

upon the restoration of the Gospel, proving by the Bible that it is the same as was taught by Christ. All the instructions had a tendency to build up the Saints in their most holy faith. We truly had a time of rejoicing, and one long to be remembered by those present. Conference was closed by a meeting lasting nearly three hours, during which some forty-eight speakers bore strong and faithful testimonies that God had again opened up communication between earth and heaven.

All the authorities were unanimously sustained.

On Monday, at daybreak, the Saints started for their homes, feeling well repaid, and with renewed determination to serve God and the cause of truth in spite of the scoffing and scorning of an unbelieving world.

Ever praying for the onward progress of the work of God,

LATINUS O. TAFT.

KAITI, Poverty Bay, New Zealand, Feb. 17, 1890.

SIGNAL CODES FOR WAR.

The signal codes of civilization are more scientific than those of the savage races, but it is an open question whether they are more efficient, taking it as an accepted fact that the signals are for transmission from eye to eye, and that their efficacy does not extend beyond the range of vision. The Esquimaux of the far north depends upon the waving of his arms or a blanket to notify his friends at a distance of any important fact, such as the finding of a reindeer or the need of assistance; while the American Indian, in the old days when he was still unsubjugated, got better results from signal fires by night or columns of smoke by day than from anything else. But there was one objection to this method of communicating intelligence, particularly in a hostile country. The fire or smoke was as plainly visible to an enemy as to a friend; and instead of reinforcements there might come a rout, in case the enemy, after locating the signal station, chose, as he generally did, to pounce down upon the invader.

Crow Butte, not far from the southern boundaries of what was the great Sioux reservation, is a lasting monument to the faults of the fire system. Nearly a generation ago the Crows invaded the country of the Sioux in two bands, traveling many miles apart, but along parallel lines. They kept up communication in the then accepted manner, when one day the signals from height to height were observed by a wandering band of the nation which they had come north to do battle with. The commander of the Sioux proved equal to the situation, and put in practice the tactics of the first Napoleon. He attacked the invaders in detail, routed one column with great slaughter, and then turned his attention to the other, some of his own braves meanwhile industriously keeping up the fires on adjacent peaks in order to avert suspicion. The second column, which

was the stronger of the two, as a result suffered complete surprise, rise and utter defeat. The survivors of the fray fled, hotly pursued by the victorious Sioux, and sought refuge on the elevation now known as Crow Butte.

The place was impregnable and could not be carried by storm, but the besieged were without food or water. So they sat there on the heights, undaunted, defiant, doomed. Their rushes to break the savage cordon were repulsed. They killed and ate their horses; they devoured the bodies of their dead comrades. No one disturbed them, but from the plain below there were wafted up to their dying ears the triumphant songs and jeers of the Dakotas. And thus, one by one, they breathed their last, until finally Mad Bull led his braves up the declivity to see "how the dogs were getting on." One Crow alone remained alive. He lay on the ground, scarcely breathing, but fully arrayed in all the panoply of war, and with his sunken eyes turned toward the western sun. A Sioux brave spurred the dying warrior with his foot. The insult roused him to action. Leaping to his feet he plunged a knife into the victor's heart and the two fell backward together—dead.

In order to make the signals referred to the savages of the western plains had and still have a method, of which little is known to those outside the tribes, of covering a fire until smoke in sufficient quantity has been accumulated, when it is suddenly freed, and a thick, heavy column breaks forth which cannot fail to attract attention even at great distances. Since their contact with the whites and the acquisition of cheap mirrors, the Indians have perfected a new signal code, by which information is telegraphed from point to point with sun flashes. By the aid of intelligence thus obtained the Apaches were able so frequently to elude the United States troops during the final campaign in the Black Range which broke the power of these atrocious barbarians.

It was often inexplicable to the officers in command of the numerous scouting parties along the Mexican border how the Indians became so quickly aware of the most swiftly executed and secretly planned movements of the troops. A band of Chiricahuas would be located in some obscure fastness, preparations would be made to swoop down on them, the plans would be carried out with all diligence and zeal, but when the charge was made and the rocky hiding-place stormed nothing would be found save the relics of a hasty flight, while a thin cloud of dust silhouetted against the far off horizon would show the direction in which the wily red men were "making tracks" for safety. This sort of experience grew rather monotonous, and one day a stalwart officer of the Twenty-third Infantry gave vent to his views. He had just made one of the usual "water hauls" and was not in an amiable mood. Wiping the alkali dust from his perspiring face with the sleeve

of his well worn jacket, he remarked:

"These cusses must be in league with his satanic majesty. This trip was a success, to my mind, and I thought we had the band bagged. But there's nothing left of 'em save a few cow bones. How is it they always find this out?"

"Sun signals," suggested the lieutenant.

"Sun signals be blowed!" was the response. "We came into these mountains faster'n light ever traveled. Those Indians are children of Old Nick, that's all. Let's go back to the fort."

But, nevertheless, it was sun signaling, coupled with efficient scouting, that so often saved the red raiders from death or captivity.

The general service code formerly used in the United States army and navy consisted of an alphabet made from combinations of numbers represented by different movements of flags. There was a different movement for each numeral, and the numerals represented certain letters or words in the code book. This was the form of signaling in vogue during the war, and it still receives illustration in the production of a drama which has to do with Gen. Sheridan's famous raid during the war. At present the system in use differs from the old in that in place of numbers the flags are used to convey the dots and dashes of the Morse alphabet. When the sun is shining the heliograph comes into play, and by night the electric light takes the place of the Indian fire to flash important news from one elevated position to another. But in the signal line at least, despite the handicap of ignorance, the savage is nearly abreast of the white man still.—*Topeka (Kas.) Daily Capital.*

THE TWO SALONS.

The outlook for the regular Salon of 1890 is rather queer. Not since ten years ago has the horizon been so clouded with "les petite miseres" as it is at present. There is no doubt about it, the old Salon has lost many of its most glittering lights, who have gone over to the new Salon, or, as it is called, "le Salon aristocratique," of whom M. Meissner is the presiding genius. This Salon has as its basis the encouragement of art for art's sake alone. It does not believe either in mentions or medals, but considers it honor enough if an artist sends in a picture with which they are satisfied—by they I mean such men as Carolus Duran, Gervex, Dagnan, Bouvier, Roll, Diaz, Cazin, Meissner, Puvis de Chavannes, etc.—if he is made a member of the society.

At first the rules of the new society were the reverse of liberal or broad in any sense; one could not send to the society unless by the formal invitation of Cazin; and then, if one sent to the new society, one could not send to the old; but now, it is said, more liberal measures have been adopted. The old Salon will have one indisputable advantage, says an American artist