

THE KIRTLAND MORMONS.

THE TEMPLE AFTER HALF A CENTURY HAS PASSED.

The House in which the Followers of Joseph Smith Worship the God of Mormons—Interesting Description of the Building—In Earlier Days.

After several attempts to settle in various parts of the state of New York, the first real colony of the Mormons drifted into Kirtland. They were guided thither by Sidney Rigdon, who was the most wonderful preacher of their early days. The arrival of several hundred Mormons in this little village was an event of no mean importance, even in the days when immigration was so rapidly seeking the favored spot of the west—the northern part of Ohio. And yet, in those days of rapid development, the building of such a temple as that of the Mormons was a wonder. Even at this day a building of such size would be a severe tax upon villages that are not the size of Kirtland. But the Mormons who built it gave cheerfully each one his tenth to the cause, and the money for the four years from 1832 to 1836, the entire cost being estimated at \$40,000.

The size upon the ground is 80 feet by 60, and the eastern gable runs up into a square tower surmounted by a dome lofty to the height of 15 feet. Two lofty stories above the basement are covered by a shingled roof pierced with dormer windows. Large Gothic windows of the Henry VIII shape are filled with a heavy lead and colored glass to the full width of some and spaces that have never been touched by the sun's rays. The windows are made of iron and steel, and the exterior is made of iron and steel, and the interior is made of iron and steel.

Directly under the pediment is this inscription in golden letters upon a black of white marble: "House of the Lord, Built by the Church of Christ, 1832." The original inscription had the words "of the Latter Day Saints" in place of the words "of Christ." A small pile of red brick by a light fence, passing through which we stand upon the broad stone steps that lead to the solid green doors, paneled in old-fashioned shapes, and opening into a vestibule which extends across the entire front. At either end of the vestibule is a semi-circular stairway, and the floor above is set away from the wall far enough to allow the light to enter from above, thus giving the effect of the cabin of a steamer. The temple registers upon it at the right under the stairs. Here is a very interesting record of the visitors to the place. On the black wall parallel with the front is the "Ladies Entrance" at the right, and the "Gentlemen's Entrance" at the left. The following inscriptions decorate the wall between the doors: "Hans Dea," "Cruz Mihl Ancher," "Marya Veritas of Providence."

As we enter the main auditorium we find that it does not extend to the two stories, as is usual with New England meeting houses. On the contrary, the ceiling is high, and so only one story has been built. This allows the floor above to be used for other purposes, to be described hereafter. And yet, as one enters the room the columns of carved wood give the effect of a gallery. The columns, however, are merely decorative to give effect to the arch in the center of the ceiling. The columns were also of considerable use for the working of windlasses, etc. At the time when large carriages were let down to cooperate the men from the women, and again to separate the larger from the smaller of each sex, not only could the audience be halved and quartered in this way, but even the pews were supplied with benches that could be moved from one side to the other, so that the whole audience might face directly about at very short notice. The object of this was that they might change their mode of worship, and turn from one cluster of pulpits at one end of the room to another cluster of pulpits at the other end. The clusters of pulpits rise in each instance three tiers, with three in a tier. Therefore, the room is well supplied with pulpits, there being nine in each end.

At the eastern end of the room the cluster of pulpits is devoted to the Aaronic priesthood, which also includes the Levitical priesthood and administered the temporal affairs of the church. Each of the three pulpits in the upper tier has upon the front the letters "B. P. A.," meaning Bishop Presiding over Aaronic Priesthood. The middle tier has the letters "P. A. P.," Presiding Aaronic Priest. The lower tier has "P. A. T.," Presiding Aaronic Teacher. A smaller pulpit below is labeled "P. A. D.," Presiding Aaronic Deacon. The pulpits against the western end are built up against an outer window, with elaborate panes of red and white glass in the arched transoms. These pulpits were occupied by the spiritual leaders, or the Melchizedek priesthood, Joe Smith's seat being in the highest tier. This tier of pulpits is marked "M. P. C.," Melchizedek President of Councils; the middle tier is marked "M. P. P.," Melchizedek Presiding High Priest; the lower tier is marked "M. P. Y.," Melchizedek High Priest. A simple desk set up for the Melchizedek Presiding Elder. The letters are in red curtain cord. The desk itself like all the pulpits above is covered with green calico.

In the earlier days it was arranged that curtains from above could be dropped between the different tiers of the priesthood, but also arranged that while those of one degree might sit themselves away from the audience "for consultation" they could not hide themselves from their superiors in ecclesiastical rank. In the earlier days also men velvet upholstery set of the curved work of the pulpits, and golden letters shone from spots which are now simply marked by black paint. The gilt moldings which formerly ornamented the plain white finish of the woodwork were first taken away by the vandals and then entirely removed by the faithful. Upon the walls may be read the mottoes: "No Cross, no Crown," "The Lord Reigneth; Let His People Rejoice," "Great is Our Lord and of Great Power," while from the window over the Melchizedek pulpits is the text: "Holiness to the Lord." The whole auditorium will comfortably hold 1000 people, but it was often packed so full that relays of worshippers came and went during a single service. The high pews in the corner were for the best singers in Israel. In one of these pews, the natives assert, an insane woman was in the habit of rising and tooting on a horn whenever the sentiments of the officiating minister did not meet with her approval. Smith was in the habit of commencing from his lofty pulpit: "The truth is good enough without dressing up, but Brother Rigdon will now proceed to dress it up."

The second story, directly over the auditorium, is a smaller room, with low ceilings and pulpits that are not so pretentious. This room was used as a school of the prophets, where Latin and Hebrew were taught. Marks of the desks remain, but the desks themselves have long since been carried away and the hall has been used for an Old Folgers' Lodge and for various social purposes.—Cor. New York Times.

THE HISTORY OF SPECTACLES

What They Are Made of and How They Are to be Fitted and Worn.

The honor and credit of pointing out the benefit of glasses in aid of defective vision belong to Roger Bacon, who lived from 1214 to 1292. Spectacles were actually invented about the year 1280 A. D., and certainly they were made previous to the year 1311. The man who conferred this great benefit on suffering humanity was Alexander Spina, a monk of Pisa, who died in 1313. In the early progress of the art the spectacles made were rude and crude, and the glasses were rough, though they rendered great aid to the afflicted. At the present time a reputable optician can, by successive experiments, discover the actual defect of the eye, and by prescription furnish a glass that will so aid the sight as to make the human eye and glass together serve the duty of perfect eyes. This perfection in the means of assistance is due to the experiments and inventions of Dr. Girard, of Paris, and Dr. Schaffer. The former scientist promulgated the idea, and the latter practically put the theory in operation.

One of the greatest philosophers of all ages earned his scanty livelihood as a lensmaker. We refer to the celebrated Baruch Spinoza, who was excommunicated by the Jewish church of Amsterdam for what the rabbis termed his heresies. There is no exact age at which either men or women may need the use of spectacles, but a man usually will need some aid to his natural vision after the age of 45, and a woman after the age of 40. A mistake commonly made by near-sighted people is in wearing the same glasses for all purposes. This can seldom be done without straining the eye. Two sets of glasses are absolutely needed, each differing widely from the other in focus. Another popular mistake is in the carelessness with which the glasses are put upon the face. To obtain the full benefit of glasses they must be so set upon the face that the center of the glass comes directly in front of the pupil of the eye. It is very curious that people who are so fastidious as to the exact fit of a coat or dress should be so careless of the appearance of a glass on the eye when the effects of the latter are of so much greater importance.

Glasses are commonly ground with an equal curve on both sides. The material for their manufacture is glass, made especially for the purpose, and a rock crystal called Brazilian pectin. The latter is less apt to become scratched or dimmed by the atmosphere when going from a cold air into a warmer one. It cannot be denied that the invention of spectacles was one of the most useful to the human family. They have alleviated more misery than all other human agencies, because there is no sorrow or affliction to be compared to the loss of sight, and proportionately the impairing of sight.—The Keystone.

A Chinese Orchestra.

Three or four Chinamen conceived the idea of entertaining the visitors with "music," and thought they would drive them out by making a deafening din which would have made even a corpse rise up in protest. Suspended from the ceiling by a piece of tarred twine was a sort of metal drum, made of thick sheet copper. It was about two feet in diameter and had a rim about six inches round. This one of the Johnsons pounded with small hammer. Another took a drum of the same size and made like a nail keg—only of finer workmanship, of course—which was covered by a thick piece of rawhide. The drum was tacked on with a double row of hob nails, and was tightened by driving pieces of wood under the edge of the head and breaking them off. The drummers took up two short sticks, which he used as mallets, as the bass drummer of an orchestra uses his sticks. Another took a drum, made of pieces of rawhide tacked on a frame shaped like a Dutch port of bread, and placing it on a peculiar support he began pounding, too. Another seized a little copper drum, about four inches in circumference, made like the large one suspended from the ceiling, and pounded at it with a little lammer.

But here came the worst feature of all. A little weazened faced Chinaman seized a pair of cymbals as large as the head of a flour barrel and banged them together with unceasing worthy of a better cause. The effect added to the drums that were being beaten can better be imagined than described. It was simply appalling and made one's brain ache. This was kept up for some time, despite the captain's growl, "Oh, shut up, noise!" His protest was met with a malicious grin, which convinced the reporter that the orchestra had not conceived the idea of amusing the visitors.—New York World.

A Washington Caterer.

Wormley thoroughly appreciated the importance of good cookery. He made \$100,000 out of his skill as a caterer, and he sent his sons to Paris to be educated under the French chefs there. I see that his method of making beef tea has been patented, and this came to the ears of the public during the sickness of Garfield. Wormley furnished all the food which Garfield ate during his sickness at Washington, and the dying president was able to retain this beef tea when he could keep nothing else upon his stomach. Wormley made it by taking the best of tenderloin steak cut thick and freed from bones. This he broiled slightly over a hot fire, and then put it into a steel press, which by means of a lever, squeezed all the juice out of it. This juice was the pure nutriment of the beef, and seasoned and heated it made both an appetizing and a nourishing food.

Garfield, by the way, was somewhat troubled by dyspepsia, and he had a favorite way of eating potatoes. He liked them baked to a turn, and had them brought upon the table with his hands bursted. Taking them hot from the dish he would squeeze the mealy insides out upon his plate, and a pinch of salt and a slight shake of pepper and over the mixture he would pour the richest of Jersey cream, mixing this together so that it formed a thick paste. He ate it with great gusto, calling it a dish fit for the gods.—Frank G. Carpenter in New York World.

Wanted to Realize on Values.

Johnnie, a bright boy of 6 years, while being fixed up for school, observing his little overcoat much the worse for wear, and having more mended places than he admired, turned quickly to his mother and asked her: "Ma, is pa rich?" "Yes, very rich, Johnnie. He is worth two millions and a half."

"What in, ma?"

"Oh, he values you at one million, me at a million and baby at half a million."

Johnnie, after thinking a moment, said: "Ma, tell pa to sell the baby and buy us some clothes."—New York Evening World.

Sealskins Unlawfully Taken.

Special Agent Tingle, in charge of the Sea Islands of Alaska, estimates that 30,000 sealskins have been unlawfully taken during the past year, and on the basis of ten seals killed or mortally wounded by these marauders for each skin they secure, the number of seals killed by them during the past year is placed at 300,000.—Chicago Times.

There are said to be only four horses in Alaska, three at Juneau and one at Sitka.

A COMMODORE'S PERIL.

BLOWN UP BY A TORPEDO BOAT OFF CHARLESTON.

The Destruction of the Housatonic by the Confederates—A Thrilling Escape from Death—An Incident of the Late Civil War.

Commodore C. W. Pickens, of the United States navy, now 73 years old, was a daring officer during the civil war, and had one of the most thrilling escapes from death recorded in the annals of the navy. In the winter he lives at St. Augustine, Fla. It was while migrating to his winter quarters that he was met by a reporter at the Windsor hotel. The commodore looks like a Frenchman of Napoleon's Old Guard. His hair and mustache are snow white and in strong contrast to his swarthy complexion. One of his legs is paralyzed and eight or ten of his ribs have been broken. His escape from death when he was blown up on the war ves of Housatonic was little short of the miraculous. His own account of it is as follows:

The blockade runners during the war would pass almost under the shadow of a war ship, with the chances of being sunk by a few shells. I had command of the Housatonic, armed with 200-pounders, smaller cannon and howitzers, and was stationed at the mouth of Charleston harbor. One night in February, 1864, we were on the lookout for blockade runners. It was a beautiful night at times, the shifting clouds now and then revealing the stars and the ocean for miles to seaward. Fort Sumter was near, black and frowning, and Charleston in the distance, with its dim lights, made us long to be ashore. When the hour grew late I gave instructions to the officers on deck and went below. We were anchored, but had everything ready to get under way in a few minutes' time. No blockade runners were expected that night, but they were liable to come at any time, hence my constant precaution. I was talking to my clerk, Charles O. Muzzey, of Boston, when I heard the alarm gong sounding on deck. The gong, instead of a bell or a cannon report, was our signal to prepare for action at night. I seized my double-barreled gun and rushed on deck, my clerk following me. My eyes were fixed upon the man at the wheel of the blockade runner while it was passing. One of the officers sang out: "It is a torpedo boat!"

But I did not hear him, and still thinking a blockade runner was going by, I looked around. Then the officer in loud tones sang out again: "Torpedo boat!"

DESTRUCTION AWAITED.

I gave the order then to slip the chain of the anchor, that the vessel might swing around and possibly escape the torpedo boat. To my surprise, I did not hear the chain clank. I asked why, and the officer replied: "The chain is gone." He had cut it on the instant, and the vessel was swinging around. Then I saw the torpedo boat, or rather a small glass roundhouse, large enough for one man to stick his head in and look over the surface of the water. I knew that destruction awaited us unless I could stop that little submarine monster swiftly toward the stem of the Housatonic. I aimed at the glass above the water and fired both barrels of my gun. Then I sang out orders for our vessel to go astern faster. It was too late. There was a smothered sound, like a howitzer exploding under water, and I felt myself going up into the air. For at least a second or two I was conscious and then everything grew dark. In eight minutes, or thereabouts, the time of the explosion, I regained consciousness and found myself in the water, floating on the debris of the vessel. I was bleeding from several wounds, but still I resolved to escape drowning if possible. A small boat showed itself above water, and I scrambled to it, but it rolled and I abandoned it. I saw that part of the Housatonic was not gone, and swam for it, and managed to reach the wreck again, where the marines in the fore rigging of the vessel assisted me. The list of killed and drowned was only six. When the Housatonic began to settle the men in the fore rigging rushed to the stern and managed to save those who were there struggling to extricate themselves. My clerk, Mr. Muzzey, who came on deck with me, must have been blown all to pieces, for we never saw his body. I think I must have gone at least thirty feet into the air, and my impression is that I did not lose consciousness until I reached the point where I began to descend. What became of the submarine torpedo boat? I sank it when I fired into it, or a very few minutes afterward. The glass roundhouse, we saw, was water tight, and my discharge of buckshot broke it, and the water rushing in finally sank it. There were six in the torpedo boat and all were drowned. I had several ribs broken and was paralyzed.—New York Mail and Express.

The Cigar Man's Trick.

Give me the best cigar you've got in your place. Me and my friends never smoke anything but the best," said an individual considerably elevated by sundry smiles over an adjoining bar. "I don't care for the expense. Give me the best." A box was set out, three cigars were taken from it, \$1 laid on the case and swept into the drawer. The "best" purchaser looked a little blank but as the attendant's face did not change, nor was change seen on the counter, he turned away with an uncertain smile. The reporter was turning over in his mind what a good thing it was to be rich, when the cigar man with a friendly nod said, "Have one! That up country jay is firing off his bottle to make a show, and I've given him something to talk of for the balance of his life. He has been smoking two for five country store stogies all his life. He's come to town to see sport, and when he goes home he'll tell of smoking cigars worth \$1 apiece. This is the box it came out of. Take one." And lo and behold, the reporter viewed his favorite five-center reposing snugly before him. Verily the guile of the deceiver is amusing.—Philadelphia Call.

The Italians of Gotham.

There is no shrewder class of business people in New York than the Italians who have been swarming in here during the past ten years. They have taken up hundreds of small industries, and are prosecuting them with marked success. They are a most industrious class of people, very economical, and full of hard sense.—New York Sun.

They Meet as Strangers.

Miss Blanche—Have you made any conquests this summer? Miss Lillian—Oh, yes; Mr. Jones proposed the day before we came away. Miss Blanche—Doesn't he pay the question in the most awkward manner imaginable? They meet as strangers.—Life.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

The Barber's Pole and Our Uncle's Three Balls—Is the Poor Wooden Indian.

"Can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

Reference is not to political prognostications, nor to mathematical abbreviations, nor to the signs of the zodiac, but to the common, everyday signs in front of stores and places of business. Why does a striped pole always indicate a barber's shop—beg pardon, a tonsorial parlour? Because, in the good old days long since gone by, barbers used to be carpenters. The rapid advances of science has caused them to fall from their high estate. The gilt knob at the end of the pole represents a brass basin, which used to be actually suspended from the pole. The basin had a notch cut in it to fit the throat, and was used for lathering customers who came to be shaved. The pole represents the staff held by persons in veneration; and the two spiral stripes painted around it signify the two bandages, one for twisting round the arm previous to the act of phlebotomy or blood letting, and the other for binding. This is the whole story, and, like every scandal and all the talk of the town, it is "omnibus notum tonsoriali."

Why do three gilt balls always indicate a pawnbroker's shop?

Because the Lombard family, who were the first great money lenders in England, used that sign, and from then it was appropriated and handed down by the pawnbrokers. Three golden balls constituted the emblem of St. Nicholas, who is said to have given three purses of gold to three virgin sisters to enable them to marry. Three golden balls also formed the cognizance of the Medici family, probably representing three golden pills—a punning device on the name. However, the shysters have undoubtedly taken the sign from wherever whatever may have been its earlier history.

Why does a wooden Indian always indicate a tobacco store?

Because tobacco is the great American plant and was originally used by the Indians. This, however, is a mooted question. Meyn, in his "Geography of Plants," is of the opinion that the smoking of the "filthy weed" is of great antiquity among the Chinese, because of very old scriptures he has "observed the very same tobacco pipes which are now in use." If there is any foundation for this idea, then it would be about as appropriate to adorn the front of a tobacco store with a wooden Chinese as with the figure of one of America's aborigines; in fact, it would be preferable because it would be novel. Let dealers study up the question for themselves and act accordingly. The smoking of tobacco was found by Columbus to be practiced in the West Indies, where the natives made it into cylindrical rolls wrapped in maize leaf. With the American Indians it had then, and still has, a religious character, and is connected with their worship and with all their important transactions.—Justin Thyme in New York Star.

Building the Union Pacific.

The lawlessness that prevailed during the construction of the railway since the early days of California. The workmen were Irish for the most part, and inclined to be violent, but they were not murderous. But the road gangs were accompanied by a perfect swarm of gamblers, who robbed the men of their last cent, and were a fearful pest. These men were old frontiersmen, who were accustomed to settling all disputes with the knife and pistol, and the Irish fell like sheep before them. At the right of each dealer at the numerous faro tables lay a heavy army revolver with the barrel sawed off to render its handling more easy and rapid, and in many cases the catches on the hammer were filed away. The reason for this was that a pistol of this kind could be discharged in a second by simply drawing back the hammer and letting it fall again, thus saving several seconds of valuable time. Before such men the Irish, unskilled in arms, were helpless, and many hundreds were killed before the road was completed. Sometimes Judge Lynch stepped in, but generally the numbers went on as if nothing had happened. The whole road was lined with the wooden hand-boards of the slain, bearing the name of the murdered man, and the names of the significant words, "killed at such and such a date."

Cheyenne and Laramie, which were each the depots of the road for some time, were particularly lawless places in those days, but they both paled before the reign of terror that broke out at Promontory, in Utah, where the Union and Central roads met. The lawless elements of both roads were brought together, and a perfect pandemonium ensued. For fifty miles the roads were built side by side, as there was a dispute as to the territory belonging to each, and both wished to obtain the point which it claimed as its terminus. The gangs were guarded by armed men, between whom deadly fights often sprang up, and the losses were in the aggregate, as heavy as those of a considerable battle. The dispute was finally settled, and the roads met at Ogden, which has ever since been the terminus of each.—Henry E. Cameron in Chicago Journal.

The Fellow that Does the Lying.

There is getting to be altogether too much of this business of blaming it all on the reporter. The regularly with which reporters lie and misrepresent, according to the people whom they have interviewed, is becoming quite monotonous. The fact about the matter is that reporters strive to report correctly; that is their business, and that is what they are hired and educated to do. So far as my acquaintance with reporters goes, and it is quite extensive, they do it with exception, an earnest and faithful lot of workers, who know that reliability is their first virtue. Let a reporter be as honest as Diogenes and as faithful in his reproduction as an echo, and he will not escape. The very first man whom he interviews, and who talks so much that on reading his remarks in print he is exceedingly anxious to escape responsibility for his utterances, or at least a portion of them, will swear that the reporter lied about him. About one man out of five is the average of those who stand by what they say; of the remaining four, two will say the reporter lied, one will say his remarks were misrepresented and exaggerated, and the last will make the excuse that he was not talking for publication.—Chicago Herald.

Lapidaries of New York.

Our city furnishes profitable occupation to many lapidaries, but there is only one large establishment wherein precious stones of all kinds are cut and polished as well as mounted. The experts who do this work are mostly men who have learned their craft in Amsterdam. Within the past few years, however, New York and Boston have been training some excellent cutters of diamonds. Apropos of these costly carbons, there are dozens of men in New York who buy, sell and exchange diamonds without having any fixed place of business. They carry their offices in their hats, their stock in their pockets. They usually are astute judges of human nature as well as of precious stones; they know all the politicians and sporting men, among whom they find their customers, and they frequently make handsome snags by a commission or a speculation.—New York World.

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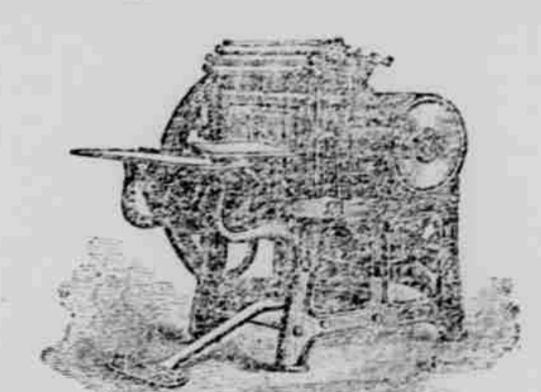
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