## ROSE FROM A FORGE.

Robert Collyer as He Lives in the Memories of likley Folk.

PICTURE OF HIS COTTAGE HOME.

His First Sermon and the Village Cobbler's Criticism Upon It.

### A VISIT TO HIS OLD SCHOOLMASTER

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. ILELEY, ENGLAND, April 8 .- Where the fierce winds of the German Ocean meet the wild winds of the Irish Sea, and both, in savage convulsions, roll fey fog-banks nlong the barren hills, lies a little vale, set like a nest between the highest Yorkshire moors. This is Wharfedale. All around are dreariness of scenery and the griminess and hardness of countless mills. But within this one dale, as if in blessed compensation,

are numberless winsome spots and scenes, Ilkley, quaint and old in its characterful village life, shining and new from the innovations of rich loiterers drawn hither by the hygienic wells, and from very love of the sweet old spot, as Ruskin and Turner were, is the Wharfedalers' tiny metropolis. It was the Olicans of the Romans. All Saints', its ancient church, stands on the site of a former Roman fort and station. The entire region roundabout is filled with Pictish and Druidic remains, The Pictish and Druide valley sides and cracgy moor-scars rising neath his porch:

"I say, lad, come here; I ha' summat to "I say, lad, come here; I say, lad, come here; lad, corse, lawn and bloom, with here and there he walls of ancient manor-house, or of battlemented castle, showing statelily against the outjuttings of the bigher crags. Innumerable English antiquarians, naturalists and tourists come to Wharfedale. All visit the classic shades of Bolton Abbey, four miles above likley. Few Americans have seen it, because of its remoteness.

Story of the Ancient Priory. The ancient priory was founded in 1151, and owed its origin to a pathetic tragedy, best told in Rogers' ballad, "The Boy of Egremond," Lady Alice, wife of William Firz-Duncan, nephew to King David of Scotland, was the founder. Just a mile above the abbey, the river Wharfe is compressed within a deep, torrent-like rocky channel, called the Striu; because one can stride, or leap, across it. The son of Lady Alice attempted to cross the Strid, leading a hound in leash. The latter, suddenly chrinking back, precipitated "the boy of Egremend" into the torrent. He was drowned. In dolorous memory, Bolton Abbey was built. Among all the abbey ruins of Great Britain, Bolton, blended with its surroundings, is certainly the. most attractively picturesque. Melrose is Incomparably more interesting as an ecclesiastic art-relie; ivy-baried Dryburgh protects the grave of Scott; Kirkstall, as an impressive ruin, is far superior; and Fountains is more perfect, spacious and splendid; but Bolton Abbey stands as both an impressive and leturesque olden shrine in a periect dream

or natural beauty and repose.

In every direction the eye falls on matchless scenes of sweetness and rest. The very air and sunlight of the little vale seem eloment of repose. The inner sense dreamfully dwells upon the sacred and classic memories of the ivy-hid ruins; the Wharfe modulates its wimplings to the spirit of the spot; and even the birds, loving the valley as a retreat from the ever crowding of the grim and smoky mills, sing here in their Wharfeside sanctuary their softest and tenderest songs.

## Good Blood Came From Ilkley.

Outside af all quaint and pleasant things about old and new likiey, it is a delightful place to visit from the human interest of the town and its peighborhood. The ancestors of that sweet singer, Bishop Heber, wed and died here. It is the land of the Fairfaxes, whose noble blood was transfused to our own Virginia. It was the pas-sionately-loved haunt of Turner, who never spoke of sweet Wharfdale "without a quivering of the voice;" while Buskin "dis-cerned little bits of likley scenery hanging on to the Alpine heights when Turner came to paint them." But the personality above all others that links the American heart of to-day to old Ilkley is one our country has held in loving regard, now these two-score years; the great-hearted man, who, at Phila-delphia, Chicago and New York, has made other men, Romanist or Protestant, orthodex or heterodex, better and happier for his ministry among them; grand, gray Robert Collyer; who, when he passed from the iron to the spiritual anvil, knew no change in the real man that was in him, which made a great preacher and teacher out of the "Yorkshire Blacksmith" of Iikley.

Of his lineage, there was a grandfather who fought under Nelson, and went overboard one dark night in a storm. He was on the father's side. On the mother's side was another grandfather sailor who went beneath the waves with his ship. The two widows fought the wolf while they were able, and died presently of the fight. Then, as the century was coming in, Yorkshire, with its great mills and factories, came to be the land of promise to all in the south of England who wanted to better themselves. So a bright lad in London, who knew the songs of the anvil, and a lass from Norwich, were caught by the same impulse of better-ment that took their bairn, Robert, across the sea, when grown to manhood, and the then little collection of thatches known as likley soon became the humble couple's

## Meeting His Old Schoolmaster.

Collyer got all his "schooling" from an odd character many of the Ilkley folk still remember, by the name of Willie Bardie. In those days, by favor, all cripples were fiddlers or teachers. Willie Hardie was both. He was about the worst cripple and best fiddler and teacher the Ilkley district ever knew. He had a strange squint in his eyes, but for all that was a great marksman with the terule. There was no use of dodging. If you did, the ferule would find you out and thump you all the harder. Collyer and his young companious swore solemnly to thrash him when they grew to be men.

In 1871, Collyer came back here from America with a friend "to thrash 'owd Willie," and they found him at Fewston, teaching and thumping just as they had left him. Crossing the worn threshold, they

"Is this Willie Hardie?"

"And if it is?" he answered cannily.

"How are you getting along, sir?"

"I'se weel enough, but I donnt know ye."
"We used to be your scholars, sir. We've come to give you back your thrashings!"
"Non, non-un" ye will not!" shouted 'owd Willie' at the intruders, instinctively grasping his ferule.

Then they made a rush at him, telling him who they were, and giving him a great hustling, until he purchased freedom by a promise to play for them a tune on the old field then and there; and he gave them "Sweet Home," until there was not a dry eye in the little, low schoolhouse.

## A Pretty Stendy Lad.

At 14, Collyer was "prenticed" to "owd Jackie" Birch, the Ilkley village blacksmith. The lad was pretty steady, "About middling—about middling!" he will himself tell you, with a twinkle of the old Yorkshire light in his eyes. The old, old women of likley tell me they were pretty

women of likely terr me they were pretty sure of the orthodoxy of any little village fun he had a hand in. But these were days of insatiate book-hunger for the young Yorkshire blacksmith. The only industries of Ilkley at that time were "wool-combing and ludgers." Woolcombing is gone; but, now, in the summer time, thousands come here as "ludgers," for rest and health-getting at Ilkley's famous bydropathic institutes and springs. One of these weel-combers, John Dobson, a farmer's boy named Tom Smith, another isd named John Hobson and the 'prentice boy Collyer, became friends, and formed a compact about books, reading and study. Morning, noon, night and Sundays they "took turns" reading aloud, exchanging ideas and aspirations, and thus grew into the possession of How He Got to Preaching

The wave of Wesleyanism was still strong over the northern moors; a local preacher named Bland, now in Canada, preached a sermon one Sabbath which took a wondrom sermon one Sabbath which took a wondrous hold on the young blacksmith, though no "revival" was in progress; and, "at last the light came." The Methodists took him "on probation" and put him in "old Jim Delve's" class. A few nights after, Delve was absent; and, as Collyer has often told me, "up snoke Tom Smith from across the room: 'Nan, lad, then mun lead t'class t'night; than can do it if than tries!" So he took hold and led. In a little while they made him a local preacher. His first sermon was a great event in the district. It

was preached at Addingham, a little hamlet three miles up the Wharfe from Ilkley. "Oh, I thought I had a capital sermon though!" Mr. Collyer once said to me. was in three parts, each, of course, essential to the others. They didn't allow a fellow paper in those days, either. Their curious eyes were all wide open; and I thought I had done splendidly. But half way back to Ilkley I suddenly remembered I had left the 'secondly' out entirely. I was quite overwhelmed about it. But the joke of it all was that I had bodily stolen my 'secondly' from a fine sermon preached by a good Presbyterian brother named McChine.

so heavily that I have never stolen a sermon The Village Cobbler's Opinion,

felt the weight of that judgment on me

Then they must hear him at Ilkley. All the boys and girls were there; and the young blacksmith thought he had made a great impression. While this was glowing in his mind on his way to the forge the next morning, the old village cobbler called out to him

say to ye. I heard than preach last night."
There was a broad grin on his face. "Did ye, though?" returned the black

smith proudly. "I did; and I think thou'lt ne'er mak' reacher as long as than lives, Boah!"

He was stunned by this, for the cobbler was the village oracle. The latter saw how sorely he had hurt him, and kind-heartedly added: "Now, doan't mistake me, Boab. Thou wants to reason too much. Thou may'st' lecture; but than can never be a

When you stand by the ancient church of All Saints, and look in upon its mossy graves and the Runic crosses, your hands will grasp the bars of its huge iron gates.
They were forged on "owd Jackie's" anvil
by this same stout-hearted "Yorkshire
Blacksmith." And somehow as one turns away from Ilkley, the feeling comes strongly that there was wrought into these rods and bars a hero-grit more impressive and imperishable than is revealed in all other mont ments or tokens left in Wharfedale, since the days when the Romans trod these pleas EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

### DOING UP THE CAPITALS.

A Descriptive Work From Sir Charle Dilke, Carmen Sylva and Others.

A happy thought has occurred to a Paris publisher, which he has immediately put into execution. It is a large and splendidly illustrated book, containing descriptions of the capitals of the world. A very commonplace idea, you may say, but the peculiarity of the book will be that the description will not be written by mere hack writers but by authors and politicians of repute.

A glance at some of the names will show that the book will be out of the usual run o works of this class. Sir Charles Dilke will write on London; the French poet, Coppee, on Paris; Madame Adam on Paris; Pierre Loti on Constantinople; and Carmen Sylva, the Queen of Roumania, on Bucharest.

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# BILL NYE IN TEXAS

He Talks of His First Annual Farewell Tour of the Lone Star.

POPULAR OPINION OF PROGRESS.

Life Upon an Ante-Bellum Plantation and in the Congo Club.

STILES OF SECRET SOCIETY GRIPS

IN TEXAS DOWN BY

THE KIO GRANDE. I am preparing at this time a large and costly testimonial for the young man who suggested the idea of making this spring my first grand annual farewell tour of Texas. It has been a great success from a. boxoffice and social standpoint. Artistically, of course, the carping critic might see places where he could have done a great deal better himself.

Texas, as we know already, is a mighty empire itself, connecting the stern and sturdy elements of the Farmers' Alliance of Kaneas on the north with the romantic yet peppery Quixote of the south. Here the sad and solemn lubricator, vulgarly called the greaser, spends his patrimony on an 8-pound hat, and with what he has left he buys a sorse. I never tire of looking at the delirious clothes of a prosperous greaser. They are wildly beautiful to one who loves, as I do, to see a hand to hand contest to a

finish between strong colors. The Mexican in His Church. On Sunday I attended divine worship at the Mexican Cathedral in San Autonio. afforded me a grand opportunity to look at the clothes of the congregation, as we do at home, also to study the faces of the people as they came out. Religion does not seem



Talking With a Drunkard. afford the Mexican much joy or comfort.

He goes through it, however, as one gets his teeth repaired—not for the delirious thrill of joy he finds lurking in the job itself, but as a precautionary measure and as an evidence of his powers of endurance. The ladies of the congregation, it seemed to me, showed better taste in proportion to their means, than the gentlemen. They dressed plainly and seemed to favor deep mourning wherever there was an excuse for it. Some of them, I judge, wore mourning on very slight provocation—that is, if they were mourning the loss of such husbands as

I was permitted to see samples of. The men I was permitted to see any embroidered, and wore large liats, heavily embroidered, and whatever else they could get in the way of whatever else they could get in the way of clothes. I never saw people run so much to hats or seem so indifferent to outer clothes.

Some of the Popular Costumes. I saw one man at church who wore a massive Mexican hat with two or three pounds of silver braid on it, and a leather cinch, with two silver buckles, for a band. He also were a beautiful pair of lilac trousers. One man in the amen corner of the cathedral wore no coat or vest, but had a shirt made of buff calico, with grim figures on it, and it was made with puffed sleeves and a Stewart collar. He had also socked his inheritance into a hat, and wore helio-trope trousers of the time of Queen Eliza-

Dallas is probably the most prosperous of Texas cities. Some well-known writer-up of towns-possibly Charles Dudley Warner-states that if you draw a circle, using a radius of 100 miles, with Dallas as the center, you will have therein 34 counties. I was too tired to try it while at Dallas, and could not get a 100-mile radius at any of the places where I looked. Some of the stores didn't seem to have any radius at all. These 34 counties produce nearly half the cotton of Texas, also more than half the oats and wheat. It is a very fertile district indeed. The soil is rich and deep, and cotton just naturally grows here with the very slightest encouragement.

An Anti-Bellum Plantation

I never saw so much cottton anywhere hafore as I have seen on this trip. Down near Waco-pronounced Wayco-there is an old-time cotton planter who runs his plantation just as they used to before the war, only, of course, he can't show as good an abstract of title to his help, but he has the large black negro with the white eye, and that negro knows his place. He is fed, watered and looked out for every day. The mules are locked up, also, so that there is no frolicking over the country at night with the stock. Severe system is the rule, and \$20,000 a year is the cotton crop, while the negroes themselves are any of them fat enough to kill, and their happy songs in the cottonfields show that healthful discipline, regular hours and regular meals agree with

In this way they have also very little temptstion to monkey with the flowing bowl. Rum is highly injurious to the negro. While unquestionably beneficial to the white man, making him bright and highly conversational, it is not proper for the negro. It dulls his sensibilities and makes him almost coarse. I met one of them here in Texas who had become somewhat addicted to the use of liquor for medical purposes.

Not Successful in Drowning. He said that he lost his wife several years ago, and had been ever since trying to frown his sorrows in the flowing bowl. He admitted, though, that it was not a success. He said he had drowned several of his more sickly and feeble sorrows in that way, but he said they always swelled up and came to the surface on the following day bigger and more disagreeable than ever. I said that was a good mimile.

He said he didn't know what it was, but I found that he was talkative, and so I conversed with him. He said that he had got all his work done up ahead and got all over the rush before I came, so that he could have a real good visit with me when I got here. I judged that it had been several years since he had been busy, however. He said that Texas was advancing rapidly, he thought, in the matter of civilization. I said "Yes?" with a rising inflection. He said that she was now safely past the crisis, he thought, between the customs of the cliff wellers and finger bowls.

Invited to Visit the Club, "Some of us, of c'ose, is raw yit, but we are advancing. I would like to have you the guest of our club here this evenin', sah,

if you will come down—the Upper Congo club it is called, sah. We run it on economical principles, sah, but it is a quiet, homelike place, whah you kin go for a hour or two, check you old razor and injoin you-

It was a quiet and rather unpretentious place, the Upper Congo club, occupied dur-ing the day as a laundry and Tuesdays and Fridays as a club room. The franchise of the club consisted of the inalienable right to meet, meditate and adjourn. The clui properly consisted of a guests' register, made in imitation of a butcher's order book, with a pine lead pencil tied to it by a string, a gallon beer pail and a set of dominos. The Upper Congo club allows no .millionaires sons to join. Of course if a member should become a millionaire's son after he had united with the club he cannot be expelled without a two-thirds vote; but I was told that "brains," and brains only, was the qualification—self-made brains. Wealth

A Trio of Big Personages. Sam Jones preached in Texas and lectured and licked the Mayor of Palestine last fall. Everywhere one goes he hears of Sam Jones and the good work done by him. Also by Dr. Talmage, who with Mr. Jones, another well-known revivalist, and myself, furnished a star course of lectures the past sea son for Texas with great success, people coming in some instances for hundreds miles, bringing their dinners and paying \$ apiece, looking upon us with awestruck features for a few moments, and then retiring cheerfully to their distant homes.

thought ganglia of the Upper Congo club.

Texas people say that Sam Jones reminds them of John the Forerunner in some ways, only that John, so far as they know, did not eat with his knife. Sam, however, is a plain, off-hand man, and since he and I and Dr. Talmage have worked together in Texas do not seel like hearing either one criticised, and I know that neither of them will sit calmly by and allow me to be run down.



One of the Grips, Dallos is beautifully surrounded by the State of Texas and Oak Cliff, a bandsome suburb with a thriving hotel and a vigorous giri's college. Also a pavilion for speakers

and concerts during the summer, and a menagerie. An Inter-State Commerce Horror.

There is a train running between Oak Cliff and Dallas which is called an accommodation. It is owned by the hotel, and goes along with the reading room, parlor and washroom. You board at the hotel and the proprietor throws in the railroad. I say this so that the inter-State commerce outfit may look into the matter and throttle this giant evil.

Dallas did a business in 1889 of over

\$31,000,000. Since then trade has greatly increased. While there I met a company of Boston capitalists, headed by ex-Governor Brackett. They had just bought a building for \$250,000 that day. Feur million dollars are (or is) invested in factories, and the yearly product is over \$8,000,000. was also in Dallas two days, and put quite a little sum of money in circulation while there. I cannot help it. The Western

spirit of freedom and reckless expenditure comes over me, and I buy the morning pa per sometimes and do not read half of it.

Mental Effort Learning the Grips. The Knights of Pythias held a conclave at Dallas while I was there. I wore a badge in order to be sociable, and by that means learned of different grips and signs of distress. I think now that I could work my way into a lodge if I could have time and a large corkscrew. In shaking hands with many strangers during the past year or two while traveling, and making a wide acquaintance, looking to any accidental turn in affairs in 1892, I am struck by the large and varied number of grips given me which am not able to classify.

I would think that a man who belonged to most all of the secret societies must have very little time to devote to has business after successfully remembering all the grips, signs, passwords, explanations, signals, rituals, work of degress, constitutions, bylaws, reports of committees, initiations, communications and new business, good of the order, violation of obligations, opening odes, manual of arms, laying of cornerodes, manual of arms, laying of corner-stones, and funeral services. If I had all these in my head I could just about remember the combination of my safe, but I would not be mentally adequate to anything further than that. If it rained, some good friend who had my best interests at heart would probably have to take me by the hand and bring me in. BILL NYE.

## A PLEASURE TO BE FALSTAFF.

No Other Character Gives Comedian Crane Such Satisfaction as That.

"I-have received more keen intellectual and artistic enjoyment from my endeavors to give tangible expression to the humors and corporeal evidence of the peculiarities of the 'fat knight' than from any other portion of my work on the stage," says W. H. Crane, the comedian. "When I first made up my mind to essay the part, one with which, in my humble opinion, there is only one other in the whole range of the drama to be compared, and that is Hamlet, I felt the magnitude of my task. For months and months I labored hard and earnestly, studying the many complexities and humors of the man, who was not only so witty in him-self, but was also the cause of so much wit in others. I took, for instance, a long, lonely cruise in my yacht, and for 12 hours a day devoted myself entirely to conning the lines, not only of my part, but of the entire play, so as to endeavor to form a proper idea of the relation of the parts to the whole. "At last it seemed to me that I had learned much, and though with not a little appre-

hension, it was still with a sense of some satisfaction that I stepped on the stage for the first time as Sir John.

"When the curtain fell on that perform-ance, I for the first time thoroughly realized how little I really knew. From that time onward I began to learn, and there was not a single performance, whatever the surrounding circumstances might have been, which was not a source of unmixed enjoyment. I think I should feel that same pleasure were I to play the part every night for ten years. So from a selfish point of view, I prefer Fal-staff, while in view of the pleasure which I evidently afford to others, no part has ever pleased me more than that of Senator Hannibal Rivers."

### MORSE'S FIRST TELEGRAM.

Why It Was Sent to the Young Daughter of Mrs. Eilswort

It was the last night of the session of Congress in 1844 that the amount of \$30,000 was appropriated to enable Morse to build his telegraph line from Baltimore to Washington. Morse had been seven years endeavoring to get aid from the Government. Morse boarded in Washington at the house of a Mrs. Ellsworth. The daughter of this ady was present in the ladies' gallery of the House of Representatives the night the bill was passed, and immediately went home and informed Morse of his good fortune. As compliment to this lady, and in recognition of her interest in bringing the intelligence to him, Morse sent the first telegram from Baltimore to her.

# CURE FOR WATCHES

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TOO MUCH ELECTRICITY NOW.

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PREPARED FOR THE DISPATCE. One of the peculiar things noticed lately by those engaged in the watch trade has been the great increase in the number of watches that go wrong because they have never been magnetized. There is much reason in attributing this to the increase in the electric generators and motors used for lighting and power, but the fact must be remembered that the earth itself is a great magnet, and that it affects everything that moves or vibrates within its "field of force." The Brooklyn bridge, for instance, exhibits some very interesting phenomena of magnetism. But fine watches are peculiarly susceptible to magnetic influences.

Various remedies have been proposed and tried, and there are now several makes of watches with "non-magnetic" works. In these the vital points that are usually made of steel, such as the balance wheel, balance spring, lever, scapewheel, roller teble, etc., are made of substances that resist magnetizing and yet stand wear-such as an alloy or palladium. Another method is to protect the watch by a "non-magnetic" shield, which is intended to shed the magnetism, so to speak, just as an umbrella does the rain. But there are a good many million watches without shields and without the new style of "inwards," and to meet the magnetic ailments "inwards," and to meet the magnetic ailments of these, a number of "demagnetizers" have been invented. It is true that a watch can be restored to rectitude by simply being placed on the poles of one of the modern alternating current dynamos, but it is not every one who has such a machine handy, and even then it is always best to observe a respectful distance. The same idea on a miniature scale has just been warked out by an ingenious American inventor. It consists



The New Demagnetizer,

merely of a demagnetizing chamber, around which is wound a coil of wire. The watch is held in the chamber, and current is led into the coil from a battery. At the front is a commutator or device which throws the current through the coil first one way and then the other. The faster the handle attached to the commutator is turned, the faster the current alternates and in a few seconds the watches, on being gradually withdrawn from the chamber. aiternates and in a few seconds the watches, on being gradually withdrawn from the chamber, will be found quite free of magnetism. A simple way to test this is to lay a little compass on the face of the watch. If the watch is mag-netized, its every heartbeat will be renested in a quiver to and fro of the needle. Very few watches of the old style can endure this test, and watches on many of our leading railroads now undergo a regular magnetic inspection.

Japanese Electricity.

The enthusiasm with which the Japanese ave seized upon American inventions in ectricity is seen not only in the success of he electric light and power in the land of the electric light and power in the land of the chrysanthemum, but in the formation of tery. HAUGH & KEENAN, 33 Water street, a very large and strong electric society. It

is further demonstrated in the electrical literature of the country. A dainty pamphlet just received in this country is wholly devoted to a description of the inwholly devoted to a description of the intricate development of a new system of running the circuits for electric lighting, and the
whole plan of distribution is shown in a numher of heautiful little drawings, characterized
by all the Japanese delicacy of finish. In some
way the little incandescent light seems to harmonize peculiarly with the brightness and
cleanliness of Japanese interiors, and it is very
popular already in the large cities. So, too, the
commact little electric motor hits the fancy of
the deft and dapper Jap.

Romance of Invention

The recent centennial of the American patent system, in Washington, and the prominence therein of electrical inventors, emphasizes the fact that for the first half of the hundred years, electricity made no demands for the protection that a patent gives. Then came Morse, but the great period of growth dates from the Sunday when the Emperor of Brazil heard the feeble voice of the telephone at the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876. Among these electrical geniuses may be named such men as Prof. Bell, who after securing a great fortune out

Bell, who after securing a great fortune out of his telephone, invented while a starving teacher in Boston, has latterly devoted all his time to the deaf and dumb; Edison, once a poor newsboy; Elihu Thomson, once a struggling teacher of physics in Philadelphia; Brush, a student who began his electric lighting work with no funds at all and now has one of the largest private fortunes in Claveland, and Edward Weston, a pioneer electro plater, who is new building electrical instruments of precision of world-wide reputation.

In the wholly modern work of electric rall-roading, we find Van Depoele, once a Belgian woodcarver; Sprague, formerly a junior officer in the United States naws; Leo Daft, at one time a photographer; Stephen D. Field, an old telegraph operator; Athert Schmid, a young Swiss brought over by George Westinghouse; Rae, once a telegraph messenger boy, and many others. One of the most interesting and astonishing of all these men is Nikola Tesia, a young Montenegrin, who only a few years ago left his mountain fastnesses in Eastern Europe, and who since his arrival in America has attracted universal attention by his discoveries in the use of the alternating current. Nor and who since his arrival in America has attracted universal attention by his discoveries in the use of the alternating current. Nor must Emile Berliner be forgotten, a German immigrant, who after an exciting fight for foothold, during which he washed bottles, hired out as a drygoods clerk and served as a "drummer" up and down the Mississippl, made a vital invention in connection with the transmitter of the telephone, so valuable that his name is to be seen stamped with those of Bell and Edison on every instrument in use. And so one might go on, for the list is long, and these careers are full of romance.

High Tension Power Transmissio Electricians are rapidly becoming famile iar with currents of high potential, or, to put it in popular language, currents that travel fast and that require almost as much care in their handling as a lightning flash. A very daring scheme is about to be tried in Europe at the approaching Frankfort electrical exhibition, in the transmission of not trical exhibition, in the transmission of not less than 300-horse power from a turbine at the Falls of the Neckar, near Lauffen, a distance of nearly 120 miles. The current is to be used at the exhibition for light and power, and the potential is to be from 25,000 to 30,000 volts. The nearest approximation to this in actual work has been the use of currents of 10,000 volts by Ferranti in London, in a tenta-tive kind of way, for lighting. A special re-hearsal showed that under the tension of 22,000 volts no spark jumped until the two ends of the nearsal showed that under the tension of 22,000 voits no spark jumped until the two ends of the circuit were brought within less than one inch of each other. It was also found that an ordinary lead fuse, or safety cutont, would protect the apparatus in case of a short circuit. These experiments have a direct bearing on the proposed utilization of water power at Niagara.

Underground Railroading.

The underground electric road is now being seriously considered by other American sities than New York, and a European representative of a prominent American electrical company hassent in a petition to the chief magistrate of Berlin, asking for permission to construct and work an underground electric railway in Barlin. The proposed rail-way will, if consent is given, be built in iron

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AT ONLY

FOR CHOICE

Are made of black and fancy Imported Cheviots, plain and silk mixed Cassimeres, Pinheads, Checks, etc., in newest light spring and summer pat-terns and dark shades; Worsteds in solid colors and rich mixtures. Wide Wales in blue and black, etc., cut in the very latest styles of

1, 3 AND 4-BUTTON **CUTAWAY FROCKS** 

Single and Double-Breaste d SACKS.

The trimmings are the best.



# **Overcoats**

Come in the most select and fashionable shades and colors of Kerseys, Meltons, Whipcords, Cheviots, Worsteds, etc., silk faced, satin sleeve linings, satin lined throughout; light and medium weights, full back, lap seams, plain and fancy stitched, cut in

London Top, English Box and Chesterfield,

The Fit is Perfection! So Are the Trimmings!

YOUR CHOICE ONLY

This grand one-week's special sale embraces many of the finest Suits and Spring Overcoats offered by Pittsburg Clothing Houses at from \$20 to \$25. See them and judge for

THE LARGEST, LIVELIEST, BUSIEST, CHEAPEST, HANDSOMEST AND SQUAREST STORE IN PITTSBURG,

FIFTH AVENUE SMITHFIELD STREET

The advance sale of our genuine French and Balbriggan Spring

week. Among the many bargains we point out

and Summer Underwear, imported by ourselves, will take place this

Men's genuine French Balbriggan

finish, sizes 34 to 44, regular \$1 goods, at ONLY 63c.

Men's guaranteed fast black Bal-briggan Underwear, will be very extensively worn this summer, worth \$1 25, at

Underwear, patent seams and

ONLY 75c.

Men's Silk Lisle Underwear, silk finished neck and front, very fine goods, actual price \$1 75, at

ONLY \$1.25.



spuns, in various fashionable shades, and, during this week, we SUITS TO ORDER

house one case of Scotch Home-

From these fine \$25. We will also show a line of fine imported Spring Trouserings from which we shall make

PANTS TO ORDER

Don't fail to leave your measure.

