The Port Tobacco Times

AND CHARLES COUNTY ADVERTISER.

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AN OHIO CAVERN.

The Buckeye State Presenting a Rival to Luray and the Mammoth.

Henry Griendle, living on Limestone ridge, over the line in Wyandot county, was plowing yesterday, says a letter from Findlay, O., when one of his horses broke through the earth into a deep hole. It was rescued from its position with great difficulty. Upon examining the spot Griendle found a large hole leading perpendicularly down into the earth. He dropped in a stone and heard it rumble and rattle in its downward course till the sound died away in the distance. Exaggerated reports of this discovery reached this city, and an exploring party was made up yesterday and drove over to the ridge to ascertain what was at the bottom of the story and the hole.

The party consisted of half a dozen well-known gentlemen, including a reporter, who were provided with ropes, lights, tire-works, etc., to make a thorough exploration. Having fixed everything in readiness for a descent the question arose as to who should first go down. The men looked into the dark, mysterious hole, mentally made a calculation as to the probability of finding a nest of rattlesnakes at the bottom, and each one was perfectly satisfied to let several of the rest go first. Dr. G. started on the uncertain descent alone. As he was lowered down, down, down, the light of his lantern could be seen growing fainter and smaller until only a tiny speck was visible. After letting out the rope about 100 feet a faint, muffled whisper announced that he had found solid bottom. The reporter went down next, and finally the whole party found itself at the bottom of the shaft.

The hole descends through limestone rock all the way down, and varies in diameter from three to thirty feet. The bottom is dry rock, and the place proved to be a capacious cavern. The place where the landing was made was estimated to be sixty feet in width, and, while the ceiling at that point was low, it gradually rose like a dome to the height of fully fifty feet. The floor was very uneven. The party had not gone a quarter of a mile when they were suddenly confronted by a yawning chasm ten feet in width and of an unknown depth. Beyond this impassable cleft they could see the roof glittering in the light of their lanterns. Several Roman candles were fired into the space, but the side walls could not be so seen that there is no telling how far the cave extends in that direction. The fireworks revealed numerous stalactites and stalagmites of beautiful formation, whose marble-like whiteness glistened and shone resplendent in the vari-colored lights. The roof sparkled [illegible] which reflected the light from a myriad of shining points as though the whole dome was set in diamonds.

Retracing their steps for some distance the party found to the right a small opening at the top of a steep ascent, and entering it were obliged to crawl on hands and knees for a distance of perhaps ten yards. Then the cavern suddenly opened into another mammoth chamber, apparently much larger than the first one, and possessing more of the curious stalactite formations. At a great distance from the entrance they came upon a lake of pure cold water, as clear as crystal and of unfathomable depth. Holding the lights to the water a shining penny was dropped in and its gradual descent watched until it had fallen apparently fifty feet, when all trace of it was lost.

The water of the lake was perfectly still and dead, there being no current, and no signs of fish or animal life were visible. A few shells were picked up on the shore of the lake, and being again shut off from further advance the party retraced their steps. Openings were seen in other directions, as though the cavern extended its wings still further, but the fear of losing their way and of the oil in the lanterns giving out prevented further explorations at present.

How to Catch Sunfish.

The best outfit for catching sunfish is a wide awake boy armed with an alder or birch pole cut near the water's edge, to which is attached a fine line and a minnow hook. The boy should have a box of worms in his pocket, and if he can be accompanied by two or three other boys equipped like himself, the fun will be all the greater. For the information of the boy or boys, the writer, who was a boy himself once, recommends that only a little bait be put on the hook at one time, as the sunfish is an accomplished bait-stealer. He will attack a full-baited hook at the back, deftly slide the worm off without so much as touching point or barb, and coolly swallow it before the boy's very eyes, working his glistenting fins and tail as he does so in the most provoking manner. For this reason the hook should be baited only at the point unless the fish are unusually large and very ravenous.

The Ideal Contributor.

He handed over to the wild-eyed editor of the *Nebraska State Journal* an article of some length, no bad cigars accompanying it, and cheerfully remarked: "I don't suppose you'll use this. When I first wrote it I thought it was about as smooth a piece of literary work as had been produced in recent years, but seven editors have refused it and I'm beginning to think that my talents lie in the direction of sawing wood rather than in writing essays. If you don't care to read it, fire it away, as I won't have anything more to do with it. I can't afford to have its hair cut." The manuscript was torn to pieces with a good deal of enthusiasm, and the ideal contributor was assured that he had sized himself up accurately. "If you were writing for a street car," were the feeling words used, "you wouldn't get the slot in the fare box." Oh that there were more ideal contributors.

A Watch.

The average watch is composed of 175 different pieces, comprising upward of 2,400 separate and distinct operations in its manufacture. The balance has 18,000 beats or vibrations per hour, 12,660,080 in 30 days, 157,680,000 in one year. It travels 1 40-100 inches with each vibration, which is equal to 9¼ miles in 24 hours, 292¼ miles in 30 days, or 3,558¼ miles in one year.

GAMES FOR CHILDREN.

Some Simple Ways That the Little Folks Can Amuse Themselves.

Children from 5 to 10 years of age prefer games that require a deal of vigorous exercise. Ring games are always attractive, as also, are those where the players form in a single or double lines. The more simple the game the better. Even the most familiar and common-place sort of an exercise gains new interest by being played with musical accompaniment.

Hunting the Deer requires the players to stand in double lines as for a contra dance. The child standing at the head of the line on the right is the deer, her partner is the hunter. The deer may run anywhere between the lines. The piano gives the signal for the start, playing some lively hornpipe or reel. The hunter follows the exact path that the deer takes. If he varies in this, he is condemned either to pay a forfeit or to change places with the hunter now standing at the foot of the line. When the deer is finally caught she and the hunter take places at the foot of the line, and those standing at the head go through with the same and, in turn, take place at the foot.

The deer who is sufficiently agile to escape several hunters at one chase may be rewarded by each hunter with a knot of ribbon tied upon the sleeve. This is a merry game, well suited to Thanksgiving and Christmas parties where old and young may join in the frolic.

Hunt the Ring is another game of similar type. A ring is slipped upon a rope, and the ends of the rope tied together. The players, all but one, stand in a circle outside of the ring. One stands inside and must find the ring, which the other players deftly pass along under their hands from one to another. The player under whose hand the ring is found must take the finder's place.

"We've Caught You, Mousie, Dear," is a ring game very much like the Needle's Eye. It is very pretty and simple for quite young children. Two of the players stand upon hassocks, join hands and lift them to form an arch, which the other players, who are marching single file in a circle, pass under. The pianist playing a march, at intervals strikes a chord and stops playing. At this signal the hands that form the arch drop and close about the neck of the player who happens to be passing under. The children exclaim: "We've caught you, mousie, dear." Sometimes the little people like to give "mousie" a nice bit of cheese in the shape of a kiss.

Mousie now steps upon the hassock, and the child whose place she takes joins the march.

"Where's My Chair?" is another [illegible] one less than the number of players are set back to back through the center of the room. The players join hands and skip to lively music around the chairs. Suddenly the pianist lifts her hands and the music stops. Each player scrambles for a chair, but one, of course, is minus a seat. He exclaims, "Where's my chair?" A chair is removed at each round of the game. At last only two players and one chair remain, the music grows faster, the players skip wildly around; the music stops and one is "out."

Lacking a piano a boy may stand in the corner with a toy gun. When he cries "bang!" the players rush for a chair. Prizes may be awarded to the winner of the last chair and the loser of the first.

Bubble Chase is a nice game for a Summer afternoon on the lawn. The players choose sides the same as for an old-fashioned spelling match. Each side has a pipe and a basin of suds. A player on each side contests with his opposite to see who can keep the bubble longest in the air, the players on either side working to assist his own side. Someone as umpire keeps the score of seconds and minutes that each bubble lasts. The side that has the highest score wins. This is a lively game for players of all ages.

Temari is a popular game with Japanese children. A bright ball, prettily ornamented by winding it with bright colored threads, is suspended by a cord to a hook in the ceiling above or, if the party is small, upon the gas fixture. The children form a ring, the ball is given a push, the child that it would strike gives it a return push, and so on it is kept vibrating back and forth in the circle. The skill of the game consists in not allowing the ball to pass beyond the circle. The child who lets it slip by must be subject to some slight penalty.

Around the Hipperty Ring. An even number of players must be chosen. These form a circle around the room. A pianist plays something lively in 4-4 time, with a marked accent. The players stand in pairs, face towards face. Keeping time with the music, they go with hipperty hop step to right of the first; to left of the second; to right of the third, and so on around the circle. If a piano is not at hand the children may sing as they go:

Hipperty hop, hippert hop,
As merrily now we sing:
We'll hop to the right then hop to the left
All around the Hipperty ring.

Another pretty musical exercise runs as follows, and is called "Go-to-bed Hop:" Let the children form a ring, while the pianist plays eight or sixteen bars of music, as the case may require, the children all shake the right hand in time with the music, then the left hand shakes the same length of time, third, shake both hands, fourth, hop upon right foot, fifth, hop upon left foot, sixth, hop upon both feet, turning around toward the right, seventh, hop round and round to left, eighth, turning to right, hop around the circle to place, ninth, turning to the left, hop around the circle to place, tenth, hop away to bed.

One hundred and five collieries are now open in India, which among them mined nearly 1,400,000 tons of coal in 1886. It is not so very long since the chief Indian government geologist said that he was prepared to eat all the coal that was ever found in India.

Louis J. Beck, a Newark, N. J., butcher, aged twenty-three, is the latest freak. He sticks needles through his cheeks, nose, tongue, lips, fingers and external tissues generally making of himself a human pin cushion, without experiencing any pain or discomfort.

J. A. Schuyler, of Pottstown, has a piece of amber from the Baltic Sea inclosing a petrified beetle.

Her Tears Were Frozen.

They had both lost their husbands; one was a widow of 50, the other was about 22. The older one called upon the younger one to condole with her, and they wept upon one another's necks and recalled the merits of the dear deceased. It was astonishing how much the old husband and the young one had been alike in their disposition and character—at least they both saw a distinct resemblance in every point. Which shows that matrimony does not really change a man, nor age either—when he is dead. But they had a most delightful time until the young one, putting her arms around the old one's neck, sobbed through her tears,

"I know it is selfish of me to say so much about my own sorrow. But really I do feel that it is so much worse for you than for me. I don't know how I would have felt if this had happened to me when I was your age and had no chance of getting another."

The tears froze suddenly and the old one does not speak as she passes by.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The Future of Gas.

"Instead of gas being in its last days as an illuminator," says a thoughtful observer, "I regard it as having just been born. For years the gas men made so much money, and so easily, that their attitude toward reformers and inventors was of hostility. Now electricity has aroused the torpid gas men, and they are trying new materials for producing gas, new burners for saving it and increasing its illuminating power, and whatever else will improve it and increase their profits. The sciences of lighting by gas is on its own threshhold. In a few years we will all be using it, not only for lighting, but for fuel. You and I, and even people in tenements, will have pipes leading to our kitchen stoves, just as they now lead to our parlors."

A Ring 3,500 Years Old.

The Smithsonian Institution has received a gift of great antiquity from the Chinese Minister. It is a "jade" ring, about ten inches in diameter and one-eighth of an inch in thickness, with a hollow center about four inches in diameter. It is of a pale hue. The ring is known as the "Han Pek" jewel of the dynasty of Han, an old-time monarch of 3,000 years ago. Court officials of that day, when an audience was accorded them by the Emperor, held the ring with both hands and thrust their fingers into the opening to guard against moving their hands while addressing the throne, the emphasizing of their remarks by flourishes of their hands presumably being contrary to official etiquette. The ring was used as an emblem of submission or respect for the sovereign. It was recently unearthed from a sepulcre, having been buried with the owner.—*New York Sun.*

Olives.

The olive is one of the oldest trees mentioned in history. The ancients had almost a religious regard for it, and its branches early became the emblem of peace and good will. In this age it is valued chiefly for its oil. In Southern Europe, where it is extensively grown, the fruit, which is a small green oval, is gathered when rare-ripe and spread for several days to dry and ferment. It is then crushed in a mill, the stones being so adjusted as to avoid breaking the stone of the fruit. It is then put into coarse bags and the oil is expressed by a screw press. The crushed mass is ground a second and sometimes a third time, to obtain lower grades of oil. Besides its very extensive use as food, the oil is valuable for its medicinal qualities and for cutaneous application. The refuse, after the oil is extracted, is used to fatten hogs, and as a fertilizer. The green fruit, pickled in salt water and spiced, is esteemed by many as a relish.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Won't Live in a House.

There is an old man on the upper Savannah, living on the Georgia side of the river, who has not lived in a house since the earthquake of 1886. An old oak, with inviting limbs, has been his place of abode since the shake-up referred to. During the earthquake his home was stirred violently, the chimney tumbling in, and he ran from it in fright, and he has never returned to it. A negro was employed to bring him from the building such articles as he needed, and he has built himself a sleeping place in the limbs of the tree, with a stout canvas as his only shelter from the rain. His cooking is done on the ground, and his reception-room is the grassy spot under the shade of the oak. The least rumbling will cause his precipitate rush to terra firma, and he will instantly jump to the ground at the sound of thunder or seeing a flash of lightning.

Culinary Maxims.

Beauty will buy no beef.
A good stomach is the best sauce.
Inquire not what is in another's pot.
Better half an egg than an empty shell.
Better some of the pudding than no pie.
He that dines and leaves lays the cloth twice.
Make not your sauce till you have caught your fish.
He fasts enough whose wife scolds at dinner time.
He who depends on another dines ill and sups worse.
He deserves not the sweet who will not taste of the sour.
He who would have hare for breakfast must hunt over night.
When a man can not have what he loves he must love what he has.—*Lucullus in Table Talk.*

Spoiled by a Sneeze.

Some tricky youngsters in Belfast, Me., put one of their number in the bottom of a bag, covered him with old iron, rags, etc., dragged the whole into a shop, had the bag weighed, and were just settling with the man of the shop when the hidden boy sneezed and spoiled the trade.

A rich vein of gold ore is reported to have been found on a farm near Gainesville, Ga.

WIT AND HUMOR.

A pushing man always gets ahead in the world. So does a cabbage.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

A great many men acquire $2 worth of pomposity and arrogance with a $1 public office.—*Petersburg Index-Appeal.*

Plenty of sleep is conducive to beauty. Even a garment looks worn when it loses its nap.—*Binghamton Republican.*

It is considered a pretty serious charge to bring against a woman to say that she means all she says.—*Rochester Express.*

"Serial buildings" are what they call those high ones in Chicago, because they are continued stories.—*Washington Critic.*

From the way people fight at a city collation it is evident that they believe that none but the brave deserve the fare.—*Boston Gazette.*

The naval gun plant at Washington is growing so nicely that it will soon begin to put out a few spring shoots.—*Baltimore American.*

There is a doctor for every 600 inhabitants in this country. This may account for the fact that Americans are short lived.—*Lawrence American.*

A perpetual motion machine has not yet been invented, but the tongue of a 7-year-old boy asking questions comes pretty near it.—*Somerville Journal.*

This is a world of contradictions. Men praise heroic actions first because they are well done and then because they are rare.—*Baltimore American.*

Stranger in the court-room—"What time have you got, please. Prisoner, at counselor's table—"I can tell you better after the trial."—*Boston Gazette.*

Electricity had made but little headway at the time of the flood. What Noah most needed and could not get was an arc motor.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Tell a man that he is a fool and he will laugh at you; but tell him he is not as big a fool as he looks and he will get as mad as blazes—*Burlington Free Press.*

Smith—Jones is a magnificently developed man, isn't he? Do you know his measure? Robinson—No, but I think it is about ten bottles.—*Burlington Free Press.*

The principal features of corrupt legislative assemblies are ayes and noes. These features enable them first to scent jobs and then to wink at them.—*Baltimore American.*

"Your money or your life!" Would you rob a professional brother?" "Are you in the profession?" "I am managing the church fair." "Pass on, friend."—*Harper's Bazar.*

The parent—Well, Dr. Raptail, I like your school much, and I think I'll put my boy here. But tell me, what sort of boys do you turn out? The doctor—The bad ones.—*Fanny Folks.*

Miss Gotham—I adore traveling. Were you ever in Greece, Miss Loin? Miss Loin (of Cincinnati)—No. I never was; but papa was in that Lard Trust, you know.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

A fond Detroit father who has a fast son informs us that he desires to secure for him "a position that will slow him up, so to speak." Make him a messenger boy.—*Detroit Journal.*

Mrs. Kawler—Does your husband ever condescend to hold the baby? Mrs. Stayathome—O, yes! Every Wednesday and Saturday evening, while I run the lawn mower.—*Lawrence American.*

Angry subscriber to editor—I'm mad all the way through, an' I want my paper stopped." "Yes, sir; do you want to pay what you owe?" "No; I ain't mad enough for that."—*Phœnix (Ari) Herald.*

Wife (looking in stationer's window)—What is this—reproduction of Egyptian hieroglyphics? Husband—No; that is a specimen of work done by the winner in a high-speed typewriting contest.—*Time.*

Nickleby—That's a strange pair of scales you have there. I suppose they are of the Ambuscade kind. Grocer—Ambuscade? What is that? Nickleby—Why, they lie in weight, as it were.—*Lawrence America.*

Laura—How stupid these base-ball reports are! Here it says that "Mulroy was pounded all over the field," and don't say what or who he was. Aunt Jane—I guess Mulroy was the umpire.—*Terre Haute Express.*

New Bachelor of Arts—Why is it, professor, that these exercises are called "commencement?" Professor—Because in a few short months you young men will commence to know your business.—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

To cut up a victim to find out what is the matter with him after he has been doctored a year is a dead give-away on the part of the doctor, who should know what is needed when he gives medicine.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

First citizen—Do you mean to say that since you have been working at a dynamo station you have got rid of your rheumatism? Second citizen—Just so. The disease seems to have left me and gone into my watch.—*New York Weekly.*

A young lady in Indiana yawned her mouth so wide open that she dislocated her jaw. Some man who had seen better days had her in a corner and was commencing again to tell her how things were before the war.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Mrs. Blinkers—Well, did you go to the doctor to see about that bee sting on Johnny? Mr. Blinkers—Yes. He said we should put mud on it. He charged me $2 for the prescription, but he gave me the mud for nothing.—*New York Weekly.*

Doctor's wife—I understand that Dr. Cureall confines himself strictly to office practice. Old doctor—Yes; that is why he succeeds. People who are able to walk to an office are generally strong enough to get well without help. *New York Weekly.*

A Remarkable Piece of Wood.

A remarkable piece of wood has been sent to Portland, Oregon, for exhibition. It is a board of white cedar twenty feet long, thirty inches wide, and three inches thick, without the least sign of a knot or twist of any kind. The grain is as straight and regular as if traced by human hands.