

The Bismarck Tribune.

In District Court. From last Friday's Daily. Owing to the illness of attorneys, no application for bail has yet been made in the Magill case.

William McGillis was excused from the petit jury for the remainder of the term. W. S. Moorhouse was excused until Monday next.

The case of James B. Field vs. Daniel Flynn, et al., was called. Holmebeck & Wright for plaintiff and John E. Carland for defendant. This was an action for the recovery of \$900 for goods alleged to have been sold and delivered to Flynn in co-partnership at Mandan.

The next case was the First National bank vs. F. B. Allen, William A. Holmebeck and H. W. Thurston. This action involves a very fine point of law. The bank purchased a mortgage on the "Holmebeck farm" one year ago.

From Saturday's Daily. The case of the First National bank vs. William A. Holmebeck, F. B. Allen and H. W. Thurston, was resumed in the district court yesterday.

The jury returned a verdict in the case of the First National bank vs. F. B. Allen, W. A. Holmebeck and H. W. Thurston, in which the ownership of crop was involved. Verdict was in favor of plaintiff.

John Maguire who was previously tried on charge of grand larceny, stealing clothing, from W. B. Watson's store, and on whose case the jury disagreed, came into court and withdrew his plea of not guilty and entered a plea of guilty of petit larceny and the second jury having been empaneled, immediately returned a verdict of guilty of petit larceny.

Court ordered that hereafter during this term afternoon sessions will be held Saturdays.

Attorneys Flannery and Stoyell have recovered from their illness, and the trial of criminal cases will be resumed tomorrow.

From Wednesday's Daily. The Franklin case, which is one of criminal and legal complications occupied all of yesterday in district court and will be resumed this morning.

From Thursday's Daily. The Franklin case occupied nearly all of yesterday in the district court and the case was submitted to the jury in the afternoon.

At six o'clock the jury returned a verdict of acquittal. A few minor motions were made by attorneys.

ORDERS OF THE COURT. The following orders have been issued by the court and will be of information to attorneys, as well as those interested in causes which may come before Judge Francis:

BISMARCK, Dak., Dec. 10, 1884. In all actions brought for the foreclosure of any mortgage, where judgment is claimed in said action, for default, there shall be an order of reference, to ascertain the amount due. And the referee, appointed in said order, shall make and return, to the judge of the court, with all the papers in the action, including the original mortgage, and notes and coupons, a clear, itemized and concise statement and computation, showing the amount due for principal, and how it is made up and arrived at, the amount due for interest, and, in figures, how that amount was computed, the date to which interest is allowed, the date and amount of any payments on account of principal or interest, and any and all other matters, figures, computations or statements necessary to properly show the amount for which judgment should be decreed.

WILLIAM H. FRANCIS, Judge. BISMARCK, D. T., Dec. 10, 1884. In all actions or proceedings, when judgment is claimed for default, the judgment roll shall contain, in addition to the original note, bill of exchange, check, due bill, contract, writing, evidence, and notes, and written obligation upon which it is sought to hold the defendant liable, a carefully prepared statement, in writing, of the amount claimed, with the interest computed, in plain figures, up to a certain specified time, (which time shall be the date of signing or granting judgment), and showing amount and time of any payments, and, when the liability is for the purchase price of goods, wares or merchandise, said statement shall also contain an itemized bill or account of the same by the oath of the plaintiff, or of some other person having actual knowledge of the facts sworn to.

WILLIAM H. FRANCIS, Judge.

Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express. The following circular has been sent out by Wells, Fargo & Co.:

Wells, Fargo & Co. company this date extends its express service upon all main and branch lines of the Northern Pacific Railroad company, to and from all points between St. Paul, Duluth, and Minneapolis and Portland.

Wells, Fargo & Co. company this date extends its express service upon all main and branch lines of the Oregon Railway & Navigation Company and the Oregon & California Railroad; making connections by ocean steamers from Portland with San Francisco, Victoria, British Columbia and Alaska; and connecting overland from Portland to San Francisco by means of stage lines between the termini of the Oregon & California and the California & Oregon Railway lines; also connecting by stage and steamboat many distant points in the state of Oregon, Washington and Idaho territories.

W. J. HANCOCK, General Superintendent. JOHN J. VANDERBILT, Vice President and General Manager.

A Tribune representative called at the office of the Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express yesterday morning and found Agent Danham comfortably located, surrounded by a number

of patrons and receiving constant calls from the business men of the city. The office is located in the rear of the Merchants National bank, and is one of the handsomest rooms in the city. A Christmas, superintendent of the company's business in the northwest will arrive in a few days and exchange courtesies with the Bismarck business men.

Jingling of the Keys. The Bismarck Bunch of Keys met at the residence of W. S. Moorhouse Friday evening and a very interesting meeting was had.

The society will meet at the residence of Governor Pierce next Friday evening, when a very spicy and entertaining monthly paper will be read. Friends of the club are invited to attend.

December Poem. The blasts are here, the little snow birds fit. In cruel mockery of my scanty dress; While street kids on the shabby coat oft twit, And gibe me all the more for my distress.

Three Christmas Trees. The Methodist Sunday school will have three immense Christmas trees upon which the gifts for the orphans, and gleeful youths and maidens will be hung Christmas eve.

The River. At last crossings can be made on the ice above the bridge and at Fort Lincoln. But, strange to say, the great stream is open directly opposite the city and for a distance of several miles.

The Old and the New. The old Minne-ha-ha stand on Main street was closed Wednesday and its esteemed proprietor will next smile upon his friends and customers in the new Minne-ha-ha on Third street.

Mr. Williams says that Bismarck owes him nothing and he owes Bismarck everything, hence the invitation to the opening is general, and he hopes to greet all Bismarckers regardless of age, size, color of their hair or previous condition of their appetites. None should absent themselves.

Another man well known along the Missouri river and formerly an agent for the Benoit line of steamers, has gone wrong, as will be seen by the following item from an exchange: "E. J. Travis, formerly agent of the Gilmer & Salisbury stages, and of the Fort Benton steamer line, while suffering from mania potu at Deadwood, attempted to kill himself with a knife. Travis had been sheriff of Lincoln county, Nev., but lost friends and standing through gambling. From Nevada he went to Deadwood, and there his wife left him. He is incapacitated for work by a broken arm. He is wanted in Council Bluffs for attempting to pass a bogus check."

Arrested for Murder. Frank Haas, of Fargo, one of the managers of the Store theatre there, and who has been in the city several days arranging for the reopening of the opera house, was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Griffin Wednesday afternoon. Several months ago a performer named Skelly was killed, but no one seemed to know who did the shooting. Shots were fired almost simultaneously by different parties and examinations in justice court were unfruitful as to satisfactory evidence. The matter was brought before the grand jury in session and yesterday they returned an indictment against Haas. Sheriff Haggart telegraphed Mr. Griffin to make the arrest. The Fargo officers are expected to arrive from Fargo today to take Haas to Fargo for trial. Haas pleads innocence, and from the status of the case the evidence against him must be purely circumstantial.

A Soldier Departed. The following special telegram was received from Winona, last Wednesday: WINONA, Dec. 15.—A private named Gray, company B, Seventh cavalry, was found bleeding on the doorsteps of a saloon. On bringing him into the house, it was found that his hands were frozen. After warming him, they went with him to the river and directed him to cross. Since that time he has not been seen, and the supposition is that he fell in an arctic and was drowned.

The "Manly" Art. Frank Sciotto and Ben Arthur, of Salt Lake City, are now ready to meet each other in the ring and will give an exhibition at Proctor's hall on Friday evening. Two sporting men from Fort Lincoln will assist in the performances on the back of their necks and cheeks. Ben Arthur will wrestle and spar with the Lincoln parties and a purely scientific (?) demonstration is promised.

At Last. At last it is safe to say the man who will reopen the opera house in this city is discovered, or at least his name has come to light. He is the inimitable, irrepressible, button splitting John Guerin of Fargo, an actor well known to everyone in the northwest. Mr. Guerin's representatives are in the city and the favorite comedienne will arrive with a company next Monday. On Monday evening the reopening will take place and the show will be first class in every particular; remember, a first class variety. The word variety under the present circumstances in Bismarck, will bear repeating.

The Proceeds. The proceeds of the very enjoyable mite society given by Mrs. Bly at the Sheridan house on last Thursday evening amounted to \$23.70.

Schools Will Close. The public schools will be closed on Friday, for the holiday season. The lower rooms will close at noon and the upper rooms in the afternoon.

noon. Exercises of the usual character will be given, and all are invited to attend. The schools are in a flourishing condition and the programme as arranged will be of interest to all.

Must Be Suppressed. Now comes the townsie proprietors of Dunseith, Blette county, offering the sum of \$300 for the first boy baby born in the town. No girl babies need apply.—St. Paul Globe. That does settle it for all time and a long ways out into eternity. It is time that these bribe-offering funds be suppressed. The good common-sense, law-abiding citizens of the territory have read enough about prizes offered for the first-born in new counties and communities. At first it was quite tolerable, but the more the clear, electric light of the people's reason is shed upon the scheme, the more apparent becomes its dangers and temptations.

"\$300 reward for the first boy baby born in the town. No girl babies need apply!" Think of it! The glaring offers for the first-born, regardless of sex, which have been flaunted about in numerous newly settled communities were bad enough; with them floating about the country, many a young husband looked with pleading eyes into the face of his affianced (whom he knew had the decayed timber on him in the race) and the grand old granite foundations of society were shaken clear down to hard pan by these baby premium delusions and snares. Yes, the ordinary baby premium; regardless of sex, was bad enough, but in the name of the little silvery haired, pink-cheeked, blue-eyed feminine cherubs, think of this last barbaric offer. No girl babies need apply! Now, ordinarily, a number of proud, ambitious young men would risk their reputations and go into the wilderness of Rottel with blushing brides and compete for the prize. But this offer is so unfair. Consider for a moment a bride. She watches all the other brides; thinks she's got the start in the race; watches a little closer, and knows she's ahead. The proud day arrives. Husband buys a barrel of New York corn for a feast, invites his friends, and hires the band. Everything is in readiness. The wife looks pompously proud. The hour arrives, and with a crash on the door they announce it's a girl. Think of it! Meditate and reflect. That innocent little dimpled cheeked miss will grow up beneath the withering scorn of pride poisoned parents, and after years of loneliness and sorrow, die a shriveled old maid, unloved, uncherished and unspoken. What is the world coming to? People howl about unfaithful wives, the increase in divorces, unhappy homes, wrecked lives and blasted hopes, while they throw out such prizes, premiums or bribes as these. It is time for the legislature to take hold of the matter and in the language of a terrified English journalist "cry a halt!" Or if law does not step in as a protection, the young men should organize vigilance committees, go down into Rottel county, and never leave it until the author of the scheme is left dangling to the highest leafy bough of the tallest telegraph pole. Great heavens—with 99 rough, horny handed, untamed men to every fair daughter of Dakota a broad domain—advertising that "no girl babies need apply!" The villain who so mercilessly threw this social bombshell in among plodding husbands and contented wives; to arouse dangerous ambitions on one side and consequent suspicions on the other; to wreck happy homes and promising lives; in short to shatter the base and crack the very dome of social happiness in Dakota should be struck dumb, and petrified by one sweeping blast of public condemnation and placed erect on the highest cotteau in the territory as a monument of warning to all disturbers of the sacred peace and quiet of home. More might be said, but exasperation would become too great and the pen fall of expression.

Give us blu-d-d!

He May Be Right. A Dunseith correspondent to the Devils Lake News says: We understand the commissioners of McHenry and Rottel counties will soon have a meeting to discuss the appropriateness of a county road from here to the Mouse river. A road between that section and this would be a great advantage to Dunseith, as settlers on the Mouse could come here (thirty miles) to a better advantage than to Bismarck, distant over 100 miles. Further proceedings will be noted by your correspondent.

The correspondent may be right, and it is hoped that all those towns in the fertile north or regions will be united by good roads, so that Bismarck can the easier distribute supplies to them. It is the intention of projectors of new railroads soon to be built from Bismarck north through this rich and promising country, and it will be a great pleasure to the wholesale merchants of this city to supply the dealers of Dunseith or other thrifty business points which may spring up in the counties of Rottel or McHenry. Yes, by all means have good roads, and Bismarck will continue to pray for a more perfect system of communication as well as more good towns and good people.

A Mountain Lion. People in the lower Missouri region should not be too much alarmed by the following item, which appeared in the Fairbank Tribune: "A huge mountain lion carried off a hog weighing 200 pounds, from Charley McLean's ranch. The hog was found partly eaten, and the carcass poisoned. Next day the mountain lion was found near by. It had teeth four inches long, and weighed 400 pounds."

Sheet and Pillow Case. Harnois & Howell, proprietors of the Western hotel, will give a sheet and pillow case ball New Year's night. A good time is expected. The best quadrille band in the city will furnish the music. The invitations will be issued in a few days. Every effort on the part of the proprietors will be made to make the event a complete success.

A Broken Limb. While riding his horse down Main street Wednesday, Henry Anderson, the Northern Pacific yard man was thrown to the ground, breaking the bones of his right leg. Drs. Kendrick and Bentley, were called and set the limb. Mr. Anderson will not be able to resume work for some time.

Mrs. Daniel Weidner, New Baden, Texas, was cured of severe Neuralgia by St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain cure.

The Carnival Tickets. Tickets for the Christmas carnival, are now on sale at J. W. Clark's book store. Tickets, per couple, \$1.00. Children half price. See the prizes in Day's and Clarke's.

Childlike and Bland. [The Judge.] Eddie Eugene, Pa, do you love me as much as Mr. Jones loves his little boy? Pa—Certainly, I do. Eddie Eugene—Well, he bought his little boy a horse.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

NEW FACTS ABOUT LITTLE PHIL'S FAMOUS EXPLOIT.

Interesting Incidents Noted on the Spot by a Busy Man About Camp—How Sheridan "Got the Bulge on Them."

[John Danby in Philadelphia Times.] I have seen a painting representing the general coming on the scene on that occasion riding his big black horse (which was given to him by some Michigan friends), and, by the way, I have heard the cavalrymen call that horse in vigorous terms. He was the fastest walker in the army, and when the general was riding at the head of the column on the march the rest of the command would be kept on a little jog-trot about half of the time, and any cavalryman knows how trying that is, especially for the non-combatants, such as cooks, camp carriers, etc., who are loaded down with camp and garrison equipment. I could always tell at night when I heard our cavalry marching near me if the general was in the lead by the jingle of tin and iron kettles as they closed up in the rear. Well, this painting that I mention shows the general with sword in hand, a broad-brimmed staff regulation hat, with waving plume on its head and looking very much excited, as, of course, he had a right to be under the circumstances.

But the artist drew very largely on his imagination. It would be hard to exaggerate the beauty and majesty of the horse, for he was the beau ideal of a war horse—big, black, vigorous, champing his bit, nostrils red and dilating, his long tail swinging to and fro like a banner—it would be hard to picture anything more striking or grand than the big black on that occasion. But as to the general, excepting that his eyes were blazing and fierce, there was not much sign of excitement shown by him.

He wore some of the regulation uniform, but not much. On his head was a little round cap, such as German students wear. In his right hand he held a small riding whip, which, judging by the welts on his horse's flanks, had been industriously used. He was splashed with mud and had a big daub under one eye, which gave him a sort of "been-to-a-wake look." If he had any gauds they were in his pockets. As he rode on the hill beyond Middleton, he was met by one of Gen. Torbert's aids, who was mounted on a big gray horse nearly as large as himself.

The officer jumped the stone wall and joined the general just as he came in sight of the field, and rode side by side towards a group near the woods on the right of the pike in the rear of the Sixth corps, where Gen. Wright, Emory and Torbert and their staffs were gathered.

I asked the aid afterward what the general said when he joined him. He replied: "Well, the general's first words were 'It was just such a d-d mess out west as this that I saw me a brigadier star in the regular army, and I'm going to make it a double star this time.' He then asked, 'Where is Wright?' and soon after joined the other generals. I had been riding along behind as fast as my little mare could jump, when the general looked back and said: 'Scout, hunt up the ammunition wagons and order them up.' Back in the rear on the valley pike the general's staff were making their way up as fast as they could. I transferred my orders to one of the aids, for I knew that the general would not put much attention to a man in a blouse, and then turned and rode back after the general.

When I reached the group on the hill I saw Gen. Wright sitting on the ground, the tip of his chin had been cut away by a bullet early in the morning, and he was otherwise harmed probably, as he seemed to be dazed and not to have his wits about him for the time. Gen. Emory, 'Old Bull of the Woods,' as some of his wild young cavalry staff called him, commander of the Nineteenth corps, stood by with his hands crossed behind his back, looking down at Gen. Wright. Gen. Torbert leaned on his horse and pulled his mustache, and Gen. Sheridan was quietly asking questions from all of them. In a few moments he knew all they could tell him, and pulling a dispatch book from his pocket began by writing something which he put in a little dispatch envelope and addressed, and then looking up his eye fell on me and blazed up in a moment. He said: 'What the d-d are you doing here? I thought I sent you after the ammunition wagons!' I explained matters to him. He gave me a sharp look and said: 'You've got a healthy gall to order my staff officers about. Take this dispatch to Winchester as quick as you can,' and then away he rode down the line. Presently one of the staff came galloping after me before I had gotten more than a mile beyond Middleton, and took the dispatch and told me to go back, and said he was to go to Winchester and order up all the stragglers, and would attend to the dispatch himself.

So back again I went and rode about all the rest of that busy day, getting what information I could and carrying orders for any one who wanted me. I gave the newspaper correspondents considerable information, which they worked up to suit themselves. The best account of the fight was written by the correspondent of The World.

Near the close of the fight I was near Gen. Torbert, on the left, when Gen. Sheridan came flying across the pike, jumping the high stone walls on each side. He said in his famous 'cutting way': 'Torbert, I took the old Sixth corps in and drove them from the woods and over the hill and away from the stone walls, and I have got the bulge on them; and now, Torbert, I want your cavalry to do your best, and when I go back I am going in with everything, and if you and Merritt and Custer do your work well we will have them on the run in half an hour,' and history shows that they did their work well. Considering the fact that the Eighth corps was not engaged during the day, and that full one-third of the rest of the command, except the cavalry, were skeddaddlers, and that about half of the artillery were captured early in the morning, it was an even fight, and Gen. Sheridan won it by good hard knocks and bull-dog fighting. Gen. Wright, Torbert and Emory would undoubtedly have made a good fight of it if Gen. Sheridan had not come up from Winchester, but it took Sheridan to get the "bulge on them."

Holding the Stakes. [Boston Globe.] "Salliri" he asserted vacantly, as the policeman gathered together his coat collar and the seat of his trousers, preparatory to running him in. "Salliri" I know 'ndrunk—bu' 's per'f'ly jus'fiable. 'Salliri' I say. 'S two fellers—'fr'm's'mine—'sb'ttin' on 'bech'n—'n 'm 'result—'bettin' 'drinkin' yer'kown—'n 'm holdin' 'stake's. Jus'f'runk'd'nalor I know—'bu' 's per'f'ly jus'fiable."

Gastronomy Among the Tartars. [Traveler's Letter in New York Times.] On one occasion a Tartar ("Bek" who had given me some food paid me the additional compliment of taking an enormous and fearfully dirty wooden spoon from his pouch, deliberately licking it clean, and then presenting it to me. A few days later I entered a Kirghiz camp on a day of unusual plenty, one of the camels having just died of old age, and was promptly cut up for dinner. The hospitable barbarians set before me a liberal allowance of this delectable food, which was as blue as a sailor's jacket and as tender as the Atlantic cable. But a two days' fast is an excellent cure for daintiness, and I dispatched the wily delicat as briskly as the glutton in the American tale "who ate as it there were no hereafter."

Arkansas Traveler: Dat suthin, in er human bein' what comes nearest ter dat suthin in er animal what we call instinct, is know'd ter us ez judgment; but de jedgment o' de smartes' mau ain' nigh so true ez de instinct o' de weakest boss.

SLEEP AND HER COUSIN DEATH.

The Relationship Between the Two Conditions of Unconsciousness. [British Medical Journal.]

The relationship between sleep, the "cousin of death," and death itself, is probably read as well as apparent. The distance which separates them is great, but there are intermediate connections, grades of dissolution as of development. Among these the similar states of trance and hibernation are worthy of special notice. For sleep and for trance, one cause, the exhaustion chiefly of the nervous matter, but more or less of every organ and tissue, is assignable. The hysterical stupor is the sleep of nerve centers worn out with the assault and conflict of stormy reflex action. Healthy sleep is the rest of physical elements wearied with the same strain applied more gradually.

Cases have been recorded in which somnolence, continuing for days without cessation, has resembled trance in its duration, while preserving all the ordinary features of natural sleep. Various facts support us in associating the hibernation of animals with the same train of organic or functional changes as the other unconscious states which we have been considering. It comes like a habit; it is, one may say, annual return; its apparent cause is the opposition of external cold, and the animals it affects are mostly those which, from their bodily structure or habits, are subject to great periodic variations of temperature. Vital tissue is exhausted and function is in part suspended, probably because the numbers of cold has taken upon the radicles of the outer circulation, and of that of the brain surface which is connected with it by numerous anastomoses. In such a case anæmia would seem to be the cause of the winter sleep, as there is evidence to show that it is also the cause that temporary starvation of brain which hibernation arrests its action, in the natural repose of each night.

We may even regard the lethargy, ended by death, into which man falls when exposed to great cold as a short and mortal hibernation. The same influence acts upon him as upon the bear or fish, but the power of its shock is greater on his finer and less accustomed senses than on their comparatively coarse organization. So likewise in other organs and forms of life, in the nervous, paralytic, atrophy, and gangrene of limbs, in the leafless hibernation of trees, and in their decay, beginning in the terminal twigs, the same teaching is evident, that vascular nutrition, in its periodic variations, is the parent of activity and of rest, as its absence is of death. It is not, therefore, altogether surprising to meet with occasional instances in which death is simulated by some deep degree of stupor.

Calhoun's "Possum and Sweet Potatoes." [Washington Cor. Baltimore Herald.] "Somehow or other," said the old restaurateur, "all these great men had their peculiarities about what they wanted to eat. There was Mr. Calhoun, who always had his 'possum and sweet potatoes when he could get them. He used to say to me: 'Now, Steve, you get me a nice fat 'possum, cook it the day after it is killed, parboil it firm, potatoes laid around it in the oven and then let it slowly brown. If you can get a conon, Steve, you make plenty of conon gravy, very brown, and pour it over the 'possum. And don't you fail to have the 'possum well flavored with pepper, salt and sage.' 'Well, sir, you just ought to see Mr. Calhoun sit down to a dish of 'possum with conon gravy. He wasn't a big man, but he was mighty thin, and there was plenty of room about his vest. He would make that 'possum very sick before he got through with it. He used to say that it reminded him of old South Carolina to eat 'possum, and that's the reason he liked it so well. Many a time he's told me about going out 'possum-hunting at night, with colored boys and dogs and an ax, treeing the possum, cutting the tree down and roasting the 'possum before a log fire. Mr. Calhoun's neighbors down there used to send him boxes of persimmons and these he would distribute among his friends here as one of the great products of South Carolina. Of course Mr. Calhoun had all the old southern habits. He wanted his coffee in the morning before he got out of bed. For breakfast he wanted hot corn bread or biscuits and the breast of a chicken. He wouldn't eat any other part of the chicken. For dinner he didn't care much for anything except soup and fish. It was at night that he wanted his 'possum or any extra dish he might fancy."

A Too Practical Age. [Philadelphia Call.] Young De Poutice—Oh! how often I have sighed for the brave days of old. And that I should have been born into a purely practical age when my whole soul longs for the stirring life of a mediæval knight. Miss Eulalia (admiringly)—How sad it is. You would look splendidly in a suit of brilliant armor.

Young De Poutice—Do you know, I think I may have inherited my love for exciting struggles, martial scenes and hand-to-hand conflicts. It seems born in me and I cannot get rid of it. Oh, how I would like to— At this point the interesting conversation was suddenly cut short by the heavy tread of Miss Eulalia's father on the stair, and a young De Poutice disappeared through a side door into the back alley.

A Lesson in Astronomy. [Washington Hatchet.] They were young and romantic, and although the minute hand was pointing to 12 o'clock they stood upon the porch gazing at the stars. "That's Jupiter, dear, isn't it?" she murmured. "Yes, pet, and that is Sirius," he replied, pointing to another star. "Are you Sirius?" she cooed. He kissed her several times. Then he pointed upward and said: "That's Mars, dove."

"And that's pa's," she whispered, as a foot-step sounded inside, and if the young man hadn't scooted he would have seen more stars than he ever dreamed of. Her pa wears a twelve and a half, with a brass toe.

The siren consists of a huge trumpet with a wide mouth and narrow throat, and is sounded by driving compressed air or steam through a disk placed in the throat. In the disk are twelve radial slots; back of the disk is a revolving plate containing as many similar openings. The plate is rotated 2,400 times a minute, and each revolution causes the escape and interruption of twelve jets of air or steam through the openings in the disk and rotating plate. The siren is operated under a pressure of seventy-two pounds of steam and can be heard as far as from twenty to thirty miles.

The success of the United States in sound signals has been such that other countries have sent commissions here to study the system in vogue. It is the intention of the light-house department to make an extensive exhibit at the World's exhibition.

A Prospective Coup d'Etat. [Chicago Tribune.] Zorilla says King Alfonso's illness will, without doubt, soon terminate fatally, and there will be trouble in Spain, for the heir to the throne will be a child in the nursery, and the queen-mother, who by law will be regent during the minority, is a stranger, an Austrian, who has no place in the esteem and affection of the people. Some would then wish to restore the ex-Queen Isabella, and other to bring about an "infantine" marriage between Alfonso's baby daughter and the young son of Don Carlos. Either of these expedients would mean a coup d'etat.

A Prying Sermon. The bishop of Troyborough once said that the most trying sermon of his life was preached in the queen's private chapel, her majesty and five others forming the congregation.

Arkansas Traveler: De perfectus'n o' de work is ober in danger. De ripe 'pple is de roones' ter rot.

DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

MEANS TAKEN BY THE LIGHT-HOUSE BOARD TO WARN MARINERS.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning Danger Signals Used at Sea—Gongs, Bells, Whistles, Trumpets, Guns, and Rockets.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat.] The government at its different stations uses various descriptions of sound signals for the guidance of mariners during fogs, storms and heavy weather. There is a treacherous intelligence arrogated by the sea that requires all the ingenuity and ability of man to guard and fight against. There is never a vessel that sails from a harbor or a steamer that goes out of a port, laden with freight and life, but is liable to encounter some tremendous gale or meet with mishap as about entering her designated haven of rest.

To obviate the mysterious disappearances and the frightful calamities incident to the sea, scientific men have bent their energies and their knowledge gathered from all the sources of observation and personal experience. They have drawn upon the information of the world's explorers, have collated facts, given birth to theories, improved methods, invented instruments and informed the public and national governments of their discoveries. Every practical invention and skill of mechanics has been experimented with, tried, adopted, and put into use for the benefit of the maritime world.

The Times-Democrat reporter called the other day at the office of Commissioner Day, United States navy, in charge of this light-house district, and learned some interesting facts connected with the means and modes of warning mariners of impending dangers. Sound signals by means of gongs are somewhat used on lightships, especially in British water, but are intended for use in close quarters, narrow harbors, and short channels. Their effective range is barely 350 yards. The use of guns is going out of date, though there are instances on record where they have been serviceable. They have been abandoned on account of the length of intervals between a successful explosion and the brief duration of the sound, its liability to be quenched by local sounds, its easy obliteration by a sudden puff of wind, and other objectionable reasons.

The gun-cotton rocket has been found quite serviceable in rock light-houses. A charge of gun-cotton is enclosed in the head of a rocket, which is projected to the height of 1,000 feet, when the cotton is exploded and the sound shed in all directions. Some of these rockets have been heard at a distance of twenty-five miles. Every United States light station has in use a bell signal. Many of these signals are run by clock-work machinery. The bells weigh all the way from 300 to 3,000 pounds. They are in use all along the coast of the United States. The distances at which the tolling of the bell can be heard vary according to circumstances and atmospheric conditions, are uncertain, and, like the gong, are reliable only at short distances.

The whistling buoys, consisting of an iron pear-shaped buoy, twelve feet across at its widest part and floating twelve feet out of water, and emitting a mournful sound that can be heard for fifteen miles, is now coming into extensive use in American, French, German and English waters. It is the invention of J. M. Courtenay, of New York. The machinery in the buoy is so arranged that the motion of the buoy rising and falling with the waves produces a sound that pierces the heaviest atmosphere, penetrates the thickest fog, traveling mile upon mile, continuous, distinct, warning shipmasters of their proximity to land and dangerous coasts.

The bell buoy, a clumsy contrivance, has been superseded by the bell buoy. The bell is mounted on the bottom section of an iron buoy, which is decked over and fitted with a framework to which a 300-pound iron plate is made fast to the frame under the bell and close to it, on which is laid a free cannon ball. The restlessness of the sea sways the buoy, the ball rolls, the cannon striking some side of the bell at each motion with such force as to cause it to toll. This contrivance is best adapted to shoal water, harbors and rivers, where short-range sound is needed and smoother water obtained. Locomotive whistles sounded by air or steam are also in use. The sharpness or shrillness of the whistle as used constitutes the chief value, but it has been found to expend its force in the immediate vicinity of its source, which is, therefore, regarded as wasted. The sound is also quickly diffused on all sides, and this is considered as preventing it from penetrating to great distances.

The trumpet consists of a huge trumpet, with a large throat and a flaring mouth. Inside there are a re-entrant cavity and a steel tongue. Air is condensed in a reservoir, and driven through the trumpet by hot air or steam machinery, and is capable of making a shriek that can be heard at great distances, extending over the water as far as ten miles. The trumpet, however, is subject to frequent stoppages during foggy weather, and requires many repairs, which render it uncertain and of more danger than aid to navigation.

The siren consists of a huge trumpet with a wide mouth and narrow throat, and is sounded by driving compressed air or steam through a disk placed in the throat. In the disk are twelve radial slots; back of the disk is a revolving plate containing as many similar openings. The plate is rotated 2,400 times a minute, and each revolution causes the escape and interruption of twelve jets of air or steam through the openings in the disk and rotating plate. The siren is operated under a pressure of seventy-two pounds of steam and can be heard as far as from twenty to thirty miles.

The success of the United States in sound signals has been such that other countries have sent commissions here to study the system in vogue. It is the intention of the light-house department to make an extensive exhibit at the World's exhibition.

A Prospective Coup d'Etat. [Chicago Tribune.] Zorilla says King Alfonso's illness will, without doubt, soon terminate fatally, and there will be trouble in Spain, for the heir to the throne will be a child in the nursery, and the queen-mother, who by law will be regent during the minority, is a stranger, an Austrian, who has no place in the esteem and affection of the people. Some would then wish to restore the ex-Queen Isabella, and other to bring about an "infantine" marriage between Alfonso's baby daughter and the young son of Don Carlos. Either of these expedients would mean a coup d'etat.

A Prying Sermon. The bishop of Troyborough once said that the most trying sermon of his life was preached in the queen's private chapel, her majesty and five others forming the congregation.

Arkansas Traveler: De perfectus'n o' de work is ober in danger. De ripe 'pple is de roones' ter rot.