CARLISLE MERCURY.

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VOL. XLVII — CARLISLE, NICHOLAS COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 11, 1912 — EIGHT PAGES—NO 2

December Honor Roll—Moorefield

Grade VIII—Estelle Judge, 94; Allie Perkins, 94; Lulie Ockerman, 94.

Grade VI—Mary Belle Clinkenbeard, 96; Lillie Mae Roberts, 91.

Grade V—Lillie Mae Vice, 94; Mildred Weaver, 94; Nelle Klack, 96; Ray Blount, 96; Katheryn Whaley, 96; Herman Burke, 96; Maude Ockerman, 92; Aleta Henderson, 92; R a y Lee, 91; Ruth Blount, 96; Gilbert Ratliff, 96.

BETTIE VON DURSKIE, Teacher.

Bids To Be Received On Turnpike

Sealed bids will be received by the undersigned, on or before the 18th day of January, 1912, for the construction and completion of a turnpike road leading from the Maysville and Lexington Turnpike road at the village of Shake Rag to the Buffalo Trace Turnpike road near Reid Hill. (Distance 2 97-264 miles). To be built according to plans and specifications filed in the Clerk's office of the Nicholas County Court.

Persons living along said road who gave "right of way and rock" are to have privilege of putting on rock to be broken at $1.50 per rod.

The undersigned retains right to reject any and all bids.

S. T. SUGG, President of said road, Carlisle, Ky. RFD 3.

KIND HE WEARS HIMSELF

Clark Sells the Editor Some "Nonitchy" Underwear But His Veracity is Doubted.

We believe in giving every man the benefit of the doubt. We do not like to attack anyone's veracity in haste and have learned not to do so in haste and conditions, but always we have to admit to think they were mistaken. We have gone our way confident that we had not intentionally led an editor.

But there is a certain circle in a certain section of this fair land where we would not believe again even if we were in search of some one who underpaid us. We hesitated for a long time after we saw that we were slipping from his grasp lest the fact that he was about to have a sneeze.

"Now sneeze, sneeze!" says he "is one of the ideas that I always wear herse!"

Palmer back his coat and shirt sleeve to show the underwear. Aside from the fact that it wasn't quite as fine as he had led the very stuff on the counter.

"Does it irritate you?" we asked.

"Irritate? Why, he replied, "That's the beauty of the stuff. I've never had any trouble at all. I can put on a coat like that on and it won't bother you a gittin'."

He was so honest and straightforward that we felt ashamed that we had doubted him. We felt that we had shown a little of that "I-know-you-are-a-liar-and-I-know-that-you-are-a-liar" look in our face. What we knew was the fact that that young man was a liar. Lowest commission merchant we had a book red with itching and scratching when he told us that unmitigated falsehood. His legs and arms must have been crimson with irritation yet he stood right up there and denied it. Either that or he lied when he said that he wore the kind of flannels he sold us. Even as we write we hardly know whether we should have the courage to get up and scratch our back against the door—Detroit Free Press.

Knowing One Another.

I have a friend who says:

"When I thinks the thoughtful rays of the professor of our new red brick hotel whose building stands in view the time I rises to retire? Yes, Suh! that window. I would never have had the fortunate pleasure of the ladies' Aid Society—no, sir! And while they were at that dat I met over in our corner foolin' home, and—Well, sir! You don't get that fellah out of me. You don't fellas." And then the best humble, while I was eatin' breakfast the corner waitin' around the cold frosty morning, I was sittin' on the side—Mr. Mitt Arthur in my Mr. Abner Cake and I ever tell whether you put in soda or bakin' powder? Well, sir! Mr. Mitt Arthur did said he's been and shed started back I ought to have the fellah over just look at him! And I thought: 'Why, my land! Underneath your blistered face you was like that all the time. Why, verry like.'

The thing I want to do is the light! Getting to know one another is the problem most interesting in the way to work it out—and at the last determinary the answer!—Zona Gale in La Follette's Magazine.

"Geological Tuberculosis"

The Washington monument at the national capital, besides its other attractions, and designed by its builders to stand as long as the pyramids, is suffering from a disintegration that, while not immediately fatal, will shorten its life, says John C. Hoehn, Jr., in the December issue of Harper's Magazine.

The great shaft, 555 feet in height, consists of walls 15 feet thick at the base. These walls are built of blocks under facing of marble inches and a four-foot inner wall made of brick and other hard stone. Between the a two walls there is a filling of rubble, varying from half-inch to 15 inches in diameter. This describes the inner wall, which is the part that has suffered. This part was built continuously from the beginning of the structure, which for years the construction halted at that point. There is a hitch filling between these walls that is now, through the deadly effect of heat and cold and moisture and dampness attacking it adversely, beginning to disintegrate and some out between the joints of the outer wall and the crevices made by the action of the elements.

It pays to advertise in the CARLISLE MERCURY.

NERVOUS IN PUBLIC AFTER A WITCHCAT

MANY WORLD-FAMED SPEAKERS NEVER OVERCOME THIS.

With Some It Persists as Mannerisms—Views and Experiences of the Late Duke of Devonshire—Gladstone's Peculiar Actions.

Persons who are unaccustomed to speak in public know that stage nervousness is solely due to their inexperience, and that public men can make speeches as easily as they make conversation. In some cases this may be so, but few speakers are ever allowed to cast off their nervousness. Sometimes it persists only in the form of a mannerism, in cases otherwise, but some old parliamentarians never escape from the tremors and terrors which shook them when their maiden speech was delivered.

The late duke of Devonshire is usually spoken of as the perfect type of the impassive Englishman. When he entered the house of commons as Lord Cavendish, he distinguished himself by prefacing his maiden speech with a prodigious yawn. But he was by no means languid in fact as he was impassive.

When he rose to speak he would lean one arm on the nearest of the two front-bench boxes on the table between the front benches. After a slight hesitation and a few quiet words, the other hand would steal to the tall pocket of his coat and commence holding a neatly folded white cambric handkerchief. Without unfolding it he would gently ruffle the corners of his mouth, and this done, the hand, still holding the handkerchief, would rest on the ledge or thrust back.

Sitting near him, one could observe that the grip on his handkerchief was tightened, and that the muscles of the hand were in continuous action. At the close of his speech the hand would opened, and one saw not the clean, folded cambric handkerchief, but only a solid, greasy ball, which was quickly transferred to the pocket. Here was the safety valve for the impassive nervous temperament.

Gladstone was one in whom nervousness had become a mannerism. When he rose to speak he began with a few gracious words on the speech which was about to follow, or some pointed remark as to the character and importance of the subject. In his earlier days this was, no doubt, to get his breath.

His next act was to raise his right hand over his head with the thumb bent down and gently scratch his skull. This is rather common among public speakers. The third action of Mr. Gladstone was the peculiar and individual sign. Throwing his arms downward by his side, he would with his fingers seize the cuffs of his coat and draw them down over his shirt cuffs so as to conceal them completely. The ordinary practice is just the reverse, the desire being to expose and not conceal the white linen to the shirt cuffs. There were the initial variable problems to the great commoner's speeches—Pall Mall Magazine.

Not in the Library.

Mr. Claghorn, artist at the circuits, tells a story of the other day with his hands full of sketches and paintings. He was at two sticks because his wife had asked him to fulfill some commissions for her while he was out. With a look which was just as disagreeable as he felt he handed to the little Britain a list which he had made to aid his memory.

"My wife wants these books," he said gruffly. "Be quick about getting them, if you please. I'm in a great hurry."

The girl, who was a little shy and inexperienced, looked at the paper, as if she should have the books direct by, wait to look for them. She was gone some time and when she returned she looked very indignantly and asked if she expected him to "wait all day."

"I'm very sorry," she apologized, "but you see I've been looking for the last book on the list. We have all the other three, but 'Hairpins and Castor Oil' I can't find and—I'm afraid it isn't in the library."

"Good heavens!" groaned Mr. Claghorn, quite crestfallen. "Did I put those things down in the book list?"

In Praise of Modesty.

Reginald De Koven told at a musicale in Chicago a pretty story in praise of modesty.

A group of tourists," he said, "visited Beethoven's house in Bonn. One of the tourists, a girl of twenty or so, sat down at Beethoven's piano and played the "Moonlight Sonata" note for note. Beethoven's own work, in his own room, on his own piano!

"When the girl had finished, she rose and said to the old caretaker:

"I suppose hundreds of famous musicians have been here and played on this instrument?

"Well, mine," the caretaker answered gravely, "Paderewski was here last year, and his friends stared him at to play, but he shook his head and said:

"No, I am not worthy."

A Good One.

"Is little Mrs. Jiggs's worthless husband going to clear home on Thanksgiving day?"

"No. I understand he is going to stay away for a similar reason."

"A culinary reason?"

"Yes—he knows his goose is cooked."

Didn't Concern Him.

John Wesley had a reputation for fearlessness in his journal he writes: "I preached in Halifax to a civil, senseless congregation. Three or four gentlemen put me in mind of the honest man at London who was so gay and unconcerned while Doctor Sherlock was preaching concerning the Day of Judgment. One asked: 'Do you hear what the doctor says?' He answered, 'Yes, but I am not of his parish!'"

HYPNOTIZED BY A WITCHCAT

FAMILY LIES IN WAIT WITH SOLID GOLD BULLET.

"Hex" Has Caused Various Kinds of Woe in Tumbling Run Valley and Can't Be Killed With Ordinary Ammunition.

At Tumbling Run valley, near Pottsville, Pa., a family is lying in wait for a witchcat with a gun loaded with a solid gold bullet, and has also put a "witchcat-eating cat" on the trail of the "hex" or witchcat. That witchcat appeared at the home of Howell Thomas, some weeks ago. He was always seen at four o'clock in the morning preceding a murder committed by, and it is said to have given Howell Thomas a fright. It is averred that the hens began crowing like roosters and the pigs barking like dogs, and the first evidence that something was wrong was followed by horses, cattle, poultry and even people pining away and dying.

The climax came when Howell Thomas himself died. Two daughters were left—one a spinster, the other married. The former charged the latter with having put the "hex witchcat" on the property, and at the funeral the two had a grievous clash, the unmarried sister tried to keep the married one from the house of the witchcat.

The Thomases had been shooting at the "hex" and thought their aim ordinarily was good, they seemingly could not hit the strange cat. After their father's death, Miss Thomas held a conference with an unknown man doctor and announced that it had been revealed that the reason the bullets had not been effective was because they were lead. She followed directions and molded a silver dollar into a five-dollar gold piece. The close of his speech the hand the gun ready for use, the cat failed to reappear. Miss Thomas and the neighbors have lain in wait for the witch and her lover. Some dealers its absence due to the fact that too many people have been wearing crucifixes and talismans to protect themselves. The affair became so mysterious that the Pottsville Republican officially asked a complete investigation.

The latest turn to the mysterious case, however, is the most interesting of all. A black cat owned by a Schuylkill Haven man has been found by the "hex" doctors to be a "bewitched cat." This cat is said to have been born on the 6th day of the sixth month in 1906, and to have been one of a litter of six kittens. It was blind only six days after its big born, whereas all ordinary cats are blind nine days. The world bewitchcraft is taken from two Greek words, "hex" and "Demons," and means a complication in six parts. It is usually used in referring to the six days' labor of Creation, as described in the first chapter of Genesis. While there are only five books in Moses in the authorized Bible, the hex doctors declare they have a sixth book of Moses. In this book the witch of Endor exerts full power to the hexahemeron cat in warding off evil spells.

It was declared that the "hex cat" had beyond doubt six component parts with the evil one, whereby it had imparted to it an ism, or spirit. The Schuylkill Haven cat has never eaten anything but toads, lizards and serpents, and the hex doctors agreed that its presence would restore the Thomas homestead to a normal condition.

Her Occupation.

The junior member of the old law firm of Goldsmith, Colston, Hoadley & Johnson having made a speech in a shining ornament of the Cincinnati bar in referring to the senior member, Morat Halstead asked upon the three and Saturday afternoon he referred to Mr. Johnson as "the brass ornament of the Cincinnati bar." At an evening gathering Mr. Halstead was a handsome woman. He begged to be presented, and was—to Mrs. Johnson. It did occur to him who the lady might be. He was curious about her. "Johnson, Johnson!" he repeated: "I have never heard the phrase of meeting you before, Mrs Johnson. Do you live in Cincy?" "Oh, yes," replied the lady, brimming over with smiles. "I live in Cincinnati!" "Indeed!" said Mr. Halstead, quite astonished. "Isn't I inquire of what family of Johnsons you are?" The smiles were more than merry this time. "Mr. Halstead," she replied. "for fifteen years I have been Mrs. Johnson, the brass ornament of the Cincinnati bar!"

A Deduction.

"Look at that Miss Gassaway!" said Hicks. "By George, if ever any man was born with a silver spoon in his mouth, he's the one!"

"Think so?" said Tubkins. "Now I should have said, looking at Gassaway's mouth, that it must have been a soup-ladle he was born with."—Harper's Weekly.

The Main Reality.

Critic—How the public flock to that play! And yet there is nothing real in it.

Manager—Oh, yes, there is. There's real money in it.

Slight Accusation.

"Jibbs drinks like a fish."

"Don't his spirits him. Fishes drink nothing but water."

Valuable By-Products.

Albumen is made from blood secured at the packing houses and used for setting the colors of printed fabrics. Ashes from the hickory and oaks used in smoking meats are used for fertilizer. Certain hard bone is ground up and used for case hardening steel. In this process the steel implement is heated while immersed in the powdered bone. Glue is made from the hoofs and sinews of animals.

Too Much Imitation.

We are all prone to keep the level of those around us, and thereby the lameness of our characters and lives.—W. E. Channing.

Only Need Completion.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be! now put foundations under them.—Thoreau.

Was in the Tolls.

"Good New tell me as man to man what you would do if you were marrying the last woman in the world and you knew what you would do; I am married to her."—Stanford Puck.

The Rescue

"Isn't you goin' to have another piece of cake?" asked the girl who had not been long from the land of the "hex" and who had lost her mother's mouth and laughed gleefully at Howell Thomas. "It nearly drove Sister Mattie crazy to have me say 'why' the hex." "Ah, what's wot on, 'ow somehow I don't reckon I ever will get over doin' it."

"Another thing that just about unnerveses Sister Mattie to death is the way I talk, an' I wouldn't have been nearly everybody in the apartment 'ollin' 'ere and she don't know hardly my ear of 'em. Sister Mattie's lived up north a long time, an' she's the northern people.

"Speakin' of talkin' to strangers, there's the excuse lookin' young man I met in the apartment across the hall from us. I've been crazy to know him ever since I've been here, and I know he was alone, and I wanted to speak to me if I gave him the least little bit of chance, but I didn't dare do it, for I knew that I never dared to. Every time we'd meet—we'd meet, tho'ough, or in the elevator he's kind o' look at me and I'd look at him.

"I reckon we's gone on the that did summer if I hadn't been for the tire the other morrin'.

"Yes, indeed, ma dear, we did have a perfectly lovely time. It was about 2 o'clock in the morrin', such a scandalous time for anything to happen! "The first I knew about it was when Sister Mattie came into my room and begun pockin' on 'im. Yes, sir! Gal! up! she was sayin' when I opened my eyes. "The house is on fire!

"I jumped up out of bed and began flogged round the room and screamin'. Still, I had enough presence of mind to think of my hair. I'd never forgot what I got ready to the top of the stairs and then I ketched it up and tied it up in a big knot in back of my head. I did was to get on my best hat and put it on and then I put on my white dress and my kimono, because Sister Mattie kept worrin' me so about it, tho' I wanted to stop and tie up my hair hand.

"Well, my dear, I give you my word, I was clear down on the street when I realized I had on my best hat, and I ever had in my life. I'd come off and left my hair! Now could you ever believe it? My beautiful long switch that I paid $3 an ounce for!

"I just knew I'd never in the world get honeys enough to get another one like it, and I was in a fine vision of me goin' around third rest of my life with just this hair that grows on my head and I nearly fainted. For a minute I was so weak I couldn't move and then I simply thought up the state. Where I was about half way up I heard somebody gallopin' after me. What do you think? It was that lovey young man across the hall!

"Let me go and get it for you, Miss Robinson," he said. Wasn't it sweet of him to know what my name was?

"I was just pettin' by that time, I was so out of breath, and he's so kind o' crazy and sweet, I just told him the truth. 'It's my hair,' I said. 'I'm afraid you wouldn't know where to find it.'

"Well, for a minute I thought he'd die laughin', and it wasn't any laughin' matter, I'd thought I would die on again. He took hold of my arm, tho'ough, and said he'd take me down stairs, and he asked me where my hair was. I told him I didn't get over leaving it, so I told him it was on the dresser, and he went up and I went down to the office.

"I didn't have any more than time to begin thinkin' how perfectly terrible it was, when I looked up and saw that hair in his hand! was thinkin' maybe he'd be sorry he'd have goes through life lookin' kind o' moth eaten on than to face such a terrific situation, when he came down the stairs and came up to me and handed me that hair. What do you think? He'd looped and wrapped it up in a piece of paper! Wasn't that the sweetest thing you ever heard of? My dear, I thought I'd have been helpless faint in love with him!

"Now, I'm he didn't amount to a bill of beans. We all went back to our rooms to shout half an hour, but Mr. Sheldon came over the next morning to ask how we gave Mattie! Was she sweet of him? And Sister Mattie found he knew some people we did and knows and she asked him to come to dinner, and he's been over every day since.

"Sister Mattie's just as crazy about him as I am, and I'm so glad he's set about the hair. I know she'd think it was perfectly ridiculous."

An "Appreciation."

A young lady who had returned from a tour through Italy with her father informed a friend that he liked all the Italian cities, but most of all he loved Venice.

"Ah, Venice, to be sure!" said the friend. "I can readily understand that your father would like Venice, with its gondolas, and St. Mark's, and Michelangelo."

"Oh, no," the young lady interrupted. "I wasn't that. He liked it because it reminded him of the hotel and fish from its window."—Catholic News.

Up to the Wishbone.

Salt is being used in the cities of the British empire; and what we have to do is to be on our wishbones and bring it to the fruit."—Christian Intelligencer.

The Spangled Tunic

Mrs. Winslow and Lily Belle were stopping into the sitting room when the postman came along.

"That's from Maude!" cried Lily Belle, pounding upon a blue envelope postmarked "Springtown" and ripping a stickpin under the flap. "Now I know what we are all going to wear at the wedding."

She read in silence for a moment. Then she set up suddenly and fixed her companion with two glittering eyes.

"Cousin Mattie Winslow," she gasped. "Will you listen to what Maude Washburne has the assurance to write? Of course she knows I wrote a lot of truck about her own dress, and she writes: 'The attendants are to wear pink marquisette over pink satin. All the other girls are being real, real, real trains, but you, being the only unmarried girl, of course will wear a short dress—ankle length.' And so on, and so on. Now, what do you think of that?

"She pinned to'let the horror of the situation sink into the mind of her companion.

"Well, if they think for a single second that I'm going to wear any of the kind they are much mistaken. I'm not an Lily Belle. I won't go home for the old wedding, that's all. I'll calumine to Mamma that I have to let them order the stuff for my dress. Aside from being made of silk with a train and little Lily Belle trotting up the aisle in a short dress—bumps!

"Never mind, you just stay here with me until the wedding is over," said Cousin Mattie, soothingly. "How does it happen that you have not tried but you?"

"Oh, I'm a club we have. There are just seven of us and each one that has married has had to have her attendants. The man I was going to marry was a big, big, big, big, big, big, lightful—from Denver. It just makes me sick to think of the wedding."

"Well," purred Cousin Mattie, sugary, "that put around to the stores today and look at the pretty things and forget all about it for a while."

They had been shopping and were making a tour of the shops when they saw the spangled tunic. Before a critical customer the salewoman held it up—a lovely, shimmering thing, like a robe of cobwebs spangled with dewdrops.

"Only thirty-two fifty, marked down from forty," said the salewoman to the customer turned away indifferent. "It isn't just what I wanted, she drawled. "I think I'll look some white silk."

Lily Belle darted at the clerk as the other woman turned away. "Let me look at that, please!" she cried, drag ging Cousin Mattie towards the tunic. "Isn't that the sweetest thing you ever laid your eyes on?"

"Very pretty," agreed Cousin Mattie, surveying the tunic placidly.

As Lily Belle gazed a half-formed thought in her brain crystallized into a sudden resolution.

"Cousin Mattie Winslow," she announced, impressively, "I'm going to buy that tunic! I'm going to wear it! I'm going to wear it to the wedding! I'm going to wear it! Maybe I'll be sorry! But it serves them right. If I carry home that tunic in a box and dress I'll have a tunic over the top, to make up."

If Cousin Mattie had any misgivings about the propriety of her arrangement, she was too well accustomed to obey her cousins' orders to voice them, so the tunic was ordered and paid for.

Mrs. Winslow settled herself comfortably in an easy chair to read a letter. It was two days after the wedding, and the letter was postmarked "Springtown" and addressed to Lily Belle's eight bridesmaids.

"Dear Cousin Mattie" she read, "I have only time to write a few words about the wedding because I'm going with the car with Mr. Swift—the Denver man I told you about—but I can't that the sweetest thing you ever laid your eyes on! Maude looked the prettiest gown that was ever seen in Springtown. Nobody recognized her. Maude's dress to speak of, or any of the others. The girls were perfectly furious, but it served them right, for they wanted to make Maude go to decide the way they did about the trains if it had been here.

"Mamma began to make a little fuss about my wearing the tunic—thought it might not be in good taste—but when I told her that you thought it was all right she was satisfied. She has so much confidence in your judgment. Thank you again, dear Cousin Mattie, for suggesting it."

Cousin Mattie read over the last little at the last sentence, then she smiled placidly.

"Oh, well, I'm willing to take the responsibility," she thought. "I did serve them right."

The Modern Way.

Mrs. Gay—Mr. Gay, I and I have our house furnished entirely with wedding gifts.

Mr. Gay—Gracious! What a lot of presents!

Mrs. Gay—Yes; I have been married four times and my husband three.

Only Need Completion.

If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be! now put foundations under them.—Thoreau.

Was in the Tolls.

"Good New tell me as man to man what you would do if you were marrying the last woman in the world and you knew what you would do; I am married to her."—Stanford Puck.

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our office and have a little lumber talk. We can give you some tips you will find valuable. If you propose to build, enlarge or improve this season tell us your plans and specifications. We are behind in lumber to use and know much or how little you need. We charge you nothing for advice and only moderately for the lumber you require.

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LEXINGTON KENTUCKY

Letter From Africa

Longa, via Coquilhatville, Haut Congo, Congo Belge, Africa.

Nov. 14, 1911.

W. G. Eldred, Carlisle, Ky. Via Ahlstrop.

Dear Brother and Sister:—

In two or three days it will be time for me the post to go down river again so I will start this letter to you that nothing what happen to cause it to be unfinished by that time. First of all we are both well. Of course you are aware that we two are by ourselves here at Longa since after the first of Oct. we went to Bolenge to attend the funeral of one of the Protestant Ministerieles working in Congo. However, Lillian has written an account of this so we will enclose a copy to you. From Bolenge we came back to Longa and while the S. S. Oregon was gone up to Lulumba to get lumber for Brother Smith back to their station, we was paying a visit to the surrounding forest current, to see if they could find land where we might live when we come for and stay the night. The canoe came back and made a report that there was no land to be found that night. But that is what we call a "cat-too of a native drum in a village beyond. The Bolenge people, I mean the people The Oregon came back to Longa and had from here to the Busira river to our work at Monieka.

Now the Busira river four hours steaming from here or a whole day's paddling by boat there is a small river emptying into the Busira from the north. I had heard of this river from the Bolinge) river So taking advantage of the S. S. Oregon with the Longa steel boat and a canoe alongside we reached the mouth of the Bolinge river, about 10:00 A. M. So no missionary ever had been in this part of the country and so I did not have any idea what I would find. Some time in the early morning I had been up to the stern of the boat and I was looking out over the country I had to go over to find the mouth of the Bolinge river. I knew from native reports that there were many towns on the Bolinge river and on this river. It was these same people we were going to find and that we might tell them of the Christ, their friend and King. Reaching the mouth of the Bolinge so preparously, we had spoken to Brother Smith we would cast anchor for the night. In this however, we were to be disappointed. After going up this stream for about fifteen miles, a stream about three times as big as the Kentucky River, we had to choose between three branches or what seemed to be the main stream. The smallest one was to our right and as this was also the direction of the Busira river and from the map I had seen of that direction I did not think we had separated nearly miles. I decided that we would take the middle one following it, but rather that it would lead us to the Busira swamp back to the Busira itself as such water courses often do out here. We had not gone very far when we found ourselves in a lake, a very pretty lake, and we were in the middle of it. Of course we had to be turned back. We had gone about a mile