

**THE MINISTRY OF MEMORY.**

memory, dip thy finger-tip  
In some cool well of distant youth,  
And touch the doubter's drying lip  
With but one drop of love and truth.

fallen in the desert lands,  
A traveller by mistaken ways,  
Behold, among the trembling sands,  
The crystal spring of earlier days!

**In Bin Seventy-seven**

BY ALBERT W. TOLMAN.

Two hundred feet in length and almost half as much in width, the elevator rose a hundred and fifty feet in air. Through two large doors in the ends ran railroad-tracks, leading through the base of the building. Near the wooden one-story office, snugly close to its immense neighbor, a dizzy ladder of steel rods, riveted to the side of the elevator, led straight up to the roof.

To the north stretched the business portion of the city; to the south the glittering harbor unrolled its broad expanse. Hundreds of cars stood in the adjoining freight-yard; and at the docks below three long, black ocean liners, with funnels banded red and white, snored drowsily through their steam-pipes, while into their yawning holds the grain was poured by the exhaustless spouts.

Archibald Braithwait was a student at a business college in the city. His spare time was largely spent in getting an idea of the different industries of the place.

On Wednesday and Saturday afternoons he had no recitations, and to these half-days he looked forward with much pleasure. He had already visited the electric-light plants, the potteries, a shoe-factory and the rolling mills.

The elevator came next on his schedule. Every morning, when he went down to his work, he saw across a half-mile of lower roofs the colossal structure against the eastern sky.

Suggestive of great transactions, it fascinated the young man, and it was with considerable satisfaction that at last, one Saturday afternoon, he found himself in the shadow of the building, with a pass from its superintendent giving him the freedom of the plant.

Before entering the elevator he stood for a few minutes, taking in the details outside. The huge steel ships, stretching their ponderous length so peacefully in the muddy docks; the high, sharp bows, with their columns of white-draft marks; the sailors swung on dangling stages, painting the iron sides; the shouts of the stevedores—all combined to make the scene fascinating.

But time was passing. Braithwait turned reluctantly from the wharves, and passing through fearless flocks of pigeons and English sparrows, plump from feasting on the spilled kernels, entered the door of the elevator.

The next two hours were of absorbing interest. He explored the place from top to bottom, until he understood what was done to the grain from the time it was taken from the steams until it was loaded on the steamers.

Few men were in sight, and no one asked him for his pass. Everybody was too busy to be curious, and apparently took it for granted that any stranger in the building had good reason for being there.

It was cold in the building. Sudden drafts swooped down from unexpected quarters. The air was filled with a fine powder, which strewed the floors. Dusty electric bulbs lighted the semi-darkness. Speaking-tubes ran here and there.

There was a sound of rushing grain; the floors shook with the rumble of machinery. By pressing a button or pulling a lever all those gigantic processes could be modified or checked.

In the course of his explorations Braithwait came to the "spout-floor," pierced with numerous large, round holes. Here great movable spouts of iron conveyed the grain from the garsers above into the bins beneath the holes, which were fitted with hinged iron covers. Some of the covers were thrown entirely back; others, lifted to an angle of more than sixty degrees, were held up by sticks. The student moved gingerly among them, for he had no inclination to test the depth of the black cavities. Far down the long, dusty room, more than a hundred and fifty feet distant, two men were busy shifting the spouts; but they paid no attention to him.

At the very end of the floor was an opening, with stick-propped cover, and painted on the boards beside it, in black, dust-covered figures, its number, "77."

Braithwait wondered if this bin was full enough to allow him to see the top of the grain it contained. He stooped down to peer within. Utter blackness met his gaze. How it happened he cannot tell to this day, but as he rose his foot slid along the slippery floor, and he shot downward into the pit.

As he passed through the opening he made an ineffectual grasp at its edge, but instead struck the stick that held the cover up. Down it came, and while he still hung suspended in mid-air all light from above was blotted out, and he was left in total darkness.

The terrible sensation of falling that unknown distance he will never forget. How far beneath him was the grain? It might be ten, twenty, thirty, forty feet. Perhaps the bin contained no grain at all, in which

event he would fall sixty feet before his bones were shattered on the hard timbers. These ideas passed like lightning through his brain. Then with a shock the motion ceased. He had fallen head first, but turned a half-somersault on his way down, alighting up to his knees in a yielding substance that broke the shock of his fall. He found afterward that the distance could not have been more than twenty feet, but the total strangeness of the place, and the terrible uncertainty as to when and where he would bring up, made it seem three times as great.

Braithwait's first feeling was one of thankfulness that none of his bones were broken. With his thumb and forefinger he tried the substance into which he had fallen. The kernels were small and elliptical, and he knew that he was in a bin of wheat. It was absolutely dark; not the faintest glimmer from any source relieved the Egyptian blackness. The air was dry and free from dust and the odor of the grain was not unpleasant. The young man did not realize at first he was in a position of any peril. He felt annoyed, and angry with himself for being so careless. But it was useless to stand idle, blaming himself for something that had passed. The thing was to get back to the floor, but how?

Might there not be a ladder on the side of the bin? Braithwait felt his way round the walls, but discovered none. The investigation showed him that his prison was square, with a side of about fifteen feet. He could feel the timbers quiver with the vibration from the machinery. Deadened sounds came to him from without. He heard the muffled whistle of a locomotive in the adjoining freight-yard. Could he make noise enough to attract the notice of the workers on the floor above?

For two or three minutes he shouted at the top of his lungs, filling the bin with clamorous echoes, but the closed trap kept the men from hearing him. Then with sickening force came a sense of his peril that left him weak and faint. What if they would begin to draw off the wheat before he could get out? He would surely be smothered in the sinking mass.

The thought roused him like a knife-stab. Round and round the bin he hurried, slumping deep in the grain with every step, feeling in vain along the smooth walls for something to which he might cling. With clenched fists he hammered on the wood, hoping that some one would hear the sound and understand his danger. But his blows, drowned by the reverberation of the machinery, were no more audible outside than the steps of a fly on a window-pane.

Terror seized him. He felt himself in the grasp of a great automatic monster. To that heartless mechanism he was no more than one of the innumerable grains which it was its function to store and deliver at the bidding of its masters.

He was standing near the middle of the bin when the thing he dreaded happened. Beneath his feet came a shifting, sliding motion, and the surface sank a little, just the slightest bit; but he could not have been more appalled had the solid ground been suddenly torn from under him. They were drawing off the wheat through the opening at the bottom! Before he knew it, he had sunk above his ankles. He leaped away from the treacherous center, and crowded himself back into one of the corners.

Whenever a compartment filled with particles is emptied through an orifice below, the substance falls from the top; down through the entire mass and directly above the aperture sink a core, which is constantly fed at the summit by particles from the sides sliding into the cavity.

If one has ever watched in an hour glass some grain larger than the others hang for a time on the edge of the vortex until the supporting grains fall away from under it and it rolls down the slope to disappear in the central quicksand, one will understand the peril that threatened Braithwait. Once let him be dragged within the influence of the suction, and nothing could save him from being buried alive in the smothering grain.

The student never thought harder or faster than he did during the next few seconds. All was quiet in the bin save for the soft sliding of the myriad kernels toward the invisible depression in the center. He realized clearly the only course which held out the least hope of safety.

Throwing off his overcoat, he tossed it aside in the blackness. Then with hands and feet he began to scoop the grain away from his corner and push it toward the center. The cavity thus made gave him a brief respite, until the sinking of its wall set him digging desperately again.

Thus he fought and struggled in the blackness, until utter fatigue overcame him. His muscles ached almost to numbness. His breath came short. He was drenched with perspiration. But there was no cessation in the movement of the grain. Slowly it gained upon him as he made his losing fight. The horror of the death that impended goaded him to extreme efforts, but his diminished strength could not cope with the steady sinking of the wheat. Oh, if they would only close the spout below!

The catastrophe, long averted, came at last. The edge crumbled beneath his feet; he slipped, staggered, fell! Down the steep slope he rolled, madly trying to check his progress by thrusting his arms and legs into the yielding mass; but to no avail. His

hands grasped only the sliding kernels.

In a moment he was above the central vortex. Wild with terror, he put forth the most desperate efforts to climb the sides of the pit. Again and again he seemed to be in a fair way to regain the top; but each time, after he had crept up a little distance, the grain would slip beneath him, carrying him back to the bottom. The moment came at last when he could not free his ankles from the clutch of the grain. Down he sank in the quagmire, lower—lower—lower! A resistless power beneath seemed to be grasping his feet in a clutch that neither increased nor loosened. There was something terrible about its sameness.

Now the grain reached his knees, now it was half way up his thighs, now he was buried to the waist. Higher and higher it crept, until it was close under his armpits. In a very short time it would be over his head, and he would die horribly under the choking kernels.

But help came to Braithwait just as all hope was leaving him. Heavy steps shuffled along the floor overhead. The sinking man realized that it was his last opportunity, and cry after cry burst from his lips.

His shouts were heard. The steps halted for a moment, then the cover above was flung suddenly back, admitting the first light that had reached the prisoner's eyes since he had fallen through the opening and the trap had clanged shut. A red face, with bristling dusty-white mustache, peered into the blackness of the bin.

The wheat was sliding over Braithwait's shoulders as he uttered one last hoarse, inarticulate cry. The man above could see nothing, but he understood; and his quick understanding was the sinking student's salvation.

Braithwait heard him run along the floor to a speaking-tube, and guessed that the order to stop the flow of wheat was being given. Then all at once the motion beneath his feet ceased, and he knew that he was saved.

A rope ladder was lowered into the bin, and two men, with a lantern and shovels, soon released the student from what had almost been a living tomb. It was half an hour before his strength came back enough to allow him to climb to the floor above; and to this day, he never sees an elevator without recalling his fight for life in bin seventy-seven.—Youth's Companion.

**Smugglers of London Clothes.**

"That case in Boston a few days ago," said a Nassau street tailor, "about several expensive suits of Easter clothing being found in the hold of a Liverpool liner, waiting until the steward who was going to smuggle them to American customers could get them ashore, is part of a game played over week here in New York. We have an association that has been trying to stop it for years, but we haven't made much headway. The trouble with the Boston man was, probably, that he was new at the game. You can't catch the old hands on the New York liners like that. Of course, the well known Boston lawyers to whom the three suits were addressed did not know anything about them. Do you suppose they would have owned up if they did? They won't pay for them either. Those suits are a dead loss to the London tailor. But you can gamble that the man who brought them over will be out of the smuggling business after this."

"Every spring and every winter agents of fashionable London tailors stop at the uptown hotels and make a display of their samples. They know their old customers, but every new one has to have a bang up introduction. It's like the side-door business of a saloon on Sundays. There are hundreds of men in New York who order their clothes in London every year who have never crossed the pond. They are measured here, and their clothes are delivered to New York tailors who stand in with the foreigners. The customer gets his clothes at this tailor's, free of duty. How, he doesn't know. But he has to pay the New York tailor for making the alterations. After all, he gets little out of the deal but the London cut, styles six months in advance of New York, and a suit or overcoat that doesn't fit. But they will do it."—New York Press.

**"Green Dutchman" One Honest Man.**

Gottlieb Wittler, who forty years ago found a box containing \$62,000 in gold and government bonds, stolen from the United States paymaster, and which he immediately returned to General Fremont, is dead.

For forty years he conducted one of the largest contracting enterprises in Missouri. During the civil war he was engaged by the United States Government in the construction of forts along the Mississippi River, and while building a fort in South St. Louis a tin box was unearthed. Mr. Wittler found it where it had been thrown aside by the workmen. A lock on the side aroused his curiosity, and he pried open the lid. Covered with brown paper was a pile of gold and Government bonds.

Mr. Wittler at once drove to Gen. Fremont's headquarters at Eighth street and Chouteau avenue.

As he walked from the office an officer remarked: "That green Dutchman could have kept this money."

To this Gen. Fremont replied: "I wish we had a few more of such green Dutch in this country. He is one honest man."—St. Louis Chronicle.

**NEW IDEAS in TOILETTES**

New York City—Eton jackets are to be noted among the most fashionable coats and are jaunty, becoming and

**Red and Pink Combined.**

A combination of colors most people would exclaim at has become very popular this season. It is red and pink, and brunettes may consider this a blessing, as it is particularly becoming to their type. Pink is used for the foundation of the frock, and it is trimmed with clusters of cherry or deep poppy shades that blend with it. The effect is very rich, and a handsome gown is the result if care is taken in the shading of the color.

**Fancy Blouse.**

Box pleats combined with tucks or shirrings are among the novelties that are genuinely attractive as well as new. This pretty waist admits of either combination and is eminently graceful and smart. The model is made of pale blue messaline satin, with yoke and cuffs of cream lace, and is tucked between the pleats, but all of the soft and pliable materials of the season are appropriate and shirrings can be substituted for the tucks whenever preferred. The drop yoke and the deep gauntlet cuffs make noteworthy features, and the crushed belt is both



ETON JACKET.

generally attractive. This May Manton one includes the tiny vest effect that marks the latest designs with full sleeves and the drop shoulders

**A Late Design by May Manton**



that give the broad line of fashion. As shown, it is made of wood brown broadcloth with trimming of brown and white braid, the vest being white cloth braided with brown and tan, but all suiting materials are appropriate and the vest can be one of many things. Oriental embroidery is much liked, brocades and lace are seen and wide braid is used.

The jacket is made with fronts and back and is fitted by means of single darts, shoulder and under-arm seams. The little vest can be applied over the edge and finished with the braid, or the jacket can be cut away and the edge of the vest arranged under it, then stitched to position. The sleeves are gathered and are joined to the drop shoulders, the seams being concealed by the braid and are finished at the wrists with flare cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-one inches wide, three yards twenty-seven inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, with three-quarter yards of vesting, five yards of braid and three yards of lace to trim as illustrated.

**A Coming Mode.**

Fine Brussels net, or footing, is going to be largely used to beautify our thin frocks. More than one dainty creation displayed in smart shops is trimmed only with this footing. Bands of it are set around the organdie or Swiss skirt, in place of tucks, inserted in bodice and sleeves, and, or wide, long band serves as a sash with long, flowing ends. The beautiful effect of frosty-looking net in this capacity can be imagined.



FANCY BLOUSE.

twenty-seven inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide, with one-half yard of silk for belt and one and three-eighths yards of all-over lace.

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**BARGAINS!**

The readers of this paper are constantly upon the alert to ascertain where goods can be purchased at the lowest prices, and if a merchant does not advertise and keep the buyer conversant with his line of goods, how can he expect to sell them?

**THINK OVER THIS!**