

TELEGRAMS

Reported Specially for the Bismarck Tribune.

COL. JOYCE SENTENCED TO THE PENITENTIARY.

The Galveston and Pacific Disasters.

THE PRESIDENT PREPARING FOR HIS MESSAGE.

Shocks of Earthquake in Tennessee.

The Sioux Commissioners at Work.

PROSPECT OF TROUBLE IN PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

The Revivalists in Brooklyn.

ADVANCE IN RAILROAD TARIFF.

The Vice President on the Convalescence.

Other Interesting Foreign and Domestic News, Etc., Etc.

St. Louis, Nov. 15.—Judge Krehel sentenced Col. John A. Joyce, ex-Revenue Agent, to three years and six months imprisonment in the penitentiary, and in addition fined him \$3,000.

Galveston, Nov. 15.—The bodies of Capt. Walcott and pilot, who boarded the City of Waco, were found near the spot where the steamer was burned. No hopes are entertained that any people on board escaped alive.

San Francisco, Nov. 15.—The captain and crew of the ship Orpheus, which collided with and sunk the Steamer Pacific, near Cape Flattery, Washington Territory, have been rescued alive from an island on which the vessel was wrecked on the morning after the collision.

Brooklyn, Nov. 15.—Mrs. Moulton has served notice upon Shearman, clerk of Plymouth Church, asking for a council of churches, to be called to consider the action of Plymouth Church in dropping her name from the membership roll.

Beecher has become an active participant in the Moody and Sankey meetings, which continue to be a great success. Hundreds are daily asking for prayers.

Saturday, requests were made for prayers for churches and States; one hundred parents requested prayers for children; fifty-four for sisters and brothers; one hundred and thirty-one for relations; sixteen for sick persons; nine for backsliders; five for infidels; twelve for new converts; three for gamblers; one for the unconverted, choir, etc.

St. Paul, Nov. 15.—Rev. Jno. Matlocks, of the First Presbyterian Church, died on Saturday morning, from paralysis of the brain.

Gen. Terry goes to Chicago, to-morrow, for a few days.

The railroads have advanced their rates fifty per cent. for the winter. Movements are on foot here to combine all wheat operators to retain all wheat in first hands until the opening of navigation next spring.

Knowville, Tenn., Nov. 15.—Heavy shocks of earthquake were felt Friday morning, shaking the buildings and breaking glass.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—Joseph Leary, Minnesota Deputy Commissioner of Patents, has resigned. Chandler denies having asked Commissioner Smith to resign.

CHICAGO, Nov. 16.—The Sioux treaty Commissioners' report to be sent forward. It is understood that it contains a full statement in its relations, and will go at once to the Sioux tribe. Recommends radical changes.

At 11:30 last night, Leary completed his 110th mile and Weston was on his 90th mile. The whole distance to be walked is 500 miles.

MONTEAL, Nov. 16.—Gen. Bard will be buried at noon to-day, with an escort of 1,000 Canadian soldiers, heavily armed, and all members of the soldiers' institute.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—Secretary Bristol calls in the last \$2 million of 5 20s on June '64, completing the refunding debt by five per cent. Also four millions for sinking funds from the 6s of '65.

The President is working at his message. He receives no visitors.

The Vice President is dressed to-day and able to chat with his friends.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—Sadler, the champion oarsman, rowed and won his last race to-day, defeating Boyd. Sadler will never go into training again.

The tide in the river Thames is reported to be the higher this morning than ever known before. Heavy weather continues. Numerous wrecks are reported at Meyds. Thousands of houses were overflowed in Somersetshire yesterday by storm and tidal overflow of the river Parret.

St. Paul, Nov. 15.—Terry and other Sioux treaty commissioners are preparing their reports at Chicago.

The examination of Joseph Lick for the murder of twins born to him by murdered wife has been postponed to Friday. His bail was fixed at \$1,000.

Every little while, writes a correspondent, we read in the papers of some one who has stuck a rusty nail into his foot or knee or hand, or some other portion of his person, and the lockjaw has resulted therefrom, of which the patient died. If every person in the world was aware of a perfect remedy for all such wounds, and would apply it, then all such reports must cease.

It is simply to smoke such a wound or bruise that is inflamed, with burning wool or woolen cloth. Twenty minutes in the smoke of wool will take the pain out of the worst wound, and repeated once or twice, it will allay the worst case of inflammation arising from any wound we ever saw.

WHAT IS HIS CREED.

He left a load of anthracite in front of a poor widow's door. When the deep snow, frozen and white, wrapped about and square, mountains and moor. That was his deed, He did it well. "What was his creed?" "Faith and love."

The only time that a man can be said to look fifty per cent worse than when at a funeral, is when he gets home at midnight, and staggers through a dark room, not knowing at what point his wife is located with a broom.

LOCAL AFFAIRS.

A fire was discovered in the roof of the building occupied by Beardon & Brown as a grocery store, on Sunday afternoon, which caught from a stove-pipe run through the roof. The fire was discovered in time to prevent any further damage than the scorching of the roof and creating quite a little excitement among those in the immediate vicinity.

A Vicksburg merchant, having been annoyed for many evenings by negroes loafing around his store, poured a quantity of nitric acid on their accustomed roost the other evening, and stood back to wait results. The loafer who first arrived sat calmly down, but soon moved about uneasily, and rose up and went away in a hurry.

"Hub, is your mother in?" asked a Vicksburg lady the other evening of a lad of ten who was loitering over his widowed mother's gate. "No, she's out," he answered. "Gone up to visit your dead father's grave?" she continued. "Not exactly," he smiled; "she's gone after ice cream with a chap who has three inches of fat on his ribs, and I'll bet ten to one she'll halter him in less'n a month."

The Titusville (Pa.) Herald says: "A German walked up to the agent of a traveling troupe, who was superintending a bill-poster job, and in a manner that denoted an advanced state of 'lus iness,' said: 'Vos you dot man what runn dem circus?' The answer was in the affirmative. 'Vell, you want to hire mit me? I can do all dose tricks, and tumble as good as better.' The circus (?) man intimated that he must see him perform before engaging him.

A good old Methodist lady, very particular and very pious, once kept a boarding house in Boston. Staunch to her principles, she would take no one to board who did not hold to the eternal punishment of a large portion of the race.

After some time, a bluff old sea captain knocked at the door, and the old lady answered the call. "Servant, ma'am. Can you give me board for two or three days? Got my ship here, and shall be off soon as I load."

"Wa-al, I don't know," said the old lady. "Oh, holse full, eh?" "No, but—" "But, what, ma'am?" "I don't take any unclean or carnal people into my house. What do you believe?"

"About what?" "Why, do you believe that any one will be condemned?" "Oh, thunder! yes." "Do you?" said the good woman, brightening up. "Well, how many souls do you think will be in fire eternally?" "Don't know, ma'am, really—never calculated that."

"Can't you guess?" "Can't say—perhaps fifty thousand."

"Wa-al, hom! I'll take you; fifty thousand is better than nothing."

BEECHER ON MOODY AND SANKEY.

He Prays that they May not Become Proud—Moody's Presentation of the Paralytic Force of Christianity. Last Friday night at the Plymouth prayer meeting, Mr. Beecher talked of Moody and Sankey to an unusually crowded house.

The profound tenderness, the yearning, the aspiration, the hope and joy and sweetness you find in one, over against that strong tide of political life. It is like the singing of the Pilgrims in the Mayflower while tossed by the waves of the Atlantic. People are setting their wits to work to account for this. First came Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. What in them does this thing? You might just as well look through a pane of glass and ask what makes the landscape look so beautiful? I hear men talk, and there is an almost universal respect expressed in all the papers. I hear men discussing what is there in these men to affect men so? No man who lives in the realm of taste, primarily; no man who lives in the realm of refined society and looks at things from that standpoint; no man who lives in the realm of intellect, who tries to be logical or classical can understand this movement.

We say Moody does not argue, he is specially fluent. He often sets aside his original views of grammar. He does not seem to have any new ideas. If any one supposes that his high power of reasoning and a superb vocabulary would be sufficient to make him know anything about it, suppose a little child were to be buried and the minister should stand up and give you a long psychological talk, it would produce any effect but revulsion. I say the words any child could say. "O, mother, I don't wonder your heart is broken; there would not be a dry eye. The inherent power of Christ is such in its relation to human wants that the man who can bring it home most distinctly, the man who can produce it and hide himself, that man is the successful one. Now, regard, for instance, the fact that curiosity may be divinely blessed and have a legitimate sphere. Moody was in this city years ago, and produced no great impression. We all esteemed him highly; he was known every where for his indefatigable industry, and he had his portion of success. He went abroad and took Sankey with him. They were not accustomed to that kind of preaching in stiff England and Scotland; Moody and Sankey were powerful, and the news of it went through the Empire and came back to us. So when Mr. Moody came to Brooklyn, curiosity had a legitimate sphere, and the effect was the bringing together of great multitudes, and there is in a great multitude a magnetic power of individual feeling. What six men, feel separately brings them together, and it is not addition, put addition plus. They help each other; so on that important fact Mr. Moody, by the operation of curiosity, is doing a great work. He speaks on two great classes—one, the universal and individual sinfulness of man as giving rise to an earnest want, and second, of the intuitiveness, the readiness, the nearness, the beauty and sweetness of the supply by the Lord Jesus Christ. He does not take the old hard representations of man's state of sinfulness. He goes to work in a milder way. Look at the hymn book, and you will be struck with the fact that almost all the hymns are of the persuasive kind, not denunciations. You observe that Mr. Moody does not go through God's word with abstract arbitration. He does that which is a great deal better. He deals in truth, not in relation to a system, but in relation to human wants. Both these brethren have got common sense and I think God has given them grace; but they are in more peril than they that they preach to. It is a piteous thing to see a man who is by long popularity made vain. He is ruined for power, and it ought to be a matter of real prayer to God that our dear brethren, Moody and Sankey, be kept humble. Not ostentatious humility. That is a kind of pride. They can be here but a little while. The direct results of this labor may not be very large, but if God makes us wise the direct results will be great. We ought to catch that fire and bring it home. It is in my heart. I believe it is in this church. I think this church is being prepared and grace will flow out abundantly.

Daniel Webster's Friend. He wasn't such an old man, but his face was very sad, his hair was white, and he was bent over. He entered a store on Jefferson avenue Saturday, and after warming his hands at the stove he inquired of the proprietor, "Will you give me a little advice?" "I guess so; what is it?" was the cheerful reply. "The stranger backed up to the stove, wiped his nose on his hand, and said: 'I've wanted to die, but you jump into the river or take poison?'" "Well, I don't know about that. I guess I'd rather live on than to do either one. Why, do you feel like dying?" "I do mister!" said the man in a deep-toned voice. "Yes, I've staid around long enough."

"What's the matter—why do you want to die?" questioned the merchant. "What's there to live for?" demanded the sad man. "There hasn't no such times as there used to be—no such man as there once was."

"Well, the times are a little hard, but there's lots of good men left, I guess. 'Party good, maybe,'" said the merchant.

mat as he felt of the envelope, "but I can't associate with 'em! After a man has knocked around with Daniel Webster and Henry Clay he can't come down on a level with these every day pligs and feel good."

"Did you associate with these men?" "Did I? I've shaken hands with Clay, Calhoun, and Patrick Henry more times than you've got hairs on your head!" "You have, eh?" "And I knew General Lafayette and all those fellers, and now to have to come down on a par with these no-accounts is killing me by inches. I don't care if I die to-night!"

"I guess you could get along if you tried hard," said the sarcastic merchant. "You're a brazen imago!" exclaimed the old man, spitting on the stove with great vigor. "I'm as far above such snufflower men as you are as the eagle is above the chipmunk!"

"You get out of here!" said the merchant. "You are an ignorant old ignoramus!" shouted the old man, and he backed the merchant over a box of pain-leaf tans. The clerks hauled him off and threw him out of doors, and as the police took him the old man said: "I'm ready to die! Daniel Webster is up there with the angels, and I hear him calling me to get out of 't this one horse crowd."—Detroit Free Press.

The sleep of perfect rest is dreamless, a kind of sleep not procured by laudanum, chloral, or any other drug. Remember this young people, at the beginning of your lives. Do healthy work enough to weary you, and you will sleep a healthy sleep, and be doubly sure of a good old age. The New York Times remarks: "One of the pleasantest of the quaint fancies that Sir Arthur Helps scattered freely through Recluse was that of haying sleep. In that strange country where 'tired nature's sweet restorer' could be bought, there were three grades of, or corresponding prices, of which the costliest was of a pale-blue color. This planged, or rather sank, the happy buyer into profound dreamless sleep, whereas the cheapest kinds only procured the lighter form of rest and forgetfulness, which we call slumber."

Like almost all Help's fancies this shows an intimate and sympathetic knowledge of the everyday need and craving of the civilized human nature. Strange as it seems, sleep is the greatest need of man, next to air. He can live on a very little food and drink, any continuous reduction of his hours of sleep, even in moderate proportions, results in insanity or death. We have said that this is strange; and is it not so—that the greatest boon and the greatest need in life should be absolutely oblivious—that to enjoy, indeed to endure, two-thirds of life we must pass one third, or nearly that proportion of it, in a state of absolute unconsciousness? For sleep to be perfectly refreshing should be dreamless.

THE JACKAL'S PRAYER. A chicken wandering far and wide, Soon saw a jackal at his side; And thought, for safety help was sought, The silly saunterer was caught. Then said the chicken to the beast, 'Prayer always comes before a feast; The whitman oath some grace repeat. Before such meal, or will not eat.'

"I shan't eat, friend, object to pray. If I knew how, show me the way." The chicken said: "Now understand—When you begin, fold hand with hand." The jackal, followed out with care This brief advice, and offered prayer. Then spoke his guide: "Your words are right, But prayer of faith, and not of sight; We bow our heads unto the ground, Nor look above nor gaze around; And so, if you are good and wise, You'll pray, and prosper, and close your eyes."

Moody's Bible. Mr. Moody's Bible is an interesting book. It was given him by a friend, and bears on the fly leaf the words "D. L. Moody, Dublin, December, 1872—'God is Love.' W. Fay." The Bible is in 8vo volume, with flexible black morocco covers and turned edges. Though given Moody in the last month of 1872, it appears as if it might have seen ten years' service. Some of the leaves are worn though with handling. But nearly every page gives another and more positive proof of the study Mr. Moody has given the Book. In the Old Testament many portions are annotated, on nearly every page especially is this true of those parts treating of the history of the Israelites, the chosen people of God. But in the New Testament, open the book wherever one may, the pages are marked and annotated in black, red, and blue ink to a wonderful extent. Sometimes certain words are underscored; again a whole verse is inclosed in black lines, with mysterious numbers or a single letter of the alphabet marked opposite. All around the margins and at the chapter heads are comments on certain passages—an idea embodied in two or three words, with the more important word underscored. Turning to the texts of the sermons Mr. Moody has preached in Brooklyn, one finds the burden of his themes often embodied in marginal notes. There is scarcely a page in the New Testament where a dozen such annotations could not be counted, while in some instances, every space in the margin is filled, and hardly a sentence has escaped the evangelist's pen.—New York Tribune.