

FROM A BALLOON

BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Ho! we are loose! Hear how they shout,
And how their clamor dwindles out
Beneath us to the merest hum
Of earthly acclamation. Come,
Lean with me here and look below—
Why, bless you, man! don't tremble so!
There is no need of fear up here
Not higher than the buzzard swings
About upon the atmosphere
With drowsy eyes and open wings!
There; steady, now, and feast your eyes,
See, we are tranced—we do not rise—
It is the earth that sinks from us—
But when I first beheld it thus,
And felt the breezes downward flow,
And heard all noises fall and die
Until but silence and the sky
Above, around me, and below.
Why, like you now, I swooned almost
With mingled awe and fear and glee—
As giddy as an hour-old ghost
That stares into eternity.

MESSAGES FROM THE BALLOONS.

ONLY THE OHIO OF THE NINE RACERS HAS LANDED, NASHVILLE,
IN BROWN COUNTY, INDIANA, BEING THE SCENE

The Ohio is the only balloon that has been forced to seek the earth. It landed at 6:20 at Nashville, Ind., in a newly plowed field. Dr. H. W. Thompson, pilot, instantly telephoned The Star and reported a pleasant trip.

with Honeywell and Lambert as we are only 800 feet apart. They asked us to come over to supper. It is now 7:15 o'clock.

FISHER,
BUMBAUGH.

FRANKLIN, Ind., June 5.—Balloon Hoosier passed eight miles southwest of here at 6:55 o'clock.