CALAMITY IN THE SOUTH.

Fearful Loss of Life From High Winds and Tidal Waves.

GALVESTON, TEX., Oct. 14.—The town of Sabine Pass, at the mouth of the Sabine river, the dividing line between Louisiana and Texas, was reported to-day as entirely washed away by the terrific storm of Tuesday night and over fifty lives were reported lost out of a total population of 200. All telegraphic communication was cut off. The place is sixty miles from Galveston and twenty-eight miles southeast of Beaumont, the county seat of Jefferson county. It is thought the bar in front of the town will prevent tugs from landing, and tug owners here regard it as useless to attempt to enter the treacherous channel.

The following account of the great disaster at Sabine Pass was telegraphed last night to Houston from Beaumont: "This town is in a state of intense excitement to-night at the news just received from Sabine Pass of terrible loss of life and destruction of property in that place from high water. We have now no telegraphic communication with the pass, all the wires being down, but an engine arrived here to-night over the East Texas railway that left there about 6 o'clock.

FIRST NEWS OF THE DISASTER.

"Two citizens who rowed in a small boat across an expanse of tossing waters, a distance of several miles from the town of Sabine, to the track, came in on the engine and gave a heartrending account of affairs there. They say the waters began to invade the town from the gulf and lake together about 2 o'clock Tuesday afternoon and rose with unpreced nt rapidity. The citizens of the doomed place did not realize their imminent danger until it was to late to escape, when safety by flight was recognized as being out of the question. The people who were situated so they could do it betook themselves to their houses and resorts judged to be the safest. The water kept rising, and between 3 and 4 o'clock the smaller houses began to yield to the resistless force of the waves and not only moved from their foundations, but turned on their sides and tops. A little later larger houses began to give way and death by drowning seemed in store for every citizen of the place.

DROWNED IN THEIR HOUSES.

"With the yielding of the smaller houses several persons who had remained in them were drowned, and when the residences and business places began to crumble the fatality began to double.

PARTIAL LIST OF THE LOST.

"The following is an incomplete list of the drowned, as obtained from the gentlemen who came over on the engine:

"Miss Martha Chambers, Jim Vondy and family of six, Mrs. Otto Brown and two children, Homer King, wife and child, Mrs. Junker and her son Mrs. Romery and family of five, Mrs Stewart and her daughter and son, —— Wilson, Mrs. Arthur McReynolds, Mrs. McDonand and her daughter and grandson, Frank Mullegan and family, Columbus Martee and family. About twenty-five colored people whose names could not be given.

"The above list comprises over fifty victims of the storm, among them some of the leading families of the place. There are others—and many of them doubtless—drowned without any now living knowing anything of it. It is feared that whole families in different parts of the place have been swept away without leaving a person or a vestige to indicate their terrible fate. It is said the situation during the latter part of the afternoon was frightful. The manifestations of terror and agony by the people looking face to face at death and realizing that there was no escape, the dying cries of the women, audible but rendered almost noiseless by the roar of the mad sea, the hoarse voices of men trying to save those dear to them, all combined to make the scene too horrible to be described."

THE ENTIRE TOWN WRECKED.

FORT WORTH, TEX., Oct. 14.—News received here from Sabine Pass is to the effect that the greater portion of the town has been washed away and about sixty or seventy persons drowned by the terrible storm of Tuesday night. Waters from the lake and gulf rushed into the place with great rapidity and dislodged the foundation of nearly every house. All telegraphic communication east of Beaumont is interrupted and the only information procured that is strictly reliable was obtained from men who have rowed over the vast expanse of water to Beaumont. These men say that the scene is beyond description. The entire town is wrecked and the inhabitants are frenzied with fear and grief.

The damage done by the storm at Beaumont is also considerable, a number of houses being blown down and many of the principal lumber mill-damaged. The track of the East Texas and Sabine road is washed away for miles in a number of places, besides damage done to bridges and depots.

MEAGER DETAILS OF THE DISASTER.

ORANGE, TEX., Oct. 14.—Details of the destruction by the storm at Sabine Pass and Johnson's Bayou come in slowly, and are yet indefinite, though all agree that there has been a great loss of life and property.

Two brothers named Pomeroy were picked up by the schooner Andrew Baden in Sabine lake. They had been in the water thirty-six hours clinging to their capsized yawl. Their mother and sister and Mrs. Captain Junker, her son and a little girl of the party were lost.

The Pomeroys report that fifty lives were lost at the Porter house, where the people had collected as the best place of safety. It went to pieces at 9 o'clock, and many persons are missing.

DEATHS AT JOHNSON'S BAYOU.

Still greater loss is reported from Johnson's Bayou, where whole families were swept away, and not a house was left standing within five miles of the lake.

Parties were organized last night and left on the steamers Lamar and Emily P. with provisions and bedding. They are expected back to-night, when further particulars will be obtained.

ENTIRE FAMILIES WIPED OUT.

LAKE CHARLES, LA., Oct. 14.—The lose of property along the Cameron parish gulf coast and for some distance west of Sabine Pass by the storm of Tuesday night was fearful.

The mail boat from Cameron parish reports that the water at Calcasieu Pass was eight feet deep at the lighthouse, and that the entire country east and west was submerged Tuesday night, drowning thousands of cattle and ruining crops. No lives were lost at Leesburg or Calcasieu Pass, but the following are reported lost at Johnson's Bayou, La. The entire families of Alfred Lambert, Marion Lukes, George Striver, Charles Blanchet, Bradford Berry and two families by the name of Franceswar, besides many others whose names have not been ascertained.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN GALVESTON.

GALVESTON, TEX., Oct. 14.—This city has been in a state of feverish excitment all day over the dreadful news from Sabine Pass. Many anxious persons have eagerly visited the telegraph offices seeking further particulars from the stricken town. The details of the calamity are very difficult to obtain because of the impaired facilities for communication with Beaumont and Orange, the nearest points to the unfortunate town, has been re-established but the inhabitants of those places appear to be awaiting the relief parties that have gone to Sabine Pass.

THE LOST CITY'S LOCATION.

The town of Sabine Pass is located at the mouth of the Sabine river within half a mile of the extreme point jutting from the Texas side, lies only four feet above the mean tide mark and is bounded by a great swamp on the west and Lake Sabine on the north. The entrance to Lake Sabine is a mile and a half above the town. The lake is [illegible] long and ten in width with an average depth of seven feet, which is always maintained by the huge volume of water pouring into the basin from the two navigable rivers, Neches and Sabine.

CAUSED BY SUNDAY'S HURRICANE.

It was this lake, according to the most experienced navigators on this coast, that destroyed the town. The hurricane of last Sunday in the West Indies blew the waters with great violence toward the Texas coast. This hurricane wave was first noticed on this coast on Sunday morning, attaining its maximum on Tuesday afternoon, and was maintained at a high point by the impetus of the waters behind. The hurricane itself did not reach these coasts at all, as scarcely a breath of wind was stirring when its tidal wave first touched the coast. When the maximum was reached on Tuesday afternoon, however, a fierce northwestern gale sprung up along the whole coast, and at Sabine this gale blew the waters out of Lake Sabine and drove them toward the gulf, where the lake waters were met by the great swell caused by the hurricane. This resulted in driving the lake waters over into the little town and submerging the country for miles around without a moment's notice.

This account of the disaster is confirmed by the experience here with the same gale and all information from Sabine confirms the theory.

EN ROUTE TO THE PASS.

As soon as the collector of customs was apprised of the disaster he ordered the government tug Penrose to prepare to make a trip to Sabine, and she started for that place at 2 o'clock this afternoon with a representative of the Galveston *News* and several others on board. The distance to Sabine is sixty miles. The Penrose can not get back before to-morrow. When the details of this awful disaster will be known.

Private telegrams from Beaumont this evening confirm the reports previously sent regarding the loss of life.

The damage to property all along the Texas coast will be great. At Beaumont and Orange the gale did serious damage. It played havoc among the lumber mills, but occasioned no loss of life. The latest report places the lives lost at Sabine at over sixty.

A WAR TO THE KNIFE.

Chicago Packers Determined That It Shall be Ten Hours or Nothing.

Chicago special: The opinion is general that a long and bitter struggle between the packers and employes at the stock yards is inevitable. The ordering out of Armour's beef men is looked upon as the signal for war. All attempts by Delegates Barry and Butler to negotiate or compromise the questions raised by the strike have signally failed. The packers have not shown a disposition to discuss the matter in an official manner and the strikers are disposed to regard this treatment in the light of a challenge. After the meeting of district assembly 57 early this morning Mr. Barry said to a reporter: "We have formally declared war on the big pork speculator and it will be war to the knife and the knife to the hilt. I shall get to Richmond now before the convention adjourns and you may depend upon it that Armour's meats throughout the United States will be an unknown quantity in less than three months. We intend to fight an aggressive battle, and Armour will either be brought to terms or be relegated to the position of a dead packer, notwithstanding his millions. As far as the men are concerned, we shall take care of them, besides the closing down of the industry here does not of necessity do away with it. The demand is bound to be supplied elsewhere if not here." Illustrating the general feeling among the packers, one of the most prominent ones said to a reporter when approached on the subject: "We don't submit to any system but that of ten hours for a day's work at the ten hours' pay. In other words, an unconditional surrender or nothing. I attended a meeting of packers the other day when the matter was fully discussed. Green hands will be hired and broken in rapidly. This can be easily done, but of course it will take time to fill all places. We, as an association, intend to start big concerns again first. We have advertised for men all over the country, and already men are beginning to come in as a result of these agencies. Armour and the Anglo-American will be running with full forces next week. This will win our battle. When these two houses are running full-handed the fight is practically won. We can easily lay up for a few weeks, or months, for that matter. Ten hours we will have and we don't want to see any committee either. If the men wish to return on that basis they can do so as individuals."

The opinion of this packer was read to others and pretty generally indorsed.

The great fight between the employers and employes of the stock yards has assumed more serious proportions. Armour & Co. are to make the test case and establish the precedent of which shall have the supremacy—labor or capital. All efforts at a compromise or even consultation with the packers have failed, the strikers met last night and decided to call out the beef butchers and the result was about one thousand five hundred men quit work. Immediately a committee of men went over to Armour's repair shops, at Forty-fifth street, near Halstead street, where between fifty and seventy men are employed. They went in, had a short talk, and the men quit in a body, all including the machinists, going out. The engineers at Armour's also quit work this morning. New men continue to arrive hourly, and this morning the Lake Shore dummy brought over two loads to Armour's house. On the last trip, about 10 o'clock, the train was blocked all the way down from Forty-seventh street, freight cars having been left on the side tracks and switches in such a manner that the train couldn't pass. Ultimately the men were compelled to get out and walk. The new arrivals all enter by the rear entrance, and immediately go to work. From the regularity with which each house brings its quota there is little doubt that the packers have agents out hiring men. The new comers are looked on contemptuously by the locked out men, and they are called "Hoosiers!" "Scabs!" "Mossbacks!" and other choice names. It is estimated that Armour has twelve hundred of them at work.

The scale of wages which the packers offer their men is as follows: Scalders, $3.02 and $4.00; scrapers, $3.25; shovers, $3.00; mess pork trimmers, $2.25; mess pork choppers, $3.00; trimmers, $2.25 and $3.00; cellar men, $1.75 and $2.25; tank men, $1.75 and $2.25; coopers, $3.00. This is on a basis of ten hours' pay for ten hours' work.

Cudahy expressed some surprise that the men should blame Armour for the trouble. Nelse Morris denies the statement credited to him that the affair was a move on the part of Armour to drive Swift and himself out of the trade, and that he was endeavoring to drive all the business from Chicago to Omaha and Kansas City.

THE HADDOCK MURDER.

Sioux City special: Under the impression that Chief Police Nelon would reach here to-day with "Bismarck," one of the alleged Haddock assassins, trains from the south have been met with many persons to get a glimpse of the German, but his arrival is not yet recorded, although the substance of the statement the prisoner will make has been obtained from good authority. This is to the effect that Charles Ganders is the real murderer, two having been hired to commit the dead, obtaining money therefor. Ganders approached Mr. Haddock and made a motion to strike him, when the minister made an effort to use a missile he was carrying. At this juncture Ganders drew his revolver and fired. Ganders is a new character in the tragedy, so far as the public is aware, and is at large. It is pretty evident that the right man will be named soon, as about all the participants are talking and telling different stories. To-day Sheriff McDonald received notification that owing to the very large amount of business to come before the grand jury, which had been cited to appear Nov. 3, the date would be changed to the 26th of the month. It is possible the conspiracy and murder cases may yet be reached this term.

THE new proprietors of the Omaha Republican have taken hold of the work.

DOES HE TELL A TRUE STORY?

An Individual Who Claims to Have Been Present at the Custer Massacre.

Washington special: A neatly dressed, cleanly shaven soldier, in the uniform of an artilleryman of the department of the east called at the war department this morning to see General Sheridan. He was the sole survivor of General Custer's command. At the time of the memorable Custer campaign he was bugler of the guard, and was with General Custer at the time he discovered the Sioux village at the Little Big Horn, just previous to the terrible massacre. His name is Martini and he is now but 33 years of age. "I was right with General Custer when he spied the Indian village, only a short distance away. He dismounted and, after glancing over the situation, drew out his note book and wrote a few lines on a leaf. Tearing the leaf out he handed it to me and ordered me to take it to Major Reno and Captain Benton. This was an order for them to hurry up their command. He saw from the size of the village that the engagement would be a severe one, and he therefore told me not to attempt to reach him again until afterwards. That order saved my life for when I returned after the fight 265 men out of 286 that composed Custer's command were dead upon the ground. I was the two hundred and sixty-sixth. Some had succeeded in getting away a distance, but they had been overtaken and instantly killed. I was the only soldier who survived. There was an Indian scout named 'Curley' who made his escape. Before the battle commenced he saw that it would be a massacre, so he loosed his hair, snatched off a piece of trimming from his clothes to tie it with, tore a black blanket in two and wrapped it around his legs, as if he wore leggins, and then, throwing a blanket over his shoulders, he looked not unlike a hostile Sioux. He dashed into their midst and was not detected, and in that way he made his escape." Bugler Martin, further, says that, by the advice of his friends, he is endeavoring to secure the position of messenger in the department, having had his share of suffering and hardships. Sheridan promised to give him a hearty recommendation as soon as a vacancy occurred. He wore two sets of target badges on his collar, showing that he had been twice successful in the annual marksmanship competition. Next year he expects to be a third time successful, and he will then be entitled to wear a marksman's pin.

FLASHES FROM FOREIGN SHORES.

Christine Neilson is seriously ill.

The cholera epidemic is spreading at Pesth.

American art students are increasing at Munich.

The prince regent of Bavaria will go to Berlin in November.

The French protectionists want the duty on wheat raised.

Nineteen Russian agents have been arrested at Philipopolis.

German journalists are being arrested for indecent remarks.

An anarchist has been arrested in Vienna for posting anarchist bills.

The Grand Duke Nicholas, heir to the Russian throne, is seriously ill.

The government at Tangiers has approved the arrest of Jon Perdicaris.

The Irish land league has been investigating the condition of the farmers.

Archbishop Walsh was allowed to give his testimony unsworn in Dublin.

The anniversary of Emperor William's coronation was quietly celebrated.

There is an agreement between Turkey and Russia on the Bulgarian affair.

Herr Lattermann, the socialist, has eluded the police and escaped to America.

Eleven persons were lost from the Norwegian bark Frederickstadt, near Padstow.

The waiters of Paris indulged in a riotous demonstration and a dozen were arrested.

Dr. Vivian was committed to ten years' imprisonment for robbing a hotel in Birmingham.

A panther escaped from a menagerie in Chambery and hit several people and killed a policeman.

The insane wife of Count Arnim fled from a private asylum, and her body was found in the river Merg.

St. Petersburg papers are beginning to prepare the people for a Turkish occupation of Bulgaria.

A Breslau editor has been arrested for making insulting remarks against the emperor four years ago.

Saxony, minister of the interior, decides that naturalized Americans are not subject to military duty.

The London officials advise the poor not to march in the procession at the lord mayor's inauguration.

HIS WIFE WAS UNTRUE.

Philadelphia special: A young man shot himself dead in the saloon at 205 South Twelfth street last night. In a letter found upon his person he said that no one was to blame for the suicide but himself. He gave the address, 443 W. Minister street, Providence, as that of his father, W. W. Gorham, and asked the press not to make unfavorable comment on the case as it would grieve his Christian parents. A moment later a woman from a house in the vicinity entered the saloon greatly agitated, and identified the body as that of her husband. She said she married him a year ago in Baltimore, but left him because he could not support her. She came here and became the inmate of a South Twelfth street house. He followed and made several appeals for her to leave the house. It was after a final entreaty, coupled with a threat of suicide, if she refused, that he crossed the street to the saloon, and after a few minutes at a table raised the pistol to his temple and fired the fetal shot.

A MODERN JUDAS.

Evansville (Ind.) special: About 6 o'clock this evening Linsy McKinzey, a drummer of Henderson, a guest of the American hotel, shot and instantly killed John Marlin, an Italian, another guest, in the lobby of the hotel under circumstances which rendered the deed a cold-blooded crime. The two quarreled last night at the supper table and McKinley threatened Marlin's life. To-day he purchased a revolver, and, meeting Marlin in the hotel, shook hands with him and apologized for his violent actions of the night before, and then five minutes later walked up to his victim and shot him dead. He then walked coolly away and was sauntering about the streets when arrested. He said he did not know why he did it. There is much excitement among the Italians of the city and an extra guard has been placed on at the jail.

SUNNYGRAMS.

—The married man who knows his P's and Q's
Will now get "coaled" before the weather does.

—What does it profit a man to be a weather prophet, if his prophecies do not come true?

—Such a noisy bovine racket will it never, never hardly ever—cause?
Cow-doctors must be playing, child-like, that they're "stomping," "stomping" out disease.

—There are said to be forty-seven thousand empty flats in Paris. A perfect dudedom as it were.

—He will boast of sea-serpents he's seen;
Anacondas which often he's eaten;
Yet something to brag of he's not quite so green,
They're the snakes he off-ers in his boots.

—The Spaniards have 365 ways of cooking eggs, but they have only one way of sweating at the grocer who sells them a dozen revolutionary hen fruit.

—The bureau-now-mania gag
Is worked for all it is worth nowadays.
Cow-doctors may bluster and brag,
But 'tis the Bureau's new-money (ah!) that pays.

—A new street of tombs has been found at Pompeii. Anybody having lost a new street of tombs can have the same by calling on the finder and paying for this notice.

—Some comedians cut a dash,
Some live on the finest hash,
Some will make a moneyed mash,
Some will get the old man's hash,
Some will make a lot of cash
And some come to eternal smash.

—Job may have had his troubles,
And may have had his patience vext,
But he never got intensely interested in the weeps and wails and woes of an eloping couple and followed their trials, troubles, and tribulations until they were safely on a ship, and the vessel was wrecked in mid ocean and they going down for the third time, and excitement raised to one hundred above zero, and then read these heart-crushing lines of

"To be continued in our next."
Job may have had his troubles,
And felt the grief that kills,

But he never read almost a column of some long-standing political feud, murder, assault, assass nations, earthquakes, cyclones, tornadoes and such like missiles, and then found that all these might have been prevented if the people had only taken

Hunting's Jubilation Pills!

—A man will dress in kersevmere,
His wife will don a Jersey, dear;
He tries to save his cash,
She tries to cut a dash,
Both will fail, though they persevere.

—Apple paring time's at hand.
Autumn's come, so full of joys;
Finest sport in all the land,
Fun it brings to girls and boys.
Many and many a game is played,
One heart to another'll chime;
Sometimes here are matches made,
That's the best of "paring" time.

—"Badger and Gray" is the firm at the "hub," my dear,
Now 'tis a queer thing to say
That though Gray is only blue-self, it is clear,
Yet a Badger is always Gray.

—The maid sits by the dado,
Looking sweet and fair.
A youth who's quite a dude, eh,
Sits beside her chair,
Bent pin in pants—a deed, eh,
Enough to make dude swear
The boy who cut that dado
Has vanished in thin air.

—Farmer shaking down the trees,
Making them think it's a breeze,
Lady sitting at her ease,
Doing whatsoe'er she'll please.
Can you tell me, why these two
Are alike? Now tell me true.
You shall have the answer without much further bother,
It's *pear time* with the first, it's *spare time* with the other.

—*Gaslight's Sun.*

What the Unskilled Applaud.

Let a woman, whose "gift" lies in a voice of unusual compass, force out the "G" or "F" of the lower octave, until it becomes more like the groaning of an invalid than a musical tone, or let her squeak out the "G" in the third ledger line until it sounds as beautiful as the cry of a pet lap dog on whose toes someone has stepped, and it will suffice to fill the hall with enthusiastic plaudits.

Another songstress, who may be able to sing the simplest melody without giving one the cramps, and whose warmth approaches the temperature of a Canadian iceberg, will perhaps display a flexibility of voice to rival that of an instrument. As soon, then, as she sets up her fireworks and rockets in the form of scales, in sixteenths, as soon as she pierces one's tympanum with her infernal trills, with awful persistency and without taking breath, we may rest assured that the parquette will spring up from its seat and howl in ecstacy. And still another singer may have taken it into his head that "declamatory expression" or "emphasis," let it be correct or false, but, at all events, strikingly exaggerated, constitutes the "all" of dramatic music; that these qualities properly enjoy the privilege of superseding beauty of tone, time and rhythm; that they fully suffice to replace the real contents, musical form, melody, tempo and key. So fill the exaggerated demand of such bombastic, high flying, affected and conceited style, he assumes the right of taking unwarranted libertites with the most important works. Yet, if he brings this system of play before a certain public, he may be assured that the most lively and honest enthusiasm will reward him, because he has murdered a great master, destroyed a masterpiece, torn a lovely melody into tatters, and degraded a noble passion.—*American Musician.*

Pat's Logic.

Patrick O'Kelly had been on a spree, and, in fact, was still on a tare. It was at supper and little Tot wanted some more gravy.

"An' what wud ye do with it if I gives it to yer?" asked O'Kelly.

"Shure an' I wud eat it," said the truthful Tot.

"Av course ye wud," said O'Kelly, "so what is the use av givin' it to yez?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Ladies are inaugurating a new and strange custom. They say "thank you" when gentlemen give them seats in horsecars.—*New Haven News.*

THEY BROUGHT HIM HOME.

From where Muskegon's mills and homes
Are circled round its bay,
A sailor, in a stately ship—
Winged whitely—sailed away;
While each wave danced, and sighed content,
Lisped love, and kissed her as she went.

A maiden stood—with longing eyes—
Upon a sandhill's crest,
And watched her lover's barque sink low
Far out toward the West.
"O waves," she said, "O gentle sea,
Bring back my own true love to me!"

So every day, when time had sped,
She paced along the shore,
And watched, as fancied that she heard—
I faint through the surge's roar—
The well-known hail—familiar voiced—
At which her very soul rejoiced.

Thus, one night, when stars looked down,
When waves sang low and sweet,
They brought her lover in their arms
And laid him at her feet;
Upon his calm expressive face
Death's nameless mystery and grace.

What they had taken out with joy,
With murmurs back they gave.
Her lover, rocked to dreamless sleep
By moaning wind and wave,
They brought him from out the distant West
To sleep upon the maiden's breast.

A simple story, often told
Of those who sail away—
'Neath sunny skies, through laughing surge,
From out Muskegon's bay;
Where many a pine crowns low, and waves
Its dark plumes o'er the sailors' graves.

—*I. Edgar Jones, in the Current.*

Diet and Conduct.

Sir Henry Thompson thinks that our forefathers did not sufficiently consider this great subject. Like Mr Squeers, they have been, he admits, very particular of our morals. He sees a wise and lofty purpose in the laws they have framed for the regulation of human conduct and the satisfaction of the natural cravings of religious emotions. But those other cravings equally common to human nature, those grosser emotions, cravings of the human body, they have disregarded. "No doubt," he says, "there has long been some practical acknowledgement, on the part of a few educated persons, of the simple fact that a man's temper, and consequently most of his actions, depend upon such an alternative as whether he habitually digests well or ill; whether the meals which he eats are properly converted into healthy material, suitable for the ceaseless work of building up both muscle and brain; or whether unheal thy products, constantly polute the course of nutrive supply. But the truth of that fact has never been generally admitted to an extent at all comparable with its exceeding importance." Herein were our ancestors unwise. The relation between food and virtue Sir Henry maintains (as did Pythagoras before him) to be a very close relation. His view of this relationship is not the view of Pythagoras, who, as Malvolio knew, bade man not to kill so much as a woodcock lest happly he might dispossess the soul of his grandam. Plutarch also was averse to a too solid diet, for the reason that it does "very much oppress" those who indulge therein, and is apt to leave behind "malignant relics." Sir Henry, in his turn, would not have men to be great eaters of beef, though he holds with Plutarch rather than with Pythagoras, being (so far as I can judge) no believer in the doctrine of metempsychosis. But on the influence man's diet has on his constitution he is very sure: "It is certain that an adequate practical recognition of the value of proper food to the individual in maintaining a high standard of health, in prolonging healthy life (the prolongation of unhealthy life being small gain either to the individual or to the community), and thus largely promoting cheerful temper, prevalent good-nature, and improved moral tone, would achieve almost a revolution in the habits of a large part of the community."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

War Jokes.

It was fun to old boys to have a few companies of hundred-day men stationed among them, as were three companies from Ohio in 1864, near Fort Worth, with Wilson's Battery, First New York Artillery. These were the most unsophisticated of all the lads ever seen in camp, and they would believe any "sell" which the "old boys" were pleased to impose upon them.

Some of the "old boys" had received boxes from home well stored with table goodies not found in camp, such as are prepared by a mother's, sister's, or wife's careful hand, among the contents of which were butter, cheese, honey, pickles, etc.

These rural Ohioans, seeing these delicacies in the hands of the "old boys," inquired why it was that they had none. They were asked, in reply, if they got none, and told to draw them as they did. They naturally supposed "draw them" meant go to the Quartermaster for them, and accordingly went. It did not take that functionary long to make known to them how such rations were "drawn."

Another joke, more practical and less profitable to the wag who perpetrated it, was played on Tom Brown by Sam Green, preceded by the following dialogue:

Brown—Say, Sam, where do you get your washing done? I am getting confoundedly dirty.

Green—Why, do you not have a man to do your washing for your company?

B.—No, do you?

G.—Why, yes.

B.—Where is his tent? Perhaps I can get him to do mine.

G.—Over there—[pointing to his own Captain's tent].

Away goes Brown with his bundle of soiled linen, and accosted Green's Captain, when the following dialogue ensued after Brown had made known his errand:

Captain W.—Who sent you here?

Brown—Sam Green.

Captain—Well, you leave your washing, and it shall be done for you.

Sam Green was at once sent for, and ordered to wash that linen, and he did it, too, while the Captain watched him, and all the camp called Sam "washerwoman" after his joke on Tom Brown had turned upon himself.—*Joker Sam, in Chicago Ledger.*

PERSIAN PLEASURES.

Plenty of Amusement for the Rich, But None for the Poor.

In the way of popular amusements, there is not much in Persia. The rich, of course, as elsewhere, know how to find and sip the honey of amusement from the chalice of life. Not so the poor. The wealthy Persian indulges in banquets, to which he will invite his intimate friends, and where they get beastly drunk on arrack and wine and date brandy, where from forty to two hundred dishes and sweatmeats are served, and where some female slaves will dance to him and his guests; where they will recline after the meal by the bubbling kannut, with the fragrant fumes of the ghalzan enveloping them, while Jewish musicians will play and a professional story-teller will get off his best yarns and most luscious jokes, the whole crowd meanwhile swilling tea and sherbet by the gallon. In the evening they will even have fireworks, and hundreds of little lamps, inclosed in var colored glass globes, will have their rays reflected from the glass ceilings.

The rich will go off on long hunting excursions or on hawking parties, or to pigeons matches. They will employ jugglers and prize-fighters and magicians. They will while the weary hours pleasantly away in their andarooms with their women in a variety of ways. Money always finds means to spend the time amusingly, if it chooses, but how about the poor Persians, and they form 99 per cent. of the population? Practically they have only the ghalzan, the tea-house, the bath, and the professional story-tellers and "beutees" to give them their foretaste of the paradise which Mohammed has painted in such glowing colors. The ghalzan is the Persian water-pipe. It is quite different from the Turkish narghileh, has no flexible tube and mouthpiece, but a straight, stiff stem, and it is so heavy and inconvenient to hold that it requires one's two hands and entire attention to manipulate it. But the splendid smoke it furnishes compensates for the trouble. The smoke passes through cool water and is quite free from nicotine when it comes to the mouth.

The tobacco used in the ghalzan is called "tumbekee," to distinguish it from the "futun," or tobacco of the chibouk. It is raised in three grades. The best comes from Shiraz, and the next best from Ispahan, and the cheapest and least good from Resht. The latter produces a disagreeable tickling sensation in the throat and is rather rank. But the Shiraz tobacco (costing in Persia about 20 cents a pound) is a most delicious variety of the weed, strong and mild at the same time, of a delicious fragrance and very peculiar but pleasant taste. In the lower grades of tumbekee some opium is admixed, and this with the inveterate smokers produces along in the afternoon a sort of narcosis, called by them "keff," that is, the state of greatest attainable well being, of tranquility (the Persian has the same word for bliss, joy, happiness, and tranquility.)

Many Persians smoke forty to fifty ghalzans a day—that is, they will generally smoke up half the tobacco in the silver cup that holds it on top of the bottle shaped ghalzans, throwing the other half away, as it is usually impregnated with nicotine. These pipes are kept exceedingly clean, a remarkable fact in a country where even the highest are quite filthy to our notion. In the households of the well-to-do, one of the highest servants is the ghalzandar (pipe bearer), whose exclusive duty it is to clean the pipes and keep his master supplied with fresh ones. The ladies, too, smoke the ghalzan a great deal, both those of high and low rank. I have seen ladies from the shah's andaroun stop on the high road in their carriages, by a wayside inn, and have half a dozen ghalzans brought to them, the eunuchs and servants meanwhile blocking the way to all other passers-by.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

Conflicting Names of Battles.

Frequent allusion has been made to this subject, and it has been a prolific cause of annoyance. For the benefit of Chicago *Ledger* readers we give General D. H. Hill's version as found in the *Century:*

The conflict of the 14th of September, 1862, is called the battle of South Mountain at the North, and the battle of Boonsboro' at the South. So many battlefields of the civil war bear double names that we cannot believe the duplication has been accidental. It is the unusual which impresses. The troops of the North came mainly from cities, towns, and villages, and were, therefore, impressed by some natural objects near the scene of conflict, and named the battle from it. The soldiers from the South were chiefly from the country, and were, therefore, impressed by some artificial object near the field of action. In one section the naming has been after the handiwork of God; in the other section it has been after the hand work of man. Thus the first passage of arms is called the battle of Bull Run at the North—the name of a little stream. At the South it takes the name of Manassas, from a railroad station. The second battle on the same ground is called the Second Bull Run by the North, and the Second Manassas by the South. Stone's defeat is the battle of Ball's Bluff with the Federals, and the battle of Leesburg with the Confederates. The battle called by General Grant Pittsburgh Landing, a natural object, was named Shiloh, after a church, by his antagonists. Roserans called his first great battle with Bragg the battle of Stone River, while Bragg named it after Murfreesboro', a village. So McClellan's battle of Chickahominy, a little river, was with Lee the battle of Cold Harbor, a tavern. The Federals speak of the battle of Pea Ridge as the Ozark range of mountains, and the Confederates call it after Elk Horn, a country inn. The Union soldiers called the bloody battle three days after South Mountain from the little stream Antietam, and the Southern troops named it after the village of Sharpsburg. Many instances might be given of this double naming by the opposing forces.—*Chicago Ledger.*