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DENTON JOURNAL.

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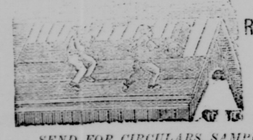

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"FELICE NOTTE!"

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.
—Irene Putnam 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 be 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 cower 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 rammed glide through a door, flitted across my mind. The dread also, as I have already mentioned, of the crazy floor tormented me, 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 teem 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 bellowing 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 calls 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 arose. 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 readily refrangible rays of short waved length and let the less refrangible long waved rays through. The short waves of light—the blue color—are much more strongly reflected than the long waved 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.

They Live in Boats.

Travelers in the upper Congo say that the large tribe near the mouth of the Lomami river, who, in the days when Herbert Ward was paddling up and down the Congo, lived entirely in canoes on account of their fear of slave catchers, continue to live in boats and seem permanently to have abandoned the land as a residence. One of the agents of the Congo State writes that their flotilla is composed of several hundred very large boats. They always keep quite near one another, and usually cover the river for a distance of about two miles. The boats they now use are not the ordinary canoes, but are rather spacious barks, with sides skillfully hewn and carved, and made for the special purpose of serving as a home.

At the center of each bark is a little structure with a roof to serve as a shelter in time of rain.

The people rarely visit the land, but devote most of their time to fishing. They exchange large quantities of fish with the people on the shore for vegetables, but fish is after all the most important element in their diet. There is really no reason now why they should continue to live in boats, inasmuch as the neighboring stations of the Congo State are sufficient to protect them from outrages by slave catchers. They have learned, however, to love this new mode of life.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Persevering.

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.

A PAIR OF SILK STOCKINGS.

The Experience of a Fond Brother Who Wanted to Surprise His Sister.

For weeks I had been puzzling over a commencement gift for my sister, who was soon to graduate, when a letter from my mother made me decide upon a pair of silk stockings. The thought that I should have any trouble in buying a pair of silk stockings never crossed my mind, and it was with a feeling of confidence that I entered one of the largest dry goods houses in the city.

A floorwalker inquired what I wanted, and directed me to the "third counter to the left, down four rows," and waved his hand in a general way. After some wandering I found the "third counter to the left, down four rows," and to the young man who presided behind it said that I wanted to see some stockings.

"Yes, sir; you mean socks."

"No, silk stockings," said I, and I felt that the suggestion of a blush was hanging on my manly brow.

"It's socks, sir; socks, sir," reiterated the clerk.

"But I want them for a lady," and as I said these words I grew red. The clerk looked at me and then said: "H-m-m—oh, yes! Fourth counter to the right, down two rows."

It was a young lady who stood behind this counter, and she maintained a stony silence until I asked her to show me some silk stockings.

"White or colored?"

"Why, I hadn't thought of that! Which would you suggest?" But this question seemed to freeze her, for she again relapsed into silence. "Which is the fashionable color for ladies?" I went on, bound to treat the matter as a mere business transaction. "I mean, do young ladies usually wear colored stockings?"

This seemed to make matters worse, for the young woman glared at me. I thought that perhaps I had made a mistake about color, and so I continued: "Well, after all, I guess white will do. Just wrap me up a pair of your best white silk stockings."

"Will you have clocks?" she deigned to ask.

"No, not clocks—stockings," and I looked at her in blank amazement.

"I mean, will you have them clocked or not clocked?"

Now I hadn't the ghost of an idea what she was driving at, but didn't intend to confess my ignorance. A bright idea struck me. "If you were buying them for yourself, which would you prefer?"

"What?"

"I mean, if—if—you were me, which would you prefer?"

The look in her eyes I interpreted to mean, "Go no further, sir; I regard your remarks as offensively personal." So I went no further and said I would take them without clocks. My sister had a watch, and she could get along very well with that.

"What size?" was the young woman's next inquiry.

"Oh, the usual size for young ladies," said I.

"You must be more exact, sir," she said.

"Well, she—that is, the person who is to have these stockings—is about five feet high. Oh, she is just the size of most young ladies. She is no larger than you are. Now, what size do you think she'd wear?"

"Sir, I don't know."

But I am not going on with this painful narration. All men who have been in the same fix will appreciate my feelings. At length, however, I could stand it no longer, and I blurted out that I wanted a pair of silk stockings for my sister as a commencement gift, that I was willing to pay for them, but I didn't know anything about buying them. Then the young woman relented and in her sweetest voice suggested she wrap up a pair of of the best stockings, and that I write to my sister that if they didn't fit she could exchange them. This I did, but the sun will rise in the west before I buy any woman's stockings again.—Cor. New York Recorder.

Careless and Too Careful Writers.

"I've read," said an editor, and it was a painstaking woman editor who said it, "hundreds of rolled manuscripts, and I never yet have found one that I cared to print. I have decided that the stupidity which rolls a manuscript cannot produce anything worth reading. It is such short sighted policy, too, for the rolled manuscript once read is hopelessly mussed, and must be recopied before being presented to another editor. Lately I have had one of two manuscripts sent to me with a new scheme for editorial misery. Each page of the article is folded separately, necessitating a careful rearrangement of the whole thirty or forty sheets before they can be read, and this notwithstanding the copious information and suggestion which is constantly being printed for the benefit of writers."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Deserted at the End.

William the Conqueror was a man of very gross habit of body, and at the siege of Mantes was hurt by the rearing of his horse, the pommel of the saddle striking the king in the abdomen and causing injuries from which he died in a few days. Before his death he was deserted by all his attendants, who stole and carried off even the coverings of the bed on which he lay. The body remained on the floor of the room in which the king died for two days before it was buried by charitable monks from a neighboring monastery.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

An Appropriate Text.

A preacher in Boston was a little fellow, so little that a box had to be hastily brought from the cellar for him to stand on. The services proceeded safely until the sermon, when he mounted the box and announced his text, "A little while ye shall see me, and a little while and ye shall not see me." At this point the box broke, and the prophecy was verified amid the smothered laughter of the congregation.—New York Evening Sun.

The Top Notch of Style.

Mrs. Hayrick—Mrs. Lawnmo 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.—

Electricity and Explosives.

No stronger evidence of the safety of electric lighting installations can be afforded than the fact that a great many explosives factories are now being lit by electricity. It is obvious that in a building where the preparation of inflammable or highly explosive substances is carried on very special care should be taken in order to avoid even the smallest risk, and powder manufacturers now find that the electric light adds a considerable percentage over gas to the chances of safe operation. While electricity increases the safety of this branch of industry in one way it lessens it in another. There is a great deal of free electricity thrown off in various stages of manufacture, and the disposition of this, so far as it can be removed out of harm's way, is a serious question.

The charge of a powder cake press with ebonite plates may practically be considered as an electric pile, and a large amount of friction or electric influence from outside may cause a sufficient electric charge to give off sparks. Several undisputed cases of this kind have been known. Another source of danger from friction occurs during the glazing, rounding and sieving of gunpowder. The powder is subjected to a constant rubbing of its particles against each other and during the glazing especially there is danger of electricity accumulating.

Therefore precautions should be taken in order to convey away any charge that may accumulate in the glazing barrels.—New York Telegram.

The Meaning of Blunders.

Examining into the matter of blunders, particularly in tracing the course of the "mistakes, well meant," in our own lives, when we look back upon them with the cooler understanding of later years we are constrained to confess that the "mistake" must have been intended to be there, as well as the correct action, because the plan of our development has included both. Continuing to study clearly and deeply we must acknowledge that the mistakes and errors—nay, the very sins—when forsaken and forgiven, have helped the soul upward; that all have worked together to accomplish the result sought; that they must have been put there and meant so to be, and so that our "blunders" were not blunders at all, but although we sowed and watered often amiss there was always some increase given which achieved the good we aimed at, but failed to reach.

And deepest of all we see that the divine love, which saw the end from the beginning, bore with a tender compassion to look upon our struggles, our weeping, our disheartened sighs. Ah, infinitely greater it is, but like to the love we bear our own children, which is so deep and true that we endure to treat them harshly, and with seeming cruelty behold their tears, knowing surely that one day they will comprehend all the kindness.—Harper's Bazar.

The Localities of the Birds.

All our permanent residents among the birds, both large and small, are comparatively limited in their ranges. The crow is nearly as local as the woodchuck. He goes farther from home in quest of food, but his territory is well defined, both winter and summer. His place of roosting remains the same year after year. Once, while spending a few days at a mountain lake nearly surrounded by deep woods, my attention was attracted each night, just at sundown, by an osprey that always came from the same direction, dipped into the lake as he passed over it for a sip of its pure water and disappeared in the woods beyond.

The routine of his life was probably as marked as that of any of ours. He fished the waters of the Delaware all day, probably never going beyond a certain limit, and returned each night at sundown, as punctual as a day laborer, to his retreat in the forest. The sip of water, too, from the lake he never failed to take.

All the facts we possess in regard to the habits of the song birds in this respect point to the conclusion that the same individuals return to the same localities year after year to nest and to rear their young.—John Burroughs in Century.

A Live Snake in a Woman's Arm.

There lives, or did quite recently, near Columbia, S. C., a woman afflicted in a manner that makes one's flesh creep to think of it. For more than the third of a century she has carried a live snake under the skin of one of her arms. How the reptile first found lodgment in its queer situation is as much of a puzzle to the old lady as it is to the hundreds who have visited her for the purpose of viewing the long welt where the unwelcome creature lies encysted.

When the lady first noticed the bow shaped ridge on her arm it was of about the diameter of a pin, and less than two inches in length. During the many years that it has safely nestled in her flesh it has grown from a mere thread to a snake a foot long and as large as a lead pencil. The eyes of the creature are plainly visible through the skin, and the scales can be felt by rubbing the finger along the welt formed by its body.

Physicians pronounce it a most remarkable freak, and have endeavored, without success, to prevail upon the old lady to have it removed.—Philadelphia Press.

Ingenious, but Not Convincing.

The efforts of the Republican soothsayers to eliminate the force bill issue from the campaign are heroic. They hold that because the Lodge scheme has once been defeated, despite Mr. Harrison's urging, it must not be considered as a present issue. This is ingenious, but not convincing.—Detroit Free Press.

Society in Western Towns.

There is a social equality in western country towns that prevails nowhere else, and the daughters of the blacksmith are quite as prominent as the daughters of the banker, providing they behave as well, which they are likely to do, as they all grow up together and are educated in the same schools. The only social test in the west is good conduct.—E. W. Howe in Forum.

Inigo Jones, the famous English architect, was the son of a weaver, and angered his father by sketching houses on the walls of the cottage with a bit of charcoal.

The most densely peopled continent is of course Europe. The number of people in Europe is known with a great degree of accuracy. There are about 360,000,000.

WHAT THE FORCE BILL MEANS.

The Timely Warning of a Stanch Democratic Journal.

The Lodge force bill passed by the Republican house of representatives in the Reed congress two years ago, and practically indorsed by the Republican party in its national convention at Minneapolis, is a long and in places a tedious document. It was carefully drawn with the purpose of muddling the unprofessional reader and of beclouding in a sea of cuttlefish obscurity some of its most dangerous and revolutionary provisions.

But a casual reading reveals it as an insidious attempt to subvert the constitution of the United States and to substitute government by federal returning boards for free representative government of and by the people. Even if its other provisions were honest—which they are not—its openly avowed purpose of taking control of congressional elections out of the hands of officers chosen by the people of the several states and vesting it in judges appointed by the president would suffice to damn its authors to everlasting infamy as traitors to the American system of government.—St. Louis Republic.

Was This Collateral Nepotism?

President Harrison has vetoed the bill for the relief of William McGarrahan. Naturally. McGarrahan is poor and the men who are operating the valuable mines to which McGarrahan lays claim are rich. And one of these, too, is Pacific Railroad Magnate D. O. Mills, father-in-law to Whitelaw Reid, who is President Harrison's present running mate. Mr. Harrison will have a hard job in explaining away this veto. The bill to which he refused his signature merely provided for referring McGarrahan's case to the court of claims, where it could be acted upon judicially and the right and the law and the equity in the matter be determined. President Harrison's veto means simply that McGarrahan is deprived of the right to be heard in the courts. But then McGarrahan is poor, and D. O. Mills is in the habit of contributing liberally to the Republican campaign fund.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

The Effect of Harrison's Speeches.

The situation in Indiana is very unsatisfactory to the Republicans this year, and they will make extraordinary efforts to carry that state. Harrison's plurality in 1888 was only 2,348. A change of 1,200 votes would have given its electoral vote to Cleveland. Two years later the Democratic candidate for secretary of state beat his Republican opponent by 19,579. That was in the "tidal wave" following the passage of the McKinley bill and President Harrison's force bill scheme, and his speechifying tour through the middle and western states.—Charleston News and Courier.

Japanese in America.

There is a strong desire on the part of young Japanese to come to the United States to acquire or perfect themselves in the English language and complete their education. The welcome given to earlier students has led many who have entirely insufficient means to undertake the journey—to come, indeed, with scarcely more than enough to pay their passage to this country. Others, better provided for, have no idea of the increased cost of living here, while many hope to receive aid from persons who may become interested in them here or to find some employment while they are carrying on their studies.

The practical results are not always fortunate, and many of the students referred to would be better off at home. The reputation of having been educated in Europe or America has a certain value at present in Japan, however, and the Japanese students are, almost without a single exception, a credit to their native country.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Turning Tin Refuse to Profit.

For a long time the owners of sardine factories were at a loss to know what to do with the mounds of tin clippings that accumulated at their docks. The clippings are now collected and sorted according to their shape, those made by the dies which stamp the bottoms and covers of the cans being pounded into suitable shape for handling, while the strips made by the shears in cutting the tin for the sides are bundled and boxed.

The clippings are smelted down in a furnace, the tin with which they are coated being melted and drawn off separately, while the molten mass of metal which composed the plate is run into molds and formed into window weights and other useful articles. The bright tin strips of various sizes are utilized in sundry ways, forming tin tags for the ornamentation of plug tobacco, button molds, ornamental baskets and dozens of other articles.—New York Telegram.

Birth, Marriage and Death.

A most remarkable case is reported from Kentucky. Rev. O. H. Morrow, a prominent Baptist minister of Simpson county, reared a family of six daughters. He received all of them into the church, baptized them all, said the marriage ceremony for each of them, and buried them all. He survived the last daughter several years.—Marshall (Mo.) Democrat.

A Great Pity.

The Scotch are great users of snuff. It was a Scotchman who once asked a big nosed stranger if he took snuff, and receiving a negative reply remarked, "What a pity; you have such a grand accommodation."—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Cottonseed Meal.

Good cottonseed meal is estimated to contain nutriment per 100 pounds equal to 318 pounds of cornmeal, or to 767 pounds of wheat bran. This estimate may be chemically correct, but we doubt if it is practically. Cottonseed meal is unquestionably one of our most valuable foods, but it is also a very dangerous food in ignorant or careless hands. Its complete value can never be realized while it is fed alone or as the only grain; it needs balancing even more than cornmeal. All such comparisons are misleading, because they tend to leave the impression that any one food can be safely omitted from a ration, provided a more nutritive food is substituted.—Jersey Bulletin.

The First American Directory.

The first American directory was issued at Philadelphia in 1785 by Francis White. It comprised eighty-three pages, with 3,570 names, and was sold at half a dollar.—Golden Days.