

Within an Aco.

A strange adventure, and one which would seem almost laughable but for its well nigh fatal consequences, once occurred at an extensive hop district in America.

Great quantities of the hops, after being kiln dried till they are almost as light as air, are put away in large store houses. In the district in question there is such a store house, well filled at the time of the occurrence with the product of the country round about. A bin contained a mass of hops. Above it some loose boards were laid across, upon which the workmen might pass from one side of the bin to the other.

One day a young man employed in the store house started to cross on these boards. If he knew that he was in a dangerous place he was not

governed by his knowledge, for he walked so carelessly that he dislodged one of the boards and fell into the mass of hops.

This at first only made him laugh, for the hops were soft and light; they had an agreeable smell and feeling. For a few moments, though the hops were about his ears, he had a delightful sense, as if he were in some big feather bed.

Then he started to walk out. He made a few movements with his feet, and was surprised to find himself sinking into the mass till the hops covered his eyes and the top of his head. Still he was far from being frightened, and continued to move his hands and feet in the feathery mass.

But now he had sank so deep that all was darkness around him. He could not have told which way was up or which way was down if it had not been for

that terrible gravitation that carried him ever deeper into the yielding abyss.

Up to this moment he had not experienced any difficulty in breathing, but now he began to feel a sense of suffocation. He was thoroughly frightened at last and began to shout for help.

He had left his brother in the kiln room below, within easy sound of his voice, as it seemed. The poor fellow called and called, but his voice appeared to carry no further than the soft hops which clung about his lips. He redoubled his exertions and fairly screamed, but his efforts only served to deprive him of the little breath that the closing mass had left him.

The hops, so light at first, now seemed as heavy as lead. He gasped and gasped, but presently discovered that by diverting all his strength to pressing away the hops from about

his nostrils he could find a little air to breathe, though it was very bad air. Gaining breath in this he used it to shout with.

But soon he became aware that the air was not sufficing him, and that he was really smothering. He sank back inactive, with a strong temptation to give up the struggle. He lay very quiet, and as he did so it seemed to him that he heard the faint sound of a human voice. It kept as still as possible, and then the sound came to him again, and it seemed to say, "Joe!" It must be his brother calling him.

The moment before his senses had reeled in suffocation, but now they revived with hope, and he called "Here!" as loudly as he could. Then all was silent again. He fancied that his brother had not heard him at all, but had merely been looking for him, and not finding him here had passed on to some other part of the building. The despair which this thought brought made him lose his breath and his courage again, and he swooned.

Presently, however, he had a sense as if someone was poking him with a stick. This was indeed the case. His brother, hearing the muffled sound of his voice, had come to the rescue with a long pole, which he was thrusting about in the great mass of hops.

When this came in contact with his body the young man revived and presently had sense enough to lay hold of the pole.

His brother answered with a steady but strong pull, and soon the victim felt himself drawn to the surface of the heap. He saw the daylight around him and breathed the fresh air deeply.

He was soon on his feet and as well as ever, but he had been perilously near to death, and it is quite certain that hereafter he will take good care not to fall into hop bins.

On a sweltering Sabbath in a little church up country, the perspiring minister, instead of preaching a long sermon, called the attention of the congregation to the figures on the thermometer. "Just study those figures," he said. "It ain't half as hot here as you'll find it hereafter if you don't mend your ways."



Edwards, photo.

SWAMP NEAR MERCER.



Hawkins, photo.

PICTURESQUE GORGE AND WATERFALL NEAR RAMA RAMA.