

Submarine War Ships.

The advances that have recently been made in submarine navigation, says the New Orleans Times Democrat, point to a time not far distant when such a revolution will have been wrought in naval warfare as will cause the supervision of the fashionable iron-clad navies of the world and send to the rear all existing notions respecting fortifications as coast defenses. The fact seems to be that the advance referred to will make war on sea so costly and so fatal that the maritime powers will be glad to settle their differences on some other arena than the ocean.

The following extract from an account of the recent trial trip of a new submarine boat called the Peral, the invention of a Spanish naval officer, which is told in a letter of a naval engineer from Valladolid, will give some idea of the progress that is being made in that branch of science. After entering into full and technical details of the trip, the writer sums up the results thus:

"The Peral has remained seven hours completely without communication with the exterior, its occupants breathing the compressed air in the depositors. The Peral reached its dock at 5:40 p. m., being eight hours and forty minutes under proof. It navigated three hours and a half, submerged to the depth of three and a half metres, that is up the windows of the optical tower, and in this position has navigated with the needle and optical apparatus at the depth of three metres and eight decimetres. It navigated one and a half hours, using the optical apparatus alone. It has run altogether thirty-five miles, beginning the proofs of submergence ten miles distant from Cadiz, a circumstance which we must remember did not occur with the French boats Gaubet and Gynnote which made their experiments a few metres from their docks."

The trip of the Peral, the results of which are here given, and in which superiority is claimed over the French Gaubet and Gynnote, took place in January and at that date there is little doubt but that the Spanish boat beat the record. Since that time, however, says the Times Democrat, several very radical alterations have been made in the construction of the Gaubet in accordance with suggestions from the inventor; and, in a trial to which she was subjected the week before last, she gave a performance which puts her head, far ahead, not only of her sister Gynnote and the Spanish Peral, but of everything in the shape of submarine craft which has yet dived under the waves.

The Peral and the Gynnote are only partially airtight—which is a weakness strongly against their spending hours at a stretch beneath the water. But what is a far greater drawback to the merits of them both is that they dive, not perpendicularly but on a gradual plane under the waves, and so betray their presence by disturbing the water in their descent. The fault has been remedied by the recent alterations in the Gaubet, which now goes straight down in deep water like a duck. And as she descends she sends a sort of tentacles or feelers before her which let her know if she comes too near to the bottom, and enables her to get on a horizontal plane ready for a forward motion. The recent experiments with the Gaubet prove her to be so air tight that she can remain under water for five or six hours at a time with perfect safety.

At present, however, the French have the record in submarine navigation, and they are pushing this branch of naval science with so much energy and success that the other great maritime powers will have to take a leaf out of the Frenchman's book, and devote more time and attention to the same subject. The value of this sort of boat, as will be readily seen is that when she carries some pounds of an explosive like dynamite or melinite with air tight fuse attachment, and drops it or suspends it immediately under an unfriendly 10,000 toner, or in the immediate vicinity of such a monster, and then makes her own escape in ample time to avoid the explosion, there is pretty sure to be one 10,000-toner less than there was an hour before in the enemy's fleet.

"A whole flotilla of the biggest iron-clads the world has yet known," says the Times Democrat, "could be splintered into atoms by such means as these in an hour or two, and the presence of the danger might never have been suspected. Supremacy at sea will depend, before the nineteenth century shall have gone to join its predecessors, on something more scientific than the present ironclad leviathans which, as specimens of brute force, are marvellous, but otherwise are unwieldy, uncertain and unreliable."

In this view of the probable line of development of the system of naval warfare of the future, it is interesting to recall the fact that the indicated will be between two types of vessel which were first brought into prominence by the genius of southern inventors during the war between the States. The "ironclad leviathans" of today have been evolved from the Confederate ram "Merrimack." The Peral, Gaubet and Gynnote, and all the other vessels of their class, are but so many developments of the idea which was embodied in the construction of the famous "fish" torpedo boat, which the subject of so many experiments, fatal to its several crews, in Mobile Bay and Charleston Harbor, and which finally terminated its career by blowing up the Federal steamer Housatonic in the North Channel off Beach Inlet and sinking with her. This boat was discovered after the war, lying on the bottom of the sea near the wreck of its victim, was raised by the Federal authorities, and is now carefully preserved in one of the government navy

yards at the North. It is a curious subject for reflection that at this late period, twenty-five years after the fall of the Confederacy, the great naval powers of the world are still engaged in working out the problem that was first presented to their attention by the inventions of Confederate naval officers.—Charleston News and Courier.

Split the Difference.

THE WISE CONCLUSION TWO SOLDIERS CAME TO IN THE SWAMP.

Adjutant-General Mullen was in a reminiscent mood yesterday. This condition was superinduced by the recitals of civil war incidents by an old soldier who had dropped in for a chat. And Gen. Mullen is never reminiscent without being entertaining.

"I will tell you a little experience I had down in Louisiana in 1862," he said, after listening to other stories for a time. "I was a member of the Thirtieth Connecticut Volunteers. The opposing armies had come into pretty close quarters and Confederate out-picket stragglers and skirmishers were around us and doing considerable mischief. Three companies of our regiment were ordered out on skirmish duty. We marched down five paces apart, according to regulations, into a perfect morass. The water was waist deep everywhere. I wasn't very tall and I found it necessary to hold up my cartridge belt to keep it from getting saturated. The Confederates were scattered through this swamp, and we took a number of prisoners without opening fire. Well, I meet with a misfortune. My foot caught between a couple of parallel branches beneath the water, and I was securely pinioned. My companions continued on their way while I struggled hard to extricate myself from my unpleasant predicament. I finally pulled myself out with a desperate effort, but my shoe was left behind. I could only secure it by plunging my head beneath the surface of slimy, noxious, muddy water but it had to be done. I had no sooner got the shoe tied on again than a rebel came in sight from behind some bushes. Intuitively our muskets were simultaneously raised.

"Surrender, Yank!" thundered the rebel.

"Surrender yourself," I returned at the top of my lungs.

"Then we stood and eyed each other. Each had his gun cocked and leveled at the other, but neither pulled a trigger. Why we hesitated is more than I can explain. By delaying, you see each was practically placing himself at the mercy of the other, so it would seem. Suddenly the rebel's gun dropped, and I brought mine down also.

"See here, Yank," he began in a much milder tone, "if I shoot you my side will not gain much. And again, if you should shoot me your side would not gain much. Now, I've got a wife and two babies over yonder, and if you dropped me they wouldn't have anybody to take care of 'em. Now, it's a mean man what won't split the difference. I'll let you go if you'll let me go, and we'll call the thing square. What do you say?"

"Well, what should I say? I walked over half way, we met shook hands and parted. About a year later a letter came to our camp addressed to 'Little Yankee that split the difference.'" I had told him my regiment, you see but not my name. The letter was a cordial invitation to visit the fellow at his home in Louisiana. He wanted me to see the wife and babies whose memory had prompted him to split the difference, and I have always regretted that I was unable to accept the invitation.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A Wise Clerk.

A stylishly dressed woman, says the New York Ledger, was recently brought before a New York city magistrate on a charge of stealing ribbons in a store. The chief clerk had observed her talking freely with the counsel, and was puzzled because she looked at him blandly when he asked her name and residence, and replied with a shake of her head.

"She is French," explained the lawyer, "and doesn't understand English. Put it down 'Marie Matouche'."

The clerk frowned incredulously. "What age is she?" he asked.

"Twenty-two," replied the lawyer. "Then the clerk's eyes twinkled as he said softly: 'Thirty-two?'"

"No 'twenty-two,'" snapped the fair prisoner.

"Umph!" said the clerk, "you can speak English, if you don't understand it!"

Came a Day Ahead of Time.

A good story comes from a Birmingham photographer. A lady sat for her picture. The next day she returned for the proof, which was given her in an envelope on which was printed, "Return after five days to—, photographer, Birmingham, Conn." The lady kept the proof much longer than persons usually do, particularly as she said she was in a big hurry for the pictures. On the fourth day she returned to the studio bringing the proof, and apologized to the artist for coming back "one day ahead of time," but she said she had business in town and could not come again. It took the artist a day to understand what she meant.

Michigan is out of debt. She owes not a cent to any man.

A Boon to Wives.

Having used "Mother's Friend" I would not be without it. It is a boon to wives who know they must pass through the painful ordeal of childbirth.—Mrs. C. MELVILLE, Iowa. Write Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by druggists.

PECULIAR PIGMIES.

Rare and Diminutive Members of the Animal Kingdom.

Ponies as Small as Sheep—The Sacred Bull of India—Reverence Paid the Milder Creature by the Natives—Other Freaks of Nature.

In one of the zoological gardens of Europe a collection of animal pigmies was exhibited some years ago, and, perhaps, an assemblage of animals never attracted more attention, especially from the young folks.

The creatures that constituted this exhibition were not dwarfs, but merely forms that were extremely small naturally. There was a pony that once belonged to the Czar of Russia, and so small and cunning was it that not a few of the spectators considered it a sheep, as it was about the size of one of these animals. With its fluffy mane, long hair and tail it presented a very comical appearance, and as for hoofs, they were so small and delicate that shoes had never been made to fit them, but, as the pony's life was spent on a soft green, it probably did not feel the need of them.

Quite as remarkable as the pony was a deer with perfect horns that was hardly larger than a good-sized cat, and a baby deer that was so diminutive that the hat of one of the visitors would have covered it. This little creature was called a Begoleh, and its home was in the deep forests of Abyssinia, near the Gambia river.

Another equally small deer, called the Dolo, was of a rich fawn color, with white flanks and black ankles and a most expressive and intelligent face. The males only had horns, delicate little objects, of little or no use as a defense.

The females had, instead, a curious bunch of hair upon the head that met at a point and seemed to resemble the top of a peaked night-cap.

One of the most interesting animals of this wonderful collection was a little fawn not over two feet high, with a coat of soft gray colors, great lustrous brown eyes and bearing upon its back a hump, says a writer in the Philadelphia Times. In fact, it was an exact copy, except as to size, of the famous sacred bull of India, which is closely related to the animal that still survives in many parts of the Eastern country.

This little animal is of especial interest, as but one has ever been brought to this country, and they are so rare that they have never figured in natural history. The sacred animals are called Brahma bulls in the East, and the attention paid to their wants by the natives is a source of astonishment to all foreigners.

The sacred animal wanders through the streets of the great cities, receiving homage wherever it goes. If it meets a native carriage or cart in a narrow street the vehicle is carefully pulled to one side so that the animal may not be disturbed, and if the mild-eyed creature should thrust its head into the carriage window it would be considered a piece of good fortune by the driver, while the European occupant would probably object.

The actions of these animals are extremely amusing. They wander slowly along, nibbling from the various stands that line the streets, helping themselves to goods offered for sale, winking and blinking lazily their great brown eyes, well knowing, perhaps, that they are safe from all objection on the part of the owners. Sometimes they stray into houses and lie down in front of doors, and until they choose to move the inmates can not pass out, as it would be sacrilege to step over the sacred animal.

A naturalist traveling in India one night came to a small town that offered so many inducements that he decided to remain for several days. A palanquin as an inn was unknown, but he finally obtained lodging in a private house with a man of the better class, who was quite well off—that is, he owned his house and land several cattle.

The room occupied by the traveler was what would have been considered the hall of an ordinary house and not very private to say the least. A mat in the corner constituted his bed, and it was better than the jungle and he was very glad to get it.

He retired quite late and had been asleep for an hour or two when he was awakened by a clanking, as if a horse was coming into the house. Louder it grew, and hastily striking a light the traveler saw a sacred bull slowly coming along a few feet from him, and after some sniffing around laid down and went fast asleep. The next morning the owner of the house seemed to think the traveler had been much favored in having so sacred a room-mate.

These animals are found not only in India but are more or less common in Persia, Arabia and even Africa, where they are known as the zebra, the name applying to several species, ranging from large to small. In some localities they are used as beasts of burden, and to use oxen here, but generally they lead a life of luxury, waited on and tended by the superstitious natives.

Brothers and Sisters. Brothers and sisters are all the better for sharing one another's studies and games up to a certain point. The girl who can handle a tennis racket and a croquet mallet vindicates her right to consideration. The boys will never speak of her as "only a girl," and she will be all the franker and none the less sweet for a healthy mixture of work and play. Good comradeship between brothers and sisters is a thing much to be desired; it saves the girls from prudery and the boys from boorishness, sweetens the natures of both, and acts by restraining every one from doing or saying what would be shameful in the eyes of the "other side."

Quill Toothpick Mill. Quill toothpicks come from France. The largest factory in the world is near Paris, where there is an annual product of 20,000,000 quills. The factory was started to make quill pens, but when these went out of general use was converted into a toothpick mill.

The usual treatment of catarrh is very unsatisfactory, as thousands of despairing patients can testify. A trustworthy medical writer says: "Proper local treatment is positively necessary to success, but most of the remedies in general use by physicians afford but temporary benefit. A cure cannot be expected from snuffs, powders, douches and washes." Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy which combines the important requisites of quick action, specific curative power with perfect safety and pleasantness to the patient.

He laughs best who has the best reason for laughing.

WESTERN JUSTICE.

Rough-and-Ready Ways Giving Way to Eastern Formality.

Reminiscences of Lawyers Who Once Upon a Time Practiced in Frontier Courts—A Fly Young Sprig of the Law Taken Down a Few Pegs.

Several lawyers were chatting over a good bottle of wine in an up-town restaurant the other night, says the New York Tribune, and as one of them was from Montana and another of them had spent some years of his younger days in Nevada, the conversation naturally drifted into a reminiscent channel. "I suppose your judges out West are a different class of men from what they used to be many years ago, when the country was more uncivilized," said one. "I remember once we had great difficulty in securing a jury in a newly laid out town in Nevada. Nobody seemed willing to serve that counsel on one side or other had not serious objections to. Finally a desirable-looking stranger was called.

"Your honor," said he, "I am not qualified to serve. I am not a freeholder."

"Where do you live?" said the judge.

"In my tent out on Washington boulevard," was the reply.

"Married?"

"No."

"Living all alone?"

"Yes."

"How long?"

"Six weeks."

"You'll do," said the judge, decisively. "I never knew a tenderfoot yet to keep bachelor's hall in a tent for six weeks but he had accumulated enough to be a freeholder." So the man served.

"That's a pretty fair sample," said the Westerner, "of the rough-and-ready style of the old-time justice, and it has not all died out yet by any means. Not long ago a miner, who had experienced all kinds of fortune, from the hardest up, struck it very rich in his old age, married a young wife and started on a prolonged spree which ended in his death. A will executed a few hours before he died left all his property to his wife. His relatives in the East began suit on the ground that the testator was out of his mind when he made the will.

"I'd rather not tell," said a gallant man. Certainly some remarkable freaks were proved to have been performed by the old miner in the last few weeks of his life and the widow was put on the stand.

"What were your husband's last words?" said her counsel.

"I rather don't tell," said she, blushing prettily and hesitating.

"Why not?" said her counsel. "You must tell. The judge will think you are afraid it will damage your case."

"Still blushing, the pretty widow declined to tell. Finally the judge himself argued with her and told her that if she persisted in refusing it would go far toward confirming his suspicions that the man was insane."

"Well," said the widow, reluctantly, "he said: 'Kiss me, Puss, and open another bottle of champagne.'"

"Sensible to the very last," blurted out the judge. And so he decided and would hear no more evidence."

"That reminds me," said another, "of a rebuke administered by one of our old justices to a fly young lawyer who came out there from the East with a determination to show every body just how things should be done. He was well connected and well introduced, but soon got into debt and was an inveterate borrower from his friends and even from chance acquaintances. One day three justices were sitting on the bench together, and had also waited in sitting on our young friend, who forthwith tried to get off the old gag about contempt of court."

"I wish your honors to fine me five dollars for contempt of court," said he.

"Why so, Mr. Smith?" said one of the justices, who did not at once tumble to the point; "you have not displayed any contempt."

"But I cherish a decided contempt for this court and am willing to pay for it," said Smith with a rhetorical flourish.

"Your contempt for this court is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the court's contempt for you," said the second justice.

"And we won't fine you, Mr. Smith," said the third with a triumph in his eye, "because we can't tell which one of us should borrow the money from to pay it."

"While the ushers were trying to restore quiet in the court out of the tumult of laughter that followed this neat and cutting reply, Mr. Smith got away in bad disorder."

HE'S WORTH HAVING. A Dog That Won a Remarkable Wager a Short Time Ago.

A reporter of the Ventura (Cal.) Gazette was informed recently of a remarkable example of sagacity, understanding and obedience in a dog. The animal is what is called a shepherd dog, is ten years old, was born in Montana and can not understand English, the man who raised him being a Mexican.

This Mexican is now in the employ of the Messrs. Schiappa Pietra as a sheep-herder, and in his duties is ably assisted by his dog. About a week ago he laid the following extraordinary wager with one of his employers: He bet his dog with a year's work against \$100 that the dog would stay on the ranch alone, unattended by any human being, for five days; that the animal would take the sheep to pasture in the morning and bring them to the corral at night, and in fact look out for the sheep in every way as well as a man could.

The bet was taken and the Mexican, first hanging up plenty of meat for the dog to eat, gave his instructions to his dumb assistant and left the ranch, coming to town. Last Sunday the money was paid over by Mr. Schiappa Pietra, the dog having carried out, for five days, the instructions he is ably assisted by winning the wager for him.

The Mexican says his employers are very rich (and of course they are), but that they have not money enough to buy that dog.



CUPID'S HARNESS. Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their proper sphere in life, but they should constantly bear in mind that a fair, rosy face, bright eyes, and a healthy, well-developed form, are the best passports to a happy marriage. All those wasting disorders, nervousness, and functional irregularities peculiar to their sex, destroy beauty and attractiveness and make life miserable. An infallible specific for these maladies is to be found in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is the only medicine for women sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturer, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years. \$1.00 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for \$5.00.

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NOTICE TO PENSIONERS!

Copies of the law for the relief of certain soldiers, etc., with Rules and Regulations adopted by the State Board of Pensions, and blank forms on which to make application, have been received by me, for the use of such soldiers and widows of soldiers who lost their lives during the late war between the States. Such soldiers and widows of soldiers as are entitled to pensions under said law are hereby notified that their application must be filed with the County Commissioners, on or before the first Monday of July in each year.

17th March, 1881. HORATIO N. WOODSON, Register of Deeds.

Richmond and Danville Railroad. W. N. C. Division. Passenger Train Schedule. Effective May 13th, 1881.

Table with columns for Train No., Route, and Time. Includes Southbound and Northbound routes.

Table with columns for Station, Time, and Direction. Includes West Point, Richmond, and Raleigh.

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