

SUNDAY SLEIGHING.

Pittsburg Horsemen Drive Their Favorites to Good Time Over the Snow-Covered Streets.

HIGHLAND AVENUE'S GAY CROWDS.

The East End District Furnishes the Finest Tracks Over Which to Drive the Fast Trotters.

LARGE DELEGATION ON FORBES STREET.

Schenley Park Furnishes Beautiful Scenery, but the Roads Were Dull.

ESTERDAY was a Sunday such as Pittsburg has not had for years.

The usual quiet of the first day of the week was broken by the continual jingle of sleigh bells and the crunch of horses' hoofs upon the snow as they whirled over the city's streets at a right merry gallop.

When business is suspended, sleighs give all chance to take an outing, and it appeared yesterday as though Pittsburg generally believed that "the Sabbath was made for man," and they proposed showing their appreciation by liberally enjoying it.

Checks glowed with pleasure, and eyes snapped with a vim not known for weeks. Men seemed glad of the chance to get out of the stores and offices for a day, and they took their wives and sweethearts with them, so that they might enjoy the sport.

The street cars were almost wholly deserted, and those who were not sleighing seemed to prefer walking, that they might take in the whole scene and get the benefit of the pure air. East End streets are not marveled of neatness just at present, as very few attempts have been made to clear away the snow.

The scene on Highland Avenue. Highland avenue presented the most picturesque scene of the day, and perhaps more sleighs behind speedy horses were to be seen.

On the high wagon seat sat an old man, and a young man, evidently his grandson. The younger man was driving, but he was not a certain young woman was getting along without his fatherly care.

There were no other sleighs, but the bottom was covered with a goodly supply of straw and blankets, and the balance of the family were ensconced there in every conceivable fashion.

Our friends from the country seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely yesterday. They had a magnificent team of horses that pranced through the streets, evidently having a good time as their more favored masters who were riding.

How the Livery Men Enjoyed Themselves. The revelry were not alone in their pleasure to the resort, and it gave the liverymen a considerable business.

There is a long stretch of track from Penn avenue to the reservoir, and it gave the horsemen a good chance to let their horses out, though they had to be careful not to bump into the rear end of the sleigh in advance of them.

Any number of people think it is out of place to go sleighing on Sunday, but yesterday the majority of them found good excuses for hitching up. Of course the snow was too deep to walk through it to church, and after they got started they found it difficult for the horse to pull them through the deep snow, so they went around a few blocks to get good roads. The horse was "let out a little" to give him exercise, and by the time they went to church three or four times they managed to have quite a multiplicity of sleigh rides without bending the Sabbath out of shape.

The Merry Alleghenians. Merry sleigh bells tinkled from one end of Allegheny to the other yesterday. The tinkle of the bells had even kept up from Saturday, for all night the horses had been spinning over the Ferrysville road.

When the springtime comes, gentle Annie! A party of liquor dealers and their wives, accompanied by a big sled turned out by Burns, the liveryman, yesterday afternoon.

One of the party scenes on Forbes street was spinning over the Ferrysville road. The consistency of the affair was that the horse was a magnificent white one, while the young lady was blessed with a splendid supply of sunburn locks.

All sorts of sleighs were to be seen. There were the family affairs of two or three seats as well as a dozen of so of varieties of one-horse sleighs, including the old-fashioned "deacon's" one-horse shay, on runners. There were probably as many varieties of horses, also, ranging from the high steppers to the decrepit animals being looked after by the humane society.

It seemed as though the Sunday school boys did not go to Sunday school yesterday, as the streets were fairly lined with them as they tried to hook on sleighs. At the corner of Atwood and Forbes streets one of the youngsters worked quite a scheme to secure the coveted privilege of a ride.

He watched the electric cars coming down the hill and then ran out into the middle of the street, and threatening both hands wildly about his head, yelled at the top of his voice for the drivers to stop. As it would be impossible to stop the cars at that point under existing circumstances, accidents were probably averted, but the youngster performed his little task quite often before he secured permission to hang on to the side of the sleigh.

A Bridge in Its Winter Clothes. One of the most picturesque scenes along this popular thoroughfare is the bridge which spans Four-mile run. Standing out to the right of the bridge, it makes a most magnificent picture. Its architecture is of such a nature that a covering of snow heightens its beauty, and the white hills make a splendid background.

The drives in Schenley Park are on too high an eminence to take well on such days as yesterday, when the wind was blowing from the mountains tops. Very few people ventured to try a trip there, but those who did go through the park were well paid for the little hardships caused by the wind.

Standing on Oakland Square one gets a splendid view of Pittsburg's now famous beauty spot. The scenery is of the most beautiful to be found anywhere, and its covering of white adds to its interest.

Of all the queer affairs that appeared on the street, none more neatly illustrated the farmer's wholesome way of living than one which passed through the heart of the city. The old wagon box was fixed up on "boots," and thus a neat sled was had, which would carry a number of generations if necessary.

Others who drove speedy ones were: Ex-Mayor McCallin, Sheriff McCandless, Colonel W. D. Moore, Therman Marshall, Sr., James H. Porter, Esq., Senator-elect Flinn, Captain J. A. Logan, Chief Biscow, Mike McCormick, owner of Dallas; Squire Herman Handel, John P. Brown, John Steel, John Gamble, Charles Otter, Harry Rea, John Moore, Charles Donnelly, John Dilling, Christ Stoehr, Tom Archibald, James Callery, Tom Donahue, Henry Murphy, James Lafan, Alexander King, John Pittman, Samuel McDonald, Harry Friel, John McKelvey, Eli Norwood, Joseph Mitchell, Theodore Dorfinger, Joseph Giesenkamp, John McNulty, J. G. Laur, H. T. Kuhn, Frank Zoultz, J. M. Laird.

George Miller, a driver for Semmelrock Bros., said that he counted 16 cutters tipped over in snowdrift. He said: "There are a few young men who know how to handle a horse in cutter on a good pavement, but along venturing into a snowdrift."

It might have been. Firemen Find it Very Hard to Get Around. The alarm of fire in the East End yesterday afternoon served to show how hard it would be to burn up a few houses in that district of the city should they catch fire.

THE TEMPERANCE REVIVAL AT THE STANDARD THEATER COMMENCES.

A FORMER PITTSBURGER SPEAKS Before an Unusually Large Audience, and With Some Success.

PROMINENT HORSEMAN Who Took Advantage of the Chance to Show the Speed of Their Favorites Yesterday—Highland Avenue Caught the Majority of Them.

Some of the fastest horses in the city were out yesterday, and many of them are eligible to the honor roll. The smooth surface of Highland Avenue caught the majority of them, but there were a great many on Forbes street, while many more circled on various streets.

Among those who were out yesterday with fast ones were the following: August Koch, of Oakland, drove Prince. Wylie Cotton was driven by Ernest Raab. Samuel Wilson had Dick W out. Iriah Mulligan was driven by W. W. Kerr. Harry House held the ribbon behind Ins, a pretty little truster that can do 2 1/2, and Bob McCance sat beside him. Mike Heuber had The Duke out. W. W. Kerr had his fine team out a few hours, and J. T. Z. Robitzer sat behind King Her.

Others who drove speedy ones were: Ex-Mayor McCallin, Sheriff McCandless, Colonel W. D. Moore, Therman Marshall, Sr., James H. Porter, Esq., Senator-elect Flinn, Captain J. A. Logan, Chief Biscow, Mike McCormick, owner of Dallas; Squire Herman Handel, John P. Brown, John Steel, John Gamble, Charles Otter, Harry Rea, John Moore, Charles Donnelly, John Dilling, Christ Stoehr, Tom Archibald, James Callery, Tom Donahue, Henry Murphy, James Lafan, Alexander King, John Pittman, Samuel McDonald, Harry Friel, John McKelvey, Eli Norwood, Joseph Mitchell, Theodore Dorfinger, Joseph Giesenkamp, John McNulty, J. G. Laur, H. T. Kuhn, Frank Zoultz, J. M. Laird.

On the high wagon seat sat an old man, and a young man, evidently his grandson. The younger man was driving, but he was not a certain young woman was getting along without his fatherly care.

There were no other sleighs, but the bottom was covered with a goodly supply of straw and blankets, and the balance of the family were ensconced there in every conceivable fashion.

Our friends from the country seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely yesterday. They had a magnificent team of horses that pranced through the streets, evidently having a good time as their more favored masters who were riding.

How the Livery Men Enjoyed Themselves. The revelry were not alone in their pleasure to the resort, and it gave the liverymen a considerable business.

There is a long stretch of track from Penn avenue to the reservoir, and it gave the horsemen a good chance to let their horses out, though they had to be careful not to bump into the rear end of the sleigh in advance of them.

Any number of people think it is out of place to go sleighing on Sunday, but yesterday the majority of them found good excuses for hitching up. Of course the snow was too deep to walk through it to church, and after they got started they found it difficult for the horse to pull them through the deep snow, so they went around a few blocks to get good roads. The horse was "let out a little" to give him exercise, and by the time they went to church three or four times they managed to have quite a multiplicity of sleigh rides without bending the Sabbath out of shape.

The Merry Alleghenians. Merry sleigh bells tinkled from one end of Allegheny to the other yesterday. The tinkle of the bells had even kept up from Saturday, for all night the horses had been spinning over the Ferrysville road.

When the springtime comes, gentle Annie! A party of liquor dealers and their wives, accompanied by a big sled turned out by Burns, the liveryman, yesterday afternoon.

One of the party scenes on Forbes street was spinning over the Ferrysville road. The consistency of the affair was that the horse was a magnificent white one, while the young lady was blessed with a splendid supply of sunburn locks.

All sorts of sleighs were to be seen. There were the family affairs of two or three seats as well as a dozen of so of varieties of one-horse sleighs, including the old-fashioned "deacon's" one-horse shay, on runners. There were probably as many varieties of horses, also, ranging from the high steppers to the decrepit animals being looked after by the humane society.

It seemed as though the Sunday school boys did not go to Sunday school yesterday, as the streets were fairly lined with them as they tried to hook on sleighs. At the corner of Atwood and Forbes streets one of the youngsters worked quite a scheme to secure the coveted privilege of a ride.

He watched the electric cars coming down the hill and then ran out into the middle of the street, and threatening both hands wildly about his head, yelled at the top of his voice for the drivers to stop. As it would be impossible to stop the cars at that point under existing circumstances, accidents were probably averted, but the youngster performed his little task quite often before he secured permission to hang on to the side of the sleigh.

A Bridge in Its Winter Clothes. One of the most picturesque scenes along this popular thoroughfare is the bridge which spans Four-mile run. Standing out to the right of the bridge, it makes a most magnificent picture. Its architecture is of such a nature that a covering of snow heightens its beauty, and the white hills make a splendid background.

The drives in Schenley Park are on too high an eminence to take well on such days as yesterday, when the wind was blowing from the mountains tops. Very few people ventured to try a trip there, but those who did go through the park were well paid for the little hardships caused by the wind.

Standing on Oakland Square one gets a splendid view of Pittsburg's now famous beauty spot. The scenery is of the most beautiful to be found anywhere, and its covering of white adds to its interest.

Of all the queer affairs that appeared on the street, none more neatly illustrated the farmer's wholesome way of living than one which passed through the heart of the city. The old wagon box was fixed up on "boots," and thus a neat sled was had, which would carry a number of generations if necessary.

Others who drove speedy ones were: Ex-Mayor McCallin, Sheriff McCandless, Colonel W. D. Moore, Therman Marshall, Sr., James H. Porter, Esq., Senator-elect Flinn, Captain J. A. Logan, Chief Biscow, Mike McCormick, owner of Dallas; Squire Herman Handel, John P. Brown, John Steel, John Gamble, Charles Otter, Harry Rea, John Moore, Charles Donnelly, John Dilling, Christ Stoehr, Tom Archibald, James Callery, Tom Donahue, Henry Murphy, James Lafan, Alexander King, John Pittman, Samuel McDonald, Harry Friel, John McKelvey, Eli Norwood, Joseph Mitchell, Theodore Dorfinger, Joseph Giesenkamp, John McNulty, J. G. Laur, H. T. Kuhn, Frank Zoultz, J. M. Laird.

George Miller, a driver for Semmelrock Bros., said that he counted 16 cutters tipped over in snowdrift. He said: "There are a few young men who know how to handle a horse in cutter on a good pavement, but along venturing into a snowdrift."

It might have been. Firemen Find it Very Hard to Get Around. The alarm of fire in the East End yesterday afternoon served to show how hard it would be to burn up a few houses in that district of the city should they catch fire.

When the springtime comes, gentle Annie! A party of liquor dealers and their wives, accompanied by a big sled turned out by Burns, the liveryman, yesterday afternoon.

One of the party scenes on Forbes street was spinning over the Ferrysville road. The consistency of the affair was that the horse was a magnificent white one, while the young lady was blessed with a splendid supply of sunburn locks.

All sorts of sleighs were to be seen. There were the family affairs of two or three seats as well as a dozen of so of varieties of one-horse sleighs, including the old-fashioned "deacon's" one-horse shay, on runners. There were probably as many varieties of horses, also, ranging from the high steppers to the decrepit animals being looked after by the humane society.

It seemed as though the Sunday school boys did not go to Sunday school yesterday, as the streets were fairly lined with them as they tried to hook on sleighs. At the corner of Atwood and Forbes streets one of the youngsters worked quite a scheme to secure the coveted privilege of a ride.

He watched the electric cars coming down the hill and then ran out into the middle of the street, and threatening both hands wildly about his head, yelled at the top of his voice for the drivers to stop. As it would be impossible to stop the cars at that point under existing circumstances, accidents were probably averted, but the youngster performed his little task quite often before he secured permission to hang on to the side of the sleigh.

A Bridge in Its Winter Clothes. One of the most picturesque scenes along this popular thoroughfare is the bridge which spans Four-mile run. Standing out to the right of the bridge, it makes a most magnificent picture. Its architecture is of such a nature that a covering of snow heightens its beauty, and the white hills make a splendid background.

The drives in Schenley Park are on too high an eminence to take well on such days as yesterday, when the wind was blowing from the mountains tops. Very few people ventured to try a trip there, but those who did go through the park were well paid for the little hardships caused by the wind.

Standing on Oakland Square one gets a splendid view of Pittsburg's now famous beauty spot. The scenery is of the most beautiful to be found anywhere, and its covering of white adds to its interest.

Of all the queer affairs that appeared on the street, none more neatly illustrated the farmer's wholesome way of living than one which passed through the heart of the city. The old wagon box was fixed up on "boots," and thus a neat sled was had, which would carry a number of generations if necessary.

THE TEMPERANCE REVIVAL AT THE STANDARD THEATER COMMENCES.

A FORMER PITTSBURGER SPEAKS Before an Unusually Large Audience, and With Some Success.

PROMINENT HORSEMAN Who Took Advantage of the Chance to Show the Speed of Their Favorites Yesterday—Highland Avenue Caught the Majority of Them.

Some of the fastest horses in the city were out yesterday, and many of them are eligible to the honor roll. The smooth surface of Highland Avenue caught the majority of them, but there were a great many on Forbes street, while many more circled on various streets.

Among those who were out yesterday with fast ones were the following: August Koch, of Oakland, drove Prince. Wylie Cotton was driven by Ernest Raab. Samuel Wilson had Dick W out. Iriah Mulligan was driven by W. W. Kerr. Harry House held the ribbon behind Ins, a pretty little truster that can do 2 1/2, and Bob McCance sat beside him. Mike Heuber had The Duke out. W. W. Kerr had his fine team out a few hours, and J. T. Z. Robitzer sat behind King Her.

Others who drove speedy ones were: Ex-Mayor McCallin, Sheriff McCandless, Colonel W. D. Moore, Therman Marshall, Sr., James H. Porter, Esq., Senator-elect Flinn, Captain J. A. Logan, Chief Biscow, Mike McCormick, owner of Dallas; Squire Herman Handel, John P. Brown, John Steel, John Gamble, Charles Otter, Harry Rea, John Moore, Charles Donnelly, John Dilling, Christ Stoehr, Tom Archibald, James Callery, Tom Donahue, Henry Murphy, James Lafan, Alexander King, John Pittman, Samuel McDonald, Harry Friel, John McKelvey, Eli Norwood, Joseph Mitchell, Theodore Dorfinger, Joseph Giesenkamp, John McNulty, J. G. Laur, H. T. Kuhn, Frank Zoultz, J. M. Laird.

On the high wagon seat sat an old man, and a young man, evidently his grandson. The younger man was driving, but he was not a certain young woman was getting along without his fatherly care.

There were no other sleighs, but the bottom was covered with a goodly supply of straw and blankets, and the balance of the family were ensconced there in every conceivable fashion.

Our friends from the country seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely yesterday. They had a magnificent team of horses that pranced through the streets, evidently having a good time as their more favored masters who were riding.

How the Livery Men Enjoyed Themselves. The revelry were not alone in their pleasure to the resort, and it gave the liverymen a considerable business.

There is a long stretch of track from Penn avenue to the reservoir, and it gave the horsemen a good chance to let their horses out, though they had to be careful not to bump into the rear end of the sleigh in advance of them.

Any number of people think it is out of place to go sleighing on Sunday, but yesterday the majority of them found good excuses for hitching up. Of course the snow was too deep to walk through it to church, and after they got started they found it difficult for the horse to pull them through the deep snow, so they went around a few blocks to get good roads. The horse was "let out a little" to give him exercise, and by the time they went to church three or four times they managed to have quite a multiplicity of sleigh rides without bending the Sabbath out of shape.

The Merry Alleghenians. Merry sleigh bells tinkled from one end of Allegheny to the other yesterday. The tinkle of the bells had even kept up from Saturday, for all night the horses had been spinning over the Ferrysville road.

When the springtime comes, gentle Annie! A party of liquor dealers and their wives, accompanied by a big sled turned out by Burns, the liveryman, yesterday afternoon.

One of the party scenes on Forbes street was spinning over the Ferrysville road. The consistency of the affair was that the horse was a magnificent white one, while the young lady was blessed with a splendid supply of sunburn locks.

All sorts of sleighs were to be seen. There were the family affairs of two or three seats as well as a dozen of so of varieties of one-horse sleighs, including the old-fashioned "deacon's" one-horse shay, on runners. There were probably as many varieties of horses, also, ranging from the high steppers to the decrepit animals being looked after by the humane society.

It seemed as though the Sunday school boys did not go to Sunday school yesterday, as the streets were fairly lined with them as they tried to hook on sleighs. At the corner of Atwood and Forbes streets one of the youngsters worked quite a scheme to secure the coveted privilege of a ride.

He watched the electric cars coming down the hill and then ran out into the middle of the street, and threatening both hands wildly about his head, yelled at the top of his voice for the drivers to stop. As it would be impossible to stop the cars at that point under existing circumstances, accidents were probably averted, but the youngster performed his little task quite often before he secured permission to hang on to the side of the sleigh.

A Bridge in Its Winter Clothes. One of the most picturesque scenes along this popular thoroughfare is the bridge which spans Four-mile run. Standing out to the right of the bridge, it makes a most magnificent picture. Its architecture is of such a nature that a covering of snow heightens its beauty, and the white hills make a splendid background.

The drives in Schenley Park are on too high an eminence to take well on such days as yesterday, when the wind was blowing from the mountains tops. Very few people ventured to try a trip there, but those who did go through the park were well paid for the little hardships caused by the wind.

Standing on Oakland Square one gets a splendid view of Pittsburg's now famous beauty spot. The scenery is of the most beautiful to be found anywhere, and its covering of white adds to its interest.

Of all the queer affairs that appeared on the street, none more neatly illustrated the farmer's wholesome way of living than one which passed through the heart of the city. The old wagon box was fixed up on "boots," and thus a neat sled was had, which would carry a number of generations if necessary.

Others who drove speedy ones were: Ex-Mayor McCallin, Sheriff McCandless, Colonel W. D. Moore, Therman Marshall, Sr., James H. Porter, Esq., Senator-elect Flinn, Captain J. A. Logan, Chief Biscow, Mike McCormick, owner of Dallas; Squire Herman Handel, John P. Brown, John Steel, John Gamble, Charles Otter, Harry Rea, John Moore, Charles Donnelly, John Dilling, Christ Stoehr, Tom Archibald, James Callery, Tom Donahue, Henry Murphy, James Lafan, Alexander King, John Pittman, Samuel McDonald, Harry Friel, John McKelvey, Eli Norwood, Joseph Mitchell, Theodore Dorfinger, Joseph Giesenkamp, John McNulty, J. G. Laur, H. T. Kuhn, Frank Zoultz, J. M. Laird.

George Miller, a driver for Semmelrock Bros., said that he counted 16 cutters tipped over in snowdrift. He said: "There are a few young men who know how to handle a horse in cutter on a good pavement, but along venturing into a snowdrift."

It might have been. Firemen Find it Very Hard to Get Around. The alarm of fire in the East End yesterday afternoon served to show how hard it would be to burn up a few houses in that district of the city should they catch fire.

When the springtime comes, gentle Annie! A party of liquor dealers and their wives, accompanied by a big sled turned out by Burns, the liveryman, yesterday afternoon.

One of the party scenes on Forbes street was spinning over the Ferrysville road. The consistency of the affair was that the horse was a magnificent white one, while the young lady was blessed with a splendid supply of sunburn locks.

All sorts of sleighs were to be seen. There were the family affairs of two or three seats as well as a dozen of so of varieties of one-horse sleighs, including the old-fashioned "deacon's" one-horse shay, on runners. There were probably as many varieties of horses, also, ranging from the high steppers to the decrepit animals being looked after by the humane society.

It seemed as though the Sunday school boys did not go to Sunday school yesterday, as the streets were fairly lined with them as they tried to hook on sleighs. At the corner of Atwood and Forbes streets one of the youngsters worked quite a scheme to secure the coveted privilege of a ride.

He watched the electric cars coming down the hill and then ran out into the middle of the street, and threatening both hands wildly about his head, yelled at the top of his voice for the drivers to stop. As it would be impossible to stop the cars at that point under existing circumstances, accidents were probably averted, but the youngster performed his little task quite often before he secured permission to hang on to the side of the sleigh.

A Bridge in Its Winter Clothes. One of the most picturesque scenes along this popular thoroughfare is the bridge which spans Four-mile run. Standing out to the right of the bridge, it makes a most magnificent picture. Its architecture is of such a nature that a covering of snow heightens its beauty, and the white hills make a splendid background.

The drives in Schenley Park are on too high an eminence to take well on such days as yesterday, when the wind was blowing from the mountains tops. Very few people ventured to try a trip there, but those who did go through the park were well paid for the little hardships caused by the wind.

Standing on Oakland Square one gets a splendid view of Pittsburg's now famous beauty spot. The scenery is of the most beautiful to be found anywhere, and its covering of white adds to its interest.

Of all the queer affairs that appeared on the street, none more neatly illustrated the farmer's wholesome way of living than one which passed through the heart of the city. The old wagon box was fixed up on "boots," and thus a neat sled was had, which would carry a number of generations if necessary.

THE TEMPERANCE REVIVAL AT THE STANDARD THEATER COMMENCES.

A FORMER PITTSBURGER SPEAKS Before an Unusually Large Audience, and With Some Success.

PROMINENT HORSEMAN Who Took Advantage of the Chance to Show the Speed of Their Favorites Yesterday—Highland Avenue Caught the Majority of Them.

Some of the fastest horses in the city were out yesterday, and many of them are eligible to the honor roll. The smooth surface of Highland Avenue caught the majority of them, but there were a great many on Forbes street, while many more circled on various streets.

Among those who were out yesterday with fast ones were the following: August Koch, of Oakland, drove Prince. Wylie Cotton was driven by Ernest Raab. Samuel Wilson had Dick W out. Iriah Mulligan was driven by W. W. Kerr. Harry House held the ribbon behind Ins, a pretty little truster that can do 2 1/2, and Bob McCance sat beside him. Mike Heuber had The Duke out. W. W. Kerr had his fine team out a few hours, and J. T. Z. Robitzer sat behind King Her.

Others who drove speedy ones were: Ex-Mayor McCallin, Sheriff McCandless, Colonel W. D. Moore, Therman Marshall, Sr., James H. Porter, Esq., Senator-elect Flinn, Captain J. A. Logan, Chief Biscow, Mike McCormick, owner of Dallas; Squire Herman Handel, John P. Brown, John Steel, John Gamble, Charles Otter, Harry Rea, John Moore, Charles Donnelly, John Dilling, Christ Stoehr, Tom Archibald, James Callery, Tom Donahue, Henry Murphy, James Lafan, Alexander King, John Pittman, Samuel McDonald, Harry Friel, John McKelvey, Eli Norwood, Joseph Mitchell, Theodore Dorfinger, Joseph Giesenkamp, John McNulty, J. G. Laur, H. T. Kuhn, Frank Zoultz, J. M. Laird.

On the high wagon seat sat an old man, and a young man, evidently his grandson. The younger man was driving, but he was not a certain young woman was getting along without his fatherly care.

There were no other sleighs, but the bottom was covered with a goodly supply of straw and blankets, and the balance of the family were ensconced there in every conceivable fashion.

Our friends from the country seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely yesterday. They had a magnificent team of horses that pranced through the streets, evidently having a good time as their more favored masters who were riding.

How the Livery Men Enjoyed Themselves. The revelry were not alone in their pleasure to the resort, and it gave the liverymen a considerable business.

There is a long stretch of track from Penn avenue to the reservoir, and it gave the horsemen a good chance to let their horses out, though they had to be careful not to bump into the rear end of the sleigh in advance of them.

Any number of people think it is out of place to go sleighing on Sunday, but yesterday the majority of them found good excuses for hitching up. Of course the snow was too deep to walk through it to church, and after they got started they found it difficult for the horse to pull them through the deep snow, so they went around a few blocks to get good roads. The horse was "let out a little" to give him exercise, and by the time they went to church three or four times they managed to have quite a multiplicity of sleigh rides without bending the Sabbath out of shape.

The Merry Alleghenians. Merry sleigh bells tinkled from one end of Allegheny to the other yesterday. The tinkle of the bells had even kept up from Saturday, for all night the horses had been spinning over the Ferrysville road.

When the springtime comes, gentle Annie! A party of liquor dealers and their wives, accompanied by a big sled turned out by Burns, the liveryman, yesterday afternoon.

One of the party scenes on Forbes street was spinning over the Ferrysville road. The consistency of the affair was that the horse was a magnificent white one, while the young lady was blessed with a splendid supply of sunburn locks.

All sorts of sleighs were to be seen. There were the family affairs of two or three seats as well as a dozen of so of varieties of one-horse sleighs, including the old-fashioned "deacon's" one-horse shay, on runners. There were probably as many varieties of horses, also, ranging from the high steppers to the decrepit animals being looked after by the humane society.

It seemed as though the Sunday school boys did not go to Sunday school yesterday, as the streets were fairly lined with them as they tried to hook on sleighs. At the corner of Atwood and Forbes streets one of the youngsters worked quite a scheme to secure the coveted privilege of a ride.

He watched the electric cars coming down the hill and then ran out into the middle of the street, and threatening both hands wildly about his head, yelled at the top of his voice for the drivers to stop. As it would be impossible to stop the cars at that point under existing circumstances, accidents were probably averted, but the youngster performed his little task quite often before he secured permission to hang on to the side of the sleigh.

A Bridge in Its Winter Clothes. One of the most picturesque scenes along this popular thoroughfare is the bridge which spans Four-mile run. Standing out to the right of the bridge, it makes a most magnificent picture. Its architecture is of such a nature that a covering of snow heightens its beauty, and the white hills make a splendid background.

The drives in Schenley Park are on too high an eminence to take well on such days as yesterday, when the wind was blowing from the mountains tops. Very few people ventured to try a trip there, but those who did go through the park were well paid for the little hardships caused by the wind.

Standing on Oakland Square one gets a splendid view of Pittsburg's now famous beauty spot. The scenery is of the most beautiful to be found anywhere, and its covering of white adds to its interest.

Of all the queer affairs that appeared on the street, none more neatly illustrated the farmer's wholesome way of living than one which passed through the heart of the city. The old wagon box was fixed up on "boots," and thus a neat sled was had, which would carry a number of generations if necessary.

Others who drove speedy ones were: Ex-Mayor McCallin, Sheriff McCandless, Colonel W. D. Moore, Therman Marshall, Sr., James H. Porter, Esq., Senator-elect Flinn, Captain J. A. Logan, Chief Biscow, Mike McCormick, owner of Dallas; Squire Herman Handel, John P. Brown, John Steel, John Gamble, Charles Otter, Harry Rea, John Moore, Charles Donnelly, John Dilling, Christ Stoehr, Tom Archibald, James Callery, Tom Donahue, Henry Murphy, James Lafan, Alexander King, John Pittman, Samuel McDonald, Harry Friel, John McKelvey, Eli Norwood, Joseph Mitchell, Theodore Dorfinger, Joseph Giesenkamp, John McNulty, J. G. Laur, H. T. Kuhn, Frank Zoultz, J. M. Laird.

George Miller, a driver for Semmelrock Bros., said that he counted 16 cutters tipped over in snowdrift. He said: "There are a few young men who know how to handle a horse in cutter on a good pavement, but along venturing into a snowdrift."

It might have been. Firemen Find it Very Hard to Get Around. The alarm of fire in the East End yesterday afternoon served to show how hard it would be to burn up a few houses in that district of the city should they catch fire.

When the springtime comes, gentle Annie! A party of liquor dealers and their wives, accompanied by a big sled turned out by Burns, the liveryman, yesterday afternoon.

One of the party scenes on Forbes street was spinning over the Ferrysville road. The consistency of the affair was that the horse was a magnificent white one, while the young lady was blessed with a splendid supply of sunburn locks.

All sorts of sleighs were to be seen. There were the family affairs of two or three seats as well as a dozen of so of varieties of one-horse sleighs, including the old-fashioned "deacon's" one-horse shay, on runners. There were probably as many varieties of horses, also, ranging from the high steppers to the decrepit animals being looked after by the humane society.

It seemed as though the Sunday school boys did not go to Sunday school yesterday, as the streets were fairly lined with them as they tried to hook on sleighs. At the corner of Atwood and Forbes streets one of the youngsters worked quite a scheme to secure the coveted privilege of a ride.

He watched the electric cars coming down the hill and then ran out into the middle of the street, and threatening both hands wildly about his head, yelled at the top of his voice for the drivers to stop. As it would be impossible to stop the cars at that point under existing circumstances, accidents were probably averted, but the youngster performed his little task quite often before he secured permission to hang on to the side of the sleigh.

A Bridge in Its Winter Clothes. One of the most picturesque scenes along this popular thoroughfare is the bridge which spans Four-mile run. Standing out to the right of the bridge, it makes a most magnificent picture. Its architecture is of such a nature that a covering of snow heightens its beauty, and the white hills make a splendid background.