

SABINE PASS.

What Brought About the Destruction of the Village—The Meeting of the Waters—A Great Calamity.

GALVESTON, Tex., Oct. 15.—The village Sabine Pass is located at the mouth of Sabine river, within a half mile of the extreme point jutting from the Texas line. The town lies only four feet above the mean tide mark, and is bounded by a great swamp on the west and Lake Sabine on the east. The entrance to Lake Sabine is one and one half miles above town. The lake is fifteen miles long, with an average depth of seven feet, which is always maintained by the huge volume of water pouring into it from two navigable rivers—the Neches and Sablin. It was this lake, according to the most experienced navigator, that destroyed the town. The hurricane of last Sunday in the West Indies blew the waters with great violence towards the Texas coast. This hurricane was at first noticed on this coast on Monday forenoon, obtaining its maximum on Tuesday afternoon, and was maintained at high point by the impetus of the waters below.

The hurricane itself did not reach these coasts at all. Scarcely a breath of air was stirring when the tidal wave struck the coast. When the maximum was reached on Tuesday afternoon, however, a fierce northern gale sprung up all along the whole coast, and at Sabine the 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 upon the little town, submerging the country for ten miles around without a moment's warning. The government collector of customs has ordered the tug Penrose to make a trip to Sabian, and she started at 2 o'clock this afternoon. The distance to Sabine is sixty miles. The Penrose cannot get back before tomorrow when the details of this awful disaster will be known.

LATER—The Victims Number Two Hundred.

GALVESTON, Tex., Oct. 17.—A correspondent who has just returned from Sabine Pass telegraphs from Orange that the turkey buzzards are soaring over Sabine for miles around on lard and water. It is one vast charnel house. The town is swept out of existence. What was a prosperous village when last Tuesday dawned is now the center of wreck and desolation. There are one hundred and twenty-seven persons missing and supposed to be dead. Only about twenty-five bodies have thus far been recovered. There is not one sound house in the town of Sabine. The residences of Mr. Gilliland and Editor McClarabon are the only ones that can be repaired. One house containing fourteen colored persons was seen to go down with a crash, and every one of them was lost. Incidents are related of husbands lashing wives and children to floating wrecks and then seeing them killed by heavy logs crushing against them. The damage to property can only be estimated by the value of the town, for all is lost. A young woman in a perfectly nude state was found roaming around on the prairie yesterday five miles from Sabine. She was demented and could not tell her name. When the government tug boat Penrose reached Sabine yesterday Columbus Markee was found roaming around the delta looking for the bodies of his family. He said: "Myself, wife and three children were clinging to the roof which was gradually breaking to pieces. One of the dear ones went and then another. I was holding the youngest and then my wife said 'Good bye, husband, I am going.' I could not reach her. The piece of roof supporting her broke and she sank. I held on to the youngest child, 'Pearl,' some time longer."

Cattle Dying by Hundreds.

WALLA WALLA, W. T., Oct. 18.—A cattleman just returned from north Montana states that the Neidringhaus drive of cattle from this country to British Columbia has proven a disastrous failure to the St. Louis cattle syndicate, of which Mr. Neidringhaus is a prominent member. For a time the drive consisting of forty thousand head of cattle, prospered finely, but as the unusually dry season in Montana progressed the grass became scarcer and the streams of water fewer, the stock began to weaken and fall by the wayside, finally dying by hundreds. The herder even suffered great privation for want of water, and so desperate did the situation become when nearing the British line that Mr. Neidringhaus ordered the drive abandoned and the herders to reach the Northern Pacific railroad as best they could. The scene around the drive was a most piteable one. The cattle were reduced to skin and bones and were so weak from fatigue and want of nourish-

ment that they would stand still and then fall in their tracks to die. A cold, dry, piercing wind which was sweeping over the country did much to complicate the situation. Cattlemen are of the opinion that the syndicate will not have 200 head of cattle next spring out of the immense herd driven from this country. Their loss in that case will reach \$250,000.

What the Strikers Ask.

St. PAUL, Oct. 17.—The striking switchmen gave to the Pioneer Press yesterday, the following as the proposition which they had submitted to the railroad companies before they struck. They asked that a new rate of wages be fixed, as follows: Day foreman per month, \$75; day helpers per month, \$5; night foreman per month, \$80; night helper per month, \$70. They also asked that ten hours be a day's labor, and twenty-six days a month, extra time to be paid for as per this schedule, and transfer to be considered same as before. Their demands not being acceded to, and hundreds of freight cars are laid up in the twin cities. Serious trouble is expected.

Visible Wheat and Corn.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—The following official statement of the visible supply of grain in store and afloat Oct. 16 is issued by the produce exchange: Wheat, 53,828,593 bushels; increase, 1,041,148 bushels; corn, 13,755,74 bushels; increase, 178,032 bushels.

Queer Wrinkles.

Miss Ethel—Have you and George had a quarrel, Clara? Miss Clara—No, indeed. It is getting too near Christmas for me to quarrel with George, dear fellow.

FORCED POLITENESS.

Mrs. Hendricks, the landlady, and Mrs. Simpson, who keeps a rival establishment around the corner, were returning from market when Dumley chanced to meet them. He almost swept the ground with his hat. "That is Mr. Dumley, my fourth floor back," explained Mrs. Hendricks. "Indeed!" said Mrs. Simpson; "what a very polite and deferential young man." "He is three weeks behind with his board," replied Mrs. Hendricks grimly.

AN UNEARNED REPUTATION.

Featherly was blowing his tea to cool it off, while Bobby regarded him with intense interest. "What's the matter, Robert?" said the old man. "Don't you know that it is very impolite to stare at a person in that way?" "Huh!" responded Robby. "You said he was the biggest blower in town. He can't blow any harder'n I can."

CHAIR WANTED.

Wife (just home from the camp meeting)—We have had such a glorious meeting to-day. You know what an invalid Mrs. Benton has been for fifteen years? Husband—Yes. Wife—Well, if there ever were saints on earth, she's one of them. She says that she has sat all through those long years in her invalid reclining chair without a murmur, and in perfect peace and contentment. Husband (very much interested)—Is it possible? I wish you would get the name and address of the man who made that chair.—New York Sun.

NAMING THE BABY.

Bill Nye focuses his mighty intellect on the problem. "Fond Mother," Braley's Fork, asks: "What shall I name my little girl baby?" That will depend upon yourself very largely, "Fond Mother." Very likely if your little girl is very rugged and grows up to be the fat woman in a museum, she will wear the name of Lily. When a girl is named Lily she at once manifests a strong desire to grow up with a complexion like Othello, and the same fatal yearning for some one to strangle. This is not always true, but girls are obstinate, and it is better not to put a name on a girl baby that she will not live up to.

Again, "Fond Mother," let me urge you to refrain from naming your little daughter a soft, flabby name like Irma, Geraldine, Bandonine, Lilelia, Potassa, Valerian, Rosetta or Castoria. These names belong to the inflammatory pages of the American novelette. Do not put such a name on your innocent child. Imagine this inscription on a marble slab:

TRIFOLIATA, Beloved daughter of General and Vassalines Terns, Died March 27, 1888. (She caught cold in her front name.)

I have seen a young lady try faithfully to live down one of these flimsy, cheese cloth names, but the harsh world would not have it. A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and while I can imagine your little girl in future years as a white-haired and lovely grandmother, wearing the name of May or Ruth, with a double chin that seems to ever beckon the old gentleman to come and chuck his fat forefinger under it, I cannot, in my mind's eye, see her as a household deity, wearing a white cap and the name of Rosetta or Penumbra, or Segodonia, or Catalpa, or Voxlanania.

Good-by, fond mother. Do not be offended at what I have said. Never having had any experience as a mother, for that is not my forte, I have assumed a good deal of responsibility in thus writing you, but I ask you as between man and man never to give your daughter a name that will make her a butt of ridicule when Gabriel pours it out of his horn.

George R. Beath, Areola, Ill., writes to know "the value of a silver dollar of 1878 with eight feathers in the eagle's tail."

It is worth what you can get for it, Mr. Beath. Perhaps the better way would be to forward it to me and I will do the best I can with it. There being but eight feathers in the eagle's tail would be no drawback. Send it to me at once and I will work it off for you, Mr. Beath.—Bill Nye in Boston Globe.

only if you throw away the first letter you only anglicize it to "abit," the second, and you have a "bit" left, the third, "it" still remains, and even when you discard all but the last, you have the original to a "t."—The Cincinnati Graphic.

A TALE OF THE NOW.

An American Story by an American Author Using American Ingredients. The glorified and inflated west was just deepening into rosy twilight, and the eastern hills were in the act of peeling off their ruddy robes for the night, when a well dressed Englishman of American descent might have been seen wending his way in a northeasterly direction, regardless of the gathering night. He was tall, lithe and pimply in the extreme, with a large, wistful, dewy eye. The other eye was also in the same condition. His name was Edmund Clayborne Briggs, a domesticated Englishman from Massachusetts. He was a self-made man; but, aside from that, he had never done anything reprehensible.

Edmund Clayborne Briggs' ancestors had toiled for a livelihood, for they were an ignorant people and did not know any better. He was engaged in trying to overcome this inherited desire for industry—this strange, morbid yearning for something to do. His success thus far had been phenomenal. Still he hoped to accomplish even greater things in that direction. His dress was that of a young man born on American soil, but who had tried to conceal the disgusting and terrible fact from the eye of the world. His pantaloons were worn flowing in the legs and glossy across the seat. All that he had done thus far in life had been in the sedentary line. He was proud of the fact that his hands were not hardened by low, coarse toil. Some had claimed that there were bunions on his brain where self-esteem was located, but that was only an idle rumor, and this is no place for anything of that kind.

How sorry he felt for those who wore American shoes and New York hats! As he stood leaning against a fence, feeling a strange yearning for something more definite, he looked down at his own English-made shoes, with their fat and "pussy" appearance, their droop in the middle and their wide, over-fel, choked look. He felt of his youngest pimple and looked at the stars, which were just coming out one by one.

We will leave him there a few moments while we pass on to briefly describe a young thing named Vaselinia Coiffure, who stands in the bay window patiently waiting for us to do so. She is not neglecting her other work, however, for she has no other work, she feels that she was born to be loved, and though she has been out of a job a good deal of the time, that is her business. To love and be loved is her aim in life.

She loves Edraund with all the deep, rip-snorting torrent of her intense nature. She is like him, for she dislikes those who perspire. Her father was a toiler, and now, at the age of 85, he is an old man.

She will take warning and shun the mad maelstrom in which he has wrecked his young life. She shudders as she thinks of it. She recoils. It costs her an effort, but she recoils. She then stands on the other foot while as she peers through the gloaming.

Let us look at her for a moment as she peers through said gloaming. Her brow is low, and it looks still lower, because she wears her hair tossed wildly over it in little, flaky, fluffy giblets of redness, while at the back of her head it is caught up into an inflated doughnut and held in place by a tin dagger. Her throat is long and flexible, and the poise of her head, which she wears at the upper end of her swan like throat, is first rate. The air is one of disdain. She has a haughty way of taking out her gum and seeking it on the ceiling that reminds one of a duchess in good spirits.

She now changes back to the other foot, and looks yearningly out through the gathering night. Her attitude is one which a painter might long strive to portray on canvas and fail to catch. Her dress is cut so as to conceal her shoulder blades as far as possible, and she wears large wooden buttons on the points of her elbows, so that she will not scratch the marble top dressing case when she leans on it in order to ponder a few hours over the interrogatory, "Why was I born?"

The night has almost instantaneously grown intensely dark. It is as dark as the interior of a benighted Ethiopian. The wind is sighing through the trees, and seeking out the belated gentleman whose underwear has been worked up into a rag carpet. "And will he never, never come?" murmurs Vaselinia as she sits on one of her feet on the lounge and hums a low refrain, entitled "Climbing up the Golden Stair."

The bell now reverberates and Edmund enters. They looked into each other's eyes, but all is vacancy there. It is what they expected.

Anon Edmund seats himself. It is his normal condition. In his hand he holds a cane with a white celluloid head to it. How he envies the cane. Thoughtfully he leans forward with the whole white top of the stick immersed in his mouth. He is just about to speak when there is a sharp, resonant explosion, a dull cry of alarm from Vaselinia, the smell of gun cotton, camphor, hair oil, damaged ideas and escaping gas.



A Physician is Called. The servants rush in. They flee away in terror. A physician is called. He finds that the celluloid head of Edmund's cane has spontaneously combusted while in his mouth and carried with it Edmund's entire intellectual dome. The physician looks all over the room, and even peers under the sofa for portions of the young man's thick report, but he is not successful. At last he is forced to tell Vaselinia that Edmund cannot recover.

Two years have now passed, and Vaselinia's mother has removed from the carpet, with the aid of gasoline, every vestige of Ed-

mund's inmost thoughts, but Vaselinia is still unwee.

We should learn from this that we cannot make a more judicious present to a galvanized young Englishman than a celluloid top cane, for he may try to cut his teeth on it, in which case he might make a spatter-work dodo on the wall with what he has tried to pain off on the public for brains.—Bill Nye in Boston Globe.

A TIMELY LAMENT.

What care I for sailors or boating or yacht? Why should I rejoice or why weep? What's making my heart ache is that I forgot To purchase my coal when 'twas cheap.

I forgot all the pleasures I had at the shore, I forgot all my innocent fun. When I think that last June I could buy it at six, And now it's eight dollars a ton.

Next year, if this winter I don't freeze to death, I'll remember this one simple thing, To fill up the bins to the cellar's high roof By buying my coal in the spring.

I'll have to get trusted—that is, if I can— To make myself decently whole; I must borrow the money to pay for it, or Send Bridget to borrow the coal.

—Nat Childs.

The ball and bat are put away, Censured is the long, long strike, And now the umpire may obtain Insurance on his life. —Boston Courier

Facetiae.

A Vermont woman was struck on the head by a large dishpan, which had been hung in such a place over the closet door that it could not be opened without dislodging the pan. Fortunately the injury was not serious, but, with righteous indignation at the stupidity of her new Irish "help," she asked: "Didn't you know the pan was sure to fall and likely to hurt some one badly if you hung it up there?" "Indeed I did, munn. It fell on meself twicet to-day."

NOT ASKING A GREAT DEAL.

"I am afraid, Bobby," said his mother, "that when I tell your papa what a naughty boy you've been to-day he will punish you severely." "Have you got to tell him?" asked Bobby anxiously. "Oh, yes; I shall tell him immediately after dinner."

The look of concern upon Bobby's face deepened, until a bright thought struck him. "Well, ma," he said, "give him a better dinner than usual. You might do that much for me."

REMEMBERING INSTRUCTIONS.

Arabella (to new maid)—Now, remember, Bridget, if Mr. Brown calls, say I'm not at home; but if Mr. Smith comes, take him right into the reception room, and say I'll be down in a moment. Caller—Ah, is Miss Arabella De Wolf at home? Bridget (meditatively)—Sure, she give me very particular orders. She says if Mr. Brown calls, say I'm not at home; but if Mr. Smith comes, take him right in, and I'll be right down. Now, which one are you, sir?—Harper's Bazar.

The Young Idea.

"My dear," said a mother, annoyed at some incoherent remarks of her little girl, "why can't you keep a secret?" "Because," said little Mischief, demurely, "two of my front teeth are gone, mamma."—Exchange.

A FULL COW.

A little city child at Elkland, who had had never seen a cow before, was watching the milking process, with eyes full of astonishment. After looking on in silence for some time she drew near and placing her hand on the cow's distended side, exclaimed, "Why! she's chock full of it, ain't she?"—American Rural Home.

WHAT THE BOY IN THE BACK SEAT KNEW.

The teacher of the Sunday school class was telling the little boys about temptation and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive guise. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat.

"Now," said she, "you have all seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?" "Yesen!" from the class.

"Any one have seen the paw of a dog?"

"Yesen!"

"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is, nevertheless, concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?"

No answer.

"The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger. What does the cat do?"

"Scratches," replied a boy.

"Correct," said the teacher nodding her head approvingly. "Now, what has a cat got that a dog hasn't?"

"Whiskers!" exclaimed a boy on the back seat, and the titter that ran around the class brought the lesson to an end.—Boston Courier.

So M. Ould Says.

O'Kelly—That chould there, he is a twin. See what a foline lad he is to be sure. Barr—Indeed. Where is the other one? O'Kelly—What fiver want? Barr—The other twin. O'Kelly—Shure an' that was the only wan there was, be jabers. Did ye think there was a duzzen?

SELLING OUT AT COST.

Clark—That piece of goods is worth \$4 per yard. Lady Shopper—Why, you offered it to me last week for \$2.

Clark—Yes, I know; but we are selling out at cost now.

Lady Shopper—I will take twenty yards of it, please.

HE HAD BEEN THERE.

"See here," said an Arkansas man to the minister who was marrying him, "I've been married a good many times, and no other preacher ever asked me any such fool questions as that, an' I don't propose to answer 'em!"—Detroit Free Press.

SITINGS.

Tramp—Look here, these yere potatoes ain't peeled! Good Woman—Well, goodness, can't you do that much? Tramp (with injured air)—I didn't ex for any work. When I get that low, I will run far afieldman.

TIED TO HIS BUSINESS.

She was the wife of a bank cashier, enjoying herself at Niagara. Sitting on the hotel piazza with a friend, she remarked that her husband could not come very well because he was "tied to his business."

"An excellent precaution," said her friend, "with Canada so near." "And now they don't speak to each other."—Texas Sittings.

—AT—

J. F. BRONSON, SANBORN, Dakota.



Watches, Clocks, Jewelry!

Silverware, Gold Pens, pencils, Seal and Wedding Rings, Spectacles, etc. WATCHES and JEWELRY REPAIRED AND WARRANTED.

Pianos, Organs, and Sheet Music, Music Instruction Books, Piano and Organ Stools and covers, Stationery, and Wall Paper, Books, Blank Books, Periodicals. All goods delivered anywhere in the territory free of charge. J. F. BRONSON.

Minneapolis & St. Louis RAILWAY, AND THE FAMOUS

Albert Lea Route.

TWO THROUGH TRAINS DAILY

FROM ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS TO CHICAGO Without Change, connecting with the Fast Trains of all lines for the EAST AND SOUTHEAST!

The Direct and only Line running through cars between MINNEAPOLIS and DES MOINES, IOWA, Via Albert Lea and Fort Dodge.

SOLID THROUGH TRAINS BETWEEN MINNEAPOLIS AND ST. LOUIS and the Principal Cities of the Mississippi Valley connecting in the Union Depot for all point West South and Southwest!

MANY HOURS SAVED and the Ony Line running Two Trains Daily Kansas City, Leavenworth and Atchison making connections with the Union Pacific and Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railways

Close Connections made in Union Depo with all trains of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba; Northern Pacific; St. Paul & Duluth Rail ways, from and to all points North and Northwest

REMEMBER! The Trains of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway are composed of Comfortable Day Coaches, AIR-CONDITIONED PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS, and our justly celebrated Palace Dining Cars!

150 Lbs. of Baggage Checked Free. FARE ALWAYS AS LOW AS THE LOWEST! For Time Tables, Through Tickets, etc., call upon the nearest Ticket Agent or write to S. F. BOYD, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt., Minneapolis, Minn.

NOTICE OF CONTEST—Land Office at Fargo, D. T., Aug. 6, 1886. Complaint having been entered at this office by Ole Arneson against Wm. J. Murphy, for failure to comply with law as to timber culture entry No. 6477, dated Feb. 18, 1882, upon the n-w 1/4 of section 20, township 148n, range 57 w., in Griggs county Dakota, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, contestant alleging that the said Wm. J. Murphy has wholly failed to break, cultivate or plant in trees, grass, seeds, roots, nuts, or cuttings, any part or portion of said tract since making said entry, up to the present time, and that said tract is wholly devoid of breaking or any other improvement, being wild prairie in its natural state just as it was February 18, 1882, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 22d day of Sept. 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure. E. C. GEAREY, Receiver, A. B. Guphill, att'y., Fargo, Dak.

Silas W. Black's BARBER SHOP, AND BATH ROOMS, HOT AND COLD BATHS.

THE CHICAGO MILWAUKEE ST. PAUL RY

Is the Fast-Mail Short Line from St. Paul and Minneapolis via La Crosse and Milwaukee to Chicago and all points in the Eastern States and Canada. It is the only line under one management between St. Paul and Chicago, and is the finest equipped railway in the Northwest. It is the only line running sleeping cars with luxuriant smoking rooms, and the finest dining cars in the world, via the famous "River Bank Route," along the shores of Lake Pepin and the beautiful Mississippi river, to Milwaukee and Chicago. Its trains connect with those of the Northern lines in the Grand Union depot at St. Paul. No change of cars of any class between St. Paul and Chicago. For through tickets, time-tables and full information, apply to any coupon ticket agent in the Northwest. R. Miller, General Manager; J. F. Tucker, Ass't. Gen'l. Manager; A. V. H. Carpenter, Gen'l. Pass. and Tkt. Agent; Geo. H. Heafford, Ass't. Gen'l. Pass. and Tkt. Agent, Milwaukee, Wis. W. H. Dixon, Ass't. Gen'l. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn.