LIVING IN RUSSIA.

Everybody Has a Good Appetite and the Stomach Is Well Treated.

CUSTOMS AT THE HOTELS.

You Order Fish From a Big Pool in Which They Are Swimming.

ICE COLD SOUPS ARE POPULAR.

The Wines Are Good, but the Cigars Are Taxed Out of Sight.

SUNFLOWER SEEDS USED BY PEASANTS

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

MOSCOW, Oct. 7.

I AM stopping in the Slavianski Bazar here in Moscow. It is one of the biggest hotels in the world, and though this is a land of famine I have never lived so well as I have in Russia. The Russians eat as much as any other people on the face of the globe. Their meals are big ones and they are always nibbling between them. The hotels of this city and St. Petersburg are among the largest in the world. The hotel at Moscow must cover five acres, and you can feed 1,000 people in its restaurant at one time.

The restaurants of these Russian hotels have separate cashiers from the rooming parts of the hotel and you pay for your meals when you get them. You can get a very fair dinner here for 75 cents, and I had for this amount to-day a soup, a roast, some fish, some game and dessert. This meal was served under a great dome and my table was next to a marble fountain in which fish were swimming.

LEMONADE VENDORS ON THE STREETS.

You Can Order Your Fish Alive.

When I ordered my fish I stepped up to the fountain and pointed out the fish I wanted to the white-gowned waiter, and he took a net and dipped it out and sent it to the kitchen. It was a sterlet, which is one of the finest fishes of Russia, and within ten minutes after the waiter had caught it I found it sizzling on a plate before me. I take my dinners and my lunches in the restaurant, as is the Russian custom, and my breakfast is always served in my room. I have this when I get up, and it consists of tea or coffee with bread and butter and nothing more. If I order tea the waiter brings it in a tumbler instead of a cup, and I have adopted the Russian method of drinking it with a bit of lemon in the place of milk. This breakfast I pay for with my room, and I am expected to give my waiter from 50 cents to $1 when I leave for having served it to me.

A Pretzel Peddler.

The servants of a Russian hotel are generally men. They have a livery, and the porters and the messengers go about with curiously shaped caps on their heads and their pantaloons stuffed in their boots. The feathers in their caps indicate their different ranks and they all wear long coats, which in some cases are belted in at the waist. The porter of the hotel, who is the interpreter and head of the information bureau, is dressed as gorgeously as a drum major, and his coat always sparkles with gold lace. You always find him about the door of a hotel, and the hotels here have no offices nor lobbies such as we have.

Keeping Accounts With Buttons and Strings.

There are no cigar stands, news depots and telegraph offices connected with the hotel, and the bureau or the counting room of an establishment like this makes you think of that of a mercantile house. The bookkeepers work behind glass partitions and they keep a large set of books. They do their counting with buttons strung on wires, just as the Chinese do, and this means of calculation is found in every business house in Russia. In front of this hotel there are always about 50 droschsky men, and the moment you go out these drive up to the curbstone and beslege you to ride. They jabber at you in Russian and continue to do so until you have taken one of them. The rooms of the hotel are very comfortable and you will find finer floors in the hotels here than anywhere in the [illegible] They are inlaid and beaut[illegible] have yet to find a hotel fl[illegible] uld not have seen myself.

The chief obj[illegible] lack of baths. There are few bath rooms connected with the hotels, and the Russian usually takes his bath outside at the public bath house, where he can be steamed, parboiled and rubbed down. There is a lack of water in the hotel rooms, and the Russian washstand is a thing of itself. It is a sort of box-shaped article, with a basin in the top and a reservoir running up at the back, into which the water is poured by the servants. Out of this reservoir there is a brass pipe to let the water into the basin. It was a long time before I could find how to turn the water into this pipe. There was no cock and no screw, but I finally found a little pedal at the foot of the washstand, and by putting my foot upon this found that the water spurted out into the basin. It stopped flowing, however, as soon as I took my foot off, and the result was that I used but very little water. The Russians do not fill a basin full of water and wash in it. They catch the water as it falls from the spigot and rub it over their faces, then get another spurt of a handful or so and use it in the same way, and go on thus until they have finished their toilet. A half pint of water is thus enough for the Russian face washing."

A Typical Dinner in Russia.

A Russian dinner is rather a curious affair and a swell dinner lasts for hours. The first thing you take is an appetizer, and this consists of vodka, a Russian brandy, together with such relishes as caviare, raw herring, smoked salmon, raw smoked goose, radishes, butter and cheese. This lay out is on a counter at one end of a restaurant and you usually stand up to eat it before taking your seat at the table for the regular dinner. The first part of the dinner is soup, and a dish of Russian soup is a dinner by itself. The most popular, perhaps, is known as stchee, which is made of cabbage and beef, and in the midst of each plate of which a big hunk of beef floats. Sour cream is often added to the soup and you get a gravy dish of cream for a kind of a sauce at the first of every dinner. The cold soups are much liked by the Russians and I ordered one to-day without knowing what it was. It had a creamy color, but there was in the center of it a piece of ice as big as my fist and there were pieces of cucumber, herring and meat floating around in it. I tasted it and it made me think of boiled beet served with ice, and the taste was enough. Some of the soups were very good and one order for soup is always enough for two.

The fish that I find here are excellent and there is a dish called solianka made of fish and cabbage which is not at all bad. Another is a sucking pig boiled and served cold, and another favorite dish is roast mutton stuffed with buckwheat. The Russians have excellent meats and you will get as good beef and mutton here as anywhere in the world. The butter is invariably good and some of that which I have had is so sweet that I can eat it like cheese. It is never salted and it is served in great loaves, the guest cutting off as much as he wishes.

The Teas and the Wine Are Good.

I have drunk a great deal of the Russian wine and I find that the wines of the Crimea and the Caucasus are very good. The champagne of the Don is a little sweeter than "Mumm's Extra Dry" and some of the wines of the Crimea taste like cider. I do not like the Russian beer known as kvas, but the tea is good everywhere, and the Russian takes a glass every hour or so and merchants do all their business over tea. The peasants who bring things here to Moscow to sell never make a bargain except at the Traktirs, and you find the samovar and the tea glass everywhere.

Every one who can afford it smokes in Russia. Cigarettes are used more than cigars, and I see very few pipes. The cigarettes are shorter than ours, but the tobacco is good and it is often brought from Turkey. All tobacco pays a high revenue and cigars are bought on sight, and not on smell. To get a cigar you have to get a whole box, and the boxes are sold with glass tops, through which you can see the cigars, but as these are pasted shut with a revenue stamp you cannot handle them. These boxes are of all sizes, and in ordering a cigar at dinner you will have one cigar brought to you in a little glass box, and a fairly good cigar will cost you 40 cents. You will fare better if you smoke cigarettes, and you must not be surprised if there are any ladies at the table to see them smoke, too. Nearly all Russian women smoke cigarettes, and it is not thought out of place to see a woman here with a cigarette in her mouth. There is some snuffing done in Russia, and though there are no tobacco chewers here, the Russians are, like the Americans, a nation of spitters. You find spittoons in every room, and the Russian spittoon is a brass or wooden box filled with sand.

In the Russian Markets.

I visited some of the Russian markets here the other day, and they have many features which could be adopted with profit by us. Fish are sold alive, and the only dead ones are the dried ones. They are kept in stone vats of running water, and the fishwife will stand with a dozen of these marble vats about her, each filled with different kinds of fish. Russia has some of the greatest fisheries in the world. Millions upon millions of dollars worth of fish are taken every year from the Volga, the Caspian and Black seas and all the caviare of the world comes from here. You see this caviare sold in cans and tubs in the markets. It looks like birdshot sprinkled with salt water, and it is made up of the eggs of the sturgeon, which are killed for this purpose.

The queerest markets of Russia are those of the winter, when all sorts of fish and meats are sold in a frozen state. There are many curious things sold in the markets here, and you can buy eels and snakes and chicken legs. Lambs' feet are sold as a great dainty and calves' feet are bought for soup bones. Among the oils which are used by the peasants for salads and cooking is sunflower oil, and one of the great industries of this country is sunflower raising.

The peasants eat sunflower seeds in large quantities and they nibble at them and chew upon them as we do peanuts. You can hardly find a man who has not some sunflower seeds in his pocket and everywhere you go you see women with baskets of these black and gray seeds for sale. They taste very much like pumpkin seeds and the peasants eat them at their gatherings just as the Chinese do watermelon seeds at the theaters.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

The Kalmucks Free Men.

Emperor Alexander has freed the Kalmucks of Astrakhan from serfdom. These roving people are Buddhists and they number 150,000 souls. When the other Russian serfs were freed, in 1861, the Kalmucks were not permitted to enjoy the results of that reformation, for it was thought that so wild a people would abuse their privileges.

RELIGION IN CHOIRS.

Sometimes There Isn't Enough There to Supply One Person.

THE REHEARSALS IN PITTSBURG.

Gossip Going Around to the Effect That They Are Disgraceful.

GOOD WORK THAT HABAKKUK DID

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Few biographies were written in the days of Habakkuk; or else they have gone the way of most of the world's books, first onto the top shelf, and then into the waste basket, and then into oblivion. Anyhow, no life of Habakkuk has survived.

Habakkuk, if he lived up to his good name, was a good man. Names meant something in that old day. Queer and awkward they sound to us, but the Hebrews understood them well enough. Habakkuk means "the man who loves his fellow men." That is a name good enough for a Christian.

The prophet, in his writings, does not tell us much about himself. That was not the way of those good men. They cared too little about themselves to set down the details of their personal histories. I suppose that it never occured to them that people would ever be interested in them. They desired above all things that men should listen to the message that they brought and learn it. If they could get that done, what else had they to care for? They were satisfied if God knew who they were.

Must Have Been a Notable Man.

It is plain, however, that Habakkuk was a man of importance in his day. The legends indicate that. Legends do not gather about the names of insignificant people. The burial place of Habakkuk is still pointed out in the East, though it is not likely that he was buried in it. In the Apocrypha, in the story of "Bel and the Dragon," an angle carries Habakkuk by the hair of his head, over lands and seas, with a bowl of pottage in his hand, that he may feed Daniel in the den of lions. There must have been something notable about Habakkuk, thus to impress his name and personality upon his time, and to be remembered after he was dead.

This is further evident from the fact that he bears a title. He is the "prophet." That is, he was no obscure, unknown man who rose up suddenly, in some emergency, to preach. He had a right to preach. That was what he was for; to that he was commissioned. He was one of the official religious teachers of his time. It is further to be noticed that he belonged to a church choir. This appears in the last chapter of his book. Thus he represents the two ends of the church, the choir-loft and the pulpit. This is worth considering.

The Religion of the Choir.

It is said sometimes that the choir is the least religious part of the congregation. I hope that this is in some cases true. For if the rest of some congregations is not more religious than some choirs, I am sorry for the parish. The proper name for such a church would be the Synagogue of Satan. I have never had any experience with any other than a Christian choir; but I have been told of choirs in Pittsburg, some of which, I understand, have not yet been converted, where the rehearsals are a disgrace to decent respectability. The organist has been drinking too much, and the tenor has put his lips to the same cup, and the singing and the playing are an elaborate and operatic blasphemy.

I confess that I cannot understand the objection which is so strongly felt by some good people against the organ. But I am surprised that among all the sects of Christendom there is not one which takes its stand upon the abolition of the choir. Choirs are said to fight like cats on midnight fences; they are said to read novels and newspapers during the prayers, and to play cards behind the organ during the sermon, and they are known to sing such fiendish anthems as to justify the paraphrase of the preacher: "Then cometh the anthem, and taketh away the word which was sown in their hearts."

Singing So People Do Not Understand.

Even the most Christian choirs will sometimes sing so that nobody can understand them. The other day I heard the first verse of "Greenland's Icy Mountains" sung in Ojibway. It did not sound so much unlike the singing of some Anglo-Saxon choirs. But this is the least of choral offenses. A decent choir—and, still more, a Christian choir—may be pardoned for much. I wish that somebody could deny that a good many choir singers sing partly for money and partly for reputation, and not at all for the service of God; but I do not like to believe it.

Here now, in the face of all this, is a book of the Bible written by a member of a choir. Yes, and more remarkable still, by one whose place in the choir loft was with the orchestra. Habakkuk played a horn or a violin in the Jerusalem orchestra. And it is sometimes said that orchestras are mostly pagan. Here is a book by a member of an orchestra, which shows that his music was an offering to the glory and honor of God. Habakkuk, it is true, was also a preacher; but, I doubt not, he felt that he was about a business just as religious when he stood at his music rest as when he stood at his pulpit.

The Time When Habakkuk Lived.

Nobody knows just when Habakkuk lived. Probably, however, it was in the days of Jehoikin. Zephaniah, who was Habakkuk's predecessor in the great work of preaching to the nation and having all Palestine for a parish, died before the reformation which took place in the reign of Josiah. This appears from the fact that when that reformation began, when they found the old Bible in the rubbish of the church cellar and began to learn new lessons out of it, Josiah did not call Zephaniah to his aid. He called, instead, upon a woman, Huldah the prophetess, who was a good faithful preacher in the days when women preached. That, under any circumstances, even though a dozen Zephaniahs were in call, was a wise thing to do. No reformation can have better help than the counsel of a good wise woman. However, there being no mention whatever of the prophet's name, it is safe to infer that he was dead.

The reformation was effected, and for a dozen years all thing went well. There was order, justice, good government, and religion. Then Josiah did a very foolish thing, and all came to an end.

The War Against Chaldea.

The foolish thing was this: Over in the northwest there had been a great revolution. General Nabopolassar, the officer in charge of the garrison at Babylon, had revolted, joined hands with the Medes and, thus strengthened, had attacked and ruined Nineveh. The old Assyrian empire fell and and the new Chaldean empire took its place. The capitol was no longer Nineveh, but Babylon. In the meantime in the southwest there had also been events and changes. The King of Egypt had gone the way of all the earth and a new king sat upon his throne. This new king, Pharaoh-Necho, was an ardent fighter. He wanted somebody to fight with; and he looked about the planet—as much of it as was known in that ancient day—and he made up his mind that the only power that was strong enough to make war interesting and profitable was this new kingdom of Chaldea. Thus he gathered up his armies and sallied forth out of Egypt against Chaldea. The line of march lay through Palestine. And as the hosts swept by King Josiah with his little handful of soldiers somehow got it into his mind that it was his duty to attack them. It was a foolish venture. It was like a little dog rushing out to assail a caravan of elephants. The Egyptians stopped a moment to break in pieces the army of Israel and to kill the unwise king, and then they pushed on to the Euphrates.

Saw Life at Its Best.

Thus that good King Josiah died, and all things went wrong again. Jehoikim ruled in his stead, and Jehoikim was but another line of royal reprobates. In his days lived Habakkuk. The times were bad, the court was bad, but the people were not yet corrupted. The reformation had not accomplished all that good men had hoped for it, but it had accomplished a great deal. Habakkuk has no need of Zephaniah's strong denunciations. Perhaps things were worse than he was aware. Habakkuk was, as we have seen, an official prophet, a court preacher, an ecclesiastic. And, naturally, he saw life from the best side. He saw the people in their Sunday clothes. It was a real disadvantage to Habakkuk to be thus in office, and a preacher by profession.

It is a disadvantage for the preacher today to be a clergyman, and to live a different life from other men. Habakkuk did not see so much of the people as Zephaniah did, nor as Micah did who lived among them. The most that he saw was that there was oppression in the land, and gross injustice: the bad misused the good.

A Sermon and a Hymn.

But this was text enough. Habakkuk fell to studying it. The problem of the Book of Job, and of the psalm of Asaph, the problem of the prosperity of the wicked, forced itself upon his attention. How could he solve it? What could he answer the men and women who cried out of the deep to know the reason why? The more he thought about it the harder it all seemed.

Thus the book begins. It is in two parts; the first part is a sermon, the second is a hymn. The sermon is in the form of a dialogue between the speaker and God.

The problem is stated, and God gives a solution. There will be an end, He says, to all this unrighteous oppression. Away in the East, the Chaldeans are making ready their armies. General Nabopolassar, the usurper, is dead and Nebuchadnezzer, his son, is reigning; Babylon has become the foremost city in the world. It is five times the size of our nineteenth century London. It is surrounded by a double row of massive walls, 300 feet in height, and so wide that a four-horse chariot can turn upon the top of them. Within the precincts of the king's palace, which is named the "Admiration of Mankind," are the hanging gardens, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world. Month by month, the Chaldean power is growing stronger. The Egyptian host is encamped by the Euphrates, and day by day

The Hour of the Crisis

of battle approaches. Chaldea is to win; the Egyptians are to be driven back, fighting as they go, along the roads of Palestine; Judea is to be conquered, as the victorious host returns, and its people carried into exile. Habakkuk looks for relief from injustice, and God shows him this. The end of oppression is to be the end of the nation. But the remedy is worse than the disease. That this great, wicked nation should destroy Judea is but a repetition of injustice on a wider scale. Not only are the righteous destroyed with the wicked, but the bad fall before the worse. Evil is still triumphant. Habakkuk cries again, How can this be?

And God answers. This evil nation shall not live forever. Its triumph shall be temporary. Already it has shown the five symptoms of the disease which shall destroy it. Babylon is ambitious, covetous, violent, drunken and idolatrous. And it must fall, as every nation living such a life must fall. The Lord is in His holy temple. He will make His presence to be felt.

But what comfort is there for the righteous? They say that a German monk was one day climbing on his knees up the holy stairs at Rome, and as he went there came into his heart, between the words of prayer, this sentence of this ancient preacher: "The just shall live by faith." Not by penance, not by meritorious works, not by climbing holy stairs, but by faith shall the just live. That is God's answer for the righteous. It is an emphasizing of the value of the spiritual side of life.

Adversity Not a Devine Curse.

Men of God had long taught in Judea that the Heavenly Father blesses goodness with material prosperity, and visits sin with adversity, and poverty and ruin. That was the best they knew. But, little by little, they had been learning better. In Habakkuk's time men had seen that evil king Manassah die full of length of days, and the good king Josiah cut off in the flower of his youth. They had seen an evil nation blessed, as it seemed, with prosperity, and a reformed nation menaced with disaster. They had learned, what we to-day know very well, that adversity is not a sign of the curse of God. It was a hard lesson to learn. We ourselves, with all the apostles and our Lord Himself to teach us, find it a difficult page to master. In Habakkuk's time it came as a new revelation. It was the prophet's message.

Disaster—yes; and the good and evil overwhelmed together in an undiscriminating ruin—yes; and the pagans of corrupt Babylonia rejoicing in their triumphs—yes. But what are all the takings of cities worth compared with his reward who rules his own spirit? The best of life is character. All is an element of success which brings man nearer to God.

The Preacher of Consolation.

"The just shall live by faith." Habakkuk is the preacher of consolation. "The man who loves his fellow-men," we found to be the meaning of his name. And his book justifies his title. Troubles deepen upon us; in the world we have tribulation; but along this path we may approach to God. In spiritual riches consists the blessing of the righteous.

Then follows Habakkuk's hymn, to the glory and greatness of God. "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be on the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." GEORGE HODGES.

What You Should Weigh.

An authority on height and weight states that a man 5 feet 1 inch in height should weigh 120 pounds; one 5 feet 2 inches, 126 pounds; 5 feet 3 inches, 133 pounds; 5 feet 4 inches, 136 pounds; 5 feet 5 inches, 142 pounds; 5 feet 6 inches, 145 pounds; 5 feet 7 inches, 148 pounds; 5 feet 8 inches, 155 pounds; 5 feet 9 inches, 162 pounds; 5 feet 10 inches, 169 pounds; 5 feet 11 inches, 174 pounds, while he who has attained to the height of 6 full feet should weigh 178 pounds.

Superstition in Borneo.

The British Consular agent in North Borneo says that on the west coast several people have been seriously hurt by trying to fly out of cocoanut trees, and in some districts the paddy planting season has been allowed to pass without planting the crop. This is due to a curious superstition about a forthcoming general jubilee when everything may be left to take care of itself, when paddy will spring up of its own accord, and people get wings and fly through the air.

MALARIA AND BILIOUSNESS.

Furred Tongue, Bad Breath, Poor Digestion, Dizzy Head and Yellow Skin.

All these symptoms are caused by malarial poisons in the system. Pe-ru-na will rid the system of these poisons, and, after taking a course of treatment with this remedy, a person feels twenty years younger.

Miss Carrie Smith, 186 Vance street, Memphis, Tenn., writes: "I was cured of chills and fever by Pe-ru-na. Hundreds of bottles of Pe-ru-na are being sold in this neighborhood, and everybody praises it. A young lady friend of mine that had malaria and chills, whose complexion was as yellow as a pumpkin, began to take Pe-ru-na recently. She has now taken three bottles and is looking splendid. Her color and health are better."

A treatise on malaria sent free to any address by The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, O.

ANGOSTURA BITTERS, the celebrated appetizer, is used all over the world.

A REVIEW OF SPORTS.

Corbett's Claim That He Introduced Purely Scientific Boxing.

WHAT HE SAYS ABOUT SULLIVAN.

Something Must Be Done to Arouse Waning Interest in Baseball.

LOCAL PROSPECTS FOR NEXT YEAR

Probably the most important and interesting sporting feature of the week has been the publication of a letter written by James J. Corbett telling his San Francisco friends how he became champion. To me that letter is exceedingly important because of two things: First—That it is so full of inaccuracies, and second—that in it Mr. Corbett would try to persuade people that purely scientific boxing was of his introduction. This brings to the front the question as to whether or not scientific boxing is of recent origin, as far as fighting is concerned. This is one of the most interesting questions of to-day, and I know that thousands of people are always eager to read or talk about it. Boxing was never as popular as it is to-day and we find it being taught in almost every institution of higher education.

Well now, so that I will not misrepresent what James J. Corbett says, I quote from his letters. He says:

As far back as I can remember boxers, or rather fighters, used to stand up toe to toe and give and take. The man who could take the most punishment would generally win the fight. Then some fellow came along, I forget his name; he was the first fellow who did any foot work at all. Instead of standing still, he would jump out of the way of a blow. They used to call him a coward and hiss at him; said he was not game, and everything else, still he used to win all his fights. These fighters kept improving and so on up until about Sullivan's time. Then Sullivan started in knocking out a man with one blow. No man ever did that before Sullivan came out. He would hit his antagonist on the jaw with a right hand swing and knock him out with one punch. Well, that was the style until I met Sullivan, and I was the first one to use the left on Sullivan.

Mr. Corbett's Very Great Mistake.

The above statement is the most ridiculous that has ever appeared in print on boxing, and had Sullivan, Mitchell, Kilrain or anybody else made it any one of them would have been called an "ignorant blowhard." Now, while there was scientific boxing nearly a century ago, I will not go that far back to prove conclusively the nonsense of Champion Corbett. I will mention a few facts that have happened during the lives of many of us and before a young man like Corbett was born.

Barney Aaron was one of the most scientific men that ever entered a ring. He defeated very big men entirely by his science, and he fought his last battle, I think, in 1867. Jem Mace appeared in the ring years before Corbett was born, and surely Mace did not stand "toe to toe" with his opponents. Had Mace done this with big men like Hunt and King he would have been killed. But he used both hands, his feet and his head, and more scientifically than any man who ever lived before him or since his day. Sayers, although not an extremely scientific man, used the very "side step" in his fight with Heenan that Corbett would have us believe is of his own invention.

There was a time when there was hardly any boxing at all in prize fighting, but most certainly that time was long, long before Corbett was thought of. Jem Ward was an extremely scientific man and that's how he defeated his big opponent and became champion in 1825. The truth is that as far as the art of boxing is concerned Corbett did not show a single movement that was not already known. True, he used some movements in a most dexterous way, as he is a very active and clever fellow, but what I claim is he showed no original movement.

Another Fallacy Pointed Out.

Corbett goes on to say in his letter: "What proved most successful in my fight with Sullivan was the very latest move that I have. It was a peculiar side step that I have and by it the worst I can get is a jab on the shoulder."

Here again Corbett is wrong, because the "side step" is not the "latest" move; it is very much older than Corbett and before his time men used it with just as much success as he can. Years ago Edwards' boxing manual appeared and it has this to say about the side step: "There is no maneuver in the whole art of boxing that is so timely and useful as the one known as the side step. It is generally resorted to in avoiding your opponent's most furious rushes, especially if he is a good deal heavier man than you are and comes in at you constantly to force you to infighting." Edwards then proceeds to show how the side step is made, and Corbett's manner of doing it was no improvement at all on the advice given by the writer of the book.

All boxing movements were easy to perform in front of Sullivan at New Orleans. Corbett had plenty of time at all stages and he performed his part well, but in trying to persuade his friends that he introduced a new method of boxing he is simply playing the part of a quack.

Another remarkable statement in his letter is that he gives an opponent no time to put his hands down, and thereby tires his opponent's arms. This is an interesting statement in view of the facts and circumstances of Corbett's contest with Jackson. The former really kept so far out of the way that Jackson could not only have rested his arms, but could have taken a sit down. Corbett further goes on to talk about the brutality of the London prize ring rules as compared with the Marquis of Queensberry rules. Let me say that where there has been one man knocked senseless under old-time prize ring rules ten have been so knocked under Queensberry rules where gloves have been used. Queensberry rules were not conceived to govern finish contests. The Marquis invented them to guide scientific boxing contests only and I still hold the notion that a finish fight under Queensberry rules and with gloves is more brutal than a bona fide prize ring battle.

Now, don't let it be understood that I am endeavoring to disparage the merits of James J. Corbett. I am not. But I am trying to show that he is claiming what he has no right to claim and that if he believes what he says is true his historical knowledge of boxing and pugilism is very defective, indeed.

The Latest From Mr. Mitchell.

Charles Mitchell, for a time at least, is free from the unmerciful clutches of the English law and has definitely declared that he is ready to fight Corbett next May. I am inclined to think that Mitchell will do what he says and his latest offer is such a plain and fair one that Corbett cannot very well avoid accepting it. Mitchell offers to fight the American champion at New Orleans for a satisfactory purse and a bet of $10,000 a side.

Let me ask you people who are always railing against Mitchell and terming him windbag, etc., what you think of that offer? Could anything be fairer? And also let me ask that if it is not accepted what will you think of the man who declines it? While I may not be impressed with the notion that Mitchell can defeat Corbett, I do claim that Corbett as champion boxer, or champion anything else, ought to be entirely ignored if he does not frankly and fairly come to terms for a contest with Mitchell.

A day or two ago Corbett declared that he would not be prepared to meet Jackson for 12 months. This is simply preposterous and has reduced this championship business to a complete farce. Goddard is claiming the title by default while he has agreed to fight Peter Maher, a man whom Fitzsimmons very easily beat. And on the other hand we have Corbett declaring that Fitzsimmons is not in his class and, therefore, will not fight him. This is all very amusing.

A Few Words About Baseball.

While the world's championship series has aroused a little enthusiasm here and there, there is not that amount of interest being centered in the contest as there was in former similar contests. Of course, there are many causes for this lack of enthusiasm, and one of them is the double season. The truth is that something very great will be needed to restore the national game to its former prestige.

So far the world's championship contest has been interesting to those who are taking notes of it. While the Bostons look like winners, there is always such an uncertainty about baseball that we can never tell what is going to happen. The Cleveland games were of a kind to please all classes of cranks. The teams were evenly matched, but at critical times the Bostons showed the better nerve, and that won them the victories.

Financially the games ought to be a success, and it would certainly have paid the clubs to have played a game here. They would have made lots of money.

The general baseball situation is not of the most attractive kind. There is considerable dissatisfaction among the players and there are even rumors of another revolt. Of course there is not much likelihood of anything of the kind. There are many obvious reasons why we shouldn't believe those stories of intended rebellion. If there were means of making such a revolt it would be foolish and ruinous to do so. But the magnates should by all means try to do something to restore harmony among the players and patrons of the game. Depend upon it magnates have a few very serious questions to face before next season, and they ought to face these questions in a spirit of fairness and justice.

Affairs of the Local Ball Club.

Local baseball club affairs are going along quite satisfactorily, and already we can hear people talking about the great prospects for next year. This "next year" business has lost its force by repetition, but I am inclined to think that one of the best teams in the country will be in Pittsburg next year. There are good reasons for thus anticipating, and one strong one is that we will have all of our good players and very likely one or two others of great repute.

The club officials have made satisfactory arrangements with all the local players for next season except Farrell and Baldwin. Unless something very extraordinary and quite unexpected happens I don't think there will be much trouble in signing either of the players if they desire to remain in the business. As I understand the matter their objection is simply confined to the reduction of salary for next year. Of course they have a right to object, but in objecting they should consider how the club is going to realize big salaries. Of late ball players have been receiving salaries much higher than the conditions of the business warranted. I have strongly maintained this and at the same time argued that salaries should be reduced in a fair and legal way. High salaries cannot be paid under present circumstances. If the magnates would get baseball back to where it was then all would be prosperous again.

Manager Buckenberger intends to remain in the city during the winter, and this will be to the club's advantage. I really do not know of a more reliable and industrious man than A. C. Buckenberger, and most assuredly the local club has nothing to fear if he is looking after the team for next year. He works for success and that's how he gets it. There are better men, but none more successful than Manager Buckenberger. He thinks he will have one or two great new players next season. There is reason to believe that he will, because it is a fact that good players are no longer opposed to coming to Pittsburg; in fact they want to come here now. Charley Farrell has given the city such a good name throughout the baseball profession that star players are just as anxious to come here as to go to any other club. The truth is that Farrell himself had not a very high opinion of Pittsburg until he came here and found our good qualities out, and also found a good baseball team. The prospects, then, are very good.

An Enthusiastic Football Season.

More than twelve months ago I argued that football was the coming sport of America, and judging from the enthusiasm that has characterized the opening of the football season this year my prediction is not wide of the mark. I venture to say that if the weather is at all favorable this will be the greatest football season on record. So far it has been remarkable and none of us can remember such an enthusiastic opening.

To be sure "Rugby" football has the call, and already this season I have noted strong complaints about the roughness of the game. I have discovered this, readers, before, but let me say that much of the roughness of the game is because of a violation of the rules. Certainly the game is not as gentle as that of "Kiss in the Ring," and it would not be worth seeing if it was. Where twenty-two young athletes are putting their strength, activity and skill into operation accidents are always liable. And it is nonsense to decry the sport because of the accidents. Serious accidents have occurred in baseball, cricket, boat rowing, and in short in all branches of sport.

But there is one thing that can be done, and that is what we know as "slugging" can be reduced to a minimum, if it can not be entirely prevented. Referees can stop this by at once removing all sluggers from the field, and there should be a rule to keep them off until they make up their minds to act like gentlemen. "Slugging" is unfair because it is invariably indulged in when the party "slugged" is considerably handicapped. Captains of teams should insist on referees standing out firmly against slugging.

It is much too soon yet to form anything like a correct estimate of the leading college teams. The elevens have hardly been definitely formed yet, but there will be some good ones no doubt. So far Princeton has done very well, Yale is getting better and Harvard's admirers are full of confidence. Altogether there will be some great contests.

PRINGLE.

Not Scared by Thunder.

A Chicago man says, in all seriousness, that he was once living in a hotel in the Windy City where the custom was chiefly that of traveling drummers who were accustomed to being called at all sorts of hours. One night he had just reached his room when a terrific storm burst over the city and three distinct claps of thunder sounded, close to the hotel. Said he: "Every man in the house sat up, yawned and shouted, 'I hear you. All right.'"

Food for the Curious.

Each person in the country sends on an average 44 letters yearly through the post, which only lets 20 go astray out of every 1,000,000 letters which go through it. It may not be uninteresting to mention that one person in every nine is left-handed, or that clergymen come next in number to mechanics under the head of inventors. Edison states that very few people know the sound of their own voices.

Saving Lives by Electricity.

An account of electricity as a life saver comes from Scotland, where a man, while bathing, was seized with a cramp and sank, being two minutes below water. When rescued he was thought to be dead, but after two applications of the electric current animation was restored. The current was passed between the nape of the neck and the heart.

Largest Serpent on Record.

Probably the largest serpent of which actual measurements have been taken was an anaconda which Dr. Gardner found dead and suspended to the fork of a tree during his travels in Mexico. According to Dr. Gardner it measured 37 feet in length.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE NOTES.

MONTHLY meeting of the Union to-day at St. Bridget's.

REV. PRESIDENT LAMBING delivered the Columbus Day oration at Seton Hill.

AT the Union meeting to-day the Field Day for '93 will be discussed and located.

WITH no Tourist meeting to interfere, the Union meeting this afternoon should be well attended.

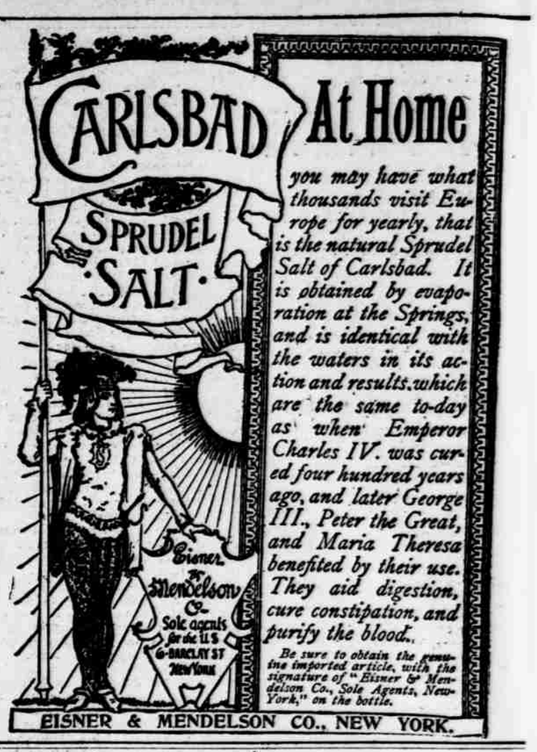
FOR promptness and efficiency Mr. A. McBride, of St. Mary's, is the best local secretary in the Union.

THE Sacred Heart Society is about to revise its constitution so as to incorporate the beneficial feature.

ST. KYRIAN'S Cadets, under the leadership of Mr. David Sheehan, promises to surpass all other similar organizations.

PITTSBURG UNION still leads in the matter of tracts. Local societies should aim to keep first place by subscribing for a year.

ALL are invited to the "Columbus Night" of the Father Mathew Association at Duquesne Hall, Tuesday, October 25, at 8 P. M. A rare treat is promised.



At Home

you may have what thousands visit Europe for yearly, that is the natural Sprudel Salt of Carlsbad. It is obtained by evaporation at the Springs, and is identical with the waters in its action and results, which are the same to-day as when Emperor Charles IV. was cured four hundred years ago, and later George III., Peter the Great, and Maria Theresa benefited by their use. They aid digestion, cure constipation, and purify the blood.

Be sure to obtain the genuine imported article, with the signature of "Eisner & Mendelson Co., Sole Agents, New York," on the bottle.

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DICE THROWING IN ROME.

Clever Devices Used to Prevent Fraud in the Ancient Game.

[North American Review.]

The number of dice used was three, being marked with a minimum of one and a maximum of six spots. The most fortunate throw, called venereus by Cicero (de Divin. 1, 13), and basilicus by Plautus (Curculio, ii., 3, 79), was when the dice showed three seniones or 18 spots. The progress of the game was marked on the board by the movement of the men (latrunculi) backward and forward. The gravity of the losses depended naturally upon the amount of money at stake and the fines that were paid when the dice showed one or more aces.

It is difficult to explain what skill had to do with such a game, still Isidorus describes how inveterate gamblers could succeed in throwing the six and avoiding the unit. In a graffito at Pompeii an honest player congratulates himself for having gained a good sum of money without fraud. Plautus dwells sometimes on the dishonest practices, to avoid which several instruments were invented from time to time, such as the horn (pyxis cornea) and the fritillus.

It seems, however, that these instruments did not always fulfill their purpose. A third one was invented, in the shape of a tower, with a spiral staircase inside and a funnel on the top. The dice shaken first in the horn, or in the fritillus, were thrown into the funnel and rolled down the spiral staircase until they landed on the table. Such precautions rendered cheating almost impossible.

The Smallest Picture Made.

Probably the smallest painting ever made was the work of the wife of a Flemish artist. It depicted a mill with the sails bent, the miller mounting the stairs with a sack of grain on his back. Upon the terrace where the mill stood was a cart and horse, and on the road leading to it several peasants were shown. The picture was beautifully finished, and every object was very distinct, yet it was so amazingly small that its surface could be covered with a grain of corn.

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And . . .

Mme. M. Yale's

La Freckla

Mme. M. Yale, the celebrated beauty and complexion specialist, said in one of her famous lectures on "Beauty and the Complexion:" Young ladies, remember a pretty face will win for you love, and love will win for you a husband. Married ladies, remember with the decline of youth and beauty your husband's love will grow cold. Youth and beauty is woman's power. Be on your guard against wrinkles, old age and ugliness; they have broken up many happy homes."

FRECKLES.

LA FRECKLA is the name of Madame Yale's famous discovery. It is the only Freckle cure in existence—three days is sufficient in most cases to effect a cure, and one week where the case is of long standing. There are no Freckles on record that La Freckla will not cure—guaranteed in every instance. For Tan and Sunburn it is instantaneous, removing it instantly upon the first application. The most perfect complexion in the world was obtained by the use of La Freckla—$1 per bottle. Sold at all druggists, shipped from Chicago in plain wrappers. Mme. Yale's Famous book, "Beauty and the Complexion," will be sent free to any address upon receipt of 5 cents postage. Ladies may consult Mme. Yale free of charge by mail or at the Temple of Beauty in person. All correspondence strictly confidential.

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