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VOL. V. | HARTFORD, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1892. | NO. 19.

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SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 1, 1891.

WEST BOUND.	No. 51, Daily.	No. 53, Daily.
Lv. Louisville	7:45 a. m.	6:25 p. m.
West Point	8:11 a. m.	7:20 p. m.
Brandenburg	9:17 a. m.	8:07 p. m.
Irvington	9:4 a. m.	8:37 p. m.
Stephensport	10:33 a. m.	9:21 p. m.
Cloverport	10:44 a. m.	9:46 p. m.
Hawesville	11:11 a. m.	10:10 p. m.
Lewisport	11:35 a. m.	10:34 p. m.
Owensboro	12:16 p. m.	11:11 p. m.
Spottsville	1:04 p. m.	11.55 p. m.
Ar. Henderson	1:35 p. m.	12:20 a. m.

EAST BOUND.	No. 52, Daily.	No. 54, Daily
Lv. Henderson	7:15 a. m.	3:15p. m.
Spottsville	7:37 a. m.	3:37 p. m.
Owensboro	8:27 a. m.	4:25 p. m.
Lewisport	9:09 a. m.	5:05 p. m.
Hawesville	9:33 a. m.	5:30 p. m
Cloverport	10:01 a. m.	5:57 p. m.
Stephensport	10:26 a. m.	6:19 p. m.
Irvington	11:02 a. m.	7:06 p. m.
Brandenburg	11:29 a. m.	7:31 p. m.
West Point	12:05 p. m.	8:05 p. m.
Ar. Louisville	1:00 p. m.	9:00 p. m.

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INSIDE THE EARTH.

The Terrible Fate of a Daring Indian.

Plunged Into a Maelstrom—Carried Under-Ground Nearly Two Hundred and Fifty Miles.

[*Sanfrancisco Chronicle.*]

One of the most remarkable subterranean waterways in the world was recently discovered in the nothern ranges of the Rocky Mountains in Montana. An accident, which proved fatal to life, was the agency by which the discovery was made.

Two prospectors, named respectively Phil Barnes and Piere Leger, a Flathead Indian guide named Klikat and myself left Bonner's Ferry on the 7th day of August, and struck out in a northeasternly direction, headed for the peaks and canyons in the extreme northern range of the main divide of the Rockies. The purpose of my two white companions was to prospect for valuable minerals in a section of the country which few, if any, white men had ever before entered. My own object was to seek diversion and adventure, and, being a newspaper man, to gather facts hitherto unknown and make them public at my leisure. After whipping, pushing and pulling our pack-mules through the almost boundless wilderness of undergrowth, timber, gloomy canyons, craggy peaks and drifts of snow, we found ourselves, on the 28th day of August—according to the observations taken by me—within twenty-five or thirty miles of the Canadian line and at an altitude of 7,500 feet. The nights were extremely cold and the peaks that towered above our heads to the eastward were covered with snow, while the days were unpleasantly, almost scorchingly hot between 10 o'clock in the forenoon and 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

It was noon of the day mentioned above. We had come to a standstill, unable to advance owing to the great perpendicular cliffs in front of us and to the right. On our left was a craggy precipice about 40 feet high, overhanging a roaring stream and extending fully two miles to the South. Beyond the torrent and its rocky bed was a still higher precipice. We could hear the noisy stream as it ran frantically down the steeps from the melting snow on the distant peaks. But we could hear still more than the swash of the running stream. As we stood there looking vainly around for some opening by which we might advance there came to our ears a deep, roaring sound, alternating in force, stronger and weaker at intervals of a few seconds. It came in jarring sounds, with a volume like thunder. For some minutes we listened in silence. Then Klikat spoke:

"Me know what him is," he said, with a pleased air of comprehension "Him is 'Big-Hole-in-the Water.' Him heap water run to hell and put out the devils camp fire."

"Big hole in the water," I echoed. "What do you mean by that, Klikat?"

"You come look," he said, advancing to the edge of the precipice and throwing himself flat on the rock, with his head and shoulders hanging over. "Ugh!" he exclaimed. "Big-Hole-in-the-Water heap mad to-day. Him funny. Water go in ground; never come out."

Following Kliklat's example, I cautiously approached the edge of the projecting rock, threw myself on the ground, face downward, and peered down from its dizzy height. Barnes and Leger did likewise.

It was a curious and awe-inspiring sight that we beheld. Straight down below us there was a deep pool, or lake, about a quarter of an acre in area and inclosed on three sides by high walls or eternal rock, thus forming a perpetual and insurmountable barrier to the passage of water beyond this spot. The noisy mountain stream poured great volumes of sparkling water into the natural basin and then lost itself. The water in the pool swung rapidly around as on a pivot and constantly dritted in a steadily accelerated tidal current toward the center, and here was the most startling feature of this most wonderful stream.

In the very center of the deep water was a large circular cavity, or depression, funnel-shaped—a great "suck hole," in fact—fully 8 feet across at the surface, the water spinning round and round, rushing downward with lightening speed. A tremendous force of gravity was at work in that awful pit of darkness. In the center of this funnel was a great mass of snow-white foam, dancing and whirling and scattering flakes of itself around the dark blue rim at the vortex. At intervals of fifteen or twenty seconds there would be a greater rush of water, the pillar of foam would dissapear with the increased speed of the current; then the roar would increase in volume, another pillar of foam would form, only to disapear a few minutes later as the previous one had done. It was a grand sight, a terrible sight.

I glanced at my two friends, who, like myself, were electrified by this mighty frick of nature

"If I could find a ledge of quartz with color in it anywhere near by," abserved Mr. Barnes, "would erect a stamp mill right here and drop a horizontal wheel into that boiling suck-hole. "Great scott! wouldn't it spin though."

I rather thought it would, but at that moment my attention was suddenly and shockingly attracted to Klikat, who had been lying about 8 feet away on my left. There was a low, grumbling sound, and then a mass of shelving rock right under Klikat broke loose and fell with a fearful crash into the edge of the whirling pool. I started to my feel just as I saw the Indian making frantic efforts to cling to the edge of the cliff. But his hold was too slight and the rock crumbled under his grasp. Without uttering word or sound of any kind, Klikat fell headlong into the mad water beneath.

After a few seconds he came to the surface. Barnes rushed to one of the pack-mules for a rope, but it was too late. Three, four, five times did Klikat swim around in a spiral course that gradually drew nearer the center of the great funnel, at the same time making frantic efforts to swim out of it. But it was labor lost. With a movement that looked like a sudden twist he shot into the very center of the vortex. For one brief moment he spun around like a top, and then—down he went with the pillar of foam, out of sight into the bowels of the earth and the darkness of death.

For some seconds it seemd as if the great ravenous tunnel had been satiated. The cavity filled with water and was silent. But it was short satiety. It quickly opened its dark and unfathomable depths again as wide as before, and gave out a snore that made the very mountains trembler.

Cautiously we three withdrew from the edge of the precipice. It certainly was not a safe place to linger.

"Well," remarked Leger with a sigh—for he had been rather fond of the good-natured Indian—"that's the last we'll ever see of poor Klikat."

"Yes," observed Barnes. "But if the fates had decided that his time was up, why he had to go. It was certainly kind of them to take him off in that expeditious and business-like manner, saving us the trouble of digging a grave and burial and all that. I guess he's buried deeper right now than most human beings get to be."

We immediately retraced our steps a distance of about five miles, and on reaching a lower altitude discovered some very good passes leading to the North-west. We had decided to abandon the main divide and proceed to the Kootenai country and Kootenai Lake in British Columbia. After many hardships and much roughing it through a wilderness hitherto almost unknown to civilized men we at last reached the south shore of Lake Kootenai. Two of my pack mules and my pony had died on the journey, leaving us only one beast of burden, the Indian's cayuse, which I bestrode after Klikat's death, and the two horses ridden by Barnes and Leger.

We found no human habitation near the lake at the point where we struck its shores, other than the burrow of an old Indian—doubtless a fugitive from justice. This aborigine owned a large and very rudely structed canoe, and as is was our desire to cross over to the west shore of the lake, where some rich placer ground had been reported, we rented the Indian's cratt, owner and all, and after securing our horses and the mule in a retired spot with fairly good grass, we started across the lake.

Just before sundown we anchored on the west shore and pulled the canoe out of the water. A strong breeze was drawing down over the water from the North-west—a very unusual thing, by the way. We at once began preparations for a camp-fire, and it was while in the act of gathering dry driftwood along the shore that Leger discovered a very ghastly object lying in the water within 6 feet of land.

It was the corpse of a man—an Indian.

Leger at once called us to him, and together we dragged the body ashore. The face of the dead was badly bruised and torn and utterly disfigured. The body was very much bloated, too, and all we could see for a certainty was that the corpse was the remains of an Indian.

"Hold on!" suddenly exclaimed Barnes, as he bent over the dead body and cut some thing from the neck—a piece of ragged cloth. "By ——!" he cried, as he raised himself erect and held up the article mentioned. "This is the remnant of my silk handkerchief which I gave to poor Klikat to cover the gash he cut on his neck by that dead limb one day—do you remember? And see! Right here in this corner is my monogram—'P. H.'—worked in silk.

It was so. We all recognized the silken rag, and we all knew that the corpse before us was the dead body of Klikat, who had fallen into the tunnel of that awful subterranean river, fully 250 miles away, far up in the Rockies of Norther Montana. And yet here was his corpse, dritted ashore on this lake, between which in the "big hole-in-the-water" there is not the slightest connection, so far as the eye can see. How came he to Lake Kootenai, and how long had he been there?

We buried poor Klikat on a bit of rising ground about 50 yards from the lake shore, and Phil Barnes assisted in digging and filling in the grave.

Extracts From Town Tattler.

I reckon I am asked more questions pertaining to love and its necessary following than any other person living, and can't, for the life of me, see why it it is. I have never entered the matrimonial fold nor do I have any inclinations in that direction. It has only been a few days since I was asked the very pertinent question: "Is marriage a failure? If so, why?" As far as marriage being a failure, I don't see why it is, when it is a commandment laid down by our Creator, and we have no right to dispute it. Marriage has been a failure with me, but that doesn't necessitate that it is a universal failure, nor does that signify that all who try cannot marry. I don't think marriage is a universal failure, but I know it is a failure on the part of certain individuals, and unhappily I am placed on that list. It is the duty of every man to marry and when he does marry it is his duty to place a high estimate on the woman who has given up home, parents and loved ones for him. He should ever strive to make her happy—should consult with her upon his business, and when despondent many cheering words she can utter. A man should never become so absorbed in business as to, for one moment, neglect the wants of his precious wife, for next to a mother's love comes your wife. A man should treat his wife, not as a slave, but as an object of mercy, and strive ever to be with her as much as possible. Don't forget the promises you made her before marriage, and always do as you promised.

***

The cheery voice of a pleasant-faced little girl broke the monotony of my bachelor hall one evening not long since, and opening the door, bounded gayly into my room, and began talking so intertainingly that I actually forget my ancient appearance, and I was made to feel as though I was young once more. My juvenile feelings were again revived and I was made to feel that life was worth living. She stayed a considerable time, and told me in her sweet little way all about her dolls, pets, and other trinkets of childish delight. I was so awakened from my legthargy that I arose and looked for something to please the happy little creature, and not being successful in this, I told her I had nothing that would please her, and she told me she was as happy as a lark and didn't want anything, but wanted me not to look so sad. Little did she know what was going on in my soul, for her young mind could not readily grasp the situation, but she seemed to realize that it was no pleasure to grow old, and crawling upon my knee she placed her hands against my face and said: "Oh, why are you sad? Why don't you be gay like me? Don't you see I have fun." Down she jumbed and hummed a beautiful melody, brushing out of the room, saying she would come to see me again right soon. Oh, how I long for the day to come when she will again arouse my feelings as she did on that occasion.

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Court Neckties.

There are neckties galore. They exist in many shapes and all colors. Different kind of ties, it seems, are worn by different race of humanity. The negro, for instance, generally appear in a flowery red article that shines afar. This is good taste, however, for red makes a striking contrast with black. The redder the tie and the blacker the negro, the more pleasing the effect. A more beautiful sight cannot be seen, than that of the colored gentleman attired in tight fitting uneven tannables to show off more decidedly the size and symmetry of his No. 12 Congress gaiter, adorned with a vermillion hued necktie all over his breast, and a large sunflower as his button-hole boquet.

We wish, however, to make special mention of the Court Necktie. The court tie is principally worn by a species of biped, named lawyer. It consists of a large strip of black silk about one inch wide, and is intended to be tied around the collar in a bow. The proper place for the bow to appear is directly under the chin over the collar button. As a general thing however it is worn by the gentleman of the legal fraternity under the ear or the back of the neck. Occasionally it climbs on top of the collar and instead of having a horozontal position, assumes a perpendicular one, or else is turned up side down and wrong side out. When it appears early in the morning on the neck of your dignified attorney it has a fine appearance. Towards evening it becomes rumpled and crumpled and is all broken up. And yet we say long live the Court Necktie. ROBIN HOOD.

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NO CREEK.

Nov. 28.—The farmers are busy hauling coal and gathering corn. Tobacco is selling at good prices.

C. T. Baird, who has been very low with typhoid, we are glad to state, is improving. We hope to see him out again soon.

J. D. Chapman and his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman, have moved to Stanley, Daviess county. We regret very much to lose John, but what is our loss is some other's gain, so we wish him a happy and successful life in his new home.

J. E. McCormick left last week for St. Louis, Mo., where he expects to make his future home.

Born, to the wife of J. N. Sanderfur on the 27th, a fine boy; weigh', 11 pounds. Dr. McCormick attending physician. SAM.

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