

## TWO IN A SINK HOLE.

A KENTUCKY PRINTER NARRATES A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

While Following the Call of His Faithful Dog He Met With a Mishap—In a Dark Hole With a Fierce Wild Beast—The Escape and Recognition.

Pretty much everybody in the crowd had told a story of the gun or dog or fishpole except a printer who looked about as much like a hunter or fisherman as he did like an angel.

"It's your turn now, Muggins," said the reporter.

"I never hunted anything but boarding houses over in Brooklyn," he said, with a wan and dodging kind of air, as if people threw things at him whenever he tried to tell a story.

"But before you came here is what we want to know about," put in several, "and you've either got to tell a story or pay for the drinks every time anybody else tells one."

He moved about uneasily and pushed his chair back from the table, drawing it close up again immediately and finally resting his hands clasped on the board in front of him.

"Well, gents," he said with the wan and dodging look still in his eyes, "let me think a minute. Before I came here I lived in Chicago, where I was hunted instead of hunting. Before that I was in New Orleans, where I only hunted a job. Before that I was in St. Paul, where I was hunting a warm place all the time. Before that I lived in Boston, where it was too frigid to hunt, and before that, quite a long time before that, I lived in old Kentucky, and, gents, I did hunt there. Nothing but a coon, mebbe, or a fox or a possum or as little as a squirrel or only a dove in the dusty road, but it was finer than anything on earth."

"I was only a boy, and perhaps that had something to do with it, but I didn't know any different then, like I do now, and it was just the finest on earth and no mistake." And his wan face lighted up as if he were looking through the open gates of paradise.

"I recollect I had a dog that was considerable of a hunting dog, but he was an unrelenting kind of a cuss, and when he treed anything he would do a lot of barking at first, but if somebody didn't come mighty quick he would give it up and go moseying along after the next thing in sight. One night I was out with him after coons, and about 9 o'clock I heard him bark like he was over in a clump of woods about a half mile away. I knew I was going to have to get to him pretty quick if I found him there at all, and I started across a field toward the woods as fast as I could go. It was a stubble field with sink holes like you find all over Kentucky in the limestone parts, and the place was dark, though the moon was just beginning to show above the woods. I was thinking more about what the dog had than anything else, and as I went banging through the field, all at once I seemed to drop off of the earth and fall into a cellar, and then I knew I had tumbled into a sink hole. They are never very deep or dangerous, and I wasn't afraid of being fatally hurt, but it took the sand out of me right quick, and I went down through the weeds and stuff, not knowing just what had happened. Of course I hadn't much time to think, and when I hit bottom I had still less, for instead of lighting on the ground or stones or thicket, I lit on something alive. It was a wild animal of some kind, I didn't know what, and I was scared till my hair began to feel funny on my head."

"When I went down, I went hard, and I kind of knocked the wind out of the varmint at first, but in a second it began to yowl and snap and snarl and to twist under me and try to get out and to raise the dickens generally. In the meantime I was yelling and squawking and trying to scare the blamed thing, because I thought it was a wildcat, and I knew a boy of my size didn't have any show with a wildcat if the varmint ever took a notion to fight, and I knew pretty well that a wildcat was about as sure to take a notion to fight as anything on earth. I don't know exactly what I did in that hole or how I did it, but I remember it seemed about a month of Sundays that I was all mused up in there with some kind of a wild animal, and finally the thing got from under me and scooted as fast as it could for the top of the sink hole. I followed after it as quick as I could, for I became braver when I saw it run, and when I got up on the level the moon had come out, and I could see the varmint fairly skinning it out for the tall timber. I yelled at it with all my might, though I didn't see it very fast, and began to call my dog. On the second call the varmint stopped, and I began to get ready to skin out myself, when I got a better look, and, by the great horn spoon, gents, it was my dog. I called him then, and he came back to me, and I could see for myself that he had holed something down there in the sink, and his barking had been smothered and sounded away off to me, and of course when I dropped in on him unexpectedly like that he didn't know anything about it, and neither did I, and there we was. In any event, gentlemen," concluded the former Corncracker, "that dog come trotting back to me, and when we met face to face in the moonlight he sorter looked at me, and I sorter looked at him, and I don't know which one of us felt most like apologizing. I do know, though, we both knocked off for that occasion, and on the way home we took turn about sneaking along behind each other, me and the dog."—New York Sun.

### Parisian Pagans.

Paris is threatened with a renaissance of paganism. Several well known literateurs, poets and artists have banded themselves into a society for the adoration of heathen deities. This romantic revival has already caught the Parisian fancy, and converts are announced every day.

## HEROISM IN MINES.

Instances Where Brave Men Have Risked Their Lives to Save Others.

Never was there a mining disaster of any magnitude without several instances of individual gallantry in saving boys alone, says a writer in Chums. As a colliery manager said the other day, "There may be a score of cases of that kind after a single accident and nobody be any the wiser."

"A boy told me once," he proceeded, "that after an explosion one of the men who was with him brought him along a considerable distance in the workings. At last they met the afterdamp. The lad was so terrified, so anxious to get out, that he wanted to rush through and make his way to the shaft. If he had gone on, he certainly would have dropped, but the man would not let him. He stopped him by force, and though the lad bit and fought like a little demon he stuck to him and held him near to the ground, so that they could breathe. How do you think he calmed the boy at last? Saug comic songs to him. Well, they had to keep where they were for about five hours, and then, when the air had got better, the man started off and brought the youngster out safely, though once he was nearly suffocated by the afterdamp. Now, there's a case that nobody would have heard of probably if the lad hadn't happened to have told me about it."

As an instance of heroism in this direction that is known, however, I recall a story I heard near the bank of the Hyde pit after the explosion in 1889. You know that the slightest delay in flying for the shaft may mean death. In the neighborhood of Bolton some few years ago one man out of a party of colliers stopped behind for a minute or so to look for his son, a boy of 14, who was working close by. The two met, but alas, they perished there together and were found clasped in each other's arms. And paternal devotion as thus manifested has cost many a brave fellow his life.

Well, on the occasion referred to a man named Haslam brought from the workings, or met as he was scurrying along to the pit mouth, a youth about 16, and throughout the terrible journey he stuck to the lad with the most heroic determination. Twice the boy stumbled and fell, but the noble collier dragged him to his feet and urged him to push on with all speed. Other mishaps befell them, yet both, I rejoice to say, gained the surface alive and comparatively well.

### Something About Partridges.

Among the habits of the partridge one is that when a covey is roosting on the ground, with their tails bunched together in a circle, the bunch is surmounted by a line of watchful heads, like sentinels on duty. Another is that they run the instant the ground is touched after a "flush," the dogs often trailing them in rabbit hunting fashion. Their sense of smell is evidently very acute, for during the nesting season, if the eggs, which number from 10 to 20, are disturbed in any way or a hand even inserted in the nest, it will be immediately deserted and a new one built. A short time previous to the nesting the males are often involved in desperate combats for the choice of mates, who stand by and quietly watch the encounter, seeming not to care which one becomes the victor. The incubation is performed entirely by the female, the male, when not feeding, often being perched on some slight elevation, encouraging her by his mellow toned call of "bobwhite." Two and sometimes three broods of young are reared during a season, the nesting beginning as early as May 1. Later in the fall the broods of young occasionally join forces, but whether from a want of company or for protection is not known.

When feeding, the birds are sometimes scattered several yards apart, but at the first sign of danger an alarm is given, and they immediately "bunch," with their heads placed close together, as if in consultation. The first shot into a covey will often cause them to break and fly in all directions, and if not disturbed again for several minutes "scatter calls" will be heard on every side. These are made to collect the remaining birds, who again bunch. Many of the market gunners seem to have no qualms of conscience and very often kill without hesitation an entire covey, when at least one or two pairs of birds should be left for breeders.—Baltimore Sun.

### Question of Adipose.

A criminal lawyer of long experience at the bar was heard to say the other day:

"I have made juries in murder cases an especial study. There are a large number of men, larger than most people suppose, who have scruples about finding death as a punishment for a murderer. I used to make it my business to study jurymen's faces and see if I could read by the lines whether or not they had scruples about the death sentence. I gave this up, though, as being beyond my power of comprehension. Later continued study of the jury box led me to a discovery. That was that in nine cases out of ten a jury composed mostly of tall, lean men would, when the evidence was sufficient, never have the slightest hesitation about fixing extreme sentence. On the other hand, a jury where short, fat men predominated in number would occupy twice as much time in finding its verdict, and when brought in it would generally be a term of imprisonment for the murderer."—Louisville Commercial.

### For Horseho.

The following cure may be tried in cases of severe carache when ordinary remedies have failed: Get a small quantity of dried arnica flowers and put them into two small bags. Put half a pint of whisky into a small saucepan on the stove, and when it is heated dip one of the bags into it and apply to the ear of the sufferer. As soon as one bag begins to cool and the steam stops coming from it change it for the other bag which is heating in the whisky.

### Feminine Suicides.

Statistical tables yield curious information to the careful student. For instance, they show that over one-third of the women who kill themselves are not yet 25 years of age. They show that women take poison, where men shoot themselves, and they show that the poor, sick and the infirm are not by any kind of reckoning in the majority. A physician who makes a study of attempted suicide said this:

"Get a girl past 25, and she'll go through poverty, sickness and desertion and misery enough to kill ten men. The more people suffer the more they cling to life. I've seen it in hospitals. It is not the patients with the incurable diseases or the hopeless cripples who beg to die, but the young, strong, vital woman, who hates pain and doesn't want to suffer it, even for the chance of getting well. It is a strange thing, this getting of a girl past 25, but not uncommon. Any physician with a large family practice will tell you of a dozen cases in his own circle of knowledge. Sometimes it is called pyromania, sometimes kleptomania, sometimes catalepsy, sometimes hysteria, sometimes feigning and sometimes tantrums—it's all the same thing—nothing else to do." Another physician told of a girl who committed suicide and who left a note stating that her reason was that she was tired of doing the same things over and over every day. The monotony of life had become unbearable to her.—Philadelphia Times.

### Dropping a Ball Through the Earth.

"G. H." of East St. Louis asks the following curious question, "If it were possible to bore a hole a foot or more in diameter entirely through the earth, and to then start a 100 pound ball to falling through this 8,000 miles of hole, at what point would it stop?" In answer to this we will say that weight, in the sense to which our correspondent alludes, is the measure of attraction of gravitation, or, in other words, it is the measure of force with which a body is attracted to the earth. This attractive force decreases both ways from the earth's surface. Therefore if a ball should be started on the tour outlined in your query its weight would decrease to a certain extent with every yard of its flight (or fall), until finally, upon reaching the center of the earth it would have no weight whatever. This curious state of affairs would be brought about by the gradual lessening by the force of attraction, or gravitation, until the center of the globe would have been reached, at which point the ball would be held in suspension, as though fixed by numerous magnetic points. In other words, at the center of the earth the phenomenon of weight is entirely wanting.—St. Louis Republic.

### Making Allowances.

"Confound the boy," he exclaimed as he opened one of the letters the postman had brought and spilled half his coffee.

"What is the matter, dear? Look out! You will spoil the tablecloth," remarked the wife of his bosom.

"Tablecloth be hanged. It's that boy Tom."

"What has he been doing? I am sure he's getting along finely. He writes me that he is on the eleven."

"That's all very well, but here I have a bill from his tailor, and I only paid one last week."

"But look at the nice set he is in."

"Yes, but why the mischief doesn't he economize? Doesn't the young rascal know the value of money?"

"But Tom is so young, dear. You ought to make allowances for him."

"Allowances! For heaven's sake! I have been making allowances enough for him, and I'll stop his allowance this month," he cried as he left the breakfast room to go to the office.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### No. 18 In Rome.

An observing tourist who visits Rome and walks through the streets is doubtless surprised that there are very few houses bearing the ominous number 18, nearly all the houses that should bear those figures being marked 12b or 14a. Nor is the superstition regarding the fateful 18 absent from scientific and phlegmatic Germany, for the other day a merchant in Berlin applied to the magistrate of the district to have the number of his shop changed from No. 18 to No. 12b. The magistrate, however, refused to grant the petition. In Frankfurt, on the other hand, the owners of buildings bearing No. 18 are allowed to change the figures upon a simple application to the proper authorities.—New York Tribune.

### Good For a Paragraph.

A well known Dublin journalist tells the following anecdote:

One night as a messenger from the office of an evening paper was passing along the quays on the banks of the Liffey he heard the sound of some one struggling in the water.

"Are you drowning?" he shouted.

"I am," replied a feeble voice from the water.

"What a pity!" said the lad consolingly. "You are just too late for the last edition tonight, but cheer up—you'll have a nice little paragraph all to yourself in the morning."—London Tit-Bits.

### De Maurier's Portrait.

George Du Maurier's last portrait of himself pictured a man faintly resembling the author of "Trilby" and provided with the wings of an angel and the tail and hoofs of something else. Over it he wrote: "Some seem to think he's got wings like an angel; some, that he's got a cloven foot and a forked tail. He is quite an ordinary little man, I assure you."

In heraldry nine different varieties of the crown are recognized as insignia of rank—the oriental, the triumphal or imperial, the diadem, the obediational crown, the civic, the crown valley, the mural crown, the naval and the crown celestial.

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