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A RACE FOR LIFE.

Talking about hairbreadth escapes and looking over the back fence into eternity, said the man from Kentucky, when the applause which had followed the Arkansas drummer's bear story had subsided. Well, it didn't turn my hair white, but time has since. You all know, he continued, that I am a Kentuckian by right of birth, but you are not all aware that I was born and reared within a mile of this very spot in which we now sit. Such is the fact, however. What I am going to tell you happened away back in the sixties. I was just grown up, as straight and tough as a hickory sapling.

We lived at the base of a considerable hill which rose toward the east and stretched its narrow ridge onward for a mile or two. Not 200 yards from our door old Isaac Johnson built a modest cabin and brought his family down from Illinois. Dudley, their only boy, was just about my age, although not endowed with like endurance and strength. A warm friendship soon sprang up between us, however, and we spent many hours together in the woods with our rifles.

It was near the end of May, I remember. I had been idle for some weeks, and idleness, you know, just at that season, breeds restlessness in superabundance.

I had often heard of the great Mammoth cave, a few dozen miles distant, and I became convinced that the geological formation of the hill in the rear of our home indicated that another huge cave must surely exist under the green turfed mound, for in the valleys which lay at its feet I found numerous sinks from which gurgling brooks usually burst, or from which the warm breath the internal caverns floated up like the smoke from some mountain wigwam.

I soon confided my conjecture to Dud Johnson. We talked the matter over and decided that on the following day we would begin a series of systematic explorations. The succeeding day, which was bright and clear, though unusually warm, found us setting out with all the necessary paraphernalia—candles, matches, a rope, etc. We had poked around in every crack and cranny, and near noon, having lost all hope, I was about to call to Dud, who had wandered off up into a little skirt of wood, when a faint shout reached my ears. I hurried off in the direction whence the voice seemed to come, and was soon standing on the brink of what appeared to be the mouth of our much sought after cavern.

Away down in the bowels of the earth I could see the yellow flare of Dud's candle and faintly discern his outline as he bent forward, peering out into the darkness before him. The descent to his position was easy, and filled with joy I was soon beside him. The sweet dampness, the sepulchral stillness and the constantly trickling drops that fell from the beaded ceiling thrilled me with strange delight. We soon scrambled down from the precipitous ledge on which we stood and began to grope forward, our candles flickering fitfully, as if in danger of being blown out at every step.

We had not proceeded twenty paces however, in the black winged darkness when we came upon a solid adamantine wall barring our way and seemingly ending our journey. However, after looking around for some time, we decided that we could pass under the obstruction just over the brook, which flowed serenely from beneath its firm breast. The place was very narrow, and to accomplish this resolve we had to get down on our hands and knees in the water. We didn't mind that somehow, and were soon elated to find ourselves in an opening as large as if not larger than the first chamber that we entered, although not nearly so high. From this room we pressed on through a smaller aperture, which gradually assumed the proportion of a passage, dangerous with jutting rocks and dubious windings.

On we hurried, following the tortuous stream that ran pure and pellucid from the immense cave which we assured ourselves must be just ahead. I can never forget the effect of the low, sweet murmuring of that little brook, loudly audible for the very absence of other sounds. We found it terribly warm work crawling over rough faced rocks and squeezing through narrow openings; consequently we every now and then halted to rest.

I can't say how long we had been floundering about in the sand and water—for we still held the course of the stream—when a low, roaring reached our ears. A waterfall we at once surmised, certain that a miniature but beautiful Niagara was just before us. Gathering new energy we pushed rapidly forward, and had gone a dozen rods perhaps when the roar, which perceptibly gathered volume, seemed to curiously shift itself into a position immediately overhead, but we did not expect sounds to obey the laws of nature here.

After traversing another dozen rods or so we suddenly noticed that the swelling brook was running muddy and bore a few twigs and dead leaves on its hurrying surface. Strangely enough, we were not in the least alarmed, for we thought it was merely a landslide ahead, and concluded to push on toward the goal of our hopes. But as the water grew rapidly deeper and muddier I suggested that we should halt a moment, and forcing a small stick in the bank just at the water's edge we watched the rising floods creep up, up about and over it, an inch perhaps in four or five minutes.

Dud looked up at me. "It's raining outside," he said, and his face was as white as a sheet.

The horrifying truth burst upon us simultaneously. Our affright was mutual and our flight precipitous. It was a race for life—we must reach the opening before the stream could fill it and cut off our only exit. All along, as we retreated, I noticed on the low ceilings trash and leaves deposited, even the highest points bearing this positive evidence that at times the whole cave was completely overflowed. Pellmell over rocks in water we tore; but hurry as we would, the muddy, angry waters still preceded us, swelling and surging between its narrow banks. Now we came to an unusually low point and found the water about our necks as we stopped to pass along. I was in the lead, and though I set a telling pace Dud in his fright managed to keep up.

Those few hundred yards seemed innumerable miles, with the floods swelling behind us and the ominous roar overhead gathering volume. Now and then one of our candles would go out, and we were forced to stop and relight it from the one that still burned, as our matches were all wet and useless. At last I stood in the chamber next the fatal barrier.

What a moment of suspense, of dread, I suffered while waiting for Dud to come up! I hastily scanned the walls of this the highest ceiling available, and my heart sank as I saw the unmistakable signs of overflow on every side and overhead. Dud soon joined me, mud begrimed and panting. He looked the fiend incarnate dragging himself forth from his home of ooze and filth. But I did not laugh as my terrified gaze rested on his pale and troubled face, you may be sure. I remember feeling a great pity for him, however.

Tremblingly we advanced a few rods and came upon the wall, but, lo, no exit was visible! Now it was concealed by a small pool with a swift maelstrom that swallowed, with evident gusto, those bits of wood and leaf which came near its hungry gullet. Weak and overcome with excitement, we sat down on a little knoll, and with the protruding eyes of doomed men watched the steady up crawling of the stream, so different from the song whispering brook of an hour ago. The awful silence was oppressive, while the heavy darkness gathered on every side as if to extinguish our feeble lights. Both of our heads were hatless, and a small stream of crimson trickled from Dud's forehead—a wound that he had received from a jutting rock or some obstacle overhead.

The situation was terrifying.

I was almost certain that death was inevitable, but singularly enough my whole attention was centered on my miserable companion. I gazed steadily at him, wondering what his thoughts must be, and if all his past life was hurrying before him in review, as I had often heard it said men's lives would do when death seemed inevitable. Silently and steadily, like some great yellow serpent, the brook crawled into the narrow chamber and coiled fold on fold. We had already moved back to higher ground once, and now it was inching up about our feet again. Our heads were against the highest part of the rock roof, so it would be better to keep our places than to move back to a more trying position which would be no safer.

To my dying day I shall never forget the feelings that crept over me at the water stole up along my body cold and slimy. It seemed that I was being gradually swallowed by some foul monster. The submerged portions of my body seemed severed from the trunk, while sure death enveloped me. A sensation of insufferable closeness almost choked me, while the very helplessness of the situation added a thousand terrors.

Dudley sat as one in a profound stupor, one hand grasping the two inches of tallow yet left, his other scraping piteously along the rough wall, as though seeking an exit for its petrified owner. For my part I became strangely quiet after a time, while a sense of indifference possessed me. A sort of resignation to the inevitable, I suppose, for the floods continued to press upward. Our shoulders were now just above the waters, while my hand grew so weary of holding the candle that it seemed as if about to sink below the surface despite my every effort.

Neither of us had spoken for some time, when Dudley suddenly turned to me. "I can't stand it any longer," he said simply. "Tell them goodby at home for me if you ever get out," and he rose as if to launch himself forward. I saw his object at once and reached out to grasp him. "Hold on, Dud," I said; "I don't believe it is going to get any higher." "It doesn't make any difference," he repeated. "We both can't live long in this small space anyhow," and he sank from view. I felt him touch me as he rolled over, and I clutched at his body to lift him to the surface, but it escaped my grasp and a succession of bubbles told me that further effort was useless—he was drowned. His candle had of course gone with him, and I questioned whether it would not be best for me to extinguish my own, since it was fast exhausting the oxygen that was an absolute necessity to my life. But I could not decide to snuff out that feeble light. It was almost like life itself.

I cannot describe to you my feelings as I sat a hundred feet underground, with only a breathing space of five or six feet about my head, the water at my chin and the cold form of my dead companion at my feet. It seemed as if this mental torture lasted for hours, when, lo, a great joy seized me—the flood had ceased to rise. But its abatement must be far swifter or I would perish miserably from mere exhaustion. In half an hour the water sank so low that I managed to get under the rock, and with loudly beating heart saw once more the bright, sweet light of day. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and I found that a tremendous rain had fallen, which accounted for the torrent in the cave.

I hurried off to the village as fast as my stiff limbs could carry me and told my story. A score of men went back with me and recovered the body of my comrade.

In that fearful race for life he had saved mine at the cost of his own.—A. B. D. in Short Stories.

A Martyr to Duty.

Husband—Aren't you going to church today?

Wife—No. I am not feeling well.

Husband—Then call a messenger boy and send him. The family must be represented.—New York Weekly.

BREVITIES

CHATS ABOUT MEN.

Lord Rosebery provides his plowmen with the daily and all the leading agricultural papers.

The new Duke of Sutherland is said to be one of the most charming men in London society—clever, accomplished and unaffected.

The old war governor of Iowa, Samuel J. Kirkwood, is still hale and hearty, though the veteran statesman is now in his seventy-ninth year.

Corporal Tanner is coining money as a Washington pension agent, and in three years' practice of the business is said to have netted $200,000.

During thirty-five years' service on the police force of New York Inspector Henry V. Steers, recently retired, never had a charge preferred against him.

Rev. Father Palladius, the famous Russian missionary, has brought out, after twenty years of labor, a Chinese-Russian dictionary containing 11,668 hieroglyphics.

Professor W. G. Sumner, of Yale, the well known political economist, will not return to New Haven this fall, as he first intended, but will remain in Europe until midwinter.

The first orthodox Jew to be made a peer of England was Sir Nathaniel Meyer de Rothschild, who was created Baron Rothschild of Tring by Mr. Gladstone on July 9, 1885.

S. M. Inman, the wealthy Georgia cotton dealer, has presented his Atlanta residence to a board of women for use as an orphan asylum. He also gave $30,000 to maintain it.

The Rev. Joseph James Cheeseman, the Baptist minister recently elected president of the republic of Liberia, is a colored man of the most pronounced type, and is a very effective orator and preacher.

Lewis Morris is said to be the favorite of the Prince of Wales for the succession as poet laureate, and Sir Theodore Martin the personal choice of the queen. Swinburne and William Morris are believed to be out of the race on account of their political views.

John A. Brashear, the accomplished telescope and spectroscope maker of Allegheny, whose instruments are known all over this country, and whose handiwork is found in some of the leading observatories, is an exceptionally modest man, and will not allow any one to call him "professor."

WHISPERS ABOUT WOMEN.

Mrs. George W. Buell, of Meriden, Conn., has made a bed quilt which contains 1,116 pieces of silk.

Wilhelmine Hensel, a relative of Mendelssohn, and a woman of some repute as a poet, celebrated her ninetieth birthday at Potsdam recently.

Amelie Rives-Chanler is fond of equestrian exercise and is quite at her ease in the saddle. She may be often seen riding into Richmond from her country home.

The youngest barber known to work in a shop was Nellie Wick, aged four, in the Globe toilet saloon, King's road, Chelsea, London. She shaved five men in twelve minutes, and received a silver medal for so doing.

Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, the editor of The Magazine of American History, is one of the few women historians of the present time, and is said to be a member of more historical and literary societies than any woman in New York.

Mrs. Florence Woodward Tibbetts, a successful lawyer of Chicago, was sworn in as a lawyer before the court of appeals in Frankfort, Ky. She has no practice in Kentucky, but is a native of that state, and, being on a visit to her former home, had herself admitted there.

WORLD'S FAIR NOTES.

W. H. Smith, of Washington, for over twenty years an official of the house library, has been appointed custodian of the library and art gallery.

Twenty-nine acres of glass are to be used in the roofs of the exhibition buildings at Chicago. The thickness of the glass is to be uniform—viz., three-sixteenths of an inch.

The Japanese government provided for a visit of 2,000 of its middle class citizens to the fair in Chicago, and then look about in other large cities of this country before their return home.

The Paris exposition of 1855 cost $5,000,000; the London exposition of 1862, $2,300,000; the Vienna exposition of 1873, $7,850,000, and the Paris exposition of 1889, $6,500,000. The cost of the Columbian exposition will, it is expected, reach the sum of $22,000,000.

Mrs. Marcellus and Miss Bradley, of the California board of lady managers for the World's fair, report that the southern counties of the state have contributed 2,475 jars of jelly, the exact number which will be required for the roof of the proposed jelly palace.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Very few Scotch peasantry now wear the kilt. Most of the peasants dress after the manner of Englishmen.

Porphyry bowlders, which greatly resemble watermelons in size, shape and color, are to be found in the Cascade mountains east of Roseburg, Or.

The Chinese value an old pair of boots which have been worn by an upright magistrate, and the custom of wishing a friend a "happy foot" is still observed all through Europe.

Bremen has spent 30,000,000 marks, or about $7,500,000, in making the Weser navigable. Big steamships can now go up to the city instead of being obliged to discharge cargo and land passengers at Bremerhaven.

French Primary Schools.

The children pay for their midday meal by means of counters, which are bought by their parents at so much a dozen; but in cases of poverty, either chronic or occasional, these tickets can be obtained without payment, though when the children give them in they do so just as the others do, and none of their companions know whether it is by the care of the state or of their own parents that these little ones are fed. Before we exclaim at the cost to the taxpayer we must remember that the French have no poor laws like ours, and that this is simply one of their methods for distributing relief, and probably less costly than our own.

It is something to be able to feel that there hardly can be such a thing as an absolutely starving child in Paris within the limits of school age, and this not in winter only, but all the year round. One meal a day, at least, the state insists upon, and it seemed to me that this vigilance over the health of the young, this determination to take off for them the sharpest edge of extreme privation without marking them with the brand of pauperism, must in time have visible effects on the physical well being of the entire population. What an untold relief to many mothers it must be to know that, on school days at any rate, their children are sure of at least one good meal a day! It is eaten on temporary tables formed with boards and trestles.—Macmillan's Magazine.

A Dinner in 1790.

During the latter part of the Eighteenth century the dinner table presented a far less splendid appearance than it does now. It was appropriated to solid food rather than to flowers, fruits and decorations. Nor was there much glitter of plate upon it, for the early dinner hour rendered candlesticks unnecessary, and silver forks had not come into general use, while the broad, rounded end of the knives indicated the substitute generally used instead of them.

The dinners, too, were more homely, though not less plentiful and savory, and the bill of fare in one house would not be so like that in another as it is now, for family recipes were held in high estimation. A grandmother of culinary talent could bequeath to her decendant fame for some particular dish, and might influence the family dinner for generations.

One house would pride itself on its ham, another on its game pie, and a third on its superior furmity or tansy pudding. Beer and homemade wines, especially mead, were more largely consumed. Vegetables were less plentiful and less various. Potatoes were used, but not so abundantly as now, and there was an idea that they were to be eaten only with roast meat.—Memoirs of Jane Austin.

Looking for Pay.

A number of years ago Rev. Dr. Frank Lenig, now of Clifton Heights, was sent to a country charge to attempt to adjust a difficulty that had arisen over the settlement of the pastor's salary. He found affairs in a deplorable condition. The pastor, who had attended to his duties faithfully, was sorely in need of money long past due, having a family to support, but the officials determined that they could not, or rather would not, meet the just obligation. Dr. Lenig labored with them for some time, completely exhausting all his powers of persuasion.

Finally a close fisted old fellow who had hitherto kept silent turned to the pastor and said, "Look here, do you remember that when your wife was sick my wife sent her a pie?" "Yes," was the meek but wondering response. "Well, that pie was worth something, wasn't it?" This was too much for Dr. Lenig. Jumping to his feet and grabbing his hat he started at once for home.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Typewriter's Trials.

"Are you Miss Plunkins, the new stenographer?" asked Mr. Cumrox.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, put this in a letter: Smith & Co., Wanseoghenoc, Me. Sirs—That last consignment of yours was all out of gear. There wasn't nothing in it we could use. It was the all firedst lot of stuff I ever set eyes on," he continued, growing excited. "Why, I tell you, Miss Plunkins, some of it was positively gosh awful.

"It was moth eaten, and we had to disappoint old timers in our trade just because these jays didn't come up to the scratch and do business. What I want to know is what they're goin to do about it," and he paused for breath. He thought a moment and said, "Got all that?"

"Y-yes," replied the young woman rather doubtfully.

"Well, fix it up and put 'Yours respectfully' after it and let me see it."

And yet people seem surprised when stenographers lose their minds.—Washington Post.

The Band He Liked.

She (impetuously)—How delightfully the band plays! Don't you love a band?

He (honestly)—Yes; one. And that I value for its absolute silence.

She—There never was such a band.

He—Beg pardon, but there is. It's the rubber band.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

SWEDISH RAILROAD RESTAURANTS.

Food in Great Quantities, but It Must Be Bolted in a Hurry.

I have had my first experience of the Swedish mode of catering for travelers. We were warned at the door that every one entering the restaurant would have to pay two kroner (two shillings and twopence halfpenny), whether he ate as much as he was able or ate nothing at all. There was an appalling rush for victuals and drink. Thanks to the helpful person, I got nicely through the repast in twenty minutes, the limit of time allowed. Surely the twenty might have been extended to thirty minutes or more without, in a slow coach country, inconvenience to the railway administration.

For the two kroner one had the run of all that was displayed with Homeric plenteousness on a long and wide central table and on a great buffet. The variety of victuals and drinks was infinite. What were there? Soups a la francaise and a la suedoise, native whets to appetite (delicatessen), including caviar, anchovies, sliced tongue and sausages; smoked salmon, smoked goose and cucumbers flavored with aniseed. The fish division included lobsters, salmon boiled and grilled, pike and salmon trout. Poached eggs lay on "beds" of cooked spinach. Basinfuls of salad were placed among dishes of roast beef, veal and fowl, the latter of some diminutive breed. Besides these there were pies, puddings, jams, cranberry compotes, pan and oven cakes, sweet omelets, and lastly, wood strawberries, with whipped cream.

The coffee was equal to Le Roy's, but there was no time to drink it unless one scalded one's throat. Knives, forks and plates were laid in heaps on the central table. Beverages were sold at cost prices. Around the room stood small tables with nothing but tablecloths on them. One helped one's self as one pleased and ate as one could.

This is what an "old soldier" would do in a Swedish railway restaurant. If with a party he would appoint himself its general, directing one of his friends to pounce upon as many chairs as were wanted and set them round a table, on which he was to keep guard; another would be told off to capture knives, forks and plates, to order drinks and provide the party with glasses. His next duty would be to carry plates, soups and viands from the big table to the one that had been secured. The general's part would be to ladle out soup and snatch up food from the big table, heaping up as much and as many sorts on each plate held out to him as he could. The whole party would be thus provided for without loss of time and could eat in hot haste no doubt of nearly everything.

At a railway meal in Sweden one may see as many as seven or eight sorts of viands on the same plate at the same moment, and all getting mixed. But the traveler's appetite is proverbial, and the fastidious person risks being starved. All that is offered is of the best, but having to gobble rather than to eat one can hardly discern its good quality. The Swedes hold that this system of gorging one's self rapidly has its advantages, it enabling travelers to go for a long time without further refreshment, because they cannot digest the food for many hours, and therefore cannot get hungry.—London Truth.

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NOTICE is hereby given, that George G. Bingham executor of the estate of R. B. Chubb, deceased, has filed his final account as such executor, and the county court of Marion county, Oregon, has set the 5th day of December 1892 at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m. for the hearing thereof. All persons having objections to said account will present them to said court at said time. GEO. G. BINGHAM, Executor.
11-4-5dw*

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