

**A Description of Mammoth Cave.**  
(By Kate V. Wofford.)

To him who has lost faith in his fellows and in his Maker I would not recommend the remedy that is usually given. Instead I would urge him to seek the answer to the unanswered question in nature's own secret giving place. Some people call it Mammoth Cave, to me it will always be the valley of Silences, a place of Holy things where peace prevails. The question of doubt need not be long in waiting for its answer for, he who walks through these hills of God underneath His earth, and down the valley of Silence unmoved and untouched, is indeed seriously ill and hurt of soul.

A happy hearty, laughing crowd were we preparing for the cave trip, we women folks a little self conscious in our grey bloomers and blouses, the "better halves" of the party decidedly so in their rain-bow suits of many colors. Such trivial things soon passed unnoticed though and a little awed and hushed we marched into the main entrance of the cave and into Broadway. Instead of the white lights that this name implies, however, we furnished our own light with our own lantern that blinked like huge fireflies in the dusk. I must be growing old for I could not help moralizing to myself as I watched the long row of lanterns waning and shifting steadily in the dark, and I thought how very much like our own walk in the Plain of the every day world the trip was going to be, for after all it is always ourselves who make the light of our way and it is always ourselves who guard the light and keep it gloriously flaming. Down the valley of Silence we went, our voices unconsciously lowered, and somehow it didn't seem exactly the right thing when some of our party insisted upon singing "Tipperary" to lighten up the way.

The guide, a brusque hearty old man, a little sharp in his commands but brave and strong and true took me under his special care. I saw to that for I impressed upon him the fact of the utter impossibility of my taking care of myself, so he arose to the situation like a gentleman, swallowed the bait, and thereafter I walked very close to Bishop's side. Instead of getting old I sometimes think that I am getting into my second childhood, for when we came to the "Fat Man's Misery," a quaint winding old river bed, long since gone dry, I begged to be allowed to lead the party and he smilingly granted my request. It did not take me long, however, to be a willing and meek follower, for several pecks on my head proved so much more quickly than wise Bishop could ever have done that we needed his warnings of "low bridge", which means in our own language of the "daylight world" "Please duck". When Bishop did take the lead he remarked quite coolly and quite pointedly "That some people

thought they were so smart." I accepted the snub very meekly and gave my attention to the arches and domes above that took on fantastic shapes in the dim light. Veritable temples of the gods they were where all the fairies of the world must meet to hold their fairy prayer meetings and to talk of the glory of the Maker of the temple. Leaving the Fat Man's Misery, much to the delight of certain ones of the party we rested in the part of the cave called Great Relief, and it was a great relief indeed to rest in that little bowl of a place where we got our breath before starting on our journey to the Sahara Desert, a name given to the place because of the unusual amount of sand on its floor. Following close to Bishop's heels we walked slowly through the desert of the cave, stopped for several wonderful moments at the river Lethe, a dark river of sleep and dreams indeed.

Following the river closely we soon came to the climax of our trip and a perfect day culminated when we reached Echo river, a stream of wonderful echos and an unknown origin. When the guide lifted up his voice and hummed back the echo came to us in a perfect riot of music and harmony. Some of us who did not embrace the idea of rowing upon this sleepy, dark stream thirty feet in depth and three hundred and sixty feet below the surface of the earth, very casually remarked that we would wait on the bank until the rest of the party had their ride. Dear wise old Bishop knowing the ways of womankind in general announced just as coolly that we must take the boat ride to get home and that if we had any intentions of getting home that night we would immediately betake ourselves on the boat and say no more about it. Of course if we wished to spend the night in the cave we had his gracious permission to do so, he hoped our slumbers would be undisturbed and that our dreams would be pleasant ones. We looked at the dark walls of stone about us, at the dreaming stream in front of us and the happy brave sailors on the boat waiting for us, so we swallowed our courage with a gulp and with one accord settled ourselves in the boat. Bishop paddled slowly up stream warning us to hold our lights carefully, to sit steady in the boat and to trust to him. We did trust him and we found the ride to be well worth all the cold shivers that insisted on bothering us and all the sickening feelings that kept us company. We were kept so busy sitting steady in the boat, holding our light and trusting Bishop, that very little was said at the first of the journey and finally Bishop suggested that we sing something. Instinctively the party broke forth almost as one man in that sweet old hymn of the ages, "Jesus Savior Pilot me", back and forth the echos came to us glorified and magnified and I being red headed and part Irish and given to impulsiveness characteristic of both tribes wept openly and unashamed. Then "My Old Kentucky

Home" sung as only a band of Kentucky born and bred can sing, rose and danced and rejoiced about us. If you will trace back about three paragraphs you will see that I made a statement about Bishop paddling up stream, all of which is very true, I am not going to take it back at all. The point I am trying to make is that after Bishop had paddled up stream about three quarters of a mile he proceeded to paddle back.

"Why Bishop," began one of my partners in fear, "Aren't you rowing us to the place we started from?"

No answer.  
"Bishop," she continued very sweetly, "I thought you said you were not coming back to our landing."

Deep silence on Bishop's part.  
When we finally did reach the place we started from, the persistent lady began again, "Thank you Bishop for making me take the trip."

And that is exactly what we all felt like saying for I am sure we all felt that we touched on something that approached the Kingdom of Heaven itself.

The cave is so full of a wonderful amount of wonderful things and if I had the supply of adjectives necessary, I would write of the break of day in the "Star Chamber," Martha Washington statue, the Vall of Humiliation, Mammoth Dome, the Water Clock, the bridal altar and the chair where Jenny Lind sat and sang on her visit to the cave. I could also tell about the Corkscrew where we climbed and cut capers, seemingly, in mid air. I might also tell about the logs left in 1812 by the miners who worked faithfully making gun-powder to pepper on the stiff backs of the English cousins who came over to give us a spanking. I could write you about all of this but I am not going to, because I haven't the time nor the vocabulary. I shall tell you about it when I get home however for I shall never cease talking about it as long as I am given a bit of time and an audience.

**ORIGIN OF JOHN BULL.**

**How England Got Her Nickname in Queen Anne's Time.**

Letter to Editor Philadelphia Evening Ledger.

In answer to the inquiry as to the origin of John Bull: Every country has a nickname and is represented in pictures by an animal. The British lion is the animal that stands for England, and John Bull is its owner and master. The lion is the country; John Bull is the nation. The name of John Bull comes from a work written by John Arbuthnot, a witty doctor and writer, a great friend of Swift and Pope. He was born in 1667, in Scotland, and died in 1735. The sketch he wrote dealt with the political affairs of Europe at the time, and the countries were made to appear as men and women. England was John Bull and Queen Anne was Mrs. Bull. The church was Mr. Bull's mother. Scotland was John Bull's sister Peg. Eng-

land, the nation and country, was made to appear like a good natured man, but not without faults. As roast beef and plum pudding are the national dishes, the name of Bull answered well. John was shown to be an honest, plain-dealing man, courageous and rather hot tempered. He was supposed to be always ready to meet the French king with any sort of weapon, in earnest or in play. He was difficult to deal with, especially if any one tried to master him. Treated with kindness and a little flattery, he could be led like a child. —W. H. K.

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T. B. FELDER STABBED.

**Given Dangerous Wound in Atlanta and Condition Serious.**

Atlanta, Aug. 4.—Thomas B. Felder, prominent member of the Atlanta bar, and well known for the part he took in the South Carolina dispensary cases several years ago, was stabbed and seriously injured here last night. G. K. Vasson, of East Point, Ga., doorkeeper of the lower house of the Georgia general assembly, was arrested charged with the stabbing which took place in the lobby of the Kimball house in the presence of scores of legislators. It was said by legislators that the affair grew out of Felder's recent efforts before a committee of the house to defeat a bill by which the city of Savannah charter would be amended to permit vote on recall of city officials.

Felder, representing certain prohibition elements, claimed the recall of Mayor Pierpont of Savannah was sought by those favoring the amendment.

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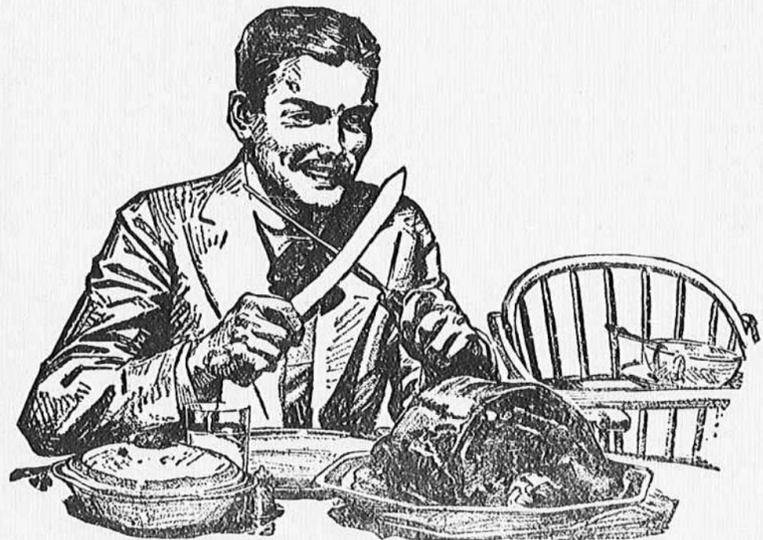
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