

WENT HEAVENWARD 50 FEET IN THE SPORTING WORLD.

AND CAME DOWN ALIVE SMOKING A PIPE.

As Irish Laborer's Escape - Michael Sullivan Drops Sparks Into Giant Powder and Boom Goes the Powder, Wrecking Buildings and Injuring Men.

Michael Sullivan dropped some sparks from his pipe yesterday morning, says the San Francisco Call, and suddenly sailed into the sky. The reason for the quick aerial flight was that the sparks fell into a quantity of giant powder. The occurrence did not greatly astonish Sullivan, and although houses in the neighborhood were wrecked and window glass was shattered for blocks around he escaped without injury.

But it was an awful explosion. It shook the whole city. It occurred on a hillside near the post-house, where a party of men were grading; 1000 pounds of black giant powder went up in an instant, making a terrific report, which reverberated in a series of echoes like the cannonading of a besieged city.

For some time Contractors Farrell & O'Malley have been engaged in grading Colman-street to connect with Kentucky. To do the work they employed a large number of men who lived in the building in which they lived was formerly the shed of a milkman, and before that the headquarters of the street car.

In the building the men ate and slept, working on the grading during the day. There was always a large amount of powder kept on hand, which the day's work was begun, was taken out in a large box and placed on the hillside about 50 yards from the camp.

The powder man of the camp was Michael Sullivan, whose duty it was when blasting was going on to go to the powder and get a stick of giant powder for the men to blast with.

Sullivan had been in the employ of the firm for some time. His familiarity with powder and cartridges and dynamite and nitro-glycerine had grown so good that he had come to regard them as not dangerous at all. One of his feats was to take a piece of dynamite in his hand and light it with a match in the presence of a large throng, knowing well that concussion was necessary for an explosion.

"Dynamite and me," became one of his favorite expressions. Sullivan's friendship for these high explosives became so great that he would treat them as if they were his family. When near a keg of powder he would smoke a pipe and a stick of giant powder he would handle as if it were an ordinary piece of candle.

Yesterday morning when the blasting began in Colman-street, he was the first to get a stick of giant powder for the men to blast with. Sullivan was asked to get a stick of giant powder for the men to blast with. He started toward the box, smoking a pipe, which he clenched between his teeth, sending the blue sparks in vigorous puffs into the morning air. The time was 8.55 o'clock.

When the box was reached Sullivan appeared to be too lazy to stoop and open the lid. What he did was to take the ordinary match man's pipe and light it. He took a breakfast would go under different circumstances. But what was dynamite and giant powder to Sullivan? He just kicked the lid off the top of the box and stooped down to take a stick of giant powder, with his pipe in his mouth at the time. Some of the sparks fell on the powder.

Sullivan felt for the first time the inherent power of the powder. The force of the powder went in one direction, demolishing buildings, and Sullivan went in the other. The explosion threw him 50 feet in the air. He landed down an embankment about 75 feet from the powder box. He still held his pipe between his clenched teeth, and when he descended from above he quietly picked himself up and asked:

"Is there a man named here can give me a light for my pipe?"

No such miraculous escape is recorded in the annals of accidents. If the giant powder manifested tenderness for the powder Sullivan it vented its rage in other quarters. When the explosion occurred the smoke from the giant powder rose in volumes of a dark color and mingled with the white smoke from the other side of the hill and escaped unhurt.

William Jones, the foreman of Warren & O'Malley, was eating at a table in the camp when the explosion took place. In the next compartment of the large barn, for it was nothing else, Henry Darling, the cook, was preparing some vegetables. The building collapsed by the force of the concussion and was completely wrecked. It was completely wrecked, and a sleeping apartment for the men.

Jones escaped unhurt when the building collapsed. He was pinned in, but when taken out was found to be without a scratch. The case was different with the cook, Henry Darling. He was struck on the head by a piece of scumming and badly injured. When taken to the City and County Hospital it was found that his skull had been fractured, and the leg of his trousers was terribly lacerated. It was also discovered that his right shoulder was badly hurt. His wounds were dressed and he was put to bed in a cot in one of the wards.

After the explosion, when Sullivan picked himself up so far away from the powder box, he found that a piece of wood had cut his leg. He did not feel the wound at the time, and only learned of its existence when he perceived that the leg of his trousers was saturated with blood. They were almost soaked before he knew he had been hurt. On reaching the City and County Hospital and had the cut in his leg attended to, after which he returned to the scene of the explosion, and began to talk of his wonderful voyage through the air and his miraculous escape.

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THE GERMAN VILLAGE.

SOME OF ITS PECULIAR CUSTOMS APLY DESCRIBED.

A Paper Written by a Distinguished Man - The Germans are Jolly - What They Eat and Drink - How They Pass Their Evenings.

The following sketch of the village life, and particularly of the tavern life, of the little German town of Rheinfelden, in the pen of M. Ernest Lavasse, the newly-elected member of the French Academy. It is given in a letter last year to the Journal des Debats, and is a very fair specimen of his lighter style. It has a gentleness and humor about it not always shown by Frenchmen of these days, and is well worth a read.

The town has 2,000 and some hundreds over of inhabitants, and I find a half-dozen hosiery of clean and dainty appearance. I hardly know where they get their business. It is a question that often comes up to me in the smaller places of Germany, especially in the Alps, where I have served with a certain style.

At the Rathskeller, or the cellar of the council, where I am, there are two chambermaids, one cook, one waiter, and one Kellner, i. e., a waiter. The latter may be fifteen or sixteen years, as he does not yet wear the waiter's coat, which would be a sign of advancement in his career. He wears black trousers, black vest, black coat, a very clean, and well brushed hat of bear's head, with a little pompadour to soften his stiff locks, and a simple and hardy as whether it was the stiffest hat he had at the start.

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ELECTRICAL NOTES.

The Subtle Power is Extending its Sway in Every Direction.

The united capacity of all the plants now in operation in the world sending copper by electricity amounts to nearly one hundred tons of copper deposited per day of twenty-four hours.

The managers of the New York Electrical Society have arranged a very interesting course of lectures for this winter. The ones already given have been an unusual practical character. The subjects and dates of the others will be announced in the electrical journals, and it is given on the non-transferable tickets of admission may be obtained gratuitously from the Secretary.

According to the price lists of manufacturers of electrical apparatus in England there are on the market over two hundred and fifty different sizes and types of direct-current dynamo.

Great improvement has been effected in the capacity of copper for conducting the electric current since the time of the laying of the first Atlantic cable in 1858. As a conductor, one ton of copper of to-day will do the work of two and a half tons of the best obtainable in 1858. This improvement is largely due to the improved modern methods of refining by electrolytic process.

The electric railway has penetrated even the fastnesses of the Tyrol mountains, a road twenty-seven miles long being projected during the winter of 1892-3. To have an invention proposed all over the world is to see that it is not a novelty. The estimated total cost of which is \$17,000,000. A 2,000-horse power electric locomotive will just maintain the light for five years ago there were but thirteen electric roads in the entire country.

The electric lights operated by primary batteries have been put on the market recently. A novel and simple method of generating a small incandescent lamp inserted in the battery by the hands, and describing a curve, in place of the battery, and the three-tined fork. He spreads the two objects at the same time, and the lamp is lit. Each must be treated by itself, and in such a way that the battery is not injured.

The knives are handled with special respect; he brings them on a tray, carefully in place, the blade towards him; he takes care by the handle, and, describing a curve, in place of the battery, and the three-tined fork. He spreads the two objects at the same time, and the lamp is lit. Each must be treated by itself, and in such a way that the battery is not injured.

Since the decision of the courts, giving one company a monopoly in the manufacture of the present style of the incandescent lamp, inventors have been busy at work trying to devise some new form of lamp which would not be so liable to burn out as the Edison lamp to keep up with the procession.

The dish used for electricity is opening up in its practical application to farm work, and the discussions of this subject in various engineering journals has created considerable interest. The electrical world has inaugurated a series of articles upon the various farm operations which are being carried out with illustrations of a plant which is located in one of our agricultural districts.

The electric motor can be made to perform most of the work which the horse or the ox can do, and the electric power can be used for watering the garden, use in dairy houses, etc. All such miscellaneous uses of electricity are being carried out in various parts of the world.

In connection with the possible collision of the earth and the comet, which has been unnecessarily disturbing the minds of many, it may be said that telegraphers and other workers would be well advised to be on their guard against the possibility of a collision with the comet.

Still, as I said, I don't know how the lightning gets its power. The lake and the chateau draw a few billions in summer; drummers, lumber dealers, lawyers make a good thing of it. The traveler is so little that he is not worth the trouble of carrying him.

On entering the hotel one sees at the left and at the right large rooms. Above the door of one a lithograph represents a noble of the seventeenth century, one hand raised on a barrel, the other raising a glass. It is the portrait of the Baron. Herr von Fass. He guides to the room where one may find drink and play cards or billiards. The other room is the Guest hall. There the evening social meet.

Some amateurs of the game, making up a little orchestra, gave concerts there, and I am sure, for pleasure, have seen and heard them; they do not impress me as paid musicians. They come one by one, the ladies without hats and gloves, the gentlemen in frock coat or sack, with cravats of soft colors and scarfpins.

They gathered in groups around tables, where the little Kellner, redoubing his brows, brought enormous glasses of beer. The talk at each table was animated and gay. No one drank until he had raised his glass in honor of his neighbor. One calls the name of the one who is to drink, and a health, raises his glass, saying, "Prost," and says, "I propose you."

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