

## ANOTHER MAMMOTH CAVE.

THIRTY MILES BENEATH THE EARTH—WONDERFUL DISCOVERY IN SOUTH-WESTERN MISSOURI.

(From the Kansas City Times.)

A week seldom passes by without some new and wonderful discovery being made in the great expanse of country known as the south-west. Of late most of these have been made in the south-western portion of Missouri and the Indian Territory which has been for many years only partially explored by the white man. During the latter part of the war, a cave was discovered near Pineville, McDonald county, Missouri, but the times were so unsettled that beyond a careless, superficial examination of the more accessible portion of it, no general explorations have as yet been made.

Mr. C. C. Carpenter, a gentleman residing in Pineville, in company with one or two of his friends, gives the following as the result of an expedition made last week in search of the wonderful:

The location of this subterranean wonder is sixteen miles south-east of Pineville, McDonald county, the entrance is on Sugar creek, in a ravine bearing the suggestive title of "Bar Hollar." You make your entrance into the bowels of the earth through a volcanic fissure seven feet wide by twenty feet in length; you soon lose sight of day-light, and find yourself in a long entrance-hall fully 100 yards in length, which terminates in the bat room, so named by the explorers from the thousands of bats that swarmed within its dark and hidden recesses; they flew about in swarms, making a terrible noise in the arched roof above. This room has three sides, each with an aperture opening into smaller caverns or side rooms; the dimensions of the room were taken by Mr. Carpenter, and found to be 50x130 feet, the ceiling about 20 feet from the floor. Passing from this room, a walk of about 400 yards, through a spacious hall, and we find ourselves in Barnum's museum, so called from the number of strangely-shaped stalactites found there. This room is in the shape of a horse-shoe. Nature must certainly have intended this room for a church, since the roof is arched in purely Gothic style, with dome and column, and to finish off and make it complete, a pulpit near the centre. The walls of this magnificent cavern are 100 feet high, but one of the most remarkable features about it is a fountain of pure water, four feet in diameter. Turning northward, we find a room 60 feet wide, and filled almost full of a glittering formation of stalactites, which hang in curiously formed pendants from the roof. To the south of this is a room which should be named the bottomless pit, since it apparently has neither bottom, sides or roof. The darkness within it is appalling. Turning to the east the party walked about a quarter of a mile, when they came to a flight of natural steps, forty or fifty in number, terminating in a wide platform which formed the entrance to a mammoth hall, supported by Corinthian pillars of various thickness, and endless in number, all white as snow, and glistening as though studded with millions of diamonds. The hall is probably 200 feet in width, and communicates with a number of passages leading off in various directions, none of which have as yet been explored. Proceeding on their way, the explorers found a river of running water, coming no one knows whence. It is about fifty feet wide and three feet deep. The party followed its course down stream to the falls, where the water goes roaring over a precipice into the darkness below. The party retraced their way to the mammoth hall, crossed the river and proceeded on their way. They passed room after room of endless shapes, and full of natural curiosities.

Miles of caverns were passed through, each having outlets in others, and all dark, but all full of beauty when lighted up with torches or lamps. A lake of pure water was soon reached, which was at first supposed to be a river. Here a rude boat or "dug out" had been brought by a fugitive during the late war. He had explored the lake during the war, and went northward until he thought he was coming to a waterfall, when he returned.

Further explorations on the lake developed the fact that the noise was made by a huge waterfall, where the water came pouring in from above. The water falls a distance of fifty feet. The lake is circular in shape, and has no visible outlet for water. It is about 100 acres in extent. There were eight or ten dark passages found on the bank of the lake, leading in all directions, but the guide accompanying the exploring party lost his courage and refused to go further. The party were often about eight or ten miles from their starting point. They were in the cave 43 hours. Mr. Carpenter says that there is another entrance to the cave 30 miles distant, which old trappers and hunters say leads to the lake. Mr. C. C. Carpenter lives at Pineville, McDonald county, and will take pleasure in making further explorations with any party who may call upon and accompany him.

**AN ACTOR'S HAPPY THOUGHT.**—The following anecdote exhibits a late Emperor of Russia in a new character, as well as records one of the most happy escapes from an awkward position that ever was effected by wit and presence of mind. Some years ago there was a celebrated comic actor at St. Petersburg named Martinoff. He had the most extraordinary power of imitation, and was so great a favourite with the public as sometimes to venture interpolations of his own, instead of following the advice of "Hamlet" to his players, "to speak no more than is set down for them." The Emperor had a high chamberlain, or a person filling a similar office, named Poloffsky. Whether for fun or malice, Martinoff, while performing, contrived to let fly some puns against this great man, which were very warmly received by the audience. The consequence was, as soon as the play was over, the actor found himself in the custody of a guard of soldiers, who took him to prison, where he was told he was to be confined for a fortnight. Not content with this, Poloffsky either told the Emperor himself, or contrived that it should come to his ears, that the player had actually had the presumption to indulge in imitations of his Imperial Majesty. On his liberation, Martinoff went to court to pay his respects, as usual, and the Emperor told him of the accusation, which he denied. "Well," said the Emperor, "if you ever did so, let me have an imitation of myself now. We know you can do it if you choose." This was an awkward and dangerous position for the poor actor, who felt he should get into trouble for either falling short of or overdoing the character. But the autocrat was determined, and there was no escape. Suddenly a bright thought struck Martinoff, and drawing himself up, he assumed

the exact bearing and manner of the Emperor, and in a voice so like that it made every one present start, he said: "Poloffsky, give Martinoff a thousand silver roubles." "Stop!" said the Emperor. "I have heard quite enough. The imitation is admirable, but the entertainment promises to be too expensive. Give him the roubles, Poloffsky; and now mind, sir, let this be the last time you mimic me here or elsewhere." It is, of course, unnecessary to say that Martinoff, who had expected nothing less than a journey to Siberia, was too glad to pocket the money and escape so easily.

**A GOOD STORY IF TRUE.**—An early example of an Episcopal prelate officiating in a Presbyterian pulpit crops up, and is said to have occurred in the case of Archbishop Usher, as told in some of the Lives of Samuel Rutherford, the well-known author of the Letters. Some time before the worst of the Irish troubles, Usher is reported to have been in Gallogway, where Rutherford was then a minister, and to have become desirous of seeing him, in consequence of his high reputation for piety and learning. Accordingly, on a Saturday night, so runs the story, he repaired to the manse of the Scotch divine, in the guise of a mendicant, asking for quarters, and was kindly received, and was called in along with the servants to the parlour, where the minister's wife was in use to hear the household their Catechism. When she came to the beggar she asked him, as a simple question, how many commandments there were; to which he answered that there were eleven. This brought down upon him a severe rebuke for his ignorance, as being disgraceful to so old a man. Next morning, Usher was purposely found out by Rutherford, and prevailed on to preach in his pulpit. He chose as his text the verse, "A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another," from which he deduced the conclusion that to us Christians there are now not ten commandments, but eleven. This announcement made Mrs. Rutherford look up, when, to her dismay, she recognised in the preacher the catechumen of the previous evening, whom she had rebuked for this undeniable doctrine. The story seems to be apocryphal, but many a good story is in that predicament.

**FISH SCALE FLOWERS.**—Some time ago the writer was present in a large Roman Catholic church on the occasion of some special festival. There were, as usual, grand floral decorations; and besides a profusion of natural flowers, there were also some very choice artificial specimens. Around the edge of the altar was seen an exquisite wreath of pure white glistening flowers, which seemed to be composed of mother-of-pearl, they were so brilliant and lustrous. Upon drawing near to examine them at the close of the service, the secret of the manufacture was discovered, and a Sister of Charity, intrusted with the care of the altar, very civilly explained the method of producing such gorgeous ornaments out of such cheap and common articles as the scales of fish. This wreath, she said, was made in a convent in France, where the art had been brought to such perfection that large prices were readily obtained for even a small wreath. The fish scales (those of shad are the best for the purpose) are spread out to dry without much washing, as that would remove the pearly lustre, and when dry they are lined with thin muslin gummed on to the under side; next wire each scale, which will form a flower petal, taking fine white covered wire such as is used for wax-work. The stamens are made of white wax and waxed spool cotton, which are fastened to a lump of the same substance placed on the end of a stiff wire, just as one would start the foundation of a wax-flower. The petals are then moulded on, and by means of the wires may be bent into any position required. All is pure white; but, if desired, a slight tint may be given by a thin coat of transparent oil paint. For pink, use rose madder; for blue, Prussian blue; yellow, yellow lake; green, mix together the last two colours; reddish brown for shading, burnt sienna; and for violet, mix crimson lake or rose madder with Prussian blue. When the flowers are completed and made up into sprays, they are finished with a coat of white dammar varnish, which will give additional brilliancy to the scales.

**THE HUMAN EAR.**—It would appear that all our hearing is done in a very literal sense under water, as shown by the following extract from a London paper:

"Prof. Tyndall concluded one of his recent lectures by giving a minute description of the human ear. He explained how the external orifice of the ear is closed at the bottom by a circular tympanic membrane, behind which is a cavity known as the 'drum'; the drum is separated from the brain by two orifices, the one round and the other oval. These orifices are closed by fine membranes. Across the cavity of the drum stretches a series of four little bones, one of which acts as a hammer, and another as an anvil. Behind the bony partition, which is pierced by the two orifices already mentioned, is the extraordinary organ called the labyrinth, filled with water; this organ is between the partition and the brain, and over its lining membrane the terminal fibres of the auditory nerve are distributed. There is an apparatus inside the labyrinth admirably adapted to respond to these vibrations of the water which corresponds to the rates of vibration of certain 'bristles,' of which the said apparatus consists. Finally, there is in the labyrinth a wonderful organ, discovered by the Marches Corti, which is, to all appearance, a musical instrument, with its cords so stretched as to accept vibration of different periods, and transmit them to nerve filaments which traverse the organ. Within the ears of men, and without their knowledge or contrivance, this lute of 3,000 strings has existed for ages, accepting the music of the outer world, and rendering it fit for reception by the brain. Each musical tremor which falls upon the organ selects from its tensioned fibres the one appropriate to its own pitch, and throws that fibre into unisonant vibration. And thus, no matter how complicated the motion of the external air may be, these microscopic strings can analyze it, and reveal the constituents of which it is composed; at least such are the present views of those authorities who best understand the apparatus which transmits sonorous vibrations to the auditory nerve."

**WITCHCRAFT EXTRAORDINARY.—AN ASTOUNDING CURE.**—In a certain locality in the east end of Dundee a little boy about eight years of age had been annoyed for a considerable length of time with a lacerated sore upon his right leg. The sore had originally been produced by an unknown cause. Medical skill had been employed to use all its potency with the view of removing this disagreeable and, as the boy's parents thought, dangerous eruption. However, all that several doctors had tried had no effect, and the consequence was that the boy's mother was in a great state of alarm, attributing the

cause to disease of the thigh joint, and no sooner had she formed this idea than she imagined her boy certainly destined to lose his limb. However, one day an old woman belonging to the "Emerald Isle" made her appearance, and in the course of conversation the state of the boy's leg was discussed. The "wife" at once asked to be shown the sore, which was accordingly done. After looking for some time at it she gave as her opinion that the name of the affliction was "wildfire"—no doubt some technical expression belonging to the "ould country." This being done, she asked the mother if she had any "gold" about her. The earnest parent replied that she could guarantee her marriage ring to be of that metal if that would suit her—the former lady all the while "smiling in her sleeve" at the ridiculous form of the request. The old woman said the ring would do, and with it she rubbed three times round the outside of the sore, and concluded her ministrations by stating that the wound would be blackened by the next day, when she would look back. Accordingly the next day she did so, and it was as she had said. She again went through the same performance as on the previous day, and so on the third and the fourth days, when the sore was quite gone. As this is a fact, perhaps those believers in witchcraft and superstition will be able to understand the reason, although for our part we are inclined to believe that the healing process had set in at any rate. The boy's mother, however, most firmly believes it was owing to the efficacy of the old woman's charm that her boy's leg healed.—*Dundee Courier.*

## VARIETIES.

A Down-Easter being told that his father, noted for his meanness, would tell a lie for six and a quarter cents, indignantly denied the allegation, but at the same time admitted that he might relate sixteen for \$1.

"What makes your cows so cross?" said an old lady to the milkman, the other day. "Cross, ma'am? They are the gentlest things in the world." "Well, the milk is always sour," the matron replied, sharply.

A gentleman traveling in Georgia met an old colored man, on whose hat was encircled the crape of grief. The gentleman said: "You have lost some friend, I see." "Yes, massa." "Was it a near or distant relative?" "Well, pretty distant—'bout 24 mile."

A medical wag says the monkeys in Buenos Ayres suffered more severely than men by the recent yellow-fever plague there, which, according to Darwin, shows that the disease is one we have inherited from our ancestors, and which consequently we shall eventually outgrow.

At the "Grand Hotel," Paris, the other night, a lady, rather excited, rushed down to the "counting-house," and asked hurriedly one of those small, tight-clad boys, who are on duty in that precinct, "Have you the small-pox in the house?" and the boy, who "perfectly understands English," replied, "No; but we expect it every minute, and when it arrives I will send it up to the chamber of Madame!"

Horace Smith, travelling on a Sunday, and being obliged to stop in order to replace one of the horse's shoes, found the farrier was at Church. A villager suggested that "if he went on to Jem Harrison's forge he would probably be found at home." This proved to be the case; and the officious rustic who had given this advice, and accompanied the horse to the forge, exultingly exclaimed, "Well, I was right, you see! I must say that for Jem—and it's the best thing about him—he never do go to church!"

A day or two ago some of the skaters ventured to display their political opinions by cutting the initials of the Emperor on the ice. These were followed, however, by a band of opponents, who blurred out the N and substituted a *fleur-de-lys*. Then again came a third party, who, effacing both, cut a gigantic R over the ruins. The police are on the watch to seize all offenders of this kind, and the consternation was great on Sunday to find *A bas Thiers!* carved in letters literally as large as life, right in the centre of the reserved skating pond.

A few days ago Mons Thiers on entering one of the bureaux of the National Assembly was followed by a large dog, who jumped up barking and panting into the President's face. An officious clerk immediately started from his desk and dealt the animal such a terrific blow on the head with a ruler that he rolled back howling on the mat. The clerk, triumphant in the deed, exclaimed, "No dog shall harm our valued President while I am by." To which the President replied in a furious tone as he rushed towards the animal, "But, fool, dolt, idiot, the dog is mine." *Tableau*, with moral, "Surtout point de zèle."

At a church of "colour," near Albany, the other evening, the minister noticing a number of persons, both white and coloured, standing upon the seats during service, called out in a loud voice, "Git down off them seats, both white man and colour; I care no more for the one dan de odder." Imagine the pious minister's surprise on hearing the congregation suddenly singing, in short metre—

"Git down off dem seats,  
Boff white man and colour;  
I cares no more for one man  
Than I does for de odder."

The *Court Journal* has the following "Literary Notice" in a recent issue:

*A Century of Scottish Life*, by the Rev. Charles Rogers (Nimmo). We welcome with pleasure the following beautiful translation from a Gaelic poem:—

With a breezy burst of singing,  
Blow we out the flames of rage:  
Europe's peace, through Europe ringing  
Is, of peace, our lifetime pledge.  
Faldar, aldar, aldar, ari,  
Faldar, aldar, aldar, e,  
Faldar, aldar, aldar, ari,  
Faldar, ari, faldar, e.

It has overcome several composers, who have tried to set it up, so much, that with flowing tears (of fun) they have invariably handed it along to the next man to go on further with it.