be hauled each year a greater distance to reach the lake ports, and the railroads are securing the business by lowering rates.

Lovers Still.

His hair as wintry snow is white;
Her trembling steps are slow;
His eyes have lost their merry light;
Her cheeks their rosy glow.

Her hair has not its tints of gold;
His voice no joyous thrill;
And yet, though feeble, gray and old,
They're faithful lovers still.

They've had their share of hopes and fears,
Their share of bliss and bale,
Since first he whispered in her ears
A lover's tender tale.

Full many a thorn amid the flowers
Has lain upon their way;
They've had their dull November hours,
As well as days of May.

But firm and true through weal and woe,
Through change of time and scene.
Through winter's gloom, through summer's glow,
Their faith and love have been;

Together hand in hand they pass
Serenely down life's hill,
In hopes one grave in churchyard grass,
May hold them lovers still.

—Magdalene Rock, in Heart Songs.

Archduke Builds Palace.

The Archduke Joseph of Austria is building a splendid palace at Buda-Pesth. He is in sympathy with the Hungarians and has mastered their language.

Old Uncle Ned's Moose

"Uncle Ned" Abercrombie, a noted Maine guide, who comes from the Rangeley lakes, told the following story while in Boston recently:

"Did you ever hear about me and the moose cow and calf?

"I was up to Peevy's camp at Moose lake—Moostlick, we call it—and one day went down the river to the dam to git a canoe. I were fetchin' it up, and just as I were goin' to beach to git out of the way of some men goin' down to mend the dam, right there on the shore stood a moose cow and a calf. She lowered her head like she wanted to charge and defend her calf. Says I to her:

"'Old gal, you've got a nice bossy and you got the longest beard I ever saw on a cow, but you ain't interferin' with me, and I ain't goin' to interfere with you.'

"Then I started up Bartlett's Brook with the canoe, and comin' around a curve there was the cow and the calf again. Says I, 'Old gal, I'll give you all you want with my gun if you foller me any more.'

"But she wasn't interferin' much with me, so I didn't interfere with her. Now, Bartlett'es Brook, you know, runs all criss-cross and zig-zag, like saw teeth, and comin' around three turns more there was the cow and calf again. Says I: 'Old gal, you; I'll shoot you.' But there wasn't no use doing that, fer she wasn't really interferin' with me. Then I went around a couple o' more turns, and there she was agin, still lowerin' her head and lookin' wicked like.

"'By gosh, old gal,' says I, 'that'll do for you. You come to me, an' I'll settle you.' But she didn't do no interferin', so I didn't either. So I went to fishin' for an haur, and after I had caught two or three hundred I come back down stream, and darned if there wasn't the calf all alone. It seems the cow wasn't after me, but after my little dog, who was in the boat, but who had swimmed ashore while I was fishin'. That moose cow followed the dog clean into Peevy's camp, and was eatin' cold oatmeal out of a pot on the hearth when Peevy came along, and she was scared off. Peevy was too surprised to shoot.

"Anyways, he didn't have a gun."

Eugenie in Her Glory

From an article by Clara Morris in the Booklovers' Magazine we clip the following description of the Empress Eugenie, the "Empress of Sorrows," as Miss Morris quotes it from one who was connected with the American legation when Eugenie was in the height of her glory and who was permitted to escort her to her carriage on the occasion:

"She was greatly addicted to wearing all the varying tones of lavender; but one shade of mauve—a pinkish mauve—she seemed passionately fond of. She wore it that day. The sun was shining brilliantly; the air seemed full of that suppressed excitement, peculiar to Paris. The empress' gown was of a transparent stuff women call 'organdie'—a white ground with a wonderfully natural looking flower on it. Then this thin flowered stuff was worn over an under-slip of mauve silk—there seemed to be yards and yards of it; it billowed all about her and fairly filled the open landau.

"Her slender little feet rested on a cushion, and they were gleaming in mauve silk and narrow-strapped, open sandals of black satin. From the vague, rosy purple mass of drapery the clear lines of her stately body rose; round waist, superb shoulders, queenly head, the pale blonde hair crowned with a bonnet composed entirely of violets, a great bunch of violets upon her breast; and over all a tent-like sun shade of mauve satin, flounced all over with white lace, lined with white silk; while cunningly between mauve-outside and white-inside was stretched a pink silk inner lining, so that when the sunlight struck fairly upon the parasol an evanescent pearly-pink tint fell upon the fair face beneath it. And when the great open landau rolled swiftly toward the Bois, it was as if the carriage was full, filled with the plumy extravagance of the lilac's bloom—the poignant perfums of violets massed beneath the loosely petaled opulence of the purpled fleur de luce! From this tremendous mass of perfumed bloom her lovely face smiled forth, as though the prodigality of spring had been personified in her.

Ocean as Motive Power

A writer in the Paris Revue des Deux Mondes, M. Gaston Cadoux, has drawn a fancy picture of that happy time when London, Paris and Berlin will be lighted and warmed by electric energy derived from the sea. In those economic days, sea mills will skirt the shore; they will convert the rise and fall of the tides into electricity, which wires will conduct to the capital cities to do work, to illuminate and to warm. No more miners, we may suppose, pursuing their dangerous vocations under ground, and no more gas lights polluting the air we breathe, and smoke-laden London fogs will have ceased forever. As the moon does in a single tide, on but a short stretch of coast line, more work than all our steam engines, here is a limitless supply of energy. The idea is charming, not the least delightful part of it being the satisfaction of yoking the old satellite to our machinery and making her run our trains and drive our factories! Hitherto the least available natural source of electricity has been the sea.

Engineers find more difficulties in the way than occur to dreamers. Lord Kelvin showed, three-and-twenty years ago, says the London Telegraph, how hard it would be to get any power economically out of the rise and fall of the tides on the seashore. Ten, or in some cases a hundred, times as much might be done with a tidal river. The rise and fall of the tides between Gravesend and London would represent an enormous amount of power; but it so happens that the Thames is required for other purposes. Mr. Sutherland, in that ingenious work "Twentieth Century Inventions," calculates that the waves of the sea would yield in a few seconds as much power as a tidal force elevating and depressing the water level, say, eight feet, would do in as as many hours. The infant born yesterday will be a very old man before he sees London lighted and warmed, to say nothing of other little requirements fulfilled by the power of marine tides, or currents or waves.

Word Is a Mouthful

"What is the longest word in the world? I am not rash enough to attempt to answer that question," said a well-known author. "There is a certain Welsh name of a place which reaches me every now and then, and which I have printed more than once, which is sufficiently formidable. I believe that the patient and serious Germans have turned out some verbal monsters, and it may be that the Chinese, the Russians and other races with whose literature I am unacquainted have produced series of linked letters long drawn out which are called words. So I carefully abstain from saying what is the longest word in the world.

"But I think I may venture to suggest that there are not many words longer than one which may be found in Liddell and Scott's Greek lexicon. Here is the modest trifle:

"Lepadotemachoselachogaleokranioleipsanodrimupotrimmatsilphioparaomelitokatakechumenokichlepikossuphophatfoperisteralektruonoptegkphalokigoklopeleiolagoosiraiobaletraganopterugon.

"I hope I have copied it correctly, but there may be a slip here and there, and life is not long enough to write it out twice, and the good printer, in whom I have the utmost confidence, may be excused if he stumbles now and then. In English it ought to have 177 letters—there or thereabouts.

"In its original Greek form the letters would not be quite so numerous, as 'ch,' 'ps' and 'ph' are represented by one letter. The word is used by Aristophanes, who was a comedian, and who therefore must have his little joke, and some of his little jokes, by the way, are not quite nice. As to its meaning, the learned lexicographers state that it is 'the name of a dish compounded of all kinds of dainties, fish, flesh, fowl and sauces.'

"It would look well on a menu and I should like to hear a badgered waiter trying to shout it down a long-suffering tube or a gentleman who has already dined fairly well bawling it out toward the end of the banquet."

Gift of the Talisman

(The Talisman referred to was a ring given to the poet in Odessa by Princess Woronzowa—the famous Slav beauty. To this ring the poet always attributed magic power. It was taken from his finger after he died and later became the property of Turgeniev. The ring bore the following inscription in Hebrew: "Simha, son of the most holy Rabbi Joseph. Blessed be his name.")

(Translated by Julia Edna Worthley.)

Where the sea with ceaseless wave beat
Lonely shore flecks white with foam,
Where the moonlight glows all golden
From a Southern heaven's dome,
Where in wanton harem-pleasures
Revels oft the Mussulman,
An enchantress 'twixt her kisses,
Gave to me this talisman!

And she said: "My love, my dear one!
Guard well this, my talisman—
Magic power lies in its light-beam;
'Tis love gives it—think thereon!
Not from illness, not from death's law,
Not from storm's might nor ocean's,
Not from sorrow, nor destruction,
Will guard thee, my talisman.

Set thy heart not upon treasures,
'Twill not aid a miser's dream,
Nor the favors of the prophet
To a worldly end demean.
If thy soul is filled with longing
For kindred at dark and dawn,
To the North it may not bear thee
Back again, my talisman.

But when in the hours of midnight
Lustful eyes shall lure thee on,
When false lips that do not love thee
Kiss in pity or in scorn;
From love's sins and deep repentance,
From the sway of passions strong,
From betrayal and love's heartache,
Guardeth well my talisman.

—Alexander Pushkin.

He Needs No Sleep

"How is it that some persons want much sleep, some can do on little, while there are still others who can get along without any sleep at all?" asked a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Now here is a problem, a solution of which might prove a vast benefit to humankind. I am reminded of the importance of the subject by a case to which my attention was recently called in New Jersey. Albert Herpin of Trenton, born in France, a hostler, declares that he has not slept a wink for ten years, and his statement, according to the New York Herald's correspondent, is borne out by the physicians who have at different times treated him for insomnia.

"Of his case Herpin says: 'I have been to hospitals, where they attempted to drug me in order to produce sleep, but I would not undergo that sort of treatment. I have given up the idea of sleeping for the rest of my life; in fact, I'm so used to it that I think no more about the matter. I've heard of people going insane that were troubled with insomnia, but I never will. I am well and eat three meals a day.'

"It would seem from this that sleep is not one of life's essentials. Is sleep absolutely necessary to healthful existence? Is it possible for men to live to the reasonable and average age without sleep? These are large questions and they ramify in many ways when one begins to deal with them speculatively. In the first place much will depend upon the type and temperament of the man. Persons whose mental capabilities are of a low order, whose receptive powers are limited, and who are without the afflatus which gives a rich poetic color to the things of this life—persons who are sluggish mentally and temperamentally, and who feel only when pricked and prodded by the sharp exigencies of the struggle for existence, the 'dumb, driven cattle' of the world, must needs sleep much, whereas the men and women of a sensitive mold, whose minds are as fragile and responsive as the most delicate of photographers' plates, who catch and hold, and love the images as they flit in variant shadings—the men and women who mentally trace the very finest of the nuances and absorb much of the forces which play upon them—such as these may do on less sleep than persons of the dull, unresponsive and unpoetic type. Napoleon required but little sleep; but, as a great American who was once reminded of the fact remarked, all men are not Napoleons. I have known many men, well advanced in years, who actually slept less than younger and more vigorous men."

The Horses of Mexico

Although at the time of the conquest horses were unknown in Mexico, that country to-day boasts of some of the finest of the species. The horses of Cuba that were taken to Mexico as well as the horses that went to the River Plate on a similar errand of conquest are believed to have been of Andalusian breed, and Cunninghame Graham, the famous British author and traveler, who knows from personal experience both Mexican and Argentine horses, holds that we must look to Barbary for the progenitors of the Cordobese horses. "Most horses," he says, "in fact, all breeds of horses, have six lumbar vertebrae. A most careful observer, the late Edward Losson, a professor in the Agricultural college of Santa Catalina, near Buenos Ayres, has noted the remarkable fact that the horses of the Pampas have only five. Following up his researches, he has found that the only other breed of horses in which a similar peculiarity is to be found is that of Barbary."

So Cunninghame Graham, who has ridden the horses of the Moors in Morocco as well as the horses of Mexico and the Pampas, is of the opinion that these horses are evidently descended from those of Barbary.

Of late years thousands of American horses have been imported into Mexico, often thoroughbreds, and undoubtedly the type of the Mexican horse of to-day has changed somewhat through the infusion of new blood. Some one competent and with leisure (and it is indispensable that he be a lover of horses) should take up this theme of the Mexican horse and make a big book on the subject.

Anyone who has ridden the wiry and long-enduring little Mexican horse will not need to be told of its good points. Not infrequently is he a "wind drinker," like the horses of the African desert, full of speed and tireless. Given a grassy plain of a league or more, a "caballo brioso," a horse of mettle, the crisp air of the tableland morning in autumn or even in March and a man may taste one of the joys of paradise, for who may say that our horses will not meet us gladly over there in the good country where go the noble riders and lovers of swift steeds?

Cupid Ever at Work

Long ago the silly odium that attached to old-maidenship disappeared, but even in the days when popular notion made a spinster of 40 a hopeless old maid, records show that there was no age limit to matrimonial hopes.

For instance, so long ago as 1774, Miss Jane Hodgeson of Stepney, England, was wedded to Henry Hulton, of the same place, when she had reached her 92d summer, and the bridegroom was two years older, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

More remarkable was the wedding of John Jackson and Annie Bates, on March 22, 1796, the 101st birthday of the bridegroom, who was three years older than the bride. It was his fourth marriage within two years, and 10,000 persons escorted the couple to the church.

A youth of 19, a son of Mr. Graves, of Balcock-on-Herts, married "Mistress Lake, spinster, aged 70." April 20, 1731, and in August of the same year, at Bath, Capt. Hamilton, aged 30, married Miss Manson, a blushing bride of rank, fortune, and 85 years.

More than half a century ago a Yorkshire belle, who had so many suitors she could not choose among them, told one of the most persistent that if he would ask her 50 years later she would marry him. He waited loyally and faithfully for the 50th anniversary, and she, too, kept her word.

A celebrated French artist, who fell in love in his student days, was told by the maiden that she would never marry so long as her mother lived. They waited half a century before they were united.

Only two years ago a wealthy maiden lady in an English county provided a delightful sensation by marrying the curate of her parish church, a young man exactly 60 years her junior. An astonishing feature of this marriage was that as a girl the aged bride had been engaged to the curate's grandfather, and perhaps it was the memory of this ancient romance which inspired a sentimental regard for the youthful clergyman, who under other conditions might have been her own grandson.

The Heart of Boyhood

It lies within your breast,
All ready to go leaping when your soul is at its best—
When on the street there comes to you a whistle or a call,
Or but the echo of a song whose happy measures fall
Upon the chords of memory and rouse them into life
Until they send a surging thrill as rich as drum or fife!

The boyheart! The boyheart!
It may be but a rose
That nods in careless glee at one as idly on he goes;
But instantly he sees a street that wanders up and down
Between the sleepy fences of the quiet little town;
Or maybe 'tis a country road where swaying branches spread
And build an arching canopy of branches overhead.

The boyheart! The boyheart!
The embers in the grate
May paint for one the picture that will bring the thoughts elate—
A picture of the meadowlands which reach beside the brook
And blend into a forest where there's many a leafy nook,
Where every tree that waves its arms and swings and sweeps and sways
Is wafting shouts and laughter from the boytime summer days!

The boyheart! The boyheart!
Pray that you have it yet!
A-many times its tugging thrills will leave your eyelids wet;
A-many times its sudden beats will set your blood aflame
When out of all the other years will come a whispered name;
A-many times you'll walk the ways you wandered when a lad,
If God has but been good to you and left the heart you had.

—The Reader.

Spiders Out at Sea

Given a steady breeze and a free course, there is practically no limit to the distance which a ballooning spider may traverse. The writer has taken orb-weavers from their snuggeries under divers sheltering projections at the highest attainable point on the dome of St. Peter's in Rome, whither they had doubtless been carried by the wind when younglings. One may see flecks of gossamer afloat at far greater heights. Sea-faring folk often note spider balloons speeding by them at sea or entangled upon various parts of the vessel. Darwin, in his famous voyage of the Beagle, when sixty miles from land saw great numbers of small spiders with their webs. When they first come in contact with the rigging they were seated upon threads, and while hanging to these the sightest breath of air would bear them out of sight. Thus, though so far from land, the wee voyagers were still moving on over the main.

Capt. George H. Dodge of the American line steamship Pennsylvania told the writer, during a voyage in the winter of 1881-82, of a like observation made by him. While sailing along the eastern coast of South America, during the month of March, his ship was covered with innumerable spider webs. He was then more than 200 miles from land, about 400 miles south of the equator. The wind was blowing from the continent. "The spiders seemed like elongated balls," said the captain, "with a sort of umbrella canopy above them. They settled upon the sails and rigging, and finally disappeared as they came. You know," he added, "that it is not unusual for birds to be blown out to sea. How much easier for a spider, provided he has the means to keep himself suspended in the air!"—Harper's Magazine.