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BY AND BY.
Softly o'er life's sea we're drifting,
Lights and shadows o'er us sitting,
But the storm clouds will be lifting,
By and by.
Rainbow tints the sky adorning,
Through youth's bright and radiant morning,
'Till we hear the tempest warning,
By and by.
But we'll see the glad sun shining,
And the bow of promise twining,
O'er the clouds with silver lining,
By and by.
Though the night seem long and dreary,
And the heart grow worn and weary,
Morn will break with promise cheery,
By and by.
All the weeping and the sorrow,
All the trouble that we borrow,
Lost within a glad to-morrow,
By and by.
No more cares our souls embolling,
Weary hands will know no toiling,
And the spirit's robe no soiling,
By and by.

HE KNEW THE GAME.
The steamer Star Light was just leav-
ing the landing at Natchez, when two
men hastily jumped aboard, as the gang-
plank was about to be pulled in, and
hurried forward to the clerk's office to
register their names.
They were evidently strangers to each
other, and had nothing in common be-
yond the transitory fear of being left.
The one, a middle-aged and rather
stout person, in a gray homespun suit
and Panama hat, looked like a well-to-do
Red River planter; while the other was
a tall, long-necked, thin-faced in-
dividual, who might have hailed from
anywhere east of the Ohio.
He wore a long-tailed coat, slouch
hat, and low shoes, buttoned at the side,
and carried in his hand a shabby carpet-
bag that he seemed to value highly, for
he never permitted it to leave his sight
for a moment and clung to it with jeal-
ous care, even while he was laboriously
placing his signature in the huge book
that the magnificent office clerk suspi-
ciously pushed toward him.
'Josiah Perkins, Opelousas,' is what
he wrote in a crabbed, uncertain hand,
just below the name of the stout pas-
senger, who registered as Mr. Silas
Robbins, of Berwick Bay.

A man who was standing on the up-
per deck at the time the two strangers
came aboard, turned around and looked
at them narrowly as they briskly made
their way through the crowd of idle
loungers congregated on the guards.
He was neatly dressed, wore a glossy
silk hat, and on the little finger of his
white, symmetrical left hand, flashed a
superb diamond. As soon as the boat
was again under way, he sauntered up
to the newcomers, and carelessly re-
marked that it was a pleasant day.
The man from Berwick Bay admitted
that it was extremely fine weather for
the time of year. Then the stylish
stranger incidentally let drop that his
name was Halleck Clark, a cotton buyer
from New York, and asked in a com-
mercial tone what the business outlook
was up the river.
'Pretty fair,' replied the portly
planter—'pretty fair!' I have just
sold all my cotton in New Orleans at a
good price, cash down, and am now on
my way to Vicksburg for a short visit
before going home.
'Rather dull, though, on board—
don't you think so?' observed the cotton
buyer, after a pause, thoughtfully
caressing his well-trimmed side
whiskers.
'Rather,' hesitatingly repeated the
planter, 'but I'm not so impatient as
some.'
'You never play, I suppose?' quietly
continued the New Yorker, taking a
pack of cards from his pocket and in-
dolently running them over.
'Sometimes,' rejoined the other, with
the utmost simplicity.
'Seven up?' said Clark, with an
interrogative uplifting of his finely
arched brows.
'It's the only game I know anything
about,' innocently acknowledged the
planter.
'Suppose we try a hand or two then,
just to while away the time?' blandly
suggested the gentlemanly owner of the
'deck.'
The planter, nothing loth, assented,
and the game began.
Josiah Perkins, who sat a little dis-
tance from the players, deeply engaged
in reading a newspaper a week old, up
to this time had not seemed to notice
the cotton buyer; but now he turned
slightly in his chair, and looked search-
ingly at the man, as if he had suddenly
acquired new and important interest in
his eyes.
Robbins won the first rubber, which
appeared to keenly wound the feelings
of his antagonist, who proposed, just to
make the game a little more interesting,
that they should play for half dollar
stakes. The planter willingly agreed to
the proposal and quickly put up the
money.
From half a dollar the risk soon ran
into five dollars, and finally ten. Rob-
bins winning nearly every game, and
growing proportionately elated, in like
degree, as luck continued to smile in his
favor.
Clark knit his brows, and declared
he'd play till doomsday, but what he'd
win one game. This desperate resolve
appeared to mightily spur Robbins and
he recklessly offered to put down

twenty for every one of the stranger's
ten.
The New Yorker seemed somewhat
startled at the magnitude of the stout
old party's challenge; but he wasn't going
to be bluffed by an old Red River planter
by any manner of means; so he cheer-
fully nodded assent, and play was re-
sumed, Clark losing heavily, but making
no complaint, though obviously nervous
—and a trifle distrustful of himself.
When Robbins had won five thou-
sand dollars, the other said he had
enough of the planter's play, and would
try his luck at three card monte by way
of a change; adding, with refreshing
candor, that it was a trick game and not
one in fifty could win at it.
Robbins exultingly told him to go
ahead, and see if he found him so very
slow. Clark complied with the ease of
one long accustomed to the business,
and skilfully threw the cards.
Robbins bet on the ace of hearts, and
won; again the cards were thrown, and
again the planter won. The stakes were
doubled, and still success was his.
The game was getting exciting. Rob-
bins grew red in the face, his hands
shook and his eyes looked ready to start
from his head. Clark was cool, but
watchful, and so was Perkins, who sat
with his carpet bag between his knees
and his feet drawn up under his chair,
furtively noting the manner of both the
cotton planter and the cotton buyer.
Ten thousand dollars in notes and
gold lay on the table.
Robbins bet his last shilling on the
seven of clubs, and—lost!
From red his face became deadly pale,
his breath came in quick, difficult gasps,
and his lips trembled violently.
'I am ruined!' he moaned—'utterly
ruined!'
'I told you it was a trick "game,"'
coolly replied the gambler—'a mere
slight of hand. You thought you
saw the seven of clubs
to be at the bottom of the pack, but the
result proves that you didn't.'
The planter arose, staggered to the
opposite side of the cabin; and threw
himself face downward on a sofa that
happened to be there.
'I'll try you a hand at that 'are
game,' said a voice at the sharper's el-
bow. 'Throw your cards, mister, for I
kinder think, if ye haven't got the pic-
tures set up, that I kin beat the animal
right here and now.'
'The cotton buyer!' turned and con-
fronted the long-featured, lathy Perkins
who had risen, and mildly requested the
favor of being cleaned out on winning
back what the planter had lost.
The astonished gambler, for such he
really was, stared contemptuously at the
lank speaker, but when he saw the fel-
low take a well fitted wallet from his
pocket, his frown became a smile, and he
eagerly assented to the stranger's
foolhardy proposition.
The two first games Perkins won; the
third and fourth he lost.
The wallet was empty but he was by
no means at the end of his resources.
Deliberately unlocking his shabby car-
pet bag he took therefrom a goodly
sized bag of gold, and proudly thumped
it down on the table.
'Ten thousand dollars, stranger, can
you cover it?'
'Yes, and go you five thousand bet-
ter.'
'Good! I'll see you five, and double
it twice.'
'Forty thousand dollars,' and the
gambler's cheeks flushed. 'It's a big
pile, stranger.'
'Make it fifty, and toss your cards.'
The older planter raised his head and
looked dazedly at the reckless Perkins.
His hands were behind him, and almost
touching the stove, in which there was
no fire, however, and was so black and
shiny as to make it a matter of doubt as
to whether it had ever contained any.
Before giving the sharper permission
to toss the cards, the verdant looking
individual had taken the precaution to
carefully examine each one, as if to tho-
roughly satisfy himself that he was not
being cheated.
Perkins bet on the queen of diamonds.
His light blue eyes were as sharp as fer-
rets', and the gambler felt that it would
not do to count on much on his apparent
verdancy. Passing over the first two
cards, Perkins quickly picked up the
third—the queen of diamonds, and with
a single swift movement of his long hand
swept the stakes into his carpet bag and
drew his revolver.
'You are a swindler, an arrant knave'
cried the enraged and completely out-
tricked gambler—a 'despicable fraud,
and they have cheated me out of my
money.'
'Easy, my friend!' coolly advised
Perkins. 'It's a fair thing, only I know
the games and don't bet on the card I
see. "Here's your money, mister,"'
approaching the amazed Robbins, and
thrusting a roll of bank notes in his
hand. 'And the next time you play,
three card monte with a professional,
don't forget to mark your picture before
staking your pile.'
'What do you mean?' faltered the
old planter, looking the gratitude he
felt.
Perkins held up his left hand, the
thumb of which was slightly blackened.
'Just gave it a rub on the stove. See!'

and then slightly touched the queen of
diamonds.
The planter did see, and left the boat
at Vicksburg, a wiser man than when he
came aboard at Natchez.

Mr. Mixer's Theory.
About Christmas time, last year, Mr.
Ezra Mixer, who lives near the old War
Office of Jonathan Trumbull, in Lebanon,
was led by an errand to the farm
house of his neighbor Mr. James M.
Kenyon. As he approached the house,
he says Mr. Kenyon's big dog sprang at
him and fastened his teeth in his leg.
After a fierce fight Mixer got away,
leaving a mouthful of his pepper-and-
salt trousers in the dog's mouth. He
went home and was ill for a time. After
he had sufficiently recovered to limp
over to the home of Farmer Kenyon, he
told him that the dog must be killed.
Kenyon objected, and Mixer brought a
suit of \$500 damages, which is now on
trial in the Court of Common Pleas in
this city. A host of witnesses have
been summoned, including Mixer him-
self. He is a little nimble, jerky fellow
nearly seventy years old, and yet retains
all the physical vivacity of a youthful
jumping jack. His facial contortions
and antics kept the court room shaking
with laughter.
'Have you any grudge against Mr.
Kenyon?' asked his attorney.
'None at all.'
'Do you want his money?'
'Not at all.'
'Then why did you bring this suit?'
'Well, you see, I am a believer in the
old theory that if a bitten by a dog, he
will surely have the hydrophobia if he
doesn't kill the animal. I asked Mr.
Kenyon to kill the dog, or else I would
have the hydrophobia. That was all I
wanted of him. It was a small thing.
And I thought that if he would rather
have me run mad than kill that brute,
he ought to be made to suffer.'
'Do you really believe in your theory?'
asked the Court, smothering a
smile.
'Certainly I do,' was the answer,
'and all the people in my neighborhood
believe the same thing.'
Mr. Mixer's theory is a very wide
spread delusion of the country people in
all parts of New England. Several dogs
that have bitten persons in this town
have been killed within the past five
years in deference to this old-time su-
perstition. Mixer's case is still on trial.

The Travelling Terror.
The editor was sitting in his revolving
cane-bottomed chair, when Tornado Tom
the travelling terror of Texas, came in
and demanded a retraction of the state-
ment that he had swindled an orphan
out of \$4.
'It's a lie clear through,' said the
editor, striking the table with his fist,
'I'm as good a man as smells the at-
mosphere in this section.'
'Perhaps you are better,' said the
editor, meekly.
'My record'll compare favorably with
yours,' said the terror with a sneer;
'perhaps there are a few little back
rackers in your life, sir, that wouldn't
bear a microscopic investigation.'
'Oh, sir,' said the editor visibly agi-
tated, 'don't recall the past; don't
bring up the memories of the tomb; I
know I've led a hard life—I don't deny
it. I killed Shorty Barnes, the Bowery
piece of New York—hacked him all to
pieces with a knife. I have atoned for
a thousand times. I blew a man's
head off at a log roll in Kentucky, and
bitterly have I repented of my folly. I
slew a lot of inoffensive citizens of Om-
aha over a patry \$4 pat, simply because
I got excited. Oh, could I out cheat
the tomb of the men I have placed in its
maw I would be happy. But it was all
owing to my high temper and lack of
early training. I know that I have been
wayward, wicked; and you have a right
to come here and recall those unhappy
memories, but its d—d mean for all
that. Nobody with a heart would treat
a man like you have. Don't leave,
stranger, I'll tell you all. I saw a
man's head off with an old army sabre
just for—'
The Texas Terror was down and half-
way round the corner, while the editor,
taking a fresh chew of rattle-snake twist
continued his peaceful avocations as
quietly as a law and abiding citizen.

Oh!
The commercial traveler while in
Tennessee approached a stranger as the
train was about to start, and said:
'Are you going on this train?'
'I am.'
'Have you any baggage?'
'No.'
'Well, my friend, you can do me a
favor and it won't cost you anything.
You see, I've got two rousing big trunks
and they always make my extra for
one of them. You can get one checked
on your ticket, and we'll each other.
'Yes, I see; but I haven't any tick-
et.'
'But I thought you said you were go-
ing on this train?'
'So I am. I'm the conductor.'
'Oh!'
He paid extra as usual.

Marie was Listening.
A few months ago the daughter of a
Rockland man, who has grown comfort-
ably well off in the small grocery line
was sent away to a "female college," and
last week she arrived home for the holi-
day vacation. The old man was in atten-
dance at the depot when the train arrived
with the old horse in the delivery wagon
to convey his daughter and her trunk to
the house. When the train had stopped
a bewitching array of dry goods and a
wide-brimmed hat dashed from the car,
and flung itself into the elderly party's
arms.
'Why you superlative pa!' she ex-
claimed, 'I'm ever so utterly glad to see
you.'
The old man was somewhat unnerved
by the greeting, but he recognized the
sealskin cloak in his grip as the identi-
cal piece of property he had paid for
with the bay mare, and he sort of hinged
it up in his arms, and planted a
kiss where it would do the most good
with a report that sounded above the
noise of the depot. In a brief space of
time the trunk and its attendant baggage
were loaded into the wagon, which was
soon bumping over the cobbles toward
home.
'Pa, dear,' said the young miss, sur-
veying the team with a critical eye, 'do
you consider this quite excessively
beyond?'
'"Hey?" returned the old man with a
puzzled air; "quite excessively beyond
what? Beyond Warren? I consider it
somewhat about ten mile beyond Warren
confine" from the Bath way, if that's
what you mean.'
'Oh, no, pa; you don't understand
me," the daughter explained. "I mean
this wagon and horse. Do you think
they are soulful?—do you think they
could be studied apart in the light of
a symphony, or even a simple poem,
and appear as intensely utter to one on
returning home as one could express?'"
The old man twisted uneasily in his
seat and muttered something about he
believed it used to be used for an ev-
erpress before he bought it to deliver prok-
s, but the conversation appeared to be
traveling in such a lonesome direction
that he fetched the horse a resounding
crack upon the rotunda, and the severe
jolting over the frozen ground prevent-
ed further remarks.
'Oh there is that lovely and consumm-
ated ma!" screamed the returning col-
legiate as they drew up at the door,
and presently she was lost in the em-
brace of a motherly woman in specta-
cles.
'Well Marie," said the old man at the
supper table, as he nipped a piece of
butter off the lump with his own knife,
'an' how'd you like your school?'"
'Well, there, pa, now you're shou-
I mean I consider it far too beyond,"
replied the daughter. 'It is unquestion-
ably ineffable. The girls are so sum-
ptuously stunning—I mean parties—so ex-
quisitely—so intense, and then the par-
ties, the balls, the rides—oh, the past weeks
have been one sublime harmony.'
'I's pose so—I's pose so," nervously
assented the old man as he reached for
his third cup, "half full"—"but how
about your books—readin', writin',
grammar, rule o' three—how about
them?'"
'Pa! don't!" exclaimed the daughter
reproachfully; "the rule of three! gram-
mar! It is French and music and
painting and the divine art that have
made my school life the bos—I mean
that have rendered it one unbroken flow
of rhythmic bliss—incomparably and
exquisitely all but."
The grocery man and his wife looked
helplessly at each other across the table,
After a lonesome pause the old lady
said:
'How do you like the biscuits,
Marie?'"
'They are to utter for anything,'"
gushed the accomplished young lady,
'and this plum preserve is simply a
poem in itself.'
The old man rose abruptly from the
table, and went out of the room, rubbing
his head in a dazed and benumbed man-
ner, and the mass convention was dis-
solved. That night he and his wife sat
alone by the stove until a late hour,
and at the breakfast table the next
morning, he rapped smartly on his
plate with the handle of his knife, and
remarked:
'Marie—me an' your mother have
been talkin' the thing over, an' we've
come to the conclusion that this board-
in school business is too utterly all but
too much nonsense. Me an' her con-
sider that we haven't lived sixty odd
consummate years for the purpose of
raisin a curiosity, an' there's gone to be
a stop put to this unquenchable fool-
ishness. Now after you've finished
that poem of fried sausage an' that sym-
phony of twisted doughnut, you take
an' peel off that fancy gown an' put on
a caliker an' then come down an' help
your mother wash dishes. I want it
distinctly understood that there ain't
goin' to be no more rhythmic foolish-
ness in this house, so long's your
superlative pa an' your lovely an' con-
summate ma's rummin' the ranche. You
hear me Marie?'"
Marie was listening.

A New Swindle.
A new swindle upon unsuspecting farm-
ers has been brought to light, and this is
the way the scheme is operated: Swin-
dler No. 1 calls upon a farmer with a pa-
tent wagon tongue, and informs him that
having made a big thing out of it, he is
on his way home with only this county
to sell. He tells the farmer that he can
have it for \$250, and if he wants it to
write to him. In a few days patent
right man No. 2 comes along. He has
heard that the farmer has the right of
the county, for the patent wagon tongue
as he made a big thing of it in Nebr-
aska, he wants to buy the right of the
county, and offers the farmer \$400, and
\$10 to bind the bargain. The farmer
writes to No. 1 and sends him his note
for \$250. He never hears of either of
the men again, but his note comes up
for collection in a neighboring town,
and Mr. Farmer is out \$240.

Imposing Mormon Temple.
The construction of the Grand Tem-
ple of Worship now being erected by
the Mormon church at Manti, Utah, is
being pushed ahead with as large a force
of workmen as convenience will permit,
and the walls of the building are begin-
ning to loom up and are covered with
scaffolds and derricks. We learn from
Mr. D. Wilkin, who has just returned
from a trip out in the Manti country,
that the temple is being constructed of
white limestone. The building is situ-
ated on top of a mountain a spur of the
Wasatch range, that extends into the
town of Manti, and is called by the
people of Utah the Mountain of the
Lord. The foundation of the temple is
63 feet above the level of the road, and
is set in solid rock, the top of the moun-
tain having been excavated and removed,
making it level 95 feet in width and 172
in length. From the ground to the
square will be 82 feet in height. There
will be two towers erected, one at the
east, and the other at the west corner of
the building. The tower at the east
corner will be 179 feet in height, while
that at the west corner will be ten feet
lower, or 169 feet in height. They are
four terrace walls around the mountain
in front of the temple, which will aver-
age about 17 feet in height and are about
900 feet in length, and in all contain
about 2,400 cords of rock, as at present
built, and 55,000 yards of debris has
been excavated and hauled away. The
stairway from the road to the upper ter-
race is 63 feet, and will contain 132
stone steps, 16 feet in width. In back
of the terrace will be filled with rich
soil, to the top of the stone work, and
trees and shrubbery planted, and the
tops of terraces are to be ornamented by
neatly dressed and cut alone, and sta-
tues will be placed at various and ap-
propriate places. The water to supply
the temple will be brought in wooden
pipes from a spring situated about a mile
and a quarter east of the temple, back
in the mountains, and has a fall of 79
feet to the reservoir to the tower terrace.
The whole side of the mountain is to be
planted with trees and flowers, and the
crystal stream poured forth by the little
spring, as it winds its way down the side
of the mountain, will travel from root to
root, quenching their thirst, thus assist-
ing the trees to produce their foliage in
spring, the flowers in bloom and the
grass to grow. The building of the tem-
ple was first commenced five years ago,
and has been worked on ever since, and
it is expected that it will be in condition
in about three years that it can be used
but it is estimated that it will take fully
five years to complete the building. The
building will be fifty feet in height, and
the excavation at the east end of the
basement is about forty six feet in depth.
Mr. Folsom is the architect, and as to
his skill and ability as an architect, the
Manti temple will speak for years
after he has passed from the face of the
earth. It was President Young's inten-
tion, when he ordered the erection of
this temple, that it should be the grand-
est and most imposing structure erected
on the American continent, and all indi-
cations point to such being the case!

The Formation of Coal.
All attempts to explain satisfactorily
the formation of coal have thus far proved
unsuccessful, though it is generally un-
derstood that it is the product of the de-
composition of vegetable matter. Just
how that decomposition has been brought
about chemically is a matter which chem-
ists have not as yet been able to solve.
The principal difficulty has been that it
has been impossible to obtain a clear in-
sight into the chemical constitution of
coal. It has been thought hitherto, and
this is the popular belief, that coal is in
the main pure carbon, mixed with vary-
ing quantities of bituminous substances.
It has been generally believed that, as
the product of the distillation of coal is
principally carbon, it would be safe to
conclude that free carbon actually does
exist in coal. The fact that sugar, starch, etc.,
under similar circumstances, leaves a re-
siduum consisting of carbon has never
been considered a proof that that element
exists in these bodies in a free state. It
is well known that coals which may have
the same percentage of carbon, hydrogen,
and oxygen do not by any means, in cook-
ing yield the same products of distillation,
and we have a complete analogy for this
in the behavior of cellulose and starch
when subjected to distillation. Evidence
points to the conclusion that coal is a mix-
ture of many and complex compounds;
and the difficulty, amounting almost to
an impossibility, of separating these com-
pounds has much to do in rendering the
chemical solution of the questions involved
in the formation of coal a very arduous
task.
The production of coal by artificial
means is met with great obstacles, among
which the absence of all knowledge con-
cerning the conditions under which the
process actually took place is the princi-
pal one. The question whether the vege-
table matter to which our coal veins owe
their origin was amassed by drifting or
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Muck, of Bochum, in a recent work takes
up the theory that algae have mainly con-
tributed to the formation of coal. It is
urged that the remains of marine plants
are rarely found in coal veins, and that
shells, etc. are not often met with. Dr.
Muck calls attention to the fact that ma-
rine plants decompose easily and complet-
ly, losing their form entirely; and that the
disappearance of the calcareous remains of
mollusks is readily explained by the for-
mation of large quantities of carbonic acid
gas during the process of carbonization.
In accepting the marine origin of coal it
is not necessary to resort to the assump-
tion of immense pressure and high temper-
atures to explain decomposition and the
total destruction of the structure of the or-
iginal substance. Dr. Muck combats Frey-
my's bog theory at length. His views are
well supported by recent investigations
made by Herr P. F. Reinsch, who has ex-
amined 1,900 sections of coal, coming to
the conclusion that that mineral substance
has not been formed by the alteration of
accumulated land plants. Herr Reinsch
claims to have discovered that coal con-
sists of microscopic organic forms of a low
order of protoplasm; and though he care-
fully examined the cells and other re-
mains of plants of a higher order he em-
phatically states that they have contributed
only a fraction of the matter of the coal veins,
how numerous they may be in some
instances.

An Ape as a Detective.
Since the dog of Montargis played so
important a part in the conviction of his
master's murderer, few of the inferior
animals have distinguished themselves so
conspicuously by furthering the ends of
justice. The case of the ape, whose in-
tellectual conduct on a recent trial occa-
sion entitles him to universal admiration
and respect. This very superior simian
belonged to a traveling troupe of perform-
ing monkeys, five in number, and was 'on
a tour' with his proprietor and colleagues
to Southern India, when the company was
attacked by robbers on the road to Sar-
rate.
While these miscreants were slaughtering
the impresario and four members of the
troupe the fifth contrived to evade their
grasp and to scuttle up a lofty tree,
from the topmost bough of which he
watched their subsequent proceedings.
Having plundered the manager's corpse,
they hastily interred it with a view to
avoid discovery of their crime, and made
off. No sooner were they out of sight
than the sagacious ape descended from his
post of vantage and hastened to the near-
est human habitation, the inmates of
which, laboring folk, he induced by be-
seching gestures and plaintive cries to
follow him to his master's grave. It ap-
pears that the police authorities of Sar-
rate have retained the ape's services, in the
confident expectation that a quadrumanus
who has already given such shining proof
of his detective ability will render them
valuable assistance in tracking and iden-
tifying his dead master's assassins.

Bleeding at the Nose.
There are two little arteries which sup-
ply the whole face with blood, one on each
side; these branch from the main arteries
on each side of the windpipe, and running
upward towards the eyes over the outside
of the jawbone, about two-thirds back from
the chin to the angle of the chin, under
the ear. Each of these arteries, of course,
supplies just one-half of the face, the nose
being the dividing line; the left nostril is
supplied with blood by the left artery, and
right nostril by the right artery. Now,
supposing your nose bleeds by the right
nostril, with the end of the fore-finger feel
along the outer edge of the right jaw until
you feel the beating of the artery directly
under your finger, the same as the pulse
in your wrist; then press the finger hard
upon it, thus getting the little fellow in a
tight place between your finger and jaw-
bone; the result will be that not a drop of
blood goes into that side of the face while
the pressure continues; hence the nose
stops bleeding for want of blood to flow;
continue the pressure for five or ten min-
utes and the ruptured vessels in the nose
will by that time probably contract so that
when you let the blood into them they
will not leak. Bleeding from a cut or
wound anywhere about the face may be
stopped in the same way.
A hen to-morrow is better than an egg
to-day.

Imposing Mormon Temple.
The construction of the Grand Tem-
ple of Worship now being erected by
the Mormon church at Manti, Utah, is
being pushed ahead with as large a force
of workmen as convenience will permit,
and the walls of the building are begin-
ning to loom up and are covered with
scaffolds and derricks. We learn from
Mr. D. Wilkin, who has just returned
from a trip out in the Manti country,
that the temple is being constructed of
white limestone. The building is situ-
ated on top of a mountain a spur of the
Wasatch range, that extends into the
town of Manti, and is called by the
people of Utah the Mountain of the
Lord. The foundation of the temple is
63 feet above the level of the road, and
is set in solid rock, the top of the moun-
tain having been excavated and removed,
making it level 95 feet in width and 172
in length. From the ground to the
square will be 82 feet in height. There
will be two towers erected, one at the
east, and the other at the west corner of
the building. The tower at the east
corner will be 179 feet in height, while
that at the west corner will be ten feet
lower, or 169 feet in height. They are
four terrace walls around the mountain
in front of the temple, which will aver-
age about 17 feet in height and are about
900 feet in length, and in all contain
about 2,400 cords of rock, as at present
built, and 55,000 yards of debris has
been excavated and hauled away. The
stairway from the road to the upper ter-
race is 63 feet, and will contain 132
stone steps, 16 feet in width. In back
of the terrace will be filled with rich
soil, to the top of the stone work, and
trees and shrubbery planted, and the
tops of terraces are to be ornamented by
neatly dressed and cut alone, and sta-
tues will be placed at various and ap-
propriate places. The water to supply
the temple will be brought in wooden
pipes from a spring situated about a mile
and a quarter east of the temple, back
in the mountains, and has a fall of 79
feet to the reservoir to the tower terrace.
The whole side of the mountain is to be
planted with trees and flowers, and the
crystal stream poured forth by the little
spring, as it winds its way down the side
of the mountain, will travel from root to
root, quenching their thirst, thus assist-
ing the trees to produce their foliage in
spring, the flowers in bloom and the
grass to grow. The building of the tem-
ple was first commenced five years ago,
and has been worked on ever since, and
it is expected that it will be in condition
in about three years that it can be used
but it is estimated that it will take fully
five years to complete the building. The
building will be fifty feet in height, and
the excavation at the east end of the
basement is about forty six feet in depth.
Mr. Folsom is the architect, and as to
his skill and ability as an architect, the
Manti temple will speak for years
after he has passed from the face of the
earth. It was President Young's inten-
tion, when he ordered the erection of
this temple, that it should be the grand-
est and most imposing structure erected
on the American continent, and all indi-
cations point to such being the case!

The Formation of Coal.
All attempts to explain satisfactorily
the formation of coal have thus far proved
unsuccessful, though it is generally un-
derstood that it is the product of the de-
composition of vegetable matter. Just
how that decomposition has been brought
about chemically is a matter which chem-
ists have not as yet been able to solve.
The principal difficulty has been that it
has been impossible to obtain a clear in-
sight into the chemical constitution of
coal. It has been thought hitherto, and
this is the popular belief, that coal is in
the main pure carbon, mixed with vary-
ing quantities of bituminous substances.
It has been generally believed that, as
the product of the distillation of coal is
principally carbon, it would be safe to
conclude that free carbon actually does
exist in coal. The fact that sugar, starch, etc.,
under similar circumstances, leaves a re-
siduum consisting of carbon has never
been considered a proof that that element
exists in these bodies in a free state. It
is well known that coals which may have
the same percentage of carbon, hydrogen,
and oxygen do not by any means, in cook-
ing yield the same products of distillation,
and we have a complete analogy for this
in the behavior of cellulose and starch
when subjected to distillation. Evidence
points to the conclusion that coal is a mix-
ture of many and complex compounds;
and the difficulty, amounting almost to
an impossibility, of separating these com-
pounds has much to do in rendering the
chemical solution of the questions involved
in the formation of coal a very arduous
task.
The production of coal by artificial
means is met with great obstacles, among
which the absence of all knowledge con-
cerning the conditions under which the
process actually took place is the princi-
pal one. The question whether the vege-
table matter to which our coal veins owe
their origin was amassed by drifting or
was extruded *in situ*, has been much
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