

The Millheim Journal.

VOL. LV.

MILLHEIM, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1881.

NO. 38.

A. HARTER,
AUCTIONEER,
REBERSBURG, PA.

J. C. SPRINGER,
Fashionable Barber.
Next Door to JOURNAL Store,
MILLHEIM, PA.

BROCKERTHOFF HOUSE,
(Opposite Court House.)

H. BROCKERTHOFF, Proprietor.
WM. McKEEVER, Manager.
Good sample rooms on first floor.
Free bus to and from all trains.
Special rates to jurors and witnesses.
Strictly First Class.

IRVIN HOUSE,
(Most Central Hotel in the City)
Corner MAIN and JAY Streets,
Lock Haven, Pa.

S. WOODS CALWELL, Proprietor.
Good Sample Rooms for Commercial
Travelers on first floor.

D. R. D. H. MINGLE,
Physician and Surgeon,
MAIN Street, MILLHEIM, PA.

D. R. JOHN F. HARTER,
PRACTICAL DENTIST,
Office in 2d story of Tomlinson's Gro-
cery Store,
On MAIN Street, MILLHEIM, PA.

C. T. Alexander, C. M. Bower,
ALEXANDER & BOWER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Garman's new building.

JOHN B. LINN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street.

CLEMENT DALE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Northwest corner of Diamond.

YOCUM & HASTINGS,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
High Street, opposite First National Bank.

W. M. C. HEINLE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Practices in all the courts of Centre County.
Special attention to Collections. Consultations
in German or English.

WILBUR F. REEDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
All business promptly attended to. Collection
of claims a specialty.

J. A. Beaver, J. W. Gephart,
BEAVER & GEPHART,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on Allegheny Street, North of High.

W. A. MORRISON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on Woodring's Block, Opposite Court
House.

D. S. KELLER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Consultations in English or German. Office
in Lyon's Building, Allegheny Street.

JOHN G. LOVE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in the rooms formerly occupied by the
late W. P. Wilson.

ADVERTISE IN THE
Millheim Journal.
RATES ON APPLICATION.

BY THE BANKS OF THE MOHAWK.

O dark rolling river, so rapid and free,
You bring back the brightness of boyhood to me.
When gayly I wandered, along your wild shore,
With one I loved fondly, who loves me no more.
By the banks of the Mohawk
The cataract's roar,
Where we wandered in childhood
Along the wild shore.

The song-birds have vanished; the summer is o'er;
The roses have faded that bloomed by her door;
The elms and the maples stand leafless and drear;
The snowflakes are falling; the Winter is here.
By the banks of the Mohawk
The cataract's roar,
Where we wandered in childhood
Along the wild shore.

The hopes of her girlhood have flown far away;
Her bright auburn tresses are faded and gray;
Her beauty has vanished; her features, once fair
Are saddened by sorrow and furrowed by care.
By the banks of the Mohawk
The cataract's roar,
Where we wandered in childhood
Along the wild shore.

Our childhood is gone; we are drifting to-day,
Like leaves on the river, forever away,
We are leaving the years; we are nearing the shore
Where storms never beat and no cataracts roar.
By the banks of the Mohawk
The waters may roar
Forever and ever
Along the wild shore.

A DREAFTL CASE.

"Gems!" he exclaimed, the expression
of his countenance changing from that
of the reflective sage, I was going to
say, to one that was almost miserly.
"Ah, now you talk of something I un-
derstand. They are not watching us,
are they?" he broke off, looking nervously
in the direction of the house.

"No, no," said I, with subdued ex-
citement, wondering what was to hap-
pen next.
He deliberately unbuttoned his long
ulster coat, shivered in the cold winter
air as he did so, then he began to fum-
ble at a belt which he wore. Several
diamonds of great value, as I judged, in
a moment more sparkled before my as-
tonished eyes. He had apparently drawn
them from a little leather pocket, curi-
ously concealed beneath this belt.

"Ah! those are gems, if you like, sir,"
he exclaimed, with an exulting chuckle,
which brought to my mind the impres-
sion created at our first interview, that
he was not quite right in his head.

"They are splendid," I said, "but
why do you carry them about with you?
Suppose any one, dishonestly inclined,
were to learn that an elderly man had
property of such value upon him? The
thought of it makes me tremble, sir."

"I am not in the habit of exhibiting
the treasures which it has taken my life-
time to amass. I dare not. But I trust
you, sir."

As a man of business I thought there
was here another proof of mental weak-
ness, in the fact that he should confide
in one of whose antecedents he knew
nothing, and of whose honesty he had no
further proof than a love of nature might
suggest.

But I chanced at this moment to look
up at the first floor window of our neigh-
bor's house; and there, watching with a
strange and, as I thought, scornful
smile, stood the tall, shallow man of
whom both my wife's and my own im-
pression was so distinctly unfavorable.

I mentioned to the old man to put
away his jewels, for the German servant
was approaching again; most likely sent
by her master.

My strange acquaintance did not ap-
pear in the garden any more.
I have an innate horror of eavesdrop-
ping, and, as I have repeatedly said to
my dear wife, whose feminine curiosity
tempts her to attach far too little atten-
tion to this evil. "Conversation not in-
tended for her ears ought to be regarded
with the same feelings as a letter not
written for her perusal. She would feel
deeply insulted did any one suggest that
she would be capable of reading another
person's letter simply because the seal
happened to be broken, and could there-
fore do so without the fear of detection."

But women, alas! are never logical; and
she will not see, or, perhaps cannot, that
her conduct is no less culpable when she
greedily listens to the private conversa-
tion of others, just because accident or
carelessness on their part has placed her
within earshot.

Well, a few days after that we sat in
our cheerful, cosy front parlor; we were
sitting, I say, in our cosy parlor; my
wife, with her knitting in her hands, on
an ottoman, which was drawn close into
a recess by the fire-place; I, in my good
old arm chair, by the table in the middle
of the room, and reading the last num-
ber of the *Gardener's Magazine*. The
entrance of Ann with our customary
"night cap" of weak toddy and thin
bread and butter, interrupted my study
of an article on "Trenching," and caused
me to look up at my wife.

"Eavesdropping!" I was about to ex-
claim, when my speech was arrested by
observing the strange look of horror on
Polly's face. She had dropped her knit-
ting, and sat with hands clasped across
her breast, and head pressed closely
against the wall.

"My dear girl, whatever is the matter
with you?" I said.
"Oh! it is dreadful," she whispered,
holding up her fingers to check me.
"Pray come and hear what they are
saying."

pod the tray of toddy on the table as if
it were a hot coal, and rushed to the op-
posite side of the mantelpiece to imitate
our example. To any one entering the
room at that moment the scene present-
ed, must have been absurd beyond de-
scription. But we were earnest enough,
for what we heard seemed to freeze our
very blood.

"Is he dead yet?" we heard Mrs.
Malden ask her husband, with a low,
musical laugh that seemed to us like the
mirth of a fiend.
"Thoroughly," responded he in a deep
voice, which betrayed no sign of remorse
or agitation; "your hint, that I should
dispose of him in his sleep, like Hamlet's
uncle did his troublesome brother, was
capital."

There was silence for several minutes.
Then we heard Mrs. Malden ask grave-
ly, "What shall you do with the body?"
"Oh, that is just the difficulty. As
the neighbors must not have their suspi-
cion roused, it must be buried at night
and a report put about that the silly old
man has gone into the country."

"Oh, dear! there is the property to
dispose of, is there not?"

"Uncle diamonds tell no tale," said
this sallow neighbor of mine, in his deep
voice, laughing loudly. "Nothing could
have been luckier than my witnessing
that little scene between my uncle and
our fat neighbor over the garden wall."

In an ordinary moment I should have
felt keenly the insult conveyed in his
remark, but my feelings were too highly
wrought for it to touch me then.

But Polly pressed my hand and mur-
mured, "The horrid villain!"

We listened painfully for several min-
utes more. We heard Malden's wife
heave a deep sigh. She was human,
then. I had scarcely thought it.
"I can't bear to think—it is too dread-
ful!" she said her voice trembling for
the first time during the conversation.

Again her husband laughed loudly,
and said, in a theatrical tone, "What,
my Lady Macbeth trembling! 'Come,
we'll go to sleep. We are yet young in-
deed.'"

In a moment more we heard the door
of the apartment closed. We three sat
and looked at each other—blanched and
speechless with horror.

Ann was the first to cover her pres-
ence of mind. "Shall I go and fetch
the peruse, sir?" she said in a subdued
voice.

"Oh, don't leave me, Ann!" sobbed
my poor wife, yielding to her pent up
emotions and clasping our servant
around the waist. This was the first
time in her life that she had been so
undignified.

"You go, Joram," she continued.
Then a sudden fear seized her. "But
we shall both be murdered while you
are gone." The poor soul wrung her
hands and began to laugh hysterically.

I felt that everything depended upon
my controlling my nervous system.
Polly was beginning to get silly, and
Ann might at any moment break down,
too. I took out my pipe, and slowly
filled and lit it, in order both to steady
myself and to impress these women with
my self-command.

"I'll telegraph to Chittick—that will
be best," I said, after pacing the room
once or twice.

"You can't telegraph to-night, sir;
the office 'll be shut," said the practi-
cal Ann.

Mr. Chittick was an inspector in the
detective force at Scotland Yard. After
some internal debating I decided it
would be better to wait till the morning
and then telegraph than to go off to the
local police station that night. I have
often since wondered at my courage and
calmness. The wife and servant seem-
ed to catch something of my spirit. We
were unanimous that to go to bed was
impossible, so Mrs. Frogg lay on the
sofa, Ann in the sofa chair, which we
wheeled out of the next room, and I sat
up in my good arm chair prepared to
watch the night through.

Happily nothing transpired during
that tedious night to create further
alarm. In the morning when the post-
man called, I got him to take a tele-
graphic message, which simply urged
my friend the inspector to come as early
in the day as he possibly could, as I
wanted to see him on business of a very
pressing and extraordinary character.

About noon he came. Not a soul had
stirred from the neighboring house, and
I had therefore the satisfaction of feel-
ing that the delay would not frustrate
the ends of justice.

When we were alone, I told the story
of Mr. Lea's eccentric conduct; his dis-
appearance after his nephew had seen
him show me the diamonds in the gar-
den; and finally the strange conversa-
tion we had overheard the night before.
At first my friend was merely politely
attentive; but, as I went on, he took out
his note book and carefully wrote down
the words we had overheard. He asked
for particulars, too, of the appearance
of Malden and his wife, and of the mur-
dered man.

"Do you know anything of the busi-
ness or profession of Malden?" he then
asked.

I could only admit that on this point
I was entirely in the dark.

"But has not your maid learned any-
thing on this subject from your neigh-
bor's servant?" he inquired; "servants
are always gossiping, you know."

"The woman next door is a foreigner
—a German—I think."

Inspector Chittick pursed up his
mouth and tapped his note book with
his pencil.

"That looks like a plan," he remarked
after a moment's meditation. "That
fact is the strongest point in the case.
It seems as though it were designed that
nothing should transpire through the
clatter of servants."

"Yet surely the real point is the con-
fession of murder which we overheard?"
I urged deferentially.
"That has to be proved," he replied.
"In the meanwhile, I must compliment
you on your shrewdness in sending for
me in this quiet way. I shall at once
telegraph for one of our men to stay with
you here, and for another to be posted
within a convenient distance of the
house."

Day after day passed and nothing
transpired to clear up this mystery. At
length, after an interval of nearly a fort-
night, we had, for the first time, a com-
munication from Inspector Chittick in
the shape of a telegram.

"I have made an unexpected
starting discovery in re Malden. I will
call this afternoon, and hope to do busi-
ness. Malden is at home; intends leav-
ing home to-morrow with wife and Ger-
man servant."

I did not show this message to Polly,
for I knew it would upset her. My
nerves, too, were a little unstrung, and
I actually trembled when Ann ushered
Mr. Chittick into the front room. After
greeting me, he gravely took a news-
paper from his pocket and passed it to
me.

"Read that," said he, pointing to a
portion marked at the top and bottom
with ink. In a mechanical fashion I
took the paper and began to read. It
was part of an article on the "Magazines
of the Month," and *Tyburnia* was the
periodical, the criticism of which he had
marked. It read:

"*Tyburnia*, as usual, is very strong
in fiction. But it scarcely sustains its
reputation by inserting the highly melo-
dramatic tale, 'The Cap of Midas.'
The hero-villain of this story is a young
Greek who is assistant to an aged dia-
mond merchant in Syracuse."

My heart began to beat as I read the
first few words.

"This young gentleman is fired by an
ambition to play an important part in
the political life of the coming Greek
federation. To obtain wealth, and with
it influence, he murders his aged mas-
ter for the sake of certain priceless gems
which the old fellow had concealed in a
velvet nightcap he is in the habit of
wearing. This is the cap of Midas, we
presume. Justin Corbalego—the mur-
derer—had read 'Hamlet,' and drops
poison into his master's ear, and steals
the nightcap. This poison, however,
fails to do its work, so the assistant at
once stabs the old man and begins to
feel the first difficulties of his lot, nam-
ely, how to dispose of the body of the
murdered man."

I looked up at Inspector Chittick
sheepishly. A mocking smile lurked in
the corners of his mouth, I thought.
Well, the hero buries his master in the
garden of his house and starts off
with this cap, which contains the wealth
that is to give him political power.
Here comes the melodramatic point of
the story. The diamonds in this cap
are of such enormous value that the
murderer dare not attempt to sell them,
feeling sure that inquiries will be made
as to how he became possessed of such
precious gems. Tortured by fear and
desperate with hunger, he at length
commits suicide with his cap of Midas
placed mockingly upon his own head.
The story is ingenious in some of its
parts, but is really, to speak plainly un-
worthy of the reputation of that promi-
nent young novelist, Mr. Ernest Mal-
den."

"Mr. Ernest Malden," I muttered va-
cantly, "a—novelist!"

The inspector rose from his chair and
slapped me on the back, and poked me
in the ribs, and shook me by the shoul-
ders laughing the while with such tre-
mendous boisterousness that Mrs. Frogg
and Ann burst into the room in a state
of speechless amazement which I shall
never forget. Their appearance gave
the finishing touch of absurdity to the
situation, and as the grotesqueness
of the blunder which we had one and all
made dawning upon me, I, too, began to
laugh until the tears rolled down my
cheeks.

"Polly," I gasped as soon as I could
speak. "Mr. Malden is a novelist, and
oh! such a vile murderer—on paper! Ha, ha, ha! oh, oh, he, he, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

We really never saw poor old Mr. Lea
again, for he died at Brighton of softening
of the brain a few weeks after his
nephew and niece joined him. Their
leaving town—referred to in the inspec-
tor's telegram—was with this object.
The old gentleman, as we afterwards
learned, was taken away from next door
in a cab one evening when we must have
been at the back of the house. Had we
but seen him go, we should have been
spared a great deal of terror and many
unjust suspicions of our neighbors' char-
acters.

He that has no inclination to learn
more, will be very apt to think he knows
enough.

A Rescue at Sea.

The Cunard steamship *Parthia* was
between 400 and 500 miles distant from
the west coast of Ireland. For some
hours a low barometer had given warn-
ing of a coming gale. The breeze was
fresh on the port quarter, with a long
following sea, over which, under the
impulse of propeller and canvas, the
beautifully moulded hull of the great
steamship rushed like a locomotive,
raising a roar of thunder at her bows
and carving out the green, glass-clear
water with her stern into two oil-smooth
combers, which broke just abaft the
fore-rigging and rushed with a swirl
and brilliance of foam to join the long,
glittering snow-line of the wake astern.

There was a pichald sky, the blue in it
tarnished and faint, and under it, like a
scattering of brown smoke, the sea
went floating swiftly. In the south and
west the aspect of the heavens was
portentous enough, with a leaden dead-
ness of color and a line of horizon as
sharply marked as a ruling in ink. The
gale was evidently to come from this
quarter; and, sure enough, before eight
bells in the afternoon watch, it was
blowing a hurricane from the S. S. W.

The fury of the wind raised a tremen-
dous sea. The *Parthia* ran for a time;
but running is not the remedy pre-
scribed to captains who are caught in a
circular storm and shortly after 4 o'clock
the helm of the steamer was put down
and her head pointed to the seas. The
passengers were below, considerably
battered down by order of Captain
McKaye, the commander of the vessel,
so that they should not be washed over-
board or drowned in the cabins, for now
that the steamer's bow was pointed at
the sea, she was one smother of froth
from the eyes to the rudder-head. Her
curtseying might have looked graceful
at a distance, but it was a tremendous
experience to those who had to keep
time to her dance. Every now and
again she would "dish" a whole green
sea forward—taking it in just as you
would dip a pail into water—a sea that
immediately turned the decks into a
small raging ocean as high as a man's
waist. As she rolled she shattered the
furious tide against her bulwarks, where
it broke into smoke and was swept away
in clouds, like volumes of steam, for a
whole cabin-length astern. The grind-
ing and straining of the hull, the
hollow, muffled, vibratory note of the
engines, the booming of the mighty
surges against the resonant fabric, the
screaming of the wind through the iron-
stiff, standing-rigging, and the enduring
thunder of the tempest hurrying through
the sky, completed to the ear the tre-
mendous scene of warfare submitted to
the eye in the picture of black heavens
and white waters, and struggling,
smothered, goaded ship.

The *Parthia* lay hove to for six hours.
At 10 o'clock at night the gale broke,
the wind sensibly moderated, the
steamer was brought to her course and
went rolling heavily over the immense
and powerful sea swell which the cyclone
had left behind it. Sunday morning
came with a benediction in the shape of
a warm, bright sun. But the swell was
still exceedingly heavy. It was shortly
after two bells (9 o'clock) when the
lookout man reported a vessel away
on the lee bow, apparently hove down.
As she was gradually hove up by the ap-
proach of the *Parthia*, those who had
sailors' eyes in their heads perceived
that she was a vessel in distress, and
that if any human being were aboard
of her their plight would be miserable.
She was water-logged, and so low in the
water that she buried her bulwarks with
every roll. She had all three masts
standing, but her yards were boxed
about anyhow, her running rigging in
tangles, with ends of it trailing over-
board. Her canvas was rudely furled,
but she had a fragment of a foretop-mast
staysail hoisted, as well as a storm
staysail, and she looked to be hove to.
Her aspect, had she been encountered
as a derelict, was mournful enough to
have set a sailor musing for an hour;
but when it was discovered that there
were living people on her she took an
extraordinary and tragical significance.
No colors were hoisted to express her
condition; but then no colors were
needed. Her story wanted no better
telling than was found in the suggestion
of the small crowd of human heads on
her deck watching the *Parthia*; in the
dull and steady lifting of the dark vol-
umes of water against her sides, in the
gushing of clear cascades from her
scupper-holes as she leaned wearily
over to the fold of the tall wall that
threatened to overwhelm her, and in the
sluggish waving of her naked spars
under the sky. Twenty-two people
could be counted aboard of her. All
these had to be saved, but it was very
well understood by every man belonging
to the *Parthia* that they could only be
saved at the risk of the lives of the
boat's crew that should put off for them;
the swell was still violent to an extent
beyond anything that can be conveyed
in words. As the *Parthia*, with her
propeller languidly revolving, sank into
a hollow, a wall of water stood between
her and the bark, and the ill-fated vessel
became invisible, then in another mo-
ment hove high, the people on board
the steamer could look down from their
poised deck upon the half-drowned hull
and the soaked, clinging and pale-faced

crew as you look upon a house-top in a
valley from the side of a hill. The
serious danger lay in lowering a boat.
But Jack is not of a deliberative turn of
mind when something that ought to be
done waits for him to do it. Volunteers
were forthcoming. The order was
given. Eight hands sprang aft and
seated themselves in the lifeboat, and
the third officer, Mr. William Williams,
took his place in the stern-sheets. It
was one of those moments when the
bravest man in the world will hold his
breath. There swung his boat's crew at
the davits; the end of the fall in the
hands of men waiting for the right
second to lower away. One dark-green
foamless swell, in whole, huge moun-
tains of water, rose and sank below;
too much hurry, the least delay, any
lack of coolness, of judgment, of per-
ception of exactly the right thing to do,
and it was a hundred to one if the next
minute did not see the boat dashed into
staves and her crew scattering and
drowning among the fragments. The
due command was coolly given; the
shafts of the fall-blocks rattled on
their pins and the boat sank down to
the water's edge. A vast swell hove
her high, almost to the level of the spot
where she had been hanging, and as
quick as mortal hands can move the
blocks were unhooked—but only just in
time. Then a strong shove drove her
clear, and in a moment she was heading
for the wreck—now vanishing as though
she had been wholly swallowed up by
the tall, green, sparkling ridge that rose
between her and the steamer, then
tossed like a cork upon a mountainous
pinna, with keel out of water. She
had been well stocked with lines and
life-buoys, for it was clearly seen that
the pouring waters would never permit
her to come within a pistol-shot of the
bark, and the suspense among the
passengers amounted to an agony as
they wondered within themselves how
those sailors would rescue the poor
creatures who had watched them from
the foamy decks of the almost submerged
wreck. They followed the boat vanish-
ing and reappearing, the very pulsation
of their hearts almost arrested at mo-
ments when the little craft made a head-
long, giddy swoop into a prodigious
hollow and was lost to view, until pre-
sently they perceived that the men had
ceased to row. It was then seen that
the third mate was hauling the crew of
the bark. Presently they saw one of
the shipwrecked sailors heave a coil of
line towards the boat; it was caught, a
life-buoy bent on to it and hauled aboard
the wreck. To this life-buoy was
attached a second line, the end of which
was retained by the people in the boat.
One of the men on the wreck put the
life buoy over his shoulders and in an
instant flung himself into the sea, and
was dragged smartly but carefully into
the boat. The *Parthia*'s passengers
now understood how the men were to be
saved. One by one the shipwrecked
seamen leaped into the water, until
eleven of them had been dragged into
the *Parthia*'s boat. The number made
a load, and with a cheery call to those
who were to be left behind for a short
while, Mr. Williams headed for the
steamer. The deep boat approached
the *Parthia* slowly; but, meanwhile
Captain McKaye's foresight had provided
for the perilous and difficult job of get-
ting the rescued men on board the
steamer. A whip was rove at the fore-
yardarm, under which the rising and
falling boat was stationed by means of
her oars, one end of the whip knotted
into a bow-line was overhauled into the
boat and slipped over the shoulders of a
man, and at a signal a dozen or more of
the *Parthia*'s crew ran him up and
swayed him in. In this way the eleven
men were safely landed on the deck of
the steamer. The boat then returned
to the wreck, the rest of the crew were
dragged from her by means of the buoys
and life-lines, and hoisted, along with
six of the *Parthia*'s men, out of the boat
by the yardarm whip. But not yet was
this perilous and nobly-executed mission
completed. There was still the boat to
run up to the davits. All the old fears
recurred as she was brought alongside
with Mr. Williams and two men in her.
But Jack has a marvellously quick hand
and a steady pulse. The blocks were
swiftly hooked into the boat, and soon
she soared like a bird in the davits under
the strong running pull of a number of
men before the swell that followed her
could rise to the height of the chain-
plates.

To appreciate the pathos and pluck of
an adventure of this kind, a man must
have served as a spectator or actor in
some such scene. Words have but
little virtue when deeds are to be told
whose moving powers and ennobling
inspirations lie in a performance that
can as fitly be described in one as in a
hundred lines. Such as remember the
faces of those shipwrecked Englishmen
and Canadians, the aspect of them as
they were hoisted, one by one, over the
Parthia's side; the bewildered rolling of
their eyes incredulous of their miracu-
lous preservation; their expression of
suffering slowly yielding to perception
of the new lease of life mercifully ac-
corded them, graciously and nobly
earned for them; their streaming gar-
ments, their hair cloaked like seaweed
upon their pale foreheads; the passion-
ate pressing forward of the crew and
passengers of the *Parthia* to rejoice with
the poor fellows over their salvation
from one of the most lamentable dooms
to which the sea can sentence, will
wonder at the insufficiency of this record
of as brilliant and hearty, though
simple, a deed as any which makes up
the stirring annals of the maritime life.

The Presidential Cold Air Machine.

The apparatus which proved most
satisfactory in cooling the chamber of
the wounded President was furnished by
a Mr. Jennings, of Baltimore. It was
designed for use in a new process of re-
fining lard. According to the inventor's
description, the apparatus consists of a
cast iron chamber, about ten feet long
and three wide and three high, filled
with vertical iron frames covered with
cotton terry or Turkish toweling. These
screens are placed half an inch apart,
and represent some three thousand feet
of cooling surface. Immediately over
these vertical screens is placed a coil of
inch iron pipe, the lower side of which
is filled with fine perforations. Into a
galvanized iron tank, holding 100 gal-
lons of water, is put finely granulated or
shaved ice (and salt when a low tempera-
ture is required.) This water is sprayed
upon the sheets in the lower tank con-
stantly. In each end of the iron cham-
ber are openings thirteen inches square.
To the outer end of this chamber is a
pipe connecting with an outdoor air
conductor. To the opposite end is con-
nected a similar pipe leading into an
ice chamber at its top, and from the bot-
tom of the same a pipe leads to a small
exhaust fan, and from the fan the now
cold and dry air is forced direct into the
President's room through a flue some
twenty feet in length. Air at 99 degrees
temperature to day is supplied at the
rate of 22,000 cubic feet per hour at the
register in the President's room at 54
degrees, and with the windows and doors
open the temperature at the President's
bed (twenty-five feet away) is maintained
steadily at 75 degrees day and night.
When the cold air machine was intro-
duced it was intended to keep the win-
dows and doors closed, and under these
conditions the machine would create and
maintain a temperature of 60 degrees in
the hottest weather without using the
auxiliary ice-chamber now used,
which was the suggestion of Professor
Newcomb and Major Powell, to meet the
requirements of cooling the room with
the doors and windows open. The clos-
ing of them gave the room an air of
gloom.

Gas from Castor Oil.

At the gas works of Jeypore, India, illu-
minating gas is made chiefly from castor
oil, poppy, til, or rape seed being used
when the supply of castor beans is short.
One maund (82 pounds) of castor oil pro-
duces about 750 cubic feet of 26 $\frac{1}{2}$ candle
gas, and 1,000 cubic feet of 20 candle gas.
The process of extracting the oil for
carbonizing is as follows: First, the cas-
tor seed is passed through the crusher,
when the shells only are broken off. The
shells are then picked out by hand, and
the seed is again introduced into the
crusher, where it is ground to a paste. It
is then passed into the heating pan, and,
after being well heated, it is packed into
horsehair bag and filled up hot into the
press immediately. After about twenty
minutes' pressing, the exuding oil being
meanwhile collected, the cake is removed
and ground over again. It is subsequently
heated and pressed a second time until
about 83 or 84 per cent of oil is obtained
from the seed. The labor of preparing
and pressing the castor seed costs two shil-
lings (about fifty cents) per maund of oil.
The total cost of the oil is somewhat over
\$5 per maund. For generating gas, the
oil is used as it comes from the press.
Formerly, at other places, when the oil-
bearing seeds were carbonized for gas
without previous treatment as above de-
scribed, the product was overloaded with
carbonic acid from the woody part of the
seeds, and correspondingly heavy cost for
purification was incurred. For out of
town consumers the Jeypore gas works
supply gas compressed to about three at-
mospheres by means of a pump driven by
a bullock. The compressed gas is then
delivered in a wrought-iron receiver to the
point of consumption, where it is either
transferred into fixed receivers and burnt