

GRAND GULF CAVERN

A GREAT CAVE THAT IS IN SOUTH-WESTERN MISSOURI.

Its Mysterious Depths Were First Explored by Two Men of More Than Ordinary Courage—The Story of Their Perilous Journey.

Southwest Missouri is full of strange earth formations that are called "natural" curiosities in spite of their unnaturalness. The earth is full of caves and sink holes. One of the most celebrated of these is the Grand Gulf, in Oregon county, about four miles from Koshongton. It is a sort of canyon, in shape not unlike a horseshoe and serves the purpose of a drainage bed in the wet season for a 12 mile area of hills. The canyon is 220 feet deep, with a natural bridge in one place and a subterranean lake and river that opens at one end. The river only exists during the wet season, for the earth at the bottom of the canyon is porous and absorbs the water. The lake, however, is full the whole year round.

This cave, containing the subterranean river and lake, had never been explored to the end till the summer of 1885, when Pat Foley, a saloon keeper from Thayer, with a companion performed the exploit. Foley had made two trips before into the cave, but had not been able to secure a companion courageous enough to persevere in the enterprise. Each man had weakened and returned before the end of the cave was reached. On the third trip, however, Foley had with him a man of courage.

The entrance to the cave is wide and deep. The bed is of broken stones, over which trickles a tiny stream of water in the dry season. A hundred feet inside the cave the entrance suddenly narrows into a hole so small that a man must get on hands and knees to pass through. Beyond this narrow hole the entrance widens into a large grotto. There is a steep hill to climb; next the hill descends sharply into a lake. To penetrate to the end of this lake it was necessary to have a boat so small that it could be dragged through the narrow passage into the grotto.

Foley and his companion built a boat of suitable size and hauled it through the narrow entrance. They took with them also a long coil of rope, a quantity of matches, some railroad lanterns and four torches with cotton wadding on the ends soaked in kerosene. The cave of course is perfectly dark. The men used their lanterns till they got through the narrow place, but to their amazement the lantern flames inside the grotto slowly grew dim and finally went out. They tried to light them again, but the sulphur of the matches would flare up only to be extinguished immediately. The reason of this was that the atmosphere was exceedingly damp and heavy.

The men succeeded in lighting the four kerosene torches, and grasping one of them in each hand they made their way down the slope of the lake and stood the torches up between the rocks, giving out very little flame. The boat was dragged down to the lake, the torches fastened at the prow and stern, one end of the rope tied to a boulder and the rest of the coil thrown in the boat. When the two men sat down in the frail craft they found the water rose to within three inches of the gunwales. It was impossible to use oars without tipping the boat far enough to sink it, so the men were forced to paddle cautiously with their hands.

They forced the little craft into the unknown lake, the smoldering torches lighting up the blackness for only a few feet around them. Outside it was a warm summer day, they knew, but inside it was like a closed refrigerator, all blackness and dampness and cold. The water of the lake was ice cold, and at every few dips they had to stop and warm their hands. There was nothing to be seen on any side—nothing but darkness. No sound could penetrate the cavern. If the boat should capsize—as it was likely to do with the slightest disturbance—they would be cramped in a minute in the cold water without a chance of help from the outside.

After a long and tedious paddling the boat's prow was suddenly buried in a bank of mud and gravel. Foley took a torch and stepped out cautiously in his rubber boots into the mud. He found he had come to the end of the lake and that a sharply inclined wall of rock rose before him. The saloon keeper climbed up the wall about 40 feet above the lake searching for a continuance of the cavern. But he could find none. Apparently the cavern ended there. He returned to the boat, where his companion sat. The two men made their way across the lake and out through the narrow place in safety. They had been gone an hour, and their friends outside had begun to fear an accident had happened to them.

So far as people know, the cave in the Grand Gulf has no outlet. The Indian traditions about the cave are that it was a subterranean waterway much used at one time by boatmen, who used to carry provisions in boats to the Arkansas valley. If this be true, the river must have been stopped up many years ago by some convulsion of nature and the lake formed then.—Kansas City Star.

The Wit Mr. Beecher Kept In. In the early days of Mr. Beecher's career, when wit was unknown in the pulpit, some of the deacons of his church asked him if he didn't think such frequent outbursts of humor were calculated to diminish his usefulness. He listened patiently, and when they finished he said, "Brethren, if you only know how many funny things I keep in you wouldn't complain about the few I let out."—Ladies' Home Journal

Easy to Beat Hotels.

"Hotel men give out that they warn each other by circulars about lead-beats," said the slick looking man with the high hat, "but don't you let that stop you if you want to live high for a week. Few men like to publish the fact that they have been done up. It's the easiest thing in the world to beat a first class hotel. All you want is a good suit of clothes and plenty of check. A grip with a few shirts and collars is as good as a trunk.

"You drive up in style; you register to get the best room in the house; you bulldoze the clerks and threaten the servants. A checkbook is a good thing to show, but you pay for nothing. You talk in a loud voice, you make plenty of kicks, and you order the best wines for dinner. Lands, but the whole staff of the house will fall over each other to make it pleasant for you! You don't pay the first week's bill. On the contrary, you are indignant and demand an apology. When the second week is due, your drafts have not come.

"You will be worked out of the house, but with gentleness and apologies. They don't want a row, and they don't want notoriety. You'll be forgiven if you'll only go, and if you take up your quarters for the next two weeks right across the street no one from the hotel will give you away. When a man beats us, we like to see him beat our neighbor, you know. It's nice and genteel work, with no kicks or hard times, and there is always room for one more in the profession."—Detroit Journal.

Carried Her Point and Pet.

It is said by a cynic of the masculine gender that a man never yields when he knows he is in the right nor a woman when she is equally certain she is in the wrong. In an Amsterdam avenue car the other day, while the conductor was forward collecting fares, a woman, followed by a large English bulldog, entered and seated herself.

"Madam," said the conductor, "dogs are not allowed in these cars."

"I am going to Fifty-seventh street. Here is my fare," was the answer.

"I cannot take it, madam. It is as much as my position is worth to let that dog ride in this car."

"Here is my fare."

"I must enforce the rule. It would be better to get off quietly; otherwise I shall have to call an officer."

"I've taken the dog in these cars before."

"Only dogs that can be carried are allowed to ride in these cars."

"Come, darling, get in mother's lap," she said to the beast, and after considerable effort she succeeded in dragging "darling" upon her knees. She flashed a look of scorn at the conductor and exclaimed, "Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself?"—New York Herald.

A Question of Clocks.

Which is the best, a clock that is right only once a year, or a clock that is right twice every day? "The latter," you reply, "unquestionably."

Very good, reader; now attend. I have two clocks; one doesn't go at all and the other loses a minute a day, which would you prefer? "The losing one," you answer, "without a doubt."

Now observe. The one which loses a minute a day has to lose 12 hours, or 720 minutes, before it is right again; consequently it is only right once in two years, whereas the other is evidently right as often as the time it points to come round, which happens twice a day. So you've contradicted yourself once. "Ah, but," you say, "what's the use of its being right twice a day, if I can't tell when the time comes?"

Why, suppose the clock points to 8 o'clock, don't you see that the clock is right at 8 o'clock? Consequently when 8 o'clock comes your clock is right. "Yes, I see that," you reply.

Very good; then you've contradicted yourself twice. Now get out of the difficulty as you can, and don't contradict yourself again if you can help it."—Lewiss Carroll Picture Book.

How He Discovered Her.

"Yes," said a noted detective, "I have seen a great many queer things in my experience."

"Discovered a good many gigantic frauds, I suppose?" ventured an admirer.

"Well, I should say so," was the reply. "But between you and me, the most complete piece of deception I ever saw was a woman, young, pretty and I would have sworn, an angel."

"But she wasn't?"

"I should say not. She has a temper like a whirlwind, and when she gets wild the very earth seems to shake."

"Good gracious! And how did you manage to discover her true character?"

"Well, I—ahem! The fact is, I married her!"

They Marry Young.

The Boer youth weds extremely young. His education is over and he is considered a man of business when he is 16. His bride does not come to him portionless, but usually with a dowry consisting of cows, goats and sheep, a span of oxen and a quiet riding horse. To each child that is born a well to do Boer likes to assign certain farm stock as a "nest egg" for a future dowry or as a start in life.

He Graved a Favor.

"Say," called the victim from beneath the bed coverings.

"Well," asked one of the burglars, gruffly.

"Would you fellows mind carrying off that ornamental watchdog of mine in the front yard along with the rest of your swag?"—Philadelphia North America.

Cautious.

"Do you think a prizefighter has a right to call himself a gentleman?" "Er—there isn't one within hearing, is there?"—Indianapolis Press.

THE THINNEST OF MEN.

Claude Scourat Might Have Been Mistaken For a Skeleton.

Instances of remarkably thin men are not uncommon, but Claude Ambrose Scourat, who was exhibited in 1825, was such an extraordinary personage that to fewer than 10,000 persons visited him in a few weeks. Scourat was born in 1797 and was therefore 28 years of age when he made his appearance.

Astley Cooper, the famous physician, was among the throng who poured into the building in which Scourat received those who were anxious to see him, and in writing of him he said:

"Scourat is without doubt the most mysterious being I have encountered. His face is that of an ordinary man, somewhat emaciated perhaps, but not remarkably so. His eyes are bright and his voice is pleasing. Seen in the ordinary costume of the day, he in no way differs from the average foreigner, but stripped of his padded clothing he presents an astounding spectacle.

"His arms are mere bones, covered by parchment-like skin and muscle, and flesh he appears to have none. He is therefore scarcely able to move his arms and walks, though without apparent effort, with extreme difficulty. On measuring him and weighing him I found that his chest measurement was 30 1/2 inches, which is fair; that his weight was not more than 45 pounds, the bones being much smaller than those of an ordinary man of his stature, who might weigh 150 pounds. In appearance, indeed, he so much resembled a skeleton that a shortsighted person might easily mistake him for one."

Scourat's food consisted of two or three ounces of bread and meat daily, and sometimes he took a little wine. He was remarkably intelligent and well read and picked up English rapidly. On arriving at places where he was not known he was accustomed to walk out in his padded clothes and did not attract any particular attention. He said that until the age of 10 years he resembled any ordinary boy, but that he suddenly wasted away. He died in 1849, aged 52 years.—Chicago News.

NEWS TRAVELS FAST.

The Mysterious Way in Which It Spreads Through an Audience.

"You cannot keep news, especially war news, out of any public building, be it theater, concert room or lecture hall, no matter how deeply engrossing the entertainment may be, and from one man, who perhaps knows only one soul in the place, coming in with the news of a statesman's death, of a great victory, or what not, the whole audience of a couple of thousand people will know the news in five minutes."

The gentleman who thus spoke is one of the most experienced theatrical managers in the world, and he went on: "I could give you some most striking instances from my own experience of what I say. I have seen a big audience convulsed with laughter at 9 o'clock, say, but through a bare whisper of a great outside calamity that circulated through the house with almost the rapidity of telegraphy, that same audience has been restless, universally grave of face and absolutely inattentive to the very culminating point of fun on the stage. And the singular thing is that actors who have never left the stage have, through the medium of whispers among the band or from the stalls, known all that the original messenger of evil had to tell."

"The late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon once told me that he had known this same thing precisely to occur during the course of a religious service, and when a vast congregation were on their knees. He gave me the time and place and explained how, from the whisper of a doorkeeper, a kneeling concourse of thousands knew the whole story of a national crisis in an incredibly short time."—London Tit-Bits.

Thinks They Need Editing.

The blue pencil apparently did not exist in olden times. We have read pages of Marcus Aurelius at a stretch without understanding a word of it. Epictetus is equally hard to read. Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus are philosophers without doubt, but they have a style that gives you a headache. Both need editing. The man with the blue pencil should get after Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus. Emerson's books also clamor for the blue pencil. Carlyle is another clumsy writer greatly in need of the blue pencil of a good editor. A wise saying is not a matter of faith. Unless you can see it and understand it it is not a wise saying.—Acheson Globe.

A Teletail.

A "befo' de wab" matron was teaching one of the little darlings on her plantation how to spell. The primer she used was a pictorial one, and over each word was its accompanying picture, and Polly glibly spelled "o-x, o-x," and "b-o-x, box," etc.

But the teacher thought that she was making too rapid progress, so she put her hand over the picture and said, "Polly, what does o-x spell?"

"Ox," answered Polly nimbly.

"How do you know that it spells ox, Polly?"

"Seed his tail," replied the apt Polly.—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Better Way.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," said Jones to his neighbor, who was an aged millionaire. "Here you are a man of wealth and position, and yet you put out your ash barrel every morning with your own hands, to save a few miserable pennies!"

"I guess you're right, neighbor," replied the miserly old fellow. "Now that you have spoken of it I can see that it is hardly the thing for a man in my position to do. Hereafter I'll have my wife do it."—Chicago News.

ASTOUNDING POLITENESS.

The truck driver is proverbially profane, and when one is discovered who doesn't swear between syllables when his vehicle is jammed in a bunch of other trucks and blocked trolley cars you feel like taking off your hat to him. Down at Second and Chestnut streets one afternoon, when traffic was at its thickest and trucks and cars were lined along both thoroughfares, two truckmen had equal chances of making the crossing. One was coming down Chestnut and the other along Second street.

Had they been ordinary truckmen each would have whipped up, and the chances are that a collision would have resulted. But these two were not ordinary truckmen. With Chesterfieldian grace one waved his arm to the other, inviting him to take precedence. "You first!" shouted the driver, whereupon a messenger boy who had witnessed the remarkable scene gasped and nearly swallowed his cigarette stump. "After you," was the next contribution to this remarkable dialogue. "Wouldn't that jar you?" muttered a motorman, who was standing clanging his bell for all he was worth.

The two truckmen continued to motion for each other to go ahead. "I insist!" shouted one. "Oh, no; I insist!" shouted the other. Finally a policeman interfered. "Say, one of yons ducks git a move on," he commanded. "This ain't no pink tea." The truckman coming down Chestnut street consented to cross the street, and traffic was gradually resumed.—Philadelphia Record.

A Persistent Poet.

Although R. K. Munkittrick has an enviable reputation as a humorist, yet he is not the quickest man in the world to see a joke when it is played on himself. Mr. Gibson, one of the editors of Puck and also a practical joker, arranged for a special jest to be administered to Mr. Munkittrick. He had provided a trick telephone which emitted a shower of flour when anybody spoke into it.

When Mr. Munkittrick had arrived, it was suddenly discovered that the paper had gone to press and that his copy was too late. There was only one chance, Mr. Gibson said, and that was to telephone to the printer and tell him to stop the presses until his matter should be set up and inserted. He asked Mr. Munkittrick to go to the phone at once.

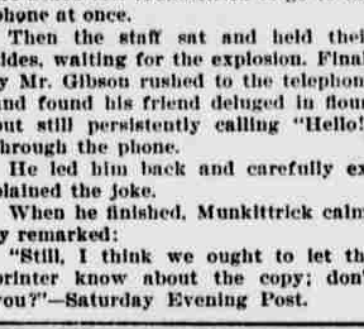
Then the staff sat and held their sides, waiting for the explosion. Finally Mr. Gibson rushed to the telephone and found his friend deluged in flour, but still persistently calling "Hello!" through the phone.

He led him back and carefully explained the joke.

When he finished, Munkittrick calmly remarked:

"Still, I think we ought to let the printer know about the copy; don't you?"—Saturday Evening Post.

CELESTIAL KING

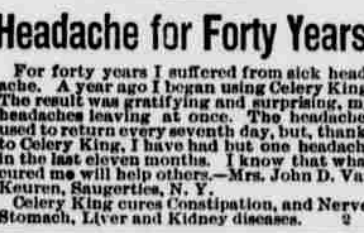


For forty years I suffered from sick headache. A year ago I began using Celestial King. The result was gratifying and surprising, my headaches leaving at once. The headaches used to return every seventh day, but, thanks to Celestial King, I have had but one headache in the last eleven months. I know that what cured me will help others.—Mrs. John D. Van Keuren, Saugerties, N. Y.

Celestial King cures Constipation, and Nerve, Stomach, Liver and Kidney diseases.

F. C. CORSETS

MAKE AMERICAN BEAUTIES



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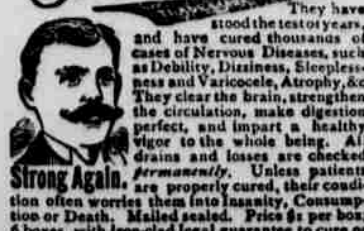


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Office at Hotel McConnell, Reynoldsville, Pa.

C. MITCHELL,

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Horse-shoeing done in the neatest manner and by the latest improved methods. Repairing of all kinds carefully and promptly done. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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Have just received a complete set of machine horse clippers of latest style '08 pattern and am prepared to do clipping in the best possible manner at reasonable rates.

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YOUNG'S PLANING MILL.

J. B. HUTCHINSON, J. R. WOOD, Gen. Manager, Gen. Pass. Ag't.

BUFFALO, ROCHESTER & PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

On and after May 28th, 1900, passenger trains will arrive and depart from Reynoldsville station, daily, except Sunday, as follows:

2:30 p. m. Week days only. For Falls Creek, DuBois, Curwensville, Clearfield, Punxsutawney, Butler, Pittsburgh, Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnstown, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

1:30 p. m. Week days only. From Clearfield, Curwensville, Falls Creek, DuBois, Pittsburgh, Butler and Punxsutawney.

TRAINS LEAVE FALLS CREEK.

2:44 a. m. Daily. Night Express for Punxsutawney, Dayton, Butler and Pittsburgh.

7:13 a. m. Week days only. For Big Run, Punxsutawney, Butler, Pittsburgh and intermediate points.

10:54 a. m. and 7:43 p. m. Week days only. For DuBois, Stanley, Sykes, Big Run and Punxsutawney.

2:44 p. m. Daily. Vestibuled limited. For Punxsutawney, Dayton, Butler and Pittsburgh.

2:34 a. m. Daily. Night Express for Ridgway, Johnstown, Buffalo and Rochester.

7:28 a. m. and 1:20 p. m. Week days only. For Brockwayville, Ridgway, Johnstown, Mt. Jewett and Bradford.

1:32 p. m. Daily. Vestibuled limited. For Ridgway, Johnstown, Bradford, Buffalo and Rochester.

1:50 p. m. Week days only. Accommodation for Reynoldsville.

Trains for Curwensville, Clearfield and intermediate stations leave Falls Creek at 7:30 a. m., 2:40 and 10:50 p. m.

Thousand mile tickets good for passage over any portion of the B. & P. and Beech Creek railroads are on sale at two (2) cents per mile.

For tickets, time tables and full information apply to

E. C. DAVIS, Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa.

E. C. LAPEY, Gen. Pass. Agent, Rochester N. Y.

ALLEGHENY VALLEY RAILWAY

In effect Sunday, May 27, 1900.

Low Grade Division.

EASTWARD.

STATIONS.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Pittsburg	8:15	9:10	1:30	5:05
Red Bank	8:30	9:25	1:45	5:20
Lawsonville	8:45	9:40	2:00	5:35
New Bethlehem	9:00	9:55	2:15	5:50