THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG. SUNDAY.

SEPTEMBER

DRILLING FOR

Work of Producing Pittsburg's Great Fuel.

FAME OF MURRAYSVILLE

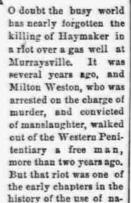
Has Spread to the Uttermost Ends of the Continent.

SCENE OF THE HAYMAKER RIOT.

Country Roads That Would Serve as Horrible Examples.

FISHING WITH A VERY HEAVY LINE

PRINTER FOR THE DISPATOR.

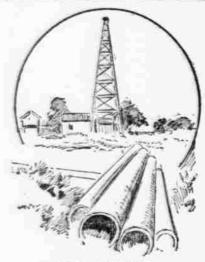


history of the use of natural gas in Pittsburg. Before that riot, Murraysville was a quiet little village, as it is now, away out somewhere in Westmoreland county, and unknown to the great life beyond it. Things have changed since then. Murraysville has been heard of all around the globe, even in Chicago, where they have just learned that Columbus discovered America, and are preparing to celebrate the event. In fact Murraysville has become famous in these brief years. Not so much because there was a riot there and an estimable gentleman killed, for it has been remarked that the world has nearly forgotten that event. But it is because the well, about the ownership of which the riotous dispute occurred, was the pioneer in one of the greatest natural gas fields ever discov-

THE OLD HAYMAKER WELL

is not roaring now. It has seen its day, produced its gas, filled up with saltwater and enjoys the distinction of being "shut in." It has not been shut in long, though, having been a healthy producer until a few months ago. Just how many million feet of gas it produced before the water flooded it, will never be known, but the score is a good one and greatly to the old well's credit. Some of its neighbors have stopped producing, too, after making good records, while the drill is dancing merrily to the northward with the end not yet in sight. Hence Murraysville is likely to enjoy the prestige of being a place of distinction for some time yet. Our picture this morning shows the yet. Our picture this morning shows the old well with the battle ground of the rinters in the foreground. The well stands just off the bank of Turtle creek, and it was tween it and the stream that the fight took

If the roads between Murraysville and the railroad were as bad then as now, the pioneers in that field must have had the courage of their convictions fully developed. These roads are fine specimens of the road



A Murraysville Producer,

master's study of the subject how not to do it. There are places where the advocates of stone road beds would be rudely jostled in their faith unless they cling closely to the belief that stone should be broken everywhere in the roads. The stones in these highways are not broken. They are allowed to torrent courses down and wears a rut where it will be most used by the wheels of passing

NATURAL GAS ITS PRIDE.

Natural gas is the pride of the place, When a stranger begins talking about roads the residents answer only in gaseous terms. They would have it understood that whatever the means of ingress and egress may be the product of the place is not to be sneezed at. This is significantly true when it is remembered that natural gas transports itself. And Murraysville has just reason to be proud of this development of one of the most wonderful resources of this century at her doors. Since the time of the Haymaker riot nearly everybody in and about Pittsburg has become tamiliar with the use of natural gas, the perfect tuel. Its fierce glow in the furnace and genial heat in the fireplace are of the commones observation. But much less is known of its production. We are so accustomed burning gas that in the minds of us it as

hardly separable from the idea of heat.
It is different with the gas driller. He is wont to face it blowing blasts as cold as the North wind driving a blizzard over Dakota plains. He cels it fanning his trouser's leg into a furious flapping with a breath chilly enough and strong enough to hang rows of tereles on. The driller knows his natural gas roaring in the fire box of his boiler, or becoming in his firebrick torge where he heats his drilling bits. But he also knows it as a howling tempest, rushing through the drill hole from the mysterious depths of mother earth and diffusing itself about his tall derrick with a noise like the hissing of steam from a thousand heated locomotives. He knows it as a force that hurls pebbles and jagged pieces of stone from the rocky deeps with force enough to split boards and lacerate hands hardened by toil. He has even known it to lift his three-tons weight of drilling tools and cable clear out of the hole and up into the derrick.

THE AWFUL PRESSURE.

In fact, the pressure of a big gas well is something awful. Could it be conveyed into the steam cylinders of half a dozen rail-

road locomotives it would be sufficient to drive their engines while pulling long trains of loaded freight cars or 12-coach excursions.
The direct pressure has been used in various
places to drive machinery, most notably in
the Mt. Morris oil field, where the gas from Some of the Features About the one well has been used to run a dozen bumping wells and haif a dozen donkey pumps. Among the odd things to be seen is one of these steam engines with frost on the cylin-der on a hot summer day and a donkey



pump belching fire at every stroke when the thermometer is below zero. For, be it un-derstood, the exhaust of these pumps is dis-charged about the pipe lines, through which they force water to the hill tops, and, being fired, heats the water and prevents the line

freezing up.

The machinery used in drilling gas wells is just the same as that used in drilling for oil. The tools, too, are the same. The process is the same down to the producing sand, and there the difference begins. In both cases the boiler is moved farther away from the murder, and convicted of manslaughter, walked fire. The blacksmith's forge, at which the plosives, and were obliged to drill off the

THE ITALIAN QUARRIES. ription of Work at Pinces Where

New York Tribune.]

Romans Toiled 1,500 Years Ago.

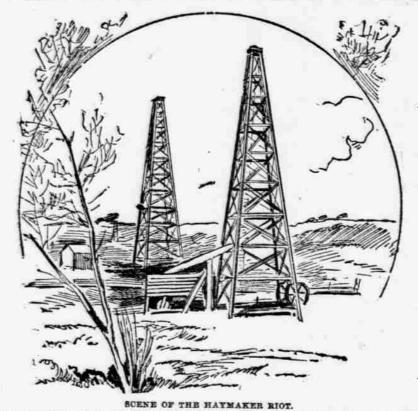
At last we arrived at Carrara, and began the ascent of the ravine of Parachino. I was told that 15,000,000 persons were engaged in the marble working, 6,000 of whom are miners. Wages are good, an ordinary workman getting from 60 cents to \$1 per day, and the more skilled earning up to \$4. The working time is from 5 in the morning till 12, with an hour's intermission for break ast. Many of the more enterprising work for themselves during the afternoon. They are allowed to trim the smaller blocks,

and to sell them on their own account, We were, at a given moment, obliged to turn out of the road for a team loaded with a block of marble. There were ten yoke of oxen harnessed to it. The block which they were harnessed to it. The block which they were drawing measured 13 feet long, 8 feet broad, and 5 feet high. I saw several larger blocks ready for loading. The wagon was held back by dragging a block one-third as large as the load, which did not improve the road. We met young girls carrying cans of water on their heads for the teamsters and cattle. They are paid 30 cents per day by the community. They have the usual the community. They have the usual beauty and dirt, and the same appealing

Above us the great naked crags of marble stand up on either side of the gorge. We hear a cry of warning from a shelf 50 feet above us, and we run for the shelter of some protecting crag. Now I hear the mighty explosion, its pulsations reverberating through the mountain gorges. Then comes the moment of danger. We hear a rushing sound as though waters were let loose above, and then come the stones a thousand

feet away, estimated to weigh 20 tons.

Here is a quarry which was worked 1,500



tools are dressed, is also moved out of the derrick for the same reason. The oil well driller, however, expects nothing worse, as he stands turning the cable or feeding it out by the temper screw, than a thorough wetting with the golden grease as he drills through the productive rock. The gas well driller expects a storm of missiles hurled at him from below. The first tap into the pay streak brings something like a gentle breeze at his feet. Every strike after that increases the flow of gas until it blows a perfect gale up against the dervick roof, and not infrequently literally "raises the roof" itself.

FISHING WITH A BIG HOOK.

They have an ugly "fishing job" now on the eight-inch hole out in the Grapeville field. There are two strings of tools in the hole. That is, a set of drilling tools, consisting of a rope socket, a "pair of jars" or slips, an auger stem 45 feet long by 4 inches diameter and a bitt. On top of this string another somewhat lighter set of tools, with a socket instead of a bit. Not unlike any other fishers, the drillers dangle their line in the hole waiting for a bite. Their hook is a string of tools, with one of the many kinds of sockets on the end, the common varieties being the horn socket, slip socket and combination socket, the jar socket being used only when the jars have been broken. The men stand on the derrick floor, carefully feeling every movement of their line, which is a two-inch cable, "letting out" or "taking up screw," as occasion may require in the endeavor to get the socket over the top of the lost tools. Should it go on and take hold they begin the process of "jarring up" to get the lost tools from the bottom. The Grapeville well was in the sand when the tools were stuck, and the gas blows out furiously upon the men all the time they

Fishing looks to the uninitiated just like The tools are run in the holes, the walking beam tipped up level and the pitment adjusted on the crank pin. The clamps at the end of the temper screw are fastened about the rope and the beam set in motion, wagging slowly up and down. When they get hold of the tools the appearwheel, creaking in fear, grinds off a piece and allows it to roll down toward the mud-hole, where it is never used. Very little is when the tools strike the bottom the slips of done in the way of drainage, except it be to hollow out the middle of the roadway so the motion of the beam, and on the up stroke the upper link is brought against the lower with a sharp blow. It is this motion, but with a longer stroke, that is called jarring up when fishing. A frequent cause of fishing jobs in the sand is the locking of the jar links together by pebbles, blown up from the bottom, lodging between them.

CHANCE OF SERIOUS ACCIDENTS. When gas is expected the drillers are al-ways prepared for it. But sometimes it is struck unexpectedly in some formation above the regular sand, it comes with a rush, communicates with the fires or lights about the derrick and there is an explosion. The fire leaps to the derrick top and in every direction as far as the gas has accumulated or spread in sufficient quantity with the speed of lightning. The workmen have no time to escape, and are lucky if they are only painfully instead of danger-ously burned. Enough gas to cause an explosion can easily escape from the drill hole without being detected.

The driller has his chance though. The jars are always clanging together noisily, though at any great depth the sound does not ascend audibly to the top of the hole. When gas is struck, however, the sound comes up like the tinkling of a distant bell, and the attentive driller is warned to be on the lookout. All old drillers know this and the fact is of service to them in several ways. The driller is full of practical wisdom and becomes a careful observer of facts though he is not often an inquirer who delves deeply to ascertain the causes contributing

Rlowing off the water from a gas well is one of the interesting sights of the producing fields. The water is blown out in fine spray by the great pressure of the gas as-cending in a gradually expanding column until it ends in a curved fantail. The appearance is not unlike that of a blue comet, if that image can be allowed. It is nearly the same scene as a flowing oil well when not confined, though oil wells rarely have such great pressure.

A. R. CRUM.

LIES' popular gallery, 10 and 12 Sixth street. Cabinet photos \$1 per dozen. Prompt delivery.

surface of rocks with great labor. Now they are hurled down with powder, and squared below. I sawa man opening a new quarry. He was bung down by ropes, and was drilling into the perpendicular ace of the cliff, with 1,000 feet of sheer precipice

A HANDSOME GIRL'S HANDSOME FAN.

ers and Musicians. An extremely pretty girl, who is a faithful attendant at the Philharmonics in winter and rarely misses a summer concert of any merit, has of late carried a fan that attracts a good deal of attention, says the Illustrated American.. It is one of those Japanese affairs, with a rough greenish gray, decorated in black characters. On each panel the owner has transferred a cabinet-sized photograph of one of the great composers. First removing the picture from the card on which i was originally mounted, she has neatly pasted on it the fan. Engravings have served on it when photos were unobtainable and, using both sides of the fan, she ha found space for 14 portraits. Some dest per and ink work has answered to frame the neads, and below each one is a bar of musi from the author's greatest work, and exe cuted with so much finish that a genuine little treasure is the result.

The same young woman is almost as muc of an enthusiast regarding painters, poets concerned. She tells of three other fan in her possession treated in like manner. One has photographs of Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow and Bryant, with etchings of Byron, Shakespeare, Herrick, Sir Joh Suckling, De Mussett, Dante and Swinburne-a thorough mixture of nationalities and generations. Below is the single coup let for each one that she considered, after much thought, to be the most perfect of their compositions. This collection has been a source of interest to its owner, has not cost one cent's outlay in money, but several years of pains-taking effort from time to time, that renders each fan of dis

A MODEST GREAT MAN

John L. Sullivan Acknowledged Bis Imper fections as an Actor. New York Evening Sun.]

John Lawrence Sullivan stood up moo estly before his audience at Bridgeport las night, on the occasion of his first appear ance in the new play written for him by Mr. Duncan B. Harrison, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I ain't an Edwin Booth nor a Henry Irving, but I'm doing the best !

No braver, manlier words were ever spoken. At present Mr. Sullivan has not the dramatic experience and skill either of Mr. Booth or Mr. Irving, but if he does his best upon the boards as nobly as he has in the ring, who shall say he may not rise as high as they in the new profession of his choice? He has no stage fright to begin with, for as he remarked simply: "I don't see anything to be frightened of. Why, this is just a picnic. If you can keep cool in a high fight, then you've got pervet then in a big fight, then you've got nerve; then you can do anything."

MISSING MENERAUNER

How a Census Enumerator Had Ten Year of Fun to Himself. New York Evening Sun. 1

There is a census enumerator in Wisco sin who has had ten years of fun all to himself. He enumerated in 1880 and returned 3,052 names from the thriving town of Menekaunce and received his pay therefor, and, as we must now believe, retired to the

woods to chuckle. Ten years of unintermitted chuckling has been the lot of that ingenious man. For the enumerator of 1890 finds nary an inhabitant at Menekaunee, nor any Menekaunee for him to inhabit; and the Farther West points the finger of scorn at Wiscon sin, and offers to supply her with enumerators who will discover the lost Menekauner and populate it with not less than 4,718 souls, showing the gratifying Western in-

THE SWALLOW-TAILS Have Caused Any Amount of Worry

Among American Diplomats, STORIES BY FOUR EX-MINISTERS.

Governor Curtin's Experience at a Morn-

ing Diplomatic Funeral.

HOW MR. WARD FOOLED THE CHINAMEN

SARATOGA, September 6 .- A remarkable neeting occurred in the lobby of the Grand Union Hotel here this morning. Four noted Americans who have represented the United States at four of the world's greatest courts casually came together, and for

an hour chatted of their diplomatic ex-

There at the right was Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, who, six feet tall and gray haired, has to-day as bright a blue eye and as vigorous a frame as when he hobnobbed with Gortchokoff and counseled with the Czar, at the Court of Russia, over a decade ago. Opposite him in black clothes and a derby hat, as straight as a string and with blood full of iron, stood John E. Ward, who was the first Minister to China this country ever had, and represented us at Peking in the days of President Buchanan. Next to Ward was that youngest of our American ex-diplomats, Mr. Oscar Straus, of New York, who made a famous reputation as our last Minister to Constantinople, and lest but but the constantinople. and last, but not least, there was General Alexander R. Lawton, of Georgia, whom Cleveland sent to Vienna after the trouble with Keiley, and whose arrival acted like oil on the troubled waters of American and Austrian diplomacy.

CURTIN'S FUNERAL EXPERIENCE. The regulation fixed by the State Department is that all our ministers shall appear at the foreign courts in the black swallowtail coats, low cut vests and black trousers, known here as "evening dress," and which Congress has specified as "the simple dress of an American citizen."

"That regulation," said Governor Curtin,
"Is a piece of demagogery of Buncombism,
and snobbery. It ought never to have been
adopted. It clothes the American Ambassador in the dress of a head servant or a waiter, and it submits him to perpetual an-noyance and humiliation. I remember that shortly after I arrived at St. Petersburg

shortly after I arrived at St. Petersburg one of the ministers of the foreign legations died, and I was invited with the rest of the diplomatic corps to the funeral.

"It was in the morning and it was bitter cold. The ceremonies were in a cold church, and the body for some reason was not put in a coffin but was laid upon a board. When I arrived there that morning, in the evening dress I had to wear, I found the rest of the diplomats in their uniforms of state. A man came around with candles. He offered me one, but I saw no use for candles, and I me one, but I saw no use for candles, and I did not take it. I saw, however, that the rest of the diplomats took the candles, and the Belgium Minister who was near me asked me why I had not taken one. I told him I knew nothing of the custom, and had

HELPED OUT BY A BELGIAN. "'I fear they will be offended at you, and you should have one lighted when we march around the corpse."
"But what am I to do?" said I. 'It is

bery to attempt to force our ideas and manners upon other nations, and no one but a fool would think of trying to do so. member a codfish aristocrat who called upon me while I was Minister. He had letters to me and I endeavored to treat him well. I soon found that he had more money than brains, and I was anxious to get rid of him. His own foolishness helped me out. It is, you know, the custom in Russia for all men to take off their hats when the Empero passes them on the street, and the Russian women often bow themselves to the pave-ment in salutation. This is imperative, and it is universally observed.

PERMITTED TO LEAVE. "The day after this man arrived we wer walking along the street together, and I saw walking along the street together, and I saw from the commotion that the Emperor was coming. I told the man to take off his hat, and as His Majesty passed, in company with the rest, I uncovered my head. I knew the Emperor and caught his eye. I saw he was displeased at something, and turning to my American friend was surprised to see that he, of all that crowd, had his hat on. I was angry and said, 'What do you mean, and why did you not take off your hat?'
"'Oh,' replied he, 'I am an American citizen, and I take off my hat to no man or

king!" "'You don't, don't you?' said I, 'well, you do a very unmannerly thing in not doing so. Would not you take off your hat to the President of the United States if he bowed to vou?' "'I don't know,' said the fool, 'it would

depend on whether I knew him and who he was.' Well, I would, said I, 'whoever he

was. If I saw him coming out of a poor-house or a hencoop, I would uncover my head as he passed. And I would inform you, young man, that you have to-day com-mitted an act of discourtesy, which is a disgrace to your American citizenship, and you may be very thankful if this is the last you hear of it. It was not, however, the last we heard of it. I received a note from the Czar's foreign office the next morning—a very polite note—in French—which read: 'Your friend with the hat (mentioning the name of the man) will be permitted to leave St. Petersburg and Russia within 24 hours." Such a permission from the King was equivalent to a command, and the man had

General Lawton was the next talker. Said he: "Speaking of the dress of our diplomats, I am comparatively a poor man, but I as-sure you, gentlemen, I have seen the time when I would have given \$1,000 for the right to wear my General's uniform at the Viennese Court. I had once a most remarkable interview with the great Archduke Al-bert, the son of the famous Archduke Charles. He was a magnificent looking man, and when I was presented to him he drew himself up to the full height of his six feet, clicked his heels together, and made the courtly military salute of the Austrian General, and said he was glad to meet me, that he had followed the fortunes of our great Civil War, and that there was no man he admired so much as General Grant. I had then to explain that I had fought on

and that I was a General of the South and not of the North.
"Like a flash he saw his mistake, and again his heels went together, and with another magnificent bow he said: 'Indeed. You made a rare fight, and the military world of Europe has learned much from the masterly maneuvers of Lee and Jackson.' then said: 'But, Your Excellency, that is all over now. We have no North and no South. We are one country, and we know nothing of the past! This was a new point of view, but the Archduke sprang to meet it. He made another bow and complimented me on belonging to a country and a people so great as to be able to forget, and, in short, he put me perfectly at my ease."

the other side of the late unpleasantness

STRAUS' EXPERIENCE. "As for me," said ex-Minister Straus, "I

had little trouble as to my clothes, for you know we have in the Orient gorgeously dressed draymen called kavasses, to go with us everywhere and clear the way. These men are as gay as Solomon in his glory. They have silver-headed staffs, great swords, and they are pompous as an English beadle. They ride beside the coachman of the Minister when he goes out to drive, and they accompany him everywhere."

"The Minister's evening dress suit," said Judge Ward, "was fully as much of a trouble to our diplomats of the past generation as of the present one. It had troubled tion as of the present one. It had troubled our Ministers long before the war, and I got

our Ministers long before the war, and I got around it in a very nice way. I had never been in the army, but the Chatham Artillery of Chatham, Georgia, had elected me captain of their company, and, as such, I had a very dressy captain's uniform. Before leaving for China, I had the military lace taken off of the coat, and the finest of diplomatic gold lace put on. This transformed the uniform into a diplomatic uniform, and the buttons of the uniform were especially fine. They were labelled 'C A.' especially fine. They were labelled 'C A,' standing for Chatham Artillery, and I remember when I sailed up the Peiho river on my way to Peking, a retinue of manda-

rins accompanied me.

"America and Americans were then newer to the Chinese than they are now, and these mandarios were much interested in my dress. They especially admired the buttons, and asked me what the characters on them means. They were the more deon them meant. They were the more de-lighted when I replied:

ARTISTIC PREVARICATION.

"Those characters are the two American nose characters are the two American letters C and A. They stand for our two nations, China and America, and our people have so great an admiration for their friends of the Celestial Land that they have put China first.'
The idea that afar off in America we had

The idea that alar off in America we had planned such a delicate compliment to China delighted the mandarins, and this story paved my way into their favor. It came all the more pat from the fact that we had had a discussion as to which of the flags should have the place of honor on the boat, the American or Chinese. This had been avanued according to my suggestion that arranged according to my suggestion that the Chinese flag, inasmuch as it was that of the Mighty Son of Heaven, the Chinese Em-peror, should be first on the prow of the boat, and that the American Stars and Stripes should go behind it on the topmast. Of course, this put our flag as the flag of the boat, but the Chinese did not know it, and they accepted my solution of the problem with glee.
"General Wallace was partially indebted

to his general uniform for his friendship with the Sultan," said Mr. Straus. "He is you know, a fine looking man, and the Sultan first saw him when he was attending Salemlik. He asked who he was, and his figure made such an impression upon him that he shortly after gave him a private audience, and the two from that time on

DEATH OF BURLINGAME. Governor Curtin saw Burlingame die. He was, you know, the Ambassador of China, and Russia debated a long time be-fore she would receive him. The Chinese Emperor would not receive the Russian Minister in person, and the Czar refused for a time to receive his representative in Bur-

"At last," said the old Governor in telling the story, "I got a letter from Gortcha-hoff telling me that Burlingame would be received, and he came. He had a grand retinue of hundreds of Chinamen, and I don't suppose any Minister ever traveled in greater style or spent more money. He was received royally, and there was a grand reception given at the palace one night in his

honor.

"In going home from this he wore a magnificent fur cloak, and he was warned by his friends to wrap this around about him. He did not do this, and one of the deadly. "But what am I to do?" said I. 'It is now too late, and the candle man has gone.'
"I will give you mine,' was the minister's reply. 'They will not notice me from the fact I am like the other ministers and have a uniform. You are conspicuous by your evening dress and would surely be noticed.' And with that he gave me his candle and stepped behind me.
"Travelers ought to respect the customs of the countries they travel jn," Governor Curtin went on. "It is the veriest snobwhen death struck him as he sat in the chair

and his soul passed away.
"I have never seen a woman act nobler than Mrs. Burlingame did at that time. She was heartbroken, but she bore up, and she had the sympathy of all the Ru The Czar did an unheard of thing in calling upon her, and she was honored in this and n other ways. Some months later her husand's body was carried back to America. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

FUNERALS FOR DOGS.

Novel Norfon of an Old Lady Who Does Little but Clip Coupons.

A mild-mannered old lady, who has nothing else in life to do except clip coupons, in seeking for a philanthropist who will help organize the "National Dog Burial Com pany."

This lover of the canine race is Mrs. Isa bella Dean Brack, who is temporarily staying with friends in Brooklyn. She has been exploiting her pet hobby for years in her native city of Philadelphia, and meeting but discouragement there, has determine to enlist sympathy in the metropolis. "Why shouldn't we bury our pets de-

cently and mark their graves?" she asked a
World reporter yesterday. "I have never
had any children, and all the affection in my nature goes out to the lower animals—dogs especially. How I love the dear little things! Why, m, little Andrew is cuter than any baby that ever lived. He is a pug, and he knows every word I say. You can see the tears gather in his big brown eyes when he is scolded. Now, haven't I the right to put a tombstone over that little darling when he dies? Of course I have, and there are thousands who believe just as

"I want to know a hundred ladies who are willing to assist me in forming a company for the purpose of having a plot of our own for our dead doggies. We could crys-talize—no, not crystalize—capitalize it, couldn't we? I don't know exactly how that is done, but I suppose it means to raise capital. Oughtn't the city contribute some-Mrs. Brack says she will visit some lead

ing bankers very soon if she doesn't receive any voluntary aid.

APPLEJACK IS SHORT. The Territory Depended on for the Supply Has an Apple Famine.

New York Times.]

The principa! applejack-producing region of the country extends in a belt across Southern New York and Northern New Jersey between the Hudson and Delaware rivers. Taken by counties, Orange county produces the largest quantity, with Warren and Sussex counties as second and third. In the entire region there are about 60 distilleries devoted to the manufacture of the fiery spirit technically known as apple brandy. The distilleries usually start up for the season about September 1 and run for three months. The manufactured product of the region in a prolific apple season will be about 300,000 gallons, which is subject to internal revenue taxes aggregating \$270,000. The apple crop of the region was short last year, and the output of spirit fell off 60 per cent. After an off year farmers look for a big crop the following season, but this year the apple crop is a dead tailure. Few of the distilleries will start their fires at all, and the openities of spirits reaches will

and the quantity of spirits produced will shrink to something like a tenth of a good In view of the prospective scanty output the distillers have advanced the price about 50 cents a gallon at their stills. Probably this will be the limit of the advance. Pure applejack will of course be almost unobtainable, but the market will be flooded with cheap and fraudulent imitations that will

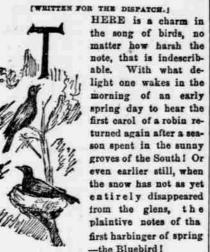
THE BIRDS ARE GOING.

Will Not be Heard Again.

ROBINS ARE THE MOST FAITHFUL

Bluebirds Still Come and Cathirds Are Most Numerous of All.

WINGED CREATURES THAT ARE RARE



In most cities the people have but a faint day. It has a song which, though brief, is conception of the real melody in bird music. Caged birds have they, and good songsters too, but not one can sing with half the power and sweetness of the free bird of the field



The Songster of Spring. and forest. Here in Pittsburg the oppor tunities of hearing the feathered choir in all its glory are as good, if not better than in

any other city of the class in the country. No city of anything like its population has woods—and withal such woods as they are in close proximity.

AN ENGLISHMAN CONCEDES IT. On this point a very intelligent and traveled Englishman, at present residing in this city, has been frequently overheard remarking the apparent indifference of Pittsburgers to the local advantages which, in his opinion, have no counterpart in any country he has visited, at least so far as convenience of access is concerned. Be this as it may, it is certain that year by year the woods are disappearing, and with them the songsters, whose notes were wont to fill them

songsters, whose notes were wont to fill them
with sweet music. Already some of the
more shy, alarmed by the approach of
human habitations, have flown far away.
And yet why is it that in England, where the population is much more dense than here, and the song-birds, such as the lark and gold-finch, are trapped much more ex-tensively than any here, the birds are much more abundant and domesticated than in this country? The reason may be the smal boy with his "bean-shooter" and the still larger boy with his gun. Day after day, and particularly on Sundays, the suburbs swarm with men and boys armed with flobert rifles, revolvers and "bean-shooters" engaged in destroying anything and every-

thing in sight, A SLAUGHTER OF WARBLERS. Several weeks since in walking through a



Tricky Little Cathird.

slaughtered birds, among them the wood-pewee, chewink and song sparrow, sweet singers that make the woods me Scarcely a dozen years ago hundreds of different kinds of birds could have been found on the hillside fronting on the river between the Smithfield street bridge and Sawmill run, while to-day it would be difficult to locate a score nesting there. Where one could have placed his hands on any number of cathirds' nests on that hillside within a space of a couple of hundred yards, now there is hardly one. They have not alto-gether forsaken this locality, but they are to belfound in no such numbers as formerly.

Of all the birds that have been numerous

in the past the old familiar robin seems to be the most stead ast. During the last dee ade his number has not materially de-creased. And what a noble vocalist he is too! His note comes at a time of general silence and desolation. It is said that one



oust hear the nightingale at night and the English lark at dawn, but the robin is at ais best in early spring time, when the sun s setting.

SINGS AS THE SNOW GOES. Then it sings steadily for 10 or 15 minutes in the top of some high tree as near your house as it is safe to go. Perhaps the tree s without a leaf as yet and patches of snow linger here and there, but it is all the same to him. 'Tis but a simple song at most, but oh! how it cheers at a time when all the

rest of nature seems dead.

However, the robin—although by far the sweetest—is not the first bird of spring. To this small grove the bluebird belongs the honor of being the carliest visitor. Winter is not yet done

when this little fellow makes his appearance to warn shivering mortals that the end is at haud. But few of these birds are to be seen-

Many Songsters of Early Pittsburg in to say that he is still in existence even if he is not residing near Pittsburg.

Naturalists who have made birds a specialty, usually agree that of all native birds the cat bird is the most plentiful, but one can be almost absolutely certain that wherever the robin is to be found the other will be the cat birds as a special transfer of the cat birds. will be absent at least for the time being as the noisy and rowdyish "Northern mocking bird" stands in mortal fear of "he of the

THE CAT BIRD'S FAULTS. The cat bird does not stand in very good repute, not only on account of the pro-pensity he has to destroy certain fruits, but because his cat-like notes are not very agreeable on occasions; nevertheless he can be pleasing when he wants to, and can imitate as effectively as the famous mocking bird, but his songs cannot be depended upon. Just about the time the listener is becoming interested in the glittering melody he breaks off and takes to imitating the squeal of a young pig or the mew of a cat

squeal of a young pig or the mew of a cat in a manner anything but pleasant.

About a week ago I noticed in the vicinity of Saw Mill Run, about two miles from its outlet, a couple of yellow-colored birds or "wild canaries," as they are best known, notwithstanding the fact that they resemble the canary but little except in color and in that not very exactly. The two that I have reference to are the first I have seen in a long while so close to the city, although they were very plentiful at one time. It is an extremely handsome little creature of a mallow you handsome little creature of a mallow you handsome little creature of a mellow gamboge tint with orange-chestout streaks on the breast. It delights to disport itself among the common field thistles, where it can be found at any hour of the

A FAMOUS BUILDER.

The melancholy notes of the wood-pewee are still to be heard in the neighboring woods. It seems as if this little fellow had determined on remaining near as long as a tree was left him wherein to build a nest. It is not generally known that this bird, which in boyhood was familiar to all as "the crazy pewee," is one of the finest nest-builders in the business. It selects the oddest of materials, such as bits of bark, moss and lichens, roots, paper and even egg

The thrush, the purest of all warblers, and the bright-winged flickers, are also among the rarities nowadays. Either one could be found in fair numbers a few years could be found in fair numbers a few years ago. The redbird, never very numerous in this section, has almost if not quite disappeared. It is nearly two years since I observed one to the northward of the city, and it was the first in a long while at that. The beautiful blue jay, a few of which were occasionally to be seen in this vicinity, has, to the best of my knowledge, entirely left us. Song and vesper sparrows, house wrens, chewinks, wood-peckers, several varieties of the thrush family, chats, yellow-throats and everybody's friend, the little "chippy," are yet comparatively numerous.

SOME RARE SIGHTS. Crows keep a few miles between them and the city. Their first cousins, the blackbirds,



The Yellow-Breustell Chat.

been so vigorous against them that their number has fallen off greatly. I remember seeing but a few years ago flocks of at least of the city. Now a dozen together would be an uncommon sight. Bitterns and blue-herons (requented the swamps below Chartiers at one time, but there are precious few

to be found there now.

Once in a great while a loon made its appearance in the same locality, and sharpeyed observers have seen them sneaking past the city by the river, but not of late. A sight of this bird is one of the uncom-mon features of the study of ornithology, as it is one of the shvest of birds, being rarely seen except at a great distance. As it is one of the most romantic of birds it deserves more than a passing mention here. Nuttall, the great authority, in al-luding to its peculiar melancholy

scream says: THE LOON AS A PROPHET.

"Far out at sea in winter, and in the great Northern lakes, I have often heard on a fine, calm morning the sad and wolfish call of the solitary loon, which, like a dismal echo, seems to slowly invade the ear, and, rising as it proceeds, dies away on the air. This boding sound to the mariner, supposed to be indicative of a storm, may be heard sometimes for two or three miles when the bird itself is invisible or reduced almost to a itself is invisible or reduced almost to a speck in the distance. The aborigines, almost as superstitious as sailors, dislike to hear the cry of the loon, considering the bird, from its sby and extraordinary habits, partner. I followed the sea for several

as a sort of supernatural being. By the Nor-wegians it is, with more appearance of rea-son, supposed to portend rain."

Only the commonplace names known to the casual observer have been used in this article for the reason that it is only intend-ed for those who do not make the study of birds a specialty. Those who do, know where to seek such information when they want it, W. G. KAUFMANN.

PLEADING FOR HIS DEATH.

Efforts of a Morphine Taker to Keep From Going to Sleep. "For God's sake, don't let me go to

sleep," pleaded a strange man who accosted Night Station Master Galbraith at the Grand Trunk Railway Station, London, Ont., Tuesday night. Then the visitor ex-plained that he had taken two great morphine pills, in mistake for stomach pills, and that Dr. Woodruff had told him the only chance for his life was to keep awake. "I had a terrible time keeping him awake, though," said Mr. Galbrath. "The man would go to sleep in spite of me, and I had to nearly shake his head off his shoulders to keep him around at all. I locked arms with him and walked him around the streets, the station platform and all over, and had to nearly carry him sometimes He begged piteously of me to let him have a few minutes' sleep, 'Only a few min-utes.' But I wouldn't even let him sit

"Toward 4 o'clock in the morning he be gan to recover, and Dr. Mitchell happened to come in on one of the trains, and I explained the case to him. He told the man that he had a narrow escape; that if he had gone to sleep he would most assuredly slept forever, but that then he was sufficiently over the

effects of the drug to go home and sleep." THE RICHEST TOWN.

One Out of Every Twenty Persons in It is

Worth Twelve Thousand. Riverside, the banner orange-growing town in Southern California, is perhaps the richest town in the country, if the average wealth be accurately estimated. Of 5,000 persons, 266 are assessed for more than \$4,000 each, which represents \$12,000 of value. So one out of every 20 persons in Riverside has more than \$12,000 in property. This is due to the fact that three-quarters the people in the town own their places; and even if they have only five acres in oranges, this small grove will support a family well, as the average yield will be worth \$400 per

TRICKS OF THE VOICE

Ventriloquist Kennedy Tells the Secret of His Popular Art.

DOCTORS MARVEL AT HIS THROAT.

How He Once Made Sailors Believe Their Vessel Was Haunted.

A TRAMP WAS HIS PIEST PARTNER

(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCE.)

"Ventriloquism is the art of so modulating the human voice that it seems to come from some other direction than the right That is what Harry Kennedy, the famous ventriloquist and song writer, said to me

the other day. While we were talking on the stage, where I had called to see him, he

excused himself and went to the door and

immediately darted back apparently frightened by the hoarse barking of a ferocious "Dangerous dog that," he remarked as he

shut the door. "Why don't you have it taken away," I

suggested, nervously.
"I will." Thereupon he went again to the door, and, calling a man, told him to chain the dog up. In a minute the dog's bark changed to howls and ended in a pitiful whine down in the pit of the theater near

the stage. "I guess its all right now," continued Mr. Kennedy.

"Ventriloquism," he said, "is simply a rocal delusion. Sometimes, adventitions circumstances make this delusion seem almost a reality and the listeners would take oath that their senses had not deceived them. For instance with a party of tourists I once visited a famous cave in Derbyshire. While we were at the mouth of the cavern mournful wail seemed to come from the darkness and was echoed a score of times to the intense horror and fright of my compan-ions. 'The cave was haunted.' It is hardly necessary to say that I was the uneasy ghost, but the circumstances that surrounded the trick made its startlings real-

INSPIRED BY A BOOK.

"In telling you how I became a ventrilo-quist, you will see how difficult it is to ac-quire the art. One of the first works of fic-tion that I ever read was Valentine Vox. That book made me a ventrilequist as it has undoubtedly started many another boy on the same course for at least a month or more. I used to wake my brother up at night trying to throw my voice into the farther side of the room or out of the window. I have no doubt that during that time I was the most disagreeable boy to

sleep with in all England.
"In those days we had penny readings in a public hall and among the entertainers who were engaged for the season was a prowho were engaged for the season was a pro-fessor of ventriloquism. After the reading I sidled up to the professor and begged him to give me a private exhibition of his art. After some coaxing he consented. I plied him with questions, which he was not dis-posed to answer to my satisfaction. Finally he said, 'Now young man I've told you all I intend to. If you can learn the trick come to me in viry months and tall me so.' Six to me in six months and tell me so.' Six months later I called on him and repeated

his trick, not so well as he did it, but well enough to merit his praise. "Before I was 14 I left home with a little money in my pocket to go to sea. I wanted ta see the world and I didn't want to see it as most persons do. I presume if I had been an American boy, I would have gone out West to fight Indians. I was full of

romantic ideas-ideas which have been knocked out of me so long that I can hardly realize that I ever had them.

A TRAMP FOR A PARTNER, "I started to walk to Birmingham. On my way I met a professional tramp. A courteous, educated Irish gentleman whose fondness for liquor had sent him adrift in the world. We became companions. As we were passing a bit of woods I so modulated my voice that a man seemed to be calling to us from the copse. A short search failed to find him. I repeated the trick again further on with the same success and then emboldened by success I repeated it over too

often and was detected.
"When the tramp discovered the fraud his face was a study. The beatific expression that spread over his phiz was as though it beheld a vision. He looked as Mulberry Sellers looked when he discovered a plan 'with millions in it.' Our fortune was made, so he said, and a few minutes years before the mast and on the quarter deck, and during those years I saw almost all of the world worth seeing. Meanwhile

I kept up my ventriloquism as a pastime and many a trick I played on my mates. PLAYING THE GHOST.

Once when we were 27 days going from Boston to Montreal with a reight of railroad iron, I made the crew believe there was a ghost in the hold, and we had to hire other help to unload the cargo. It finally leaked out that I was the ghost and the story came to the ears of Signor Bosco, a magician and mesmerist. He persuaded me to leave the sea and travel with him. In three months' time I could do all or his allusions and then started out in business for myself. In 1874 I joined the Rosario combination with J. R. Brown, the famous mind reader, who was just beginning his career, and came to New York. Since then my professional life is well known to the theater-going public.

The most difficult feat that Mr. Kennedy does is to recite a poem entitled: "Listen to the Water Mill." Owing to the many repetitions of the letter "M," which is the hardest of all letters to pronounce without closing the lips, one of the stanzas of the poem is regarded as the supreme test of ventriloquism. Mr. Kennedy makes the sound "M" by what might be likened to a grunt which is made from the abdomen. If you think this is easily done, practice it

once or twice.

"Now," said Mr. Kennedy, "I will give you all I can that will fielp anyone who wants to learn how to become a ventriloquist. The first thing necessary to learn the trick is to become a good mimic. After a boy has learned to do this he can begin with real ventriloquism. Try and sound all the letters without moving the lips. This re-

quires much practice and patience.
"Here is the one secret in learning the art. It is the one thing that most boys never think of and consequently fail in their tuition. Always imitate sounds as they fall upon your ears. If you hear a man halloe in the distance reproduce that sound so that when it comes from your lips it is exactly like the distant sound that struck

your ears. "I have been in the business so many years that my throat has changed its orig-inal form. My 'Adam's Aprie' is round instead of pointed, and my vocal chords are greatly enlarged. Dr. Titus, the noted throat physician, wanted to make a photograph of the interior of my throat for scientific purposes. He says there is only one throat of that sort in the country and that I have got it." BENJAMIN NORTHEOP.