Incidents of the Remarkable against his father, and went the length of publishing a number of letters which, it Career Which Came to an End Last Week.

THE SON OF HIS FATHER.

Family Skeleton Which Was Brought Out at Bulwer's Death.

SPECTACULAR EXPLOITS IN INDIA.

Brilliant Diplomatic Work Tarnished by Fearful Scandal.

A CULTURED AND THOROUGH BOHENIAN

FBY CABLE TO THE DISPATCH. ] LONDON, Nov. 28 .- [Copyright.]-It

very seldom happens that the son of a distinguished man is himself distinguished. In England especially it is often found to be a positive drawback to a man in public life to be the next descendant of a prominent statesman. He seems so puny by comparison with his father that what would be quite

respectable abilities in another man, are considered con-Oren Meredich temptible in him. The two Pitts only furnish the exception

that proves the rule. The other day John Albert Bright was taunted by Lord Grinston in the Times with being "the very small inheritor of a very great name;" and the caricaturists are never tired of ridiculing Herbert Gladstone as a pigmy beside his colossal father. We see the same thing in America. President Harrison is called a block to hang his grandfather's hat on. If George Washington had left a son his position would not have been

A Difficult Man to Come After.

Now, if there ever was in this world a difficult man to "come after," it was Lord Lytton, better known as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. He was almost everything that a man could be, and whatever he did, he did brilliantly. He was the foremost Englishman of letters of his time, a novelist of equal rank with Dickens, Thackeray and Disraeli, a highly successful dramatist, a poet far above mediocrity, and at the same time he was a powerful statesman, a capable administrator, a splendid orator, a keen politician, a country gentleman of comcontinuous blaze of success, and his varied reputation never stood higher than when he died at a ripe old age. His son, with far less advantages than he

had, managed to get on in life and push the family fortunes, even more that he did. The most curious thing about the Earl of Lytton was that he did this without having had any early education worth speaking of. He was at Harrow for a little while when that now famous seminary of learning was about at its lowest ebb; and he went straight from school into the Foreign Office at an age when his playmates were puzzling their brains over propriaque maribus and As in presenti. His father had always had a maxim that diplomacy was the best school of statesmanship. He despised political and parliamentary arts, although he excelled in them himself; and so it came about that the younger Lytton never had any of that kind of experience which is generally deemed essential for a public man.

Served as a Boy at Washington. He was a mere boy when he went as an attache to Washington, where his uncle, Sir Henry Bulwer, afterward Lord Dalling, was British Minister; and it was among Americans that he gained his first impres-sions of the great world of men and man-ners. He is still remembered at Washington as a shy youth, but a great favorite in the ladies' society, and he on his part declares that he got an insight into human nature there which was worth more than years of official routine.

His next move, however, was what really influenced his career. He was sent to Florence, and there he devoted himself to Florence, and there he devoted himself to the study of languages and European literature in such a thorough-going way that he might fairly be said to have been a distinguished literateur in any country he might happen to go to. Englishmen, as a rule, learn foreign languages with difficulty and speak them very badly; and it is a well-deserved reproach against British diplomatists that they content themselves with French and despise the native languages of the people with whose affairs they guages of the people with whose affairs they nevertheless profess to be familiar. It was quite the contrary with Lytton. Some idea of the variety of his experiences may be of the variety of his experiences may be gathered from the fact that he served as attache, secretary, charge d'affairs or ambassador at Washington, Florence, The Hague, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Vienna, Belgrade, Copenhagen, Athens, Lisbon, Madrid, Rome and Paris. In each country to learned the learness well second. he learned the language well enough not only to speak it fluently, but to study its literature and even to write books in it

His first striking success in diplomacy was in Servia, a country of which very little was known at that time, and where the political parties consisted practically of two rival bands of brigands, only combining in conspiracies against the Turkish rule.

His Reputation in Literature. Long before this, Lord Lytton had made his reputation as a poet, novelist and biographer; and he had made it in a peculiar and thoroughly characteristic way. From boyhood he had had a burning ambitton for literary fame, but he was determined in the first place not to come into rivalry, as it were, with his father, of whom he was intensely proud, and secondly not to owe anything to his advantages of rank and parentage. He resolved to succeed on his merits or not at all. For this reason he published all his early works under an assumed name, and it was many years before Owen Mere-dith, the admired poet and author of many charming works in English, French, Italian, Polish, Turkish, Romaic, Danish, was publicly known to be identical with the rising

young diplomatist.

It was not until his father's death, indeed, that he came out openly as a man of letters, and it was then that he got into a painful affair which brought him a good deal of discredit on both father and son. One of his deather and son. One of his eredit on both father and son. One of his dearest aspirations was to produce a really worthy biography of his father, and the whole literary world looked forward to his achievement with an interest equal to his own. There was a difficulty, however, of which the world at that time knew little or nothing. It was no secret that the first Lord Lytton did not get on well with his wife; but the haughty pride of the family had always kept the skeleton shut up in the cupboard.

As soon as the first volume of the biography appeared, however, it was noticed that the author scarcely mentioned his mother at all, while in some passages there were expressions of sympathy with his father on account of certain domestic un-

juriously upon her. The public would probably have paid little attention to this, but the relatives of Lady Bulwer took it up fercely. They not only accused Lord Lytton of basely defaming his own mother, but they brought charges of a terrible character

they were genuine, certainly showed that famous man in the light of a monster of cruelty and passion. They threatened Lord Lytton that if he did not do what they considered justice to his mother—of course, at the expense of his father—they would pub-lish other papers in their possession, de-scribing episodes in real life not equaled in the most sensational of Bulwer's novels or dramas, and make a family expose such as had never occurred since the Byron scandals. Lord Lytton would not be coerced and the

publication of the family papers was actually announced for a certain date, when he applied to the courts for protection. The question to be decided was a very curious one, but the judges had little hesitation in granting an injunction forbidding the publication of documents which would interest the publication of the family papers was actually announced for a certain date, when he applied to the courts for protection. flict terrible injury and pain on Lord Lyt-ton and his wife and children, and could not by any possibility do anybody any good. The sensation-mongers were disappointed of a rare treat; and the reputation of the great novelist was spared. But the scheme of the biography was frustrated, and Lord Lytton himself did not come out of the affair altogether satisfactorily.

The Public Estimate of Him.

Until then he was scarcely known per sonally to the British public at all. He had always lived abroad, and his writings had always lived abroad, and his writings having appeared under another name, there seemed to be a good deal of mystery about him. But in that ugly business he came out clearly, the public thought, as a proud, hard-hearted man, wrapped up in aristocratic selfishness and quite void of those tender sympathies which go for so much in the formation of a fine character. In fact, it was said of him at the time that he showed himself the son of his father—such a father as was exhibited in the letters which were published.

which were published.

The public estimate of a man is seldon altogether wrong; and many people who know Lord Lytton will say the opinion then formed of him was not unjust. He was one of those men whose particular friends like of those men whose particular friends like them intensely, while others, though they cannot help admiring them, have a feeling of positive repulsion from them. He withdrew from the public notice, nevertheless, with a sort of lofty dignity, declining to answer his critics or to enter into any discussion of his family affairs; and returned to his diplomatic duties, where his position was well assured. He was still Ambassador at Lisbon when Lord Beaconsfield resolved upon one of those surprises which he was so fond of bursting on his supporters and opponents alike. opponents alike.

His Master Stroke in India. He suddenly made Lord Lytton Viceroy of India, a post of great splendor and responsibility, for which he had had no previous training whatsoever. The salary alone is \$100,000 a year, four times that of an ambassador, and the total emoluments, privileges, patronage and power make the position far more magnificent than that of a lesser European sovereign. Yet Lord Lytton was required to fill it at the age of 45, having never been in India or had anything the state of th thing to do with administration before. Lord Beaconsfield, as usual, knew very well what he was about. He did not at that juncture want an administrator for viceroy. He wanted a man of imagina-tion, a poet, above all a diplomatist who could understand the inner workings of things and extend his view beyond immepolitician, a country gentleman of commanding influence, a rare scholar, and the unrivaled leader of fashion. He was born with great advantages, and he used them so as to raise the faculty of getting on in life to one of the fine arts. His career was a continuous blaze of success, and his varied Delhi, in sight of the ancient capital of the mogul rulers of Hindostan, he held that gorgeous durbar, at which all the princes of India assembled to hear the great news from the Viceroy himself, and to tender their allegiance in person to the Empress' representative. It was one of the most magnificent spectacles ever witnessed, even in India, the land of pageants, and its political wisdom has been amply justified by after events. For the first time all the powers and military forces of India were brought under one acknowledged head, and a federal empire was established which

the greatest of Oriental potentates felt proud to belong to. Decoration of the Indian Empire, The thing was done so suddenly and so thoroughly that Russian jealously had no time to develop itself through the channels of intrigue. Lord Lytton was at once elevated to the degree of an earl, with the title of Viscount Knebworth to be borne by his sons in memory of the grand old manor of Hertfordshire, which has been the home of the femily for nearly 500 years. He was limbs of intrigue. Lord Lytton was at once elevated to the degree of an earl, with the title of Viscount Knebworth to be borne by his sons in memory of the grand old manor of Hertfordshire, which has been the home of the family for nearly 500 years. He was raised to the highest rank in the orders of the Bath and the Star of India, and was one the first to receive the new decoration of the Indian Empire.

Or breath of Morning breeze, whispering its way Through the awakening bambu-leaves—glides in A Heavenly Vision! 'Tis O Tsuru San; And neck, breast, slender little amber limbs all bare as the brown sea-sand; just one cloth.'

Tied with a sky-blue string about the waist Half covers her. Sweetly and movingly the luddoor she sings: "Oh, Thou within

the Indian Empire.
It would have been well for him if he had left India as soon as he had completed this duty. Instead of that he held the office of Viceroy for three years longer, and a terrible time he had of it. Whether he was right or wrong in his ideas of Indian administration will always be a matter of opinion; but it is certain that no Viceroy made him-self more obnoxious to the British officials self more obnoxious to the British officials or to European society in India generally. Europeans in India have the reputation of being very lax in their notions of morality, but the state of affairs at the Viceregal court in Lord Lytton's time scandalized even those who had lost the power of blushing by long disuse. Remonstrances were in vain. The Viceroy seemed to think himself a sort of collab or Oriental Const. himself a sort of caliph or Oriental Casar, who was quite above conventional rules in such matters, and the cynical indifference which he displayed to the feelings of those who cherished the sanctities of family life not less in India than in England, was bit-

terly felt. His Personal Characteristics.

His Personal Characteristics.

Yet he himself was accompanied by his wife, a beautiful and virtuous woman, of the great family of Villiers, who shared with him the grief of losing their eldest son and one or two other children from the effects of the Indian climate. It was a happy day for them, as well as for India, when they left the country on the defeat of Lord Beaconfield's ministry in 1880. Lord Lytton was not a man who could be kept in the background. He was immediately appointed Ambassador to the French Republic, a post which he held up to the time of his death with signal success. He was 60 years of age, but in the prime of life and of abilities; and there was no saying what greatness might have been in store for him. He was a most peculiar looking man, not unlike the portraits of his father that may be seen in some editions of "Pelham" or be seen in some editions of "Pelham" or other early novels of his, but different in having a head of hair so curly that it almost suggested a negro's wool, except t'ast it was fair. He had none of that fastidiousness about his appearance which his father carried to the extreme of daudyism to the very end of his life. On the contrary, he rather inclined to the free and easy, baggy style of the young Englishmen of the rather inclined to the free and easy, baggy style of the young Englishmen of the present day. He was, in fact, at heart a thorough Bohemian, cultivated mentally to the highest pitch, and restrained externally by pride of family and aristocratic traditions, but all the same a true Bohemian with no more real respect for the society in which he lived and shone than the wandering Gipsies have, with whom he had many an adventure in his young days on the an adventure in his young days on the

When making your holiday selections in fine diamonds, watches, jewelry, silverware, clocks, bronzes, etc., call on M. G. Cohen, Diamond Expert and Jeweler, 36 Fifth avenue, who has the largest stock in the city and will save you from 15 to 25 per cent. No trouble to show goods.

Chamber Furnishing. Special sale of toilet sets, commencing Monday, November 30. Over 100 different styles from \$2 50 to \$30. CAVITT, POLLOCK & Co.

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(WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. Yamada San said: "Come, and see the 'No'-Those songs and dances of our old Japan;-They make the ancient music faithfully This evening at my Lord the Governo You shall be honorably pleased. What's

So, to the Governor's That evening, through the lanes of lamps,

And, when the feast was ended on the mats-Three sides of a full square of friendliness, The stage the fourth;-and each guest well

The silvered shoji, decked with maple Opened a space, to let the music in-Two Samisens, a double drum, a flute; Then, with low reverences, the "No" h

So saw we—after many preludings
Of string and skin—O Yuki San pace forth
A fisherman. No need to err therein,
Seeing she bore the net and balanced tubs,
And great brass knife to slice the tara thin,
All as you note them at Encehima.
Moreover, fan in hand, she sings a song
To tell us how her name's Hakuriyo
Her dwelling Miwo's pine-grove, and her
life
A fisher-lad's, reaping the deep green sea
For silver harvests of the silly shoals
Which caught by hundreds, come in thousands more
To the spread mesh. Mighty the draught
will be
(So shants the Sea-boy, sauntering from his
boat)
Now the cold rains are over, and the sky
Bound about Fugi's head glows pearl and
gold;
With, high above the hardly rippling wayes.

Round about Fugi's head glows pearl and gold;
With, high above the hardly rippling waves, Yon glided sickle of the new made moon Leading the pale lamp of the Evening Star Attendant like some heavenly Musume.
"Oh, at a Spring-tide so delectable, With purple iris fringing all the rice And flery tiles flaming in the rye. The air so soft, the pines whispering so low, The dragon-flies like fairy spears of steel, Darting or poised; the velvet butterflies Fluttering to sip the last sweets of the grape Before the red sun sinks—at such an hour Angels themselves might come awhile to Earth."

So sings the young Hakuriyo.

Earth."

So stags the young Hakuriyo.

And, behold!—

Suddenly—hanging on a branch of fir—

A wondrous sight he spies! The Samisens

Twangle surprise, the drums beat "He He

He"
While Yuki San, a-tiptoe, reaches down
A many-tinctured, fairy-patterned robe—
All gold and scarlet, and celestial white—
Of feathers wove, but teathers of such birds As surely never perched on earthly tree!
Its lining shot with airy tender tints
As of a broken rainbow. Glad he scans
The strange bright treasure-trove. Another
such

60 beautiful the dark-eyed Weeper is, Unclad, and pleading with those lovely Unciad, and tears; tears;
Down on his face falls young Hakuriyo
And thus they talk, with Samisens to help:

He—Oh! clad too rich in beauty bright!
Form of Glory, Face of Light!
Honorably deign to tell
Where such charms celestial dwell.
What thy name august may be,
Fairest! first reveal to me!

SHE—I am come from heaven's domain;
If I spoke it he'er so plain
You my name could never hear
As the angels say it there.
Flying past your little star
All so bright it looked, afar—
Silvery Sea, and snow-tipped HIII—
That I had an idle will,
Once to set my foolish fees
On those flowers that shone so sweet.
Thus I laid my robe asine
In the tree which you espied;
And, without it—shame and weel
To my home I cannot go!

SHE—Peacel most foolish boy and fond!
I am what those are beyond;
More substantial, did'st thou know,
Than all fiesh and blood below.
Give me back the robe whereby
I may once more reach my sky
And, for deed of gentleness,
When I don again my dress,

Heard by souls divine, in sphere Where the Light is lovelier!

SHE—Fie upon thee! I have heard Men do break a plighted word, But with us, this is not so! All unveiled the Spirits go, deep
Lay at her foot the golden-feathered gown
Alight with silvery white, and scarlet fires
And, while the Samisens throb chords of joy, O Tsuru kneels, and gathers wistfully The shining marvel round her shoulders

Of all, Kyoto's Geishas will be there, With Nara's koto-player; Takeji To beat the drum. O Yuki San's the boy: O Tsuru plays the fairy in first dance.

Hemmed in by twenty little lacquered bowls

Brimmed our last sake-cups, and gohan

Ne'er put forth such a marveil Light of heart
Into his hut dances Hakuriyo
Casting the nets aside to clasp the robe.

within
That hast my robe of feathers!—Open now
And give what is not thine, but only mine!" Then see we (kneeling watchful on the

mats)
O Tuki San trip lightly from the hut
Guarding the feather-dress. But when she
marks
O Tsuru San bowed low before the door
Look how she stands—(Yuki, the fisherlad—)
Out of his wish with well-shewn wonder-

SHE—Fisher-Boyl give back to me The dress I hanged upon the treet

He—Loveliest Lady! little mind Had I, at first, my find Ever to surrender. Now When you deign to tell me how, If I keep it, you must stay, No more for your garment prayi

SHE—Ah: why did I quit my sky
Where yon happy sea-birds fly,
And the wild swan spreads her wings
While the wind between them sings;
And the free storks urge their flight
Strong across the spangled night?
Render back my robe, and soon
I shall soar beyond the moon,
Thread the star-pates, and pursue
Light and life, above the blue.
Mortall 'tis implety
Not to give mine own to me!

Hr.—Always I would have you here, Fairy! bright and sweet and dear; Will you not, for love of love Let go longing for above? I would let go all but life If I might but call you wife!

SHE—Fisher-Boy! this sea of thine
Mads thee with its mighty wine!
Bold thou art; yet thou and I
Are as is the sea and sky,
Which may meet, but cannot marry.
If, for love of you I'd tarry
'Twere as though a cloud did wed
With some hill top. Night being sped
one the hill rises. Touch my hand,
And better shalt thou understand.

He—I cannot take it! plain I see
The soft smooth skin, so velvety,
The hand and wrist! Tet when I clasp,
It is a mist, melts in my grasp.
Now would I give you back this dress
If you but change such loveliness
To solid flesh, not fleeting air:
Oh Thou than living flesh more fair!

I will dance to do thee pleasure, One round of your Heavenly measure, I will sing to comfort thee, One strain of the melody

Hz—Ah! to see you fly I dread When I yield this wonder! Tread First your measure, Lady sweet! Then I place it at your feet.

Then see we young Hakurlyo, blushing

laughs

For pleasure to be safe replumed; then glides—
With voice of melting notes and paces fair Falling as soft as fir-cones—to her Dance.

SHE—Now it is mine again,

I am fain! I am fain
To pay you true, as a Spirit should do,
With secrets of Heaven made plain!
Yet, not for long can I sing my song,
Nor dance this dance of the skies;
Your earth shows fair,
But dense is the air,
And we wonder not if your eyes
A very small part of the splendor see
Laid upon river and lea;
Only one cleam of the glory shed
From Fuji's filleted head
Down to this leaf of the Momiti-tree
Which knows and curtseys to me;
For I and the maple-leaf are one
As we hear, as he hear,
The tender, unending tone
Of the Earth's voice, constant and The tender, unending tone
Of the Earth's voice, constant as

Of the Earth's voice, constant and clear;
And we move to the swing
Of your star, in the ring
She weaves round the flying Sun.
Weaves so—so—so—
As the waves understand
And the wind, and the sand:
But you cannot ever know!
'Twere good you should have watched O
Tsuru San
Deftly pace this, with little lifted feet
Shod in the white silk tabl; and soft lips
Making the melodies to guide her feet;
The music sitting silent; or, at most,
Dropping a high note in, now and again.

Then, with her fan before her face, or waved In dreamy curves, she sang a verse of Love We—and the fisher-boy, still on our knees.

SHE—And Love—Great Love!

Oh less than the spiendor spread
From Fuji's head
To the sea, and the grass, and the grove,
Know ye the deep things of this!
A little men taste its bliss
In the loved one's charms,
And her close-wound arms,
And the spirits which almost kiss
Through their dividing bodies; and delight
Of mother-love and father-love; and
friends

of mother-love and lather-love; and friends
Hand-fast, and heart-fast! But Death's sudden night
Comes, and in gloom, it seem, Love's sunshine ends
So Love's warm golden wing
Shields not from shuddering
The souls it covers, chilled with dread to nart.

to part.
Ab, could I tell,
Who see it near and well,
The far truth freely to each beating The far truth freely to each beating heart,
Not on your tearful planet once again Should Love be pain.
Nor from your binded eyes should salt tears start.
But that which I would teach
Hath in your human speech
No words to name such comfort rich and great.

great. Therefore, dream on asleep, And dreaming weep! And wait a little—yet a little wait!

So, or of such wise, in soft Japanese, The ancient uta flowed; O Tsuru's silks Fluttering to every line, obtand sleeve; Her brown arms closing, opening, to While crystal tears stood in her eyes at Singing of sorrowful love. Till, with

laugh, She stayed, and gilded to her Planet Dance; Joyously circling, singing, beating time. SHE-Steps of my silvery Star Dancing alone, afar,
So still, so slow
No mortal may know
How stately her footsteps are;
Nor what fair music is guide of her feet,
Soleun and high and sweet;
All in a tune
To the Sun and the Moon,

And the drums that the glad world As long a path on your little orb goes From the first of her flowers, to the last

of her snows,

My white Home sweeps in a night;

Knowing no haste, knowing no rest

For delight

In the life of her silver Light,
And joy of the wide purple waste,
Where the Angles pass,
Like fish through the sea's green glass,
But you cannot see that sight!"

And while we did not speak, for wistfulness, Watching the woven paces, wondering To note how foot and tongue kept faultiess To dreamy tinkling of the Samisens, Across her breast that golden-feathered

Across her breast that for smooth arms fixe wings,
And passed!—O Yuki San and we alone!
The "No" Dance ended!
"Thanks, dear Tsuru San!
Yet half we wish O Yuki had not given."
EDWIN ARNOLD.

Placing Westinghouse Motors on All Their

The recent burning of the car barns of the Second Avenue Passenger Railway Company, which resulted in the total de-Company, which resulted in the total destruction of 26 cars, demonstrated an interesting fact in connection with the electrical apparatus. In making an investigation of the wreck, in order to discover whether there might be anything left to be again used, the railway company found that of the various electrical equipments which were operated on the cars of its line the motors of the Westinghouse Electric and Mannfacturing Company were the only ones that could be utilized again, they being in a condition somewhat similar to that of a good safe which has passed through a fire, while the motors of the other makes were only valuable to be thrown into the scrap

only valuable to be thrown into the scrap hesp.

This is a significant fact on the side of the claim of the Westinghouse Company that their motors are made of better material and that their construction is more substantial, and that they are therefore better adapted to the severe service to which they are which they are the severe service to which they are which they are the severe services than are subjected in street railway practice than
is any other make of motor. This care to
provide for the extraordinary strains to
which street railway apparatus is subjected
will no doubt be looked upon by the street
railway companies as a proof of the superior
excellence of the Westinghouse manufac-

It would appear that the Second Avenue Company has accepted this fact fully, insomuch as they have already purchased from the Westinghouse Company complete equipments to replace all of those that were destroyed by the fire.

A Narrow Escape. A Narrow Escape.

Persons subject to cramps will be interested in the experience of J. F. Miles, Wesley, Venango county, Pa. He was taken very severely and called in two doctors who prescribed for him, but failed to give him relief. A druggist of Butler, Pa., then gave him a double dose of Chamberlain's Colie, Cholera and Diarrhæa Remedy, and in 20 minutes he was all right, and is enthusiastic in his praise of the remedy. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by druggists.

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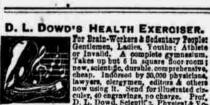
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Commencing to-morrow morning and continuing until after the holidays, we will offer every article on our floors at a price which will be fully 20 per cent below what any other furniture dealer in this city would sell the same quality goods for.

DUBING THEIR GRAND SPECIAL CLEARANCE SALE WHICH, WHEN SEEN AND UNDERSTOOD, WILL RECOMMEND ITSELF TO ALL. Everything will be marked in plain figures, and we guarantee to give you fine, durable and fashionable furniture and carpets at prices lower than ever sold before, at figures that cannot be either dis-

**NEVER SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY** FURNISH YOUR HOMES CHEAPLY.

counted or duplicated.

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ious sale you have attended, no matter how much you have heard before, attend this sale of ours. You'll be surprised, astounded, delighted. You will realize what a wonderful sale it is. ANY GOODS PURCHASED WE WILL STORE AWAY AND DELIVER

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