

### "FELICE NOTTE!"

God send the little golden bees of sleep  
To murmur in the blossom of your ear  
Their gentle summer music hushed and deep  
Their softest slumber songs to you, my dear!

And may the gypsy fortune telling dreams  
Draw you beneath their painted tent and  
Take  
Your palm and tell you fortunes—rosy gleams  
Too sweet to be remembered when you wake!

Once may your hyacinthine lids unfold  
Bathed in the limpid pallor of the moon,  
The happiest stars in heaven may yet behold,  
And pray and sigh for joy, and slumber soon.  
—Lucie Fulsman in Lippincott's.

### A MAN IN THE BELL.

In my younger days bell ringing was much more in fashion among the young men of — than it is now. Some fifty years ago about twenty of us who dwelt in the vicinity of the cathedral formed a club which used to ring every peal that was called for.

One Sunday I went with another into the belfry to ring for noon prayers, but the second stroke we had pulled showed us that the clapper of the bell we were at was muffled. Some one had been buried that morning and it had been prepared of course to ring a mournful note.

We did not know of this, but the remedy was easy. "Jack," said my companion, "step up to the loft and cut off the hat," for the way we had of muffling was by tying a piece of an old hat or of cloth (the former was preferred) on one side of the clapper, which deadened every second toll.

I complied, and mounting into the belfry crept as usual into the bell, where I began to cut away. The hat had been tied on in some more complicated manner than usual, and I was perhaps three or four minutes in getting it off, during which time my companion below was hastily called away—by a message from his sweetheart, I believe, but that is not material to my story.

The person who called him was a brother of the club who, knowing that the time had come for ringing for service, and not thinking that any one was above, began to pull. At this moment I was just getting out when I felt the bell moving. I guessed the reason at once. It was a moment of terror, but by a hasty and almost convulsive effort I succeeded in jumping down and throwing myself on the flat of my back under the bell.

The room in which it was was little more than sufficient to contain it, the bottom of the bell coming within a couple of feet of the floor of lath. At that time I certainly was not so bulky as I am now, but as I lay it was within an inch of my face. I had not lain myself down a second, when the ringing began. It was a dreadful situation.

Over me swung an immense mass of metal, one touch of which would have crushed me to pieces; the floor under me was principally composed of crazy laths, and if they gave way I was precipitated to the distance of about fifty feet upon a loft, which would in all probability have sunk under the impulse of my fall and sent me to dashed to atoms upon the marble floor of the chancel a hundred feet below.

This was my first terror, but the ringing had not continued a minute before a more awful and immediate dread came on me. The deafening sound of the bell smote into my ears with a thunder which made me fear their drums would crack; there was not a fiber of my body it did not thrill through. It entered my very soul; thought and reflection were almost utterly banished; I only retained the sensation of agonizing terror.

Every moment I saw the bell sweep within an inch of my face, and my eyes—I could not close them, though to look at the object was bitter as death—followed it instinctively in its oscillating progress until it came back again. It was in vain I said to myself that it could come no nearer at any future swing than it did at first; every time it descended I endeavored to shrink into the very floor to avoid being buried under the down sweeping mass, and then, reflecting on the danger of pressing too weightily on my frail support, would cover up again as far as I dared.

At first my fears were mere matter of fact. I was afraid the pulleys above would give way and let the bell plunge on me. At another time the possibility of the clapper being shot out in some sweep and dashing through my body, as I had seen a rained glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor trembling, but these soon gave way to fears not more unfounded, but more visionary and of course more tremendous.

The roaring of the bell confused my intellect, and my fancy soon began to team with all sorts of strange and terrifying ideas. The bell pealing above and opening its jaws with a hideous clamor seemed to me at one time a raving monster raging to devour me; at another a whirlpool ready to suck me into its belching abyss. As I gazed on it, it assumed all shapes. It was a flying eagle, or rather a roc of the Arabian story tellers, clapping its wings and screaming over me.

As I looked upward into it, it would appear sometimes to lengthen into indefinite extent or to be twisted at the end into the spiral folds of the tail of a flying dragon. Nor was the flaming breath or fiery glance of that fabled animal wanting to complete the picture. My eyes, inflamed, bloodshot and glaring, invested the supposed monster with a full proportion of unholy light.

It would be endless were I to merely hint at all the fancies that possessed my mind. Every object that was hideous and roaring presented itself to my imagination. I often thought that I was in a hurricane at sea and that the vessel in which I was embarked tossed under me with the most furious vehemence. The air, set in motion by the swinging of the bell, blew over me nearly with the violence and more than the thunder of a tempest, and the floor seemed to reel under me as under a drunken man. But the most awful of all the ideas that

seized on me were drawn from the supernatural.

In the vast cavern of the bell hideous faces appeared and glared down on me with terrifying frowns or with grinning mockery still more appalling. I found I was becoming delirious, and trembled lest reason should utterly desert me. I feared lest, when utterly deprived of my senses, I should rise—to do which I was every moment tempted by that strange feeling which called on a man whose head is dizzy from standing on the battlement of a lofty castle to precipitate himself from it—and then death would be instant and tremendous.

When I thought of this I became desperate. I caught the floor with a grasp which drove the blood from my nails, and I yelled with the cry of despair. I called for help, I prayed, I shouted, but all the efforts of my voice were of course drowned in the bell. As it passed over my mouth it occasionally echoed my cries, which mixed not with its own sound, but preserved their distinct character. Perhaps this was but fancy. To me, I know, they then sounded as if they were the shouting, howling or laughing of the fiends with which my imagination had peopled the gloomy cave which swung over me.

In twenty minutes the ringing was done. Half of that time passed over me without power of computation—the other half appeared an age. When it ceased I became gradually more quiet, but a new fear retained me. I knew that five minutes would elapse without ringing, but at the end of that short time the bell would be rung a second time for five minutes more. I could not calculate time. A minute and an hour were of equal duration. I feared to rise lest the five minutes should have elapsed and the ringing be again commenced, in which case I should be crushed before I could escape against the walls or framework of the bell. I therefore still continued to lie down, cautiously shifting myself, however, with a careful gliding, so that my eye no longer looked into the hollow. This was of itself a considerable relief.

The cessation of the noise had in a great measure the effect of stupefying me, for my attention, being no longer occupied by the chimeras I had conjured up, began to flag. All that now distressed me was the constant expectation of the second ringing, for which, however, I settled myself with a kind of stupid resolution. I closed my eyes and clinched my teeth as firmly as if they were screwed in a vice.

At last the dreaded moment came, and the first swing of the bell extorted a groan from me, as they say the most resolute victim screams at the sight of the rack to which he is for a second time destined. After this, however, I lay silent and lethargic, without a thought.

When it ceased I was roused a little by the hope of escape. I did not, however, decide on this step hastily, but putting up my hand with the utmost caution I touched the rim. Though the ringing had ceased it was still tremulous from the sound and shook under my hand, which instantly recoiled as from an electric jar. A quarter of an hour probably elapsed before I again dared to make the experiment, and then I found it at rest. I determined to lose no time, fearing that I might have lain then already too long and that the bell for evening service would catch me.

This dread stimulated me, and I slipped out with the utmost rapidity and ease. I stood, I suppose, for a minute, looking with silly wonder on the place of my imprisonment, penetrated with joy at escaping, but then rushed down the stony and irregular stair with the velocity of lightning and arrived in the bell ringer's room. My hands were torn and bleeding; my hair disheveled and my clothes tattered.

I leaned against the wall, motionless and deprived of thought, in which posture my companions found me when in the course of a couple of hours they returned to their occupation.—Blackwood's Magazine.

#### Why the Sky Is Blue.

The explanation of the blue of the "vaulted canopy above us" is not to be sought in the fact that the air, or its constituent particles, reflect the reddish refrangible rays of short wavy length and let the less refrangible long wavy rays through. The short waves of light—the blue color—are much more strongly reflected than the long wavy red ones. Lord Raleigh has proven the blue reflected in the light from the sky to be four-fifths times stronger than the yellow color and six-sevenths times stronger than the red. The violet is six-eighths times stronger than the yellow, or about nine-tenths times more intense than the long waves of red light.

These relations of intensity must therefore cause the reflected light to appear to be mostly blue. The blue of the sky is also connected with the phenomenon known as the polarization of light, that color in the colored waves always being polarized in the same direction, which is quite independent of the nature of the turbid particles of the atmosphere. As long as present conditions exist the sky will be of blue colors of varying intensity.—St. Louis Republic.

#### Persuading.

Customer—Waiter, do you remember me? I came in here yesterday and ordered a steak.  
Waiter—Yes, sir. Will you have the same thing today, sir?  
Customer—Yes, if no one else is using it.—New York Herald.

#### The Top Notch of Style.

Mrs. Hayrick—Mrs. Lawnmow says all the folks at her house is fashionable people.  
Mrs. Meadow—I guess it's so. All the women has dogs, an all th' dogs is sick.—New York Weekly.

#### Pliny's Giant.

Galabra, the giant whom Pliny mentions as having been "brought out of Arabia" during the reign of Claudius, was ten feet high, of fine proportions and weighed upward of 400 pounds.—Million.

### Some Discoveries and Inventions.

The first patent for sewing machines was granted to Weisenthal, in England, in 1755.  
The steam engine was known 120 B. C. The first perfect engine was made by Watt, 1764.  
Calico printing was first executed by the Dutch in 1670; first made in England in 1771.

The bagpipe, the favorite Scotch and Italian instrument, was invented in Greece 200 B. C.  
Window glass was used in Italy in churches in the Eleventh century, in English houses in 1557.  
Gas was first made from coal by Clayton, 1739, and was first used for illumination in 1792.

Paper from rags was made in A. D. 1000, the first linen paper in 1319, and from straw in 1800.  
Chain shot were the invention of De Witt, the great Dutch admiral. They were first used in 1665.

Watches were first made in Nuremberg in 1477, and were called "Nuremberg animated eggs."  
Air brakes were invented by George Westinghouse in 1869, and subsequently often improved.

The daguerrotype was invented by Daguerre, and the first miniatures were produced in 1838.  
Playing cards were invented for the amusement of the crazy king, Charles VI, of France, in 1380.

Church bells were made by Paulinus, an Italian bishop, to drive away demons, about 400 A. D.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

#### Playgrounds of Bower Birds.

In Linnholz's "Among Cannibals" a playground of the bower bird is described. He says:

On the top of the mountain I heard in the dense scrubs the loud and unceasing voice of a bird. I carefully approached it, sat on the ground and shot it. It was one of the bower birds, with a gray and very modest plumage and of the size of a thrush. As I picked up the bird my attention was drawn to a fresh covering of green leaves on the black soil. This was the bird's place of amusement all near each other and all had fresh leaves from the same kind of trees, while a large heap of dry, withered leaves was lying close by. It seems that the bird scrapes away the mold every time it changes the leaves, so as to have a dark background, against which the green leaves make a better appearance. Can any one doubt that this bird has the sense of beauty?

#### Bees Are Much Like Human Beings.

Bees do not appear to practice military marauding on a grand scale, like ants, but many of them shamelessly live upon petty larcenies committed individually on foreign hives. They may be seen slyly trying to cheat the vigilance of the sentinels, and slip into their neighbors' cities that they may steal and gorge themselves with the provisions there. Sometimes they even commit highway robbery, lying in wait in small bands near a strange hive for the return of laden bees and plundering them on the road.

The sentinels of the hive, on their side, keep off foreign bees, denying them entrance into the city, and if exasperated by attempts at robbery chase the prowlers and try to kill them. In this bees imitate a great many human societies, where robbery has seemed the greatest of crimes, expiable only by death.—"Property; Its Origin and Development."

#### Vegetarianism and Meat Eating.

A curious examination of the hearts of the vegetarian and the meat eater shows that the number of beats to the former are fifty-eight to the minute, and of the latter seventy-two. In twenty-four hours this means a difference of 20,000 beats. From this it is concluded that in the summer time the vegetarian has the advantage, for he can keep cooler and in better health under the reduced number of heart beats. But in a cold climate, or in our own winters, the heat generated by such slow heart beats would hardly be sufficient to make life strong and resisting enough. The true verdict that one must reach is that the vegetarian is better off in the summer and the meat eater stronger in the winter.—Yankee Blade.

#### A Nest of Wild Oats.

It was while in the river valley that I saw on a friend's house wall what was to me the most attractive of all species of oriole architecture—a nest woven from wild oats. Dependent from streamers it would have been readily mistaken for an artistic little fancy basket, the work of human ingenuity, so perfect was its construction. Yet there had been no attempt at alteration since it was borne from the limb of the tree where found swinging, except that now it was suspended by ribbons, while the bird used none.—San Diego Cor. Christian Union.

#### An Alarm Attachment.

In Liberia there is neither clock nor timepiece of any sort, the reckoning of time being guided entirely by the sun's movement and position. The sun in Liberia rises at 6 a. m. and sets at 6 p. m. almost to the minute all the year around, and at noon it is vertically overhead.—Boston Herald.

#### Queer Food.

Among the people of Java cockchafer are a favorite food. These admirable economists, the Chinese, eat the chrysalids of silkworms after the silk has been wound off them, frying them in butter or lard, adding the yoke of an egg or two, and seasoning with pepper, salt and vinegar.—Table.

### WASTED LABOR.

The Story of an Editorial That Was Never Printed.

CHAPTER I.  
"There!" exclaimed Editor Shackelford, of the Perkins Junction Weekly Thunderbolt, leaning back in his chair. "If that doesn't settle their hash and drive the infamous hounds out of town there's no virtue in strong English."

Editor Shackelford had just written a vigorous article in regard to a traveling auction that had occupied a vacant room on the principal street of the town for three or four days and driven a rushing business, and he felt that he had roasted them in his best and most scientific style. His editorial was as follows:

"A peripatetic gang of bloodsuckers from nowhere in particular and carrying a lot of snide and worthless goods, obtained no one knows how, has infested this community during the week and worked off a lot of cheap jimeracks at more than double their value on the unsuspecting citizens of our town. These irresponsible fakers, these mercenary vagabonds, these strolling auctioneers pay no taxes, contribute nothing to the support of Perkins Junction, have no interests in common with our people and deserve to be held as designing interlopers. Under a thin guise of friendliness they carry on a warfare against our best interests. They are public enemies, deserving of universal execration. Shun them as you would a pestilence, a viper, or the raging flames of perdition itself. Touch not a single article these impostors, trumping invaders have for sale. No man or woman who spends a cent at their miserable one horse auction is a good citizen. If you have any self respect, any public spirit, buy your goods of home merchants and let these cheap, characterless, despicable outsiders alone. If you have a drop of patriotic blood in your veins or any just sense of the duty you owe to yourself, your family and the community in which you live, keep away from these Peter Funks, and do not defile your homes with any of the cheap, nasty, worthless 'goods'—heaven save the mark!—they are trying to unload on the good people of Perkins Junction."

"I think that will finish them," mused Editor Shackelford as he read it over.

CHAPTER II.  
"Jacobs," said the editor as he put on his coat at 6 o'clock p. m. and locked his desk preparatory to starting for home, "is that article I wrote this morning about the auction gang in type?"

"Yes, sir," replied the foreman.  
"Make it the leading article on the editorial page. When will you be ready to go to press?"  
"Be ready in fifteen minutes. Going to work off the whole edition this evening. Got a big day's job work to do tomorrow."  
"All right, Jacobs."

CHAPTER III.  
"Oh, Lycurgus!" exclaimed Mrs. Shackelford as the editor of the Perkins Junction Weekly Thunderbolt entered his home fifteen minutes later. "I have something to show you!"  
She took him into the spare room and pointed to a miscellaneous collection of things spread out on the bed.  
"I was coming from down town this afternoon," she said joyfully, "and as I passed the auction room I stepped in to see what they were selling. Did you ever see such a lovely counterpane? I got it for!"

"Amanda," said the editor in an awful voice, "I—" "Wait a minute. You'd never guess what I paid for it. I got it for \$3.75. And look at those tidies!" They only cost me sixty-five cents! Then see that lot of paper and pencils. I got them for you, dear. Only a dollar. Think of it! Look at that beautiful afghan for the baby carriage, and these towels, and this lot of sewing machine needles, and the box of soap, and that half dozen plated spoons! I never saw things going so cheap. I got this whole lot for—what's the matter, Lycurgus? Where are you going?"

"I am going back, madam," said the editor with a world weary look in his eye, "to the office of The Thunderbolt."

CHAPTER IV.  
"Jacobs!"  
"Yes, sir."  
"I've got the forms locked up!"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Unlock them and lift out that editorial about the cheap auction."  
"Lift it out? What the Sam Hill have we got to put in its place?"  
"Put in a dead patent medicine ad! Slip in that three dollar shoe electrotype! Flip on the page with Lydia Pinkham! Run in anything!" yelled Editor Shackelford.  
"Yes, sir," said the imperturbable Jacobs.  
And thus it came to pass that the most trenchant editorial ever written in the office of The Thunderbolt was forever lost to the good people of Perkins Junction.

THE END.  
—Chicago Tribune.

#### Not Particular.

Wife—Are you going to entertain Mr. West at your club when he pays us his promised visit next month?  
Husband—No, dear, I don't think enough of him. I'll have him at the house.—Club.

#### Too Great to Bear.

Visitor—What is the history of that patient? He looks so happy.  
Warden (of insane asylum)—He is. That man, madam, succeeded in getting a white vest that fitted him around the neck, and it made him insane with joy.—Clothes and Furnisher.

#### Part of the Bird.

The Young Housewife (to the butcher)—Have you a nice spring chicken this morning?  
Yes, ma'am.  
Well, please cut out the croquettes and send them to my address.—Chicago News-Record.

#### They Had Never Met.

You have never met Miss Gotox's father, have you?  
Never. He overtook me once, I remember.—Indianapolis Journal.

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