THE PITTSBURG DISPATCH.

PITTSBURG IS IN IT.

The Petroleum Producing Industry Has Come to the City's Outer Gates

WITH ITS ROYAL RICHES.

Busy and Pushing the Oil Man Has Surely Come Here to Stay.

THE GAS CITY ALSO AN OIL CENTER

And Headquarters for Everything Pertaining to the Trade.

PICTURES FROM THE CHARTIERS FIELD

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATORAL



ONTRIBUTI N G for 30 years to the growth, prosperity and greatness of Pittsburg, the pe troleum producing industry has at last come to her very gates. Pittsburg i an oil town, and the oilman is here. He has been here to some extent for this whole 30 years, and possibly that is one reason he hasn't been noticed very much.

Another reason is that Pittsburg is the biggest place the oil man has ever invaded in his nomadic wealth seeking, and rather gets lost in the crowd. He has been largely in the habit of being the crowd himself, and therefore accustomed to being much noticed wherever he went. A good bit of his going has been into the depths of forest fastnesses, even far away from railroads, where he has built his own cities to order on

THE SAME OLD CROWD.

Coming into a ready-made city is a little surprising to him and it may be a little surprising to the city itself. But he is here, now, in force. Just outside the city limits, at Chartiers, is a forest of derricks, and the steady march is this way. There is the same mad rush, the same din and con-fusion, the same bad roads at Chartiers that go with the oilman in all his wanderings. There are the same busy teamsters with the same wicked oaths; the same brawny driller with the same tall yarns; the same green tool-dresser with the same pretense of long with the same long legs, and the same pro-ducer with the same mud and oil blotches on his good clothes. It is the same crowd that has been seen from Richburg and Bolivar to Macksburg and Eureka, from the days of Oil Creek to the days of West Vir-

sure, for wherever the oil man goes he gathers new followers in all the various departments of his business, and when he gets done with the rush of development he always leaves behind him a crop of new pumpers to in the migratory proceedings when the ld that knew them first is "played out" and the little wells have been coupled totion of "pumping by heads." GAS CITY RECRUITS.

In this way the oilman has grown from a pioneer, laughed at by himself, to an army of very respectable and respected proportions. Already recruits have been drawn from Pittsburg. A good many men to whom oil was but recently a distant mystery are now full-fledged producers gaining fortune and experience-principally the latter-in the ways of golden grease. Not a few young men of Pittaburg and the immediate vicinity are "in the

Since then the business has been closing in toward the center, as well as radiating in the throng.

The Chartiers field is a point of interest to Since then the business has been closing in toward the center, as well as radiating in all directions from it. Northwestern Ohio is a long radiation and the West Virginia fields are but little shorter. Yet this is now the great business center for both. Creeping in from both sides there came the Washington development, the Bakerstown field, Canonsburg, Shannopin, Sewickley, Crafton, Westview and Chartiers.

HERE AT LAST.

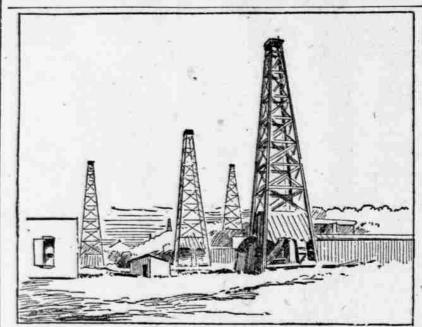
Pittsburg is now "in it" in the fullest sense of the slang term. The sup-ply houses came with the opera-tions at Washington and Shannopin, and the company headquarters came close after-ward. A number of the leading companies ward. A number of the leading companies are now working from here. The Columbia Oil Company has had headquarters here since its inception, and it is one of the oldest of the companies at present in existence. The Hazelwood Oil Company is another old stand-by and so is the Tuna Valley. These are reinforced by the Fisher Oil Company, Forest Oil Company, South Penn Oil Company, Chartiers Oil Company, Augusta Oil Company and many

The Chartiers field is a noint of interest to many Pittaburgers, besides those who have money invested there. It attracts not a few sight-seers, and they are well repaid for the trip if not previously familiar with the operations in the field. The scores of tall, symmetrical derricks add a pretty picturesqueness to the landscape quite attractive to the visitor. There is a feeling of being in wonderland when a person takes his first tour of observation through amid the bustle and noise attendant upon the development of a new oil field. The hissing velopment of a new oil field. The hissing of steam, creaking of pulleys, clanging of hammers and ring of anvils gives the impression of visiting a great workshop out of

MYSTERY OF THE CABLE.

Then there is the wonder, as a long drill-ing cable unwinds its lf from the whirring wheels, of how the driller can tell when he ans his ponderous tools on the bottom, and how on earth, or more properly, away down in the earth, the presiding genii can tell when their tools are working properly or what kind of rock they are working in. What occult power have they that they can partnerships and associations.

Emphatically, Pittsburg is the great oil center now, and will continue to hold that position for many years to come. It is them by merely feeling the rope as they turn

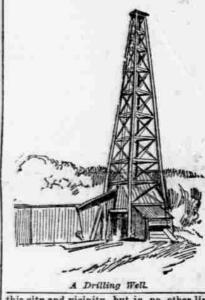


A GROUP OF NEW ONES.

destined to be the home of many of the oil princes for all time and the great head-quarters of all of them. They may spread the field as far as they will, this will still be ago while dressing tools for the other driller. the hub of the wheel.

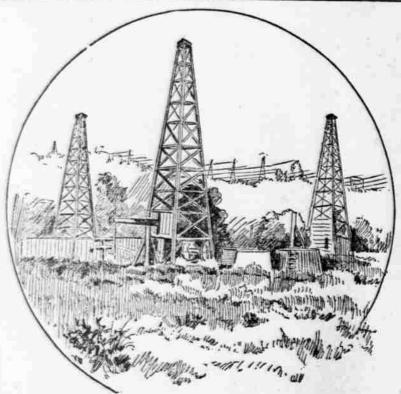
Pittsburg manufacturers have let some golden opportunities slip in time past, but it is reasonable to suppose they will now take advantage of all the openings left. As matters stand, the boilers and engines, fittings and easilings are all made elegations.

tings and castings are all made elsewhere. Much of the pipe used is already made in



this city and vicinity, but in no other line is the oil well supply trade properly repre sented here.

It is a profitable trade. Less attention is paid by the oil producer to price than to promtness and speed in filling his order with first-class goods, and advantage is taken o this fact by the supply men to maintain The Westview development was the hrat to crowd in on the city with the Jack's Run annex. And now the Chartiers field is as good boilers, engines, brass goods and east and wrought iron fittings are made anythere.



eat Butler belt begun at Parker's anding was pushing its way in this direction and business men here were taking a lively interest in it. Pipe lines were laid from that field to this city and refiner-ies were located here. Trade was following its natural channels. But the schemes of inal collusion of the railroads diverted this natural wealth to other places. The mag-

Next the tide of development turned the other way. The great Bradford field absorbed all interest and all the capital of the business. Pittsburg grew cold toward the young and rapidly growing industry. A great deal of business drifted to Buffalo and many Buffalonians were attracted into the bustling life of oldom. Allegany county, N. Y., came next and drew the business still farther away from Pittsburg. Then the tidal wave turned again and rolled down into Warren county. Interest quickened here at once. On came the oilman to Butler | wilderness take on metropolitan ways and

ment are by no means confined to the trade in machinery and supplies. The golden fluid brings wealth wherever it is produced, the army of people connected with the business make a market for every necessity and the Standard Oil monopoly and the crim-inal collusion of the railroads diverted this plied with money and not sticklers in regard nates wanted this industry outside the State, and every natural law of commerce was wielated to secure this result.

take away the wealth they have brought to the royalty what they hav hard for a mere subsistence, have been sud dealy lifted to riches and luxury by the returns from royalties or bonuses, or helped out with taxes and the interest on mortgages by rentals.

WHAT THE FEVER BRINGS This city is the repository for most of the wealth produced by the surrounding fields, sgain—nearer than before to the natural center. A way down to Macksburg at the next teap, he found Pittsburg between his northern and southern activity and first began to settle here.

wilderness take on metropolitan ways and wear municipal manners, but it is an important contribution to the sum total. The gain, however, is not all in money. Many good citizens will be added to the population. Some undesirable ones will come, too stances alter cases," you know.

whether they are running free or sticking in an irregular shaped hole. He thinks it would be easy to tell all that with his hide full of Chartiers whisky, but sometimes he can't.

Those who are fond of the seeming dangrous feats of the trapese performer or tight rope walker, will enjoy watching the rig builders "running a derrick." Apparently holding to nothing they lean out backward, three-score or four-score feet from the ground and drive a spike with unerring aim and

surprising swiftness. Up, up, girth by girth, they pull their staging and push the planks up toward the sky. ompleted does he nail a ladder u the side for the subsequent use of the driller and his natural successor, the pumper.

Our pictures to-day represent a producing well on the east side of Chartiers creek finnked on either side by other completed wells, with a background showing the hill on the west side of the creek, from which a number of derricks rise like spires in the distance; a group of new rigs just outside Chartiers borough where the town lot craze will hurt somebody; a drilling well with the walking beam tipped up ready to draw tools, and the initial represents a new rig just in the edge of the town, where only the derrick and tank have been completed. derrick and tank have been completed

CUT A SHARK IN TWO.

emarkable Story of a Man-Eater That Floated in the Red Sea. Philadelphia Inquirer.]

"Here is another shark story," said John Reece yesterday. "You remember that Captain Corkey, of the ill-fated steamship Suez, took passage for England on the P. and O. steamship Sassetta. Well, Captain Corkey, while on the Red Sea, expired. On the next day the body was committed to the deep in true orthodox style.

"The next morning the lookout forward called the attention of the officer of the watch to the fact that a huge shark was jammed in between the bobstay shackle and the stem. Investigation showed that the monster, which was over 30 feet long, was almost cut in two. The stem had struck him just below the gills, and while his head protruded on the starboard side his body had slewed in under the port bow. The sharp iron stem had out into the creature to the depth of nearly a foot, and all efforts to get it clear were unavailing. Captain Barry at last ordered the vessel full speed astern,

and that sent the man-eater adrift. "There were many theories to account for its getting foul of the vessel, the most natural of which was that it was asleep on the surface when struck by the stem of the swiftly moving steamer. There were those among the crew, however, who held that the ghoul had been prowling around the vessel in hopes of making a meal off the corpse of poor Corkey."

Bower for Beauty.

Here is an idea for a small withdrawing room or boudoir: Tint the wall with soft china pink, and tone them down with lace hangings. Nottingham curtain stuff looks exceedingly well, and, as we all know, is not expensive. Choose a feathery, ferny pattern. You can find lovely designs sometimes in Nottinghams. After tacking them on the wall finish the top with a flounce about 15 or 16 inches in length. By divid-ing a curtain you will get the finished edge for the bottom of your flounce.

The pink thus covered becomes very deli-

cate, and forms a beautiful background for water-color drawings. The whole room should be kept as delicate as possible with softly-tinted china as a decoration. Let the frames of the pictures and furniture be white, the latter covered with a cretonne with a wild-rose pattern, and the floor a light sunny yellow (raw stenna stain), with white wolf fur rugs.

With a white wood wainscoting, about

four feet in height, your room is complete. Nothing Remarkable About It.

Watchman-The first time I cleaned your

PITTSBURG, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1890.

A COMING CATACLYSM

government in hand.

The deaths of the two prominent men now at the head of administrative affairs will, he says, take place inside of three years-President Harrison being the last to go. The Czar is to have a violent end within two years, and Queen Victoria will depart this world some time in 1891. The Prince of Wales will have but a short reign, followed by abdication and death within ten years. The opening of the twentieth century will be "pregnant with war and discord," both here and in Europe-a war which will eventually end in the destruction of monarchy there, and in a social and political revolution of great import in the United States, the latter to occur about 19 years hence, and continuing till the year 1916. The six years prior to that date, says our author, "will be by far the most calamitous that America has ever knowp."

A LABOR AND CAPITAL WAR. The war here will, he affirms, be a labor and capital war, complicated by religious discord and the race question. The Chris-tian Church will be shattered in the coming conflict, as an ecclesiastical power, but the twenty-first century "will witness the existence of a religion in which all that is good in the past will survive." The marriage relation is also to be more satisfactorily adjusted. The cycle of woman is approaching with full compensation for all the horrors we are to suffer.

horrors we are to suffer.

Nature, too, he says, is busy preparing many calamities for use. The continued destruction of our forests will bring about an increase in floods and barrenness. The Yang-tse-Kiang in China, in its last overflow, overwhelmed 300,000 square miles of territory, and destroyed nearly 1,000,000 of people. The Mississippi will in time become a like scourge to us. Cyclones, strange seasons, failure of crops and consequent suffering and mortality are some of the evils which are also to be on the increase. But the grand climax is to be geological. The natural convelsion is to begin on the Pacific coast, probably extending toward the Sandcoast, probably extending toward the Sand-wich Islands, and from British America down to the coasts of Mexico. "Lower Cali-fornia will suffer severely, especially San Diego and Coronado."

THE EAST TO SUFFER. But the most awful effects of the shock, which is also to be accompanied by im-mense tidal waves of destructive power, will girth, they pull their staging and push the planks up toward the sky.

A MUSHROOM GROWTH.

It is not the work of weeks to put up one of these tall structures, as it is to put up a tower or steeple. From ground to top is all compassed easily within the working day of ten hours and frequently in much less time. The rig builder goes up without a ladder and only when he has the rest of the derrick completed does he nail a ladder up doomed, and Richmond, Baltimore, Wash-ington, Philadelphia, Newark, Jersey City and New York will suffer in various degrees in proportion as they approach the sea level. Brooklyn will suffer less, but the destruction of Jersey City and New York will be the grandest horror of the ages. Southward, the countries and States bo

ing the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico will suffer with more or less severity. Southern Florida will probably be entirely wiped out. The flood caused by the tidal wave will roll up the Mississippi as far as Baton Rogue. Caraccas will be THE EARTH TO CHANGE POLES.

"In Europe the grand climax of geological convulsion will end in a terrific shock affecting the whole Mediterranean region and Egypt. The Suez Canal will be washed out, and Cairo and Alexandria severely injured. The final crash, says Buchanan, will come near the hour of noon, and will last about an hour. But all this, horrible as it appears, is nothing to the stupendous event that, the writer affirms, may also take place in this, our time of calamity, from 1910 to 1916. Some 100,000 years ago, the earth owing to astronomic events. was suddenly whirled from its position, changed its poles and overwhelmed its tropical regions in ice. The laws of periodicity make probable the day. And if any such disturbance occurs now, remarks our author, it will in all

probability take place some time during the six years of cataclysm mentioned." But out of all this horror of ruin an wreck, of war and destruction, there will finally rise a pure and ennobling democracy. generate the world anew, and the twenty first century will see peace and universal brotherhood the rule. Nature will take a rest for another cycle of centuries, and the dawn of better days will merge into a mill-ennium of redeemed and perfected humanity.

Naturally enough, the article in question has attracted much and widespread atten-tion. That the criticism bestowed is often of a captious and skeptical nature is even more a matter of sourse. The material spirit of the nineteenth century scoffs at the possi-bility of what may be called the prophetic instinct in man, and is at the same time too ignorant of the scientific basis, upon which prediction, to be accurate, is necessarily founded. As a msn and author, however Prof. Buchanan is too well known to be hastily judged and condemned in the present instance as unworthy respect and credence. That he himself is thoroughly sincere and in carnest no one can doubt. His convictions are based on a positive, solentific law of periodicity tested (re. 200 tific law of periodicity, tested for over 30 years. So tremendous an announcement, he says, should not be made from any limited data. It should be tested in every possible way before giving it to the public, and it has been. The parallax is established and the telescope is positive in its revela tions.

It is difficult-almost impossible-however, for the uninformed, and I may saythe uninitiated—to even approximate an understanding of the process by which such a parallax is arrived at: And the difficulty is increased by the fact that there is more than one such process. Among those pro-cesses which may be called purely scientific cesses which may be called purely scientine, is that which is based on the laws of proba-bility, the mathematical theory of which aims at reducing to calculation where possi-ble, the amount of credence due to propositions or statements as to the occurrence of events future or past, more especially as con-tingent or dependent upon other propositions or events the probability of which is known. The law of probability, however, seems to

other hand, are generally securately defined, and predictions founded thereon have there-fore exceptional weight. Predictions con-Professor Buchanan's Predictions and
What They Are Worth.

THE PERIOD OF DIRE CALAMITY

The Period Of Direct Calamity

In the case of astronomical predictions, are almost absolutely correct.

TELEPATHIC PREDICTION.

There is also prediction based on the psychic or telepathic powers in man, a method governed by the laws of thought transference and magnetic radiations mundane and supermundane. The more sensitive the brain to such transference and radiation, the more vivid and clearly defined the perception of things to come. Forebodings, presentiments, intuitive perception concerning the future, up to instant and positive conviction, all belong to the elepathic realm of predictive power. Still another and psychially higher source is that based on intelligent clairvoyant vision, having for background the astral light or ether—a background made pictorially panoramic of things past, present and to come, by the formative power of the psychic or telepathic powers in man, a method governed by the laws of though transference and magnetic radiations mundane and supermundane. The more sensitive the brain to such transference and radiation, the more vivid and clearly defined the perception of things to come. Forebodings, presentiments, intuitive perception concerning the future, up to instant and positive conviction, all belong to the telepathic realm of prediction based on the psychic or telepathic powers in man, a method governed by the laws of thought transference and magnetic radiations mundane and supermundane. The more sensitive the brain to such transference and radiation, the more vivid and clearly defined the perception of things to come. Forebodings, presentiments, intuitive perception concerning the future, up to instant and positive conviction, all belong to the telepathic realm of predictive power.

Still another and psychially higher source is that based on intelligent clairvoyant vision, having for background made pictorially panoramic of things are all the predictive powers. TELEPATHIC PREDICTION.

ent and to come, by the formative power of thought. All mundane events are born of thought, which first takes living form and substance on this astral side of nature, waiting only the alchemic power of will and opportunity to materialize itself on the more material plane below and without. It is thus that coming events do actually cast their shadows before them, and that the clairvoyantly developed sensitive mind may behold and foretell them. THE UNCERTAINTY.

But here also, the element of uncertainty creeps in, made present by the complex nature of many of these thought projections, nature of many of these thought projections, involving, as they do, en masse, individual, national and racial characteristics, not rarely of doubtful and confused import. The seer, therefore, must be clear sighted and wise beyond his fellows, to read the visions aright. That predictions based on this power of clairvoyant sight so often fail, is probably due to inability to so read, as well as to the failure of will or opportunity for subsequent materialization on the terfor subsequent materialization on the ter-restrial plane. Mankind cannot always do is a lovely, wild and agile 20-pound speciwhat it would, even when nationally roused to resolve.

Some such powers, telepathie and clair-voyant, Prof. Buchanan claims for himself, regulated and tested, however, by scientific deductions and mathematical formulae. Nor is this his present attempt at predic tion inceptive; during the progress of the last half century he has foretold the approach of many important events, social and political and geological, with remarkable accuracy and success. His present recently expressed convictions therefore demand more than ordinary attention and respect.

Blondin and Others. New York World. 1

The feat of S. J. Dixon in crossing Niagara's gorge on a tight rope recalls other efforts in that direction. When, in 1859, M. Blondin proposed to stretch a cable across the river and walk over on it, everybody thought it impossible. He was without followed later on by Mme. Spelterini, Harry Leslie and La Pierre, the latter dropping from his rope into the river.

done until the summer of 1887. Stephen Peere erected a wire cable be the Cantilever and Suspension bridges, which was successfully crossed by him on Wednesday, June 22, 1887, while quite a heavy wind was blowing. At a late hour Saturday night, June 25, 1887, Peere was found dead on the slope beneath the cable.
It is supposed he committed suicide.
The cable was not used again until Saturday, August 13, 1887, when Prof. J. E. DeLeon attempted to make the trip, but his performance was unite unsatisfactory. The cable is seven-eights of an inch in diameter, 900 feet long and weighs 980 pounds.

MEMENTO OF THE LOST CAUSE.

Confederate Money Was Made.

In an old cemetery called Mt. Tabor, near Anderson, S. C., some curious pieces of rock were recently picked up. One of these had two inscriptions on it. They were the ends of the engravings of two Confederate \$10 bills, and on a closer inspection it was tound that the delicate tracing of the engraver had not been erased or defaced by he action of the elements.

The story of the stone is one that smacks

of the romantic side of the Civil War. It was used in the mint at Richmond. printing those ten-dollar evidences of the poverty of a perishing nation with which final catastrophe of the evacuation of the Confederate capital. When the heads of departments of the



them the stones used in printing the paper promises to pay of the Confederacy. Among thers was this stone. But the emergencies of the case grew so great that some of the stuff had to be abandoned, and among other articles these stones were sacrificed, They were concealed in an old university

near Anderson, where it was hoped the Federals would not discover them. But not so. The raiders were quick-witted and keen-scented in those days, and they were not long in ferreting out the whereabouts of these now useless relies, and they were soon broken. A large number of broken pieces were cast into a deep well near by, where they were afterwards discovered when th well was cleared out.

By some means a number of pieces were collected by the negroes and carried to the cemetery, where, in accordance with the negro's innate love for anything odd and ornaments for the graves.

A dweller in the country, who has had onsiderable experience with wasps, gives he following method for compassing their quietus: Cover yourself with flannel round the following method for compassing their quietus: Cover yourself with flannel round grow but will never grow any more. Mile,'s feelings were hurt. It took the entire content to the third growles to broce her on considerable experience with wasps, gives the following method for compassing their quietus: Cover yourself with flannel round around your face so that no wasps can enter differ with every distinct class of events, making the necessary calculations a matter of considerable experience and skill, mingled with a constant element of more or less uncertainty.

The laws of periodicity, however, on the of touch you. Now dissolve half a pound of camphor in one pint of paraffin oil. Get a large metal syringe, such as is used for Bruin rose considerably later, suffering from yesterday's debauch. It was the same old head. The same parched throat yearned for a barrel of ice water. If she had been at an example of the proach it with a light, or touch you. Now dissolve half a pound

A ONE-NIGHT STAND.

How Two Dizzy Beauties of Texas Tore Up a Harlem Theater

Growler Spoils a Bright Future and a Good Deal of Scenery.

PLENTY OF REALISM ON THE STAGE.

ONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE. NEW YORK, September 13.

> LOVELY sonbrette, fresh from Texas, supported by a frisky ingenue from the same State, played a onenight stand at a variety theater, Harlem, last week. It was their first appearance upon any stage. The performance cannot be said to have elevated the histrionic art materially, but it was decidedly interesting as illustrating

the possibilities of the modern blood and-thunder drama. The said ingenue is a cunning and affect tionate four-legged little lady about 5 months old, of the genus Ursus, and the said soubrette, party of the first part, now

men of the genus Felis-in short, baby bear and wildcat, respectively. The ill-assorted pair were brought from their native mountain fastnesses by a variety gentleman on his recent vacation in the Tom Ochiltree district, Texas. It is not quite certain whether the Ochiltree district is in Texas or Texas in the Ochiltree district,

MAN AND BRUTE.

Lord Byron must have studied the lower animals superficially when he drew the only animals superficially when he drew the only distinction between them and mankind in the ability of the latter to get drunk. In man intoxicauts are for the most part a cultivated taste; in the lower animals a natural one. From the elephant down, the latter will drink intoxicating liquors on sight. A man comes naturally by brute instincts when drunk.

So, you will paydon poor little Mile.

So you will pardon poor little Mlle. Bruin, when it is reluctantly admitted that on the very first day of her arrival she par-took freely of the beverage which is usually



drawn in Harlem with five inches of shirt collar on it, and got mellow, got funny, got boisterous, got beastly drunk. Next morn-ing she had "hot choppers," and drank a a gallon of cold water, rubbed her poor little head and meaned piteously from time to time. She rolled about nearly all day, practically dead to the world, possibly vowto touch another drop—when the stage car-penter, who had gotten through this stage on his own account, brought in a foaming

NO REFORM THERE.

If Mlle. Bruin had dreamed of reform it was one of those irridescent dreams, which an Ohio politician has characterized as "a d—d barren ideality." For she leaped to her feet at once, and seizing the growier pressed it to her youthful bosom with an emotional fervor suggestive of Cora Tanner. With a grateful hug she raised the tin bucket to her lips and gently quaffed long, exhaustive draughts. What recked she of the tax on tin plate? She never hesitated, never paused—never even offered anybody else a drink. When it was over she passed the empty bucket back with a plain intima-tion for more. Here is where Madmoiselle nade a mistake. It is always the last drink that knocks us out. But Mad-

While she was vainly trying to walk a crack, already under the influence of the beer, an acting assistant supe attempted to induce Mile. Catamount to indulge in a wee drop. But whether a teetotaller or wee drop. But whether a tectotaller or merely indignant at being served with "all-sorts," flew at the bars of her cage in a furious way.

DANCE MUSIC IN A GROWLER. This cage was on a broad property table in the corner, and was ordinarily strong. Mile. Bruin stood on her hind legs unsteadily, and looked at Mile. Catamount with a wicked leer in her eyes. It seemed to remind her of Texas all at once. A fresh growler quickly recalled her back to Harlem. She becam to brace up he serie her.

lem. She began to brace up by again hug-ging the growler for about two minutes, during which time its contents disappeared.

With an intelligent attitude for imitation
of her human equals in society Mile, Bruin
now undertook the execution of a sailor's hornpipe. She was a little disconcerted when the turn was over to find that one of her legs persisted in bending the wrong way. She examined it once or twice rather curiously, and scratched her head in

deep thought.

At this juncture a fresh growler was brought in, whereat Mile. Bruin was so de-lighted that she jumped upon the property table and tried to make Mile. Catamount table and tried to make Mile. Catamount understand the situation. But that lovellest of her sex resented this familiarity by suddenly gathering in a double handful of hair from Mile. Bruin's shoulder and hissing the performance like a whole Bowery gallery. Mile. Bruin was too much astonished to respond promptly, and without a word jumped down with such a lightning somerasult, that she looked like a big bunch of hair with 12

ents of the third growler to brace her up. THE OLD, OLD STORY.

ordinary hotel Mile. Bruin would have hopped out of bed and pressed the button connecting with a pitcher of ice water and a gin coektail, which would have materially modified her views of life in Harlem. As it

was, she tossed restlessly on her pallet, con-sisting of a pint of sawdust, and tried to re-call where she had obtained her last drink, AND THEN QUIT THE BOARDS.

call where she had obtained her last drink, and the circumstances attending the loss of a fraction of her epidermis.

An attache came in and got something to feed the animals. Poor petite Mile. Bruin! She licked his hands and begged for something to cool her rasping throat. She didn't want any breakfast. She wanted a drink. But he couldn't understand Texan "as she is spoke" by Mile. Bruin. So piteously, however, did she beg, so gentle and subdued her manner that the man loosened the chain about her neck before he went away.

HUNTING A DRINK. It used to be a war proverb that a soldier who sincerely set about getting a drink would be sure to get one. The Lord helps those in this way who help themselves. No sooner had the unexpected deliverer vanished than Mile. Bruin slipped her chain and paused a moment before the dressing room, whence the snarl came. There were various charcoal sketches on the door. Was Mile.



Funniest Trees They Ever Saw. Bruin studying art? or was she mentally debating whether to go in and smash Mile. Catamount or go and get a drink first? With

a process of human reasoning almost touch-ing she decided to hunt up a drink. She softly left the greenroom and entered the wings and upon the stage. Nothing but an array of empty seats. There was a forest scene on, and for a moment Mile. Bruin was thrilled with joy. Not because of the rocks and trees and flowers and vines that suggested her native wilds of Texas—not at all. On the paint bridge far up sgainst the rear wall were sundry cans of paint.

A TERRIBLE FALL. To the poor petite ingenue they appeared to be growlers representing so much beer. Every nerve and muscle was now alive. She forgot her hesdache. Her thirst increased. With the keen instinct born of the necessities of the moment she quickly discovered the ladder. The paint bridge gained, she made for the supposed growlers, grasping the nearest in her strong young arms with a smile of satisfaction. In another instant a copious shower of white paint covered the

Another and poor petite ingenue snorted and growled and knocked half a dozen paint cans right and left, and a shower of brushes, and growled and knocked half a dozen paint cans right and left, and a shower of brushes, red. white, green, blue, yellow and every other kind of paint went splashing and rattling down to the stage below. She gave a spring for the nearest tree, and if ever there was a bear surprised it was Mile. Bruin, for the branches were a delusion and a snare, and the great trunk that rose so grandly, about which she threw her limbs, shrank into a skeleton of lath and canyass and

Rip! snort! split! swish! split! yell!
Mile, Bruin had never struck a tree like that before. She landed on the stage with a lacerated carcass and a combination of con-fidential expressions which could they have been translated into Harlem English There wasn't enough of that stage tree left to make a court plaster. At least not enough court plaster to cover the scars of Mile

Now it so happened that this was matinee day. The combination of blondes had the legal right to the theater. Any perform-ance of Mile. Bruin or others was, therefore, in the shape of an extra or unprofessional matinee not advertised. It was getting on toward 2 o'clock and two or three of the real ladies of the combination had taken posses-sion of their dressing rooms. The boss lady herself, a fleshy beauty of several tender summers unaccounted for, was there, and of course the knowledge that the bear was loose caused a panic. As soon as Mile.
Bruin recovered her breath from the hazardous descent from the paint bridge she was mad all over. She was scratched and bruised and dry and covered with paint and dirt. It was not unlike human reasoning for her to at once attribute her misfortunes to Mile. Catamount, her nearest enemy.

A BEAUTY TREED. Having arrived logically at this con-clusion Mile. Bruin recovered her equilibrium and immediately started for the dressrium and immediately started for the dress-ing rooms in search of her topmentor. She reached the first door where she heard a noise just as one of the girls was climbing upon her table with a yell. The dressing room door latch is little more than a fiction and it gave way to Mile. Bruin's weight with scarcely a protest. But Mile. Bruin's was not hungry just now—she was after other game. For she immediately retreated to the next door.

to the next door.
Y-e-a-o-u-g-h!
Ah! now she knew where Mile. Catamount was! In another instant down went the door. Smash! Yeough! Sniff! Bang! Grow!! went the Texas ladies, tooth and nail. Mile. Bruin broke that eage into smithereens. Both Mile. Catamount and Mile. Bruin rolled out into the greenroom door and over and over each other in a floor and over and over each other in a rough and tumble fight that lasted about a minute. The tur and hair flew around in a cloud. Then Mile. Bruin got in a good one with her right that sent Mile. Catamount sprawling out on the stage. Here Mile. Catamount saw the forest. She didn't recog-nize it at first, but suddenly darted for one f the trees and essayed to reach the neares

BRUIN'S SWEET REVENCE.

She came down, slitting great strips of canvass with her sharp claws. When she reached the stage with a thump there was Mile. Bruin to send her spinning. Up she went up another property tree, making holes at every step—and down she came to get another and another whack from Mile. Bruin, who, now covered with paint and gore, was a sight to behold. Mile. Bruin knew those trees. She made no attempt to knew those trees. She made no attempt to follow her hated rival. All she had to do was to wait and whack—and this she did until about seven of the traditional nine lives of Mile. Catamount were exhausted. The other two would have gone the same way but for an inspiration of the stage car-

way but for an inspiration of the stage carpenter, who arrived on the scene with a
growler of beer.

Mile. Bruin turned once mere to the paths
of peace and pleasantness. Here was that
drink. She embraced the opportunity and
the growler, and under the soothing potation offered no objections to being rubbed
down, rechained and led back to her corner.

Mile. Catamount was also secured. The
next day she was sent to Caured. Pack next day she was sent to Central Park, a present to the city of New York. Mile. Bruin is still leading a quiet but steady life of dissipation at the variety. She hasn't as much hair, but has more sense. It is the

way with all of us—as we grow older. CHABLES T. MUBBAY.

Another of Edison's Forthcoming Electrical Marvels Tested on the City of New York.

MESSAGES SENT BOTH WAYS

Between the Inman Liner and the Steamers She Passed on Her Last Voyage Over the Atlantic.

SENSATION AMONG THE PASSENGERS.

Pleasure Seekers Will Draw the Line at Picking News Off the Cables.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCE, 1 ON BOARD STEAMSHIP CITY OF NEW YORK.

NEAR QUEENSTOWN, August 26. A great problem, it is believed, has been olved and information as to the caprices of fortune have been caught up in mid ocean by some mysterious force and in some mysterious way. Electricity, that subtle power of which so little is yet known, is to be used in communicating between moving ships on the ocean. The process seems easy when it is all explained by the genius of those who have conceived the idea of capturing sparks of lightning in the air, on the ground and along the water, but to the layman all this seems a myth, and I wonder

how many doubting ones will read this story. What fun we have had on this voyage in watching and wondering at the new use to which this marvelous force is being put. This palatial floating hotel with its 1,700 souls on board, is the vehicle, and many of those going ashore at this moment to make a trip through Ireland carry with them a new experience gained at sea. How it came about no one knows, and how far it will enter into the economy or expenditure of the future in life and property remains in the hand of time. The story of sparks and flashes, as my mind gathers it, is an interest-

MYSTERY OF A BEAUTY.

A round-faced, rosy-cheeked girl walked the deck of this wonderful ship for two days after our departure. Her step was springy and her whole manner that of a springy and her whole manner that of a woman thoroughly at her ease, yet, she did not look to be over 23 years of age. Occasionally a man wearing the air of an artist was seen speaking to her. Generally she was alone, and frequently leaned over the side of the vessel, as if in a deep study of something in the water. She did not appear melancholy in the least, but bright and happy. Har manner was a public that of happy. Her manner was so unlike that of the rest of the guests of this modern giant of the ocean that before a day was out, everyone of the first saloon passengers were

wondering who she was.

She seemed constantly on the move and there was a business-like purpose in all her actions, far away from the sleepy and stupid ocean traveler who is simply bent on pleasure. This young lady had the best accom-

A STRANGE INSTRUMENT.

Twice on the second night out she was seen alone in the bow of the ship with a strange-looking instrument in her hand mounted on the new metal railing of the vessel, which seemed to have just been placed there. A number of the passengers watched her every movement, and reported that after an hour of effort at somethingcase in her hand and walked rapidly toward her stateroom with a look of disappointment upon her face. This incident only increased five minutes before those who were able to rence, as those who travel the ocean know that information more or less correct travels faster on shipboard than anywhere else in

The southern course this year is a popular one on account of the amount of ice which seems to have broken loose from the coasts of Northamberland Island and Greenland and floated south into the eddies below the banks of Newfoundland. It is to shun them that the Inman line of steamers take a more extreme southern course than any other, and have met no ice this season. In fact, no first-class steamship of any of the lines except the Cunarders that sail to Bostoa have reported any ice except the Nor

AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION.

But the City of New York sailed more than a hundred times out of the short course to be safe from those floating mountains which come down from the north, a menace to those who go to sea. She thus lost some in speed, but gained in public confidence. This far southern course takes us away from the general line of travel, and no ships were sighted until the third day out, when a number hove in sight. A ship at sea is an event worthy of consideration. The passen-gers are all notified that one is in sight. Everyone is anxious to look at the approach-ing craft, but no one on the City of New York was so eager as the mysterious young lady with the singular-looking instrument in her hand.

Perhaps it was 3 o'clock in the afternoon when the first sensation of the voyage was sprung by the announcement of the ap-proach of a Cunarder. The young woman and the strange young man with her walked rapidly toward the front part of the boat and stopped at a point where the metal lin-ing was, the very place where she had been seen the night before. For a few moments they were in close conversation and both seemed to grow nervous as the two magnificent crafts came closer together. Possibly a mile separated them when the two grew

They were in the same half excited state, with so much anxiety, had passed far astern of us. Then the two walked suddenly toward the after part of the vessel, seeluded themselves and she began writing. It was not two minutes before the man left her side with a paper in his hand and walked toward the captain's cabin under the bridge. The dignified old tar who has sailed the ble adventures read this message in regular

Captain Watkins, City of New York: Crossed longitude 50. Clear weather. No 106 All well and happy.

McKar, Captain Aurania.

The captain smiled at these good tidings, but never said a word to a soul on board about this new experiment in communicaabout this new experiment in communica-ting between moving vessels. Two hours later a "tramp" was sighted and the hand-some woman and the mysterious young man were again on the bow of the ship and five, minutes later the following dispatch was picked off from somewhere or somehow by the little brass machine the young lady operated:

Captain Watkins, City of New York.