

AIN'T WHAT THEY USED TER BE.

"Oh, her newspapers ain't what they used ter be." And the old man shook his head. "They don't git her news, it seems ter me— That's a honest fact," he said.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

I was a young man of 27, and had just hung out my sign in a little manufacturing village of about 2,000 inhabitants. There were at this time three other physicians in the town, and during my four weeks' stay I had been favored with but few patients.

I boarded with an elderly lady whose grandson cared for her garden and stable. My boarding mistress was precise and methodical in everything, and was a model of punctuality, so I one day set my watch, and the clock in my little office, ten minutes fast, in order to be prompt at meals when at home.

On the evening of that day just before the clock struck 10, my table and chair rang. I had only the day previous had the instrument put in, and hastened to answer my first call. "Come immediately to Millville, No. 20 High street. Take the ten o'clock train."

"It is too late for me to catch that train, but I will drive over with my team if that will do. What is the case?" I asked.

No reply. "Hello!" I called again, but all was still. Then I rang up the central office. "Please connect me with the parties who called for Dr. Wildes," I said.

"No one has called for Dr. Wildes," answered the voice of the operator in the central office. "You must be mistaken for I have just been talking to someone through the telephone who wants me," was my reply.

"The wires must be crossed somewhere. I will see if I can find out where the trouble is, sir," came in a sleepy voice from the central.

I put on my hat and started toward the stable, meeting Jimmie with lantern in hand. "I was just coming after you, doctor!" he said. "Your horse seems to be dreadfully lame, and I can't find out what ails her foot."

I sent the boy to a livery stable near by to procure a horse and carriage for me, and was bathing and bandaging my own horse when I heard the whistle of the 10 o'clock train. Then remembering that my watch had been too fast, I muttered a very unorthodox expression as I thought of the 16 mile drive I must take in the cold March night.

I had hastened indoors and put on a heavy ulster, when I heard the boy drive up to my door. Again I went to the telephone and ringing up the "central," I inquired if he had ascertained who had called Dr. Wildes.

"I cannot find that anyone has called for you this evening," came the reply over the wire. Suspecting that somebody might be trying to play a joke on me, I stepped to the door and had the horse and carriage returned to the livery stable.

I seated myself in an easy chair by the fire, and after reading a short time I fell asleep. I woke just as my clock was striking 12, and as the last stroke ceased my telephone again rang.

I hastened to reply and received the call, "Come to Millville on the midnight train, to No. 20 High street." "Who wants me?" I asked, as I knew not a soul in Millville.

I received no reply, although I rang several times, and putting on my overcoat and cap, I seized my medicine case and hurried to the railway station, a few rods away, where the night train stopped on being signaled. Before 1 o'clock I had reached Millville and found the place to which I had been summoned.

who lived at No. 20 High street he replied: "I cannot tell you, sir, as I am but little acquainted in the place." Still puzzling my brain over the mystery, I remained with him until five the next morning, when the first train took me home.

The next afternoon, my courage having returned, I drove over to Millville and went straight to the house which I had visited the previous night. I went boldly up the front steps and was ringing the bell, when a man at work in the next yard looked over the fence.

"There is no one at home, sir," he said. "Where are the people who belong here?" I asked. "They are spending the winter in Southern California, and have been away since last September," was his reply.

On returning to my office, I found a telegram from my sister, who lived in an adjoining state. In response to it I started at once, and on arriving at her home the following morning I learned that an elderly physician, a friend of her husband, was about to give up active practice. Arrangements were speedily made, and I moved to my new location.

During the spring and summer I was kept busy and had but little time to myself, yet often I pondered over my midnight visit to Millville, trying to persuade myself that it might be only a delusion of my brain while in some stage of somnambulism.

One evening at about 12:30, I had returned from a professional call and was about to retire, when I picked up the evening paper, which my thoughtful sister always left on my table. The first item I read was a notice in the society column:

"Miss Marguerite Lawton, of Millville, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Stephen Powers Lawton, on College avenue."

The name of the town brought to my mind the mysterious call I had once answered. I placed the paper on the table at my elbow. As I did so I became aware of a feeling as if some one was in the room.

Glancing hastily around I saw that I was alone, but as my gaze again fell on the table I saw moving toward me the figure of a man's hand, holding in its grasp the same peculiarly shaped key. The hand moved over the table until it rested on the paragraph I had just read, and the key tapped once or twice on the name "Marguerite."

The hand began to fade; already I could see the letters that were under it, and as the shape of the key began to grow indistinct I seized a pencil and made a sketch of it on the margin of the paper opposite the paragraph.

The key had barely faded from my view when my bell rang. A man stood in the door. "Come at once to Mrs. Lawton's, College avenue."

In response to my inquiries, he replied, "She is unconscious. It is probably a stroke of paralysis." In a few minutes we entered the room where a slight girlish figure, clad all in black, was kneeling by the side of the bed, whereupon lay an old lady. She was quite dead, but one glance was needed to tell me that she was the mysterious one who had opened the door for me at the Millville house.

"Here is the doctor, Miss Marguerite," said the young girl. The man girl rose, and with a stifled sob, held out her hand to me. "My dearest friend, my only friend on earth is gone!" she cried.

A few days later my sister and I called to see Miss Lawton, who had decided to close her grandmother's house and go away. "The only relative I have now is my mother's half brother, in California. He has telegraphed for me to come to him. Poor papa and I were so happy there until his sudden death last spring."

Then she added, "I will show you his picture," and taking a photograph from a case on the table, she handed me the exact likeness of the man whom I had found upon the lounge with the ugly gash on his head. I did not question her at that time, although my curiosity was difficult to control, as I saw that she was deeply agitated, and I felt that she must be kept as calm as possible.

Destiny, fate or what compelled me to follow Marguerite to California? I was not wholly impelled by the desire to obtain a solution to my mystery, of which I felt that somehow I held the key, having been to a locksmith and had a key made from the drawing on the newspaper margin.

In the latter part of January I placed my practice in the hands of one of my medical friends, who was not quite ready to settle down, and started out for a six weeks' vacation. Marguerite and my sister had kept up a correspondence. I had no difficulty in finding the object of my search and in less than five weeks was on my way east with my bride.

the room, and as my glance rested on the massive oak sideboard that was built into one corner of the room, I saw along the top were carved grape leaves and bunches of grapes. Suddenly there flashed into my mind the words, "The second bunch of grapes," and mounting a chair I managed to reach it. After a few attempts I found I could move it a little, and finally I succeeded in pushing to one side the entire cluster, leaving exposed a keyhole in a little door of iron four or five inches square.

Producing my mysterious key I at once unlocked the door, and found that the aperture contained a small iron box in which we found the missing diamonds. We soon went to the house of Marguerite's grandmother, where we have lived for the past eight years, during which time I have only once met with another ghostly visitor.—By Helen A. Cousins in Philadelphia Star.

Blinded By His Friend.

Slight of J. Henry Askin Destroyed by a Jealous Physician. J. Henry Askin, formerly president of the Fourth National bank, of Philadelphia, and a wealthy real estate owner and dealer, now a blind inmate of the Masonic home, has broken a silence of years, and tells a tragic story of the death-bed confession of his physician that he poisoned Mr. Askin's medicine and caused his blindness.

The following is the story, the names Doe and Roe being assumed: "About 1875 my eyes were troubling me, and my friend, Dr. John Doe, was treating them. My sight grew faint and I was alarmed. Dr. Richard Roe, a prominent physician, who is still alive and has a large practice, was called into consultation with Dr. Doe. I was living at Wayne, on my old estate, and Dr. Roe used to come out to see me every two or three days. After he began treating me my sight improved, and in about five or six weeks I was able to go about very well. Then I suddenly became worse. Dr. Roe, who now had entire charge of the case, was surprised and could not explain the change. Dr. Doe still came often to my house. He was intimate with my family and always welcome. It was not for many years after that I learned that he was the cause of my blindness.

"I was taking medicine prescribed by Dr. Roe. He left it in glasses in a room adjoining mine. After the unfavorable change I gradually grew worse until, after three months, I became totally blind, I have never seen anything since.

"It was inexplicable to my new physician, Dr. Roe, the words of Dr. Doe. There is something very strange in this, but I think we will master it yet!" All the time Dr. Doe kept coming to my house as a friend, but he never treated me. "That I was incurably blind Dr. Doe was forced at last reluctantly to confess. And the cause of my blindness was an insect in the eye, until my old friend Dr. Doe died. That was fully thirteen years after I first lost my sight.

"One day Dr. Roe came to me and cleared away the mystery. Dr. Doe had just died. On his deathbed he sent for Dr. Roe and confessed that he had caused my blindness. "He said that he did it 'out of jealousy to me.' Those are the words of Dr. Roe. I am sorry I destroyed Mr. Askin's life—those were his last words. And he spoke truly. He destroyed my life—the blind are better dead."

A tear trickled down the wrinkled cheek of the sightless old man. "Dr. Roe told me that the dying man confessed that he put poison in my medicine. It was plain enough then. The mystery was solved. In the glasses containing my medicine in the room adjoining mine, Dr. Doe had dropped a poisonous drug, which destroyed my sight.

"But he was dead and I resolved not to expose him. His family survived and there would have been no pleasure for me in this. They still survive. He is now in New York in Philadelphia. "Dr. Doe had nothing against me, anyhow, understand. He did it because he was angered at Dr. Roe's being called in. When Dr. Roe was successful where he had failed apparently, his desire for revenge led him to undo his rival's work. It was professional jealousy.

"But I never told anyone except my only daughter, and I only tell it now to make sure there are no mistakes in the account." Thirty years ago that would not have been necessary to tell who J. Henry Askin was. But those who knew him are dead and no longer in the thick of affairs. Upon his estate near Philadelphia there are some charming suburbs. For Mr. Askin owned 550 acres where flourishes the beautiful town of Wayne. Mr. Askin was born in 1823.

His Love for General Lee.

Adoration by an Old Soldier which Became Embarrassing. General Lee rode Traveler, his pet horse that carried him through the war, of Lexington when he went there to assume the post of Washington. One day he met a rusty, weather-beaten mountaineer lingering drowsily upon the road in his rickety cart. General Lee's cordial "Good morning" aroused the old confederate instantly.

"Whoa!" he called out to his old nag. "Ain't that General Lee?" he inquired as the general passed down and caught Traveler by the bridle. "Yes, sir!" said General Lee, wonderingly. "Well, then," said the old fellow, in a glow of excitement, "I want you to do me a favor."

"I will with pleasure if I can," was the response. "All right, you just get down off Traveler." General Lee did so, and to his amazement his horse was led away and tied in the bushes, while he stood alone in the dusty road in great perplexity.

"Now," said the excited veteran, "I am one of your old soldiers, General Lee. I was with you all the way from Mechanicsville to Appomattox. I was there every time. And I just want you to let me give three rousing cheers for 'Marse Robert.'" General Lee's head dropped in most painful embarrassment as the first yell went sounding along the mountain side. The next yell was choked with sobs as the old soldier dropped on his knees in the dust hugging General Lee's legs, and the third died away in tears.

Money is being raised by the Daughters of the Confederacy and by camps of the Confederate Veterans in aid of Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson, who is needy, in very poor health and almost blind, at her home at Charlotte, N. C. She is said to be suffering from an incurable disease. One chapter of the Daughters has already raised \$700 for her.

Caring for the Trees.

Great Awakening of Interest in the Subject of Forestry. The Penalty of Neglect. The Value of Remote Farm Lands Affected by the Destruction of the Wood in the Headwaters of Streams.

Forestry just now is attracting more attention in this country than ever before. Under the direction of the Division of Forestry, of the Department of Agriculture, much scientific work is being done for the preservation and harvesting of the timber crop of our country. Already the seemingly unlimited forests that once covered the whole eastern section of our country have disappeared before the devouring ax and rip saw, so that each year the lumberman has to go further afield for his supplies. But is it any wonder? An army of 35,000 men will go into the white pine district of Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan this winter, and their cutting will amount to between 5,500,000,000 and 7,000,000,000 feet. Yet such has been the annual cutting for the past decade in this region.

Many of the states have enacted laws for the preservation of the forests and are otherwise caring for them through forestry commissions and forest reserves. Pennsylvania is following the lead of these progressive states and last week a Forestry Commission was appointed, with Prof. Rothrock at its head, with express instructions to select three reservations, of not less than 40,000 acres each, at the headwaters of the Delaware, Susquehanna and Allegheny rivers. The good that will result to the State ultimately if these reservations are secured and maintained will be incalculable compared with the expenditure. This may not be so apparent to-day, but the next generation will reap its advantages and the Commonwealth will feel it for all time.

Recognizing the fact that private forest lands far outnumber those that can be maintained by the nation or States, the Division of Forestry has offered to give practical assistance to farmers, lumbermen and others in handling of forest lands. The wealthy land owners have been the first to recognize the importance of the conservative lumbering and the preservation of the productive features of their lands and the Division has been deluged for requests for assistance from all over the Union. Applications have come from over 19 States, covering nearly 2,000,000 acres, and two applications in New York State alone embrace the care of over 100,000 acres. These latter lands, belonging to Dr. W. S. Webb and the Hon. W. C. Whitney, consist of two adjoining tracts situated in the Adirondacks and largely covered with spruce. One season's lumbering has already been cut and marketed, and it is expected that this year's crop will be even more satisfactorily handled.

The destruction of forests at the headwaters of large streams invariably results in damage to thousands of square miles of farming territory, consequent on the attending freshets and droughts. This is why the Pennsylvania Commission is to investigate the lands at the headwaters of the large rivers, and particularly in Monroe and Clearfield counties. The latter county possesses some surprisingly fine forest lands, principally of white pine, and the size of whose trees would do credit to the sugar pine forests of Oregon, so renowned the world over. A specimen of such a forest exists at DuBois, there are as fine as can be found in America, these monarchs of the forest and their stately, towering, branchless stems.

The effect of destroying such a forest on a water shed is primarily to allow the rains and snows to rapidly find their way back to the rivers, and thence to the ocean, from which they originally were evaporated. The trees, branches and roots serve to protect and bind the soil, breaking up the force of the flow-off by making many tiny rivulets and brooks, instead of allowing one or two mountain torrents to form. When the trees are cut down the rains descend with unbroken force, and when there are no roots to bind the soil, soon wash away the rich humus, or vegetable mold, which has taken centuries to form and deposit. This process goes on until only the barren soil is left, on which neither grass nor trees can gain a foothold. Great floods follow, and beds of barren stones are spread over fertile valleys, and the effect on climate, the flow of water and the uniform and continuous. In Europe millions and millions of dollars are annually spent in an endeavor to reclaim dangerous bare areas which have been thus devastated. The destruction of the forest may primarily have been due to the indiscriminate grazing of sheep, cattle and goats in them; to avalanches; or to the work of the insect enemies of the forest, but in almost all instances it has been caused by wasteful and destructive lumbering. When a forest is cut down in a careless manner all the young growth is destroyed, and so complete is the ruin, and so bare the ground that there is neither shade nor shelter to give the young trees a start. Consequently the riot on such a spot swept away, after which it is almost impossible for a natural growth of trees to spring up unaided. The foresters tell us that a forest crop is an endless one, and if properly handled there is always a marketable crop, and that, too, without any replanting.

Forestry was unpopular at first because people generally thought that to preserve the forests meant to do without lumber and that is one of the great necessities of civilization, quite as important a factor in its progress as iron. But this is erroneous, because after a tree once reaches maturity its presence in a forest is only a menace to the young growth, to make room for which it should be removed. Every tree needs a certain amount of light, moisture and warmth for its natural growth, each factor being most important to different species of trees, and every species requiring a special proportion of the three essential requisites to ensure normal and healthy development. All the trees of a forest are engaged in an endless battle for these three necessities, and it is the object of forestry to assist the growth of the greatest number of trees, and to hold in check the various enemies of the forest. The latter are either natural, or those due to the work of man.

During the past year special attention has been devoted by the Division of Forestry to the study of the best species of tree for planting in the plains. Considerable experimental work of magnitude has been done, chief among which has been the introduction of conifers into existing plantations, and the establishment of conifer nurseries at the several stations. To quote from a recent report of Gifford Pinchot, the present chief of the division, "Three hun-

drad and twenty-five thousand pines have been set at the chosen stations maintained by the division, and 300,000 additional have been distributed to responsible farmers through the plain regions in quantities sufficient for plantations of 1 to 5 acres." These experiments are reported as being entirely satisfactory. Among the other lines of work followed by the national forestry movement are extensive investigations into the life and history of the white pine, bald cypress, red fir, and other commercial trees such as the walnut, pencil cedar, yellow pine, sugar pine, giant cedar, coast redwood, douglas, fir, etc.

In the fight against the enemies of the forest, the largest effort has been concentrated against the most destructive enemy, namely, the forest fire, which annually destroys timber to the value of \$20,000,000, not including the value that would be added to this for the cutting, the supplies for the logging camps and transportation and handling of the lumber. If the loss was a mere financial one that could be calculated in dollars and cents; so many feet of lumber at so much per thousand, the problem would not be such an important one; but the consequences of extensive forest fires are inestimable in the manner in which they affect climates and the fertility of adjacent and even far-distant tracts of land on the same divide or water shed.

To again quote Chief Pinchot, who, in speaking of the work that is being done toward preventing forest fires, says investigations are now being prosecuted "in Southern California where forest fires affect very seriously the success of irrigation and are much dreaded by the local population; in the Olympic mountains and other portions of Washington, where the loss from fire and consequent floods threaten to be as great as in any other region of the United States; in Montana, Colorado and Wyoming, where immense damage is being done; in the region of the Great Lakes and Adirondack mountains of New York, where fire has the most vital influence on the supply of white pine, and in the Southern pine belt, where the question of forest fires is intimately connected with the production of naval stores and the future of the long-pine, perhaps the most valuable species of pine in the world."

Forestry, it will be seen, forms the most interesting of studies. It is receiving attention at the hands of the nations of the old world and the new, both by national and local aid and legislation, and it has even been suggested that its study be added to the common school curriculum, so important do its followers believe it to be. The whole life history of trees is a great mystery, and a most entrancing study. How the water from the ground is pumped to a height of 300 feet to reach the tops of some of the giant trees of our Pacific coast; how the age of the tree is determined by the annual rings and how to distinguish between an annual ring and a ring caused by the retarded growth resulting from drought or destruction of foliage; how a nail driven into a tree three feet from the ground always remains at that height, even though the tree be hundreds of years old; how the life of a forest is the life of a community in which every member is dependent on the other to quite as great an extent as one man in a town is dependent on others to supply his wants and necessities; all this is but a glance at the thousand and one details of that most interesting modern story—forestry.

The Philippine Question. Governor of Wisconsin Discusses Danger of Attempting to Assimilate 3,000,000 or More of Foreigners. Governor Scofield, of Wisconsin, has written a letter on the Philippine question, in which he says it would be dangerous to the republic to keep the Philippines. The governor writes:

"While the question of the disposition to be made of the Philippines is political in the highest sense, it has not become a party issue, and I believe a question which is to be settled in the near future. I take it that the issue is not really one of expansion or anti-expansion, so called, and it is only obscured by the talk of imperialism or anti-imperialism.

"The real issue presented is this: Shall the government, after it has suppressed the insurrection, plan to retain permanent possession of the Philippines, and make that archipelago a portion of our territory and its 8,000,000 or more people a part of our population? Is it expedient for this country to permanently add to its territory and its population, these far off islands and their group of motley inhabitants?

"Possibly I may be taking a rather melancholy view of the situation, but it seems to me that the continued existence of our present form of government is threatened by this Philippine problem. We are a great nation, but we have our limitations. "The people cannot, I believe, undertake with safety the assimilation of 8,000,000 or more of foreigners, alien to us in every characteristic. And it is folly to talk of maintaining permanently our supremacy over these people without working towards assimilation. It is worse than folly—it is criminal. Supremacy over those islands must mean either control, having in view the ultimate uplifting of the people to our level, or a control for the purpose of enriching ourselves materially at their expense.

Bill's Luck. A Chicago hotel manager employed a handy man going by the name of "Bill" to do his window washing. One morning Bill, instead of doing his work, was amusing himself by reading the paper, and, as bad luck would have, the manager looked in.

"What's this?" he said. Bill was dumbfounded. "Pack up your things and go," said the manager! So poor Bill went to the office, drew the money which was owing to him, and then went upstairs and put on his good clothes. Coming down, he went to say "Good-by" to some of the other servants, and there he happened to run across the manager, who did not recognize him in his black coat.

"Do you want a job?" asked the manager. "Yes, sir," said Bill. "Can you clean windows?" "Yes, sir." "You look a handy sort of fellow. I only gave the last man \$5, but I'll give you seven."

"Thank you, sir," said Bill; and in half an hour he was back in the same old room—cleaning the window this time and not reading the paper.—Collier's Weekly.

MADE YOUNG AGAIN.—"One of Dr. King's New Life Pills each night for two weeks has put me in my 'teens' again!" writes Dr. H. Turner of Dempseytown, Pa. They're the best in the world for Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Purely vegetable. Never gripe. Only 25c at F. Potts Green's Drug Store.

Wedding Day of Dewey Near.

Will Lead Mrs. Hazen to the Altar in the Course of the Next Three Weeks—To be a Catholic Ceremony.

Those who ought to know say that the wedding day of Admiral Dewey and Mrs. Hazen will occur within the next three weeks. The exact date will be announced in a day or two. Another interesting announcement is that the ceremony will be performed by Most Rev. Archbishop Keene, former rector of the Catholic University, who received Mrs. Hazen into the Catholic church about six years ago. The bride-elect is a member of St. Paul's congregation, but owing to the fact that Admiral Dewey is not a Catholic the ceremony, unless by an special dispensation, rarely granted, cannot be performed within a Catholic church. WHERE DEWEY POPPED THE QUESTION.

It is most likely that the gallant Admiral will be wedded to his chosen bride in the McLean mansion, where she welcomed him home from his victory and his triumphal tour of the world. It is not generally known that Mrs. Hazen was the first to grasp his hand when he entered her mother's home on the proud night of his welcome to Washington.

Mrs. Hazen confesses to forty-five years, and they have passed over her as gently as summer breezes could, leaving only the slightest tinge of gray in her dark hair. She is a demi-brunette, with blue eyes, arched, rosy lips, perfect teeth and a bewitching smile. She is not tall; in fact, she might be called short. Her figure is good, however, and well-rounded.

Like many of Washington's society leaders, Mrs. Hazen is very charitable, and she is identified with most of the local organizations having the relief of the poor for their object. In this work she is aided by her mother and her sister-in-law, Mrs. John R. McLean, wife of the Democratic candidate for Governor of Ohio, whose sister Mrs. Hazen is. The ample means of all three ladies enable them to indulge their charitable inclinations to the fullest extent.

Religiously, Mrs. Hazen is somewhat remarkable. At the close of her career, which may be truthfully described as brief, when the age at which one first imbibes religious ideas is considered, she has studied and embraced no less than four religions. First, she was a Presbyterian. From that she graduated into Episcopal ranks, which attracted her until the Theological craze swept over the country. Then she embraced the doctrines of mysticism, and for a time she delved into Catholic philosophy, however, and it was not long until Archbishop Keene, then head of the Catholic University, was called upon to guide and receive a new and distinguished convert to the faith of Rome.

SUGGESTS THE FOREIGNER. Mrs. Hazen in conversation with one strongly suggests a foreigner, a Frenchwoman or one of the nation whom Dewey humiliated more than a year ago. She is enthusiastic, talks rapidly, and her questions are more eloquent than her words. She is above everything an intellectual woman, and with what one might call her "physical vocabulary" she can convey impressions and ideas more rapidly than one might ordinarily transmit them through the medium of words.

In dress Mrs. Hazen is very quiet, but she shows the best of taste. She is still in mourning for her son John, who was killed last year by being thrown from a horse. Her daughter Mildred died in early childhood. Therefore, Mrs. Hazen dresses in the conventional black. Her attire is always becoming, but it is not likely she will adhere to the sombre black very long. WOODED MANY TIMES.

Mrs. Hazen has been one of the most notable society leaders in the history of Washington, and has had, perhaps as many admirers, and, in fact, ardent suitors as any who have preceded her. Since the death of General Hazen there have been many who have sued for her heart and hand. Among these have been Former Secretary of the Navy Herbert, Lieut. General Schofield and Adjutant General Corbin. The Admiral himself has not been altogether free from heartache affairs, and it is said that until 1894 he was desperately in love with Miss Virginia L'Arcy, who is now the wife of the Duke D'Arcy, the Spanish Minister to the United States from Spain. Since the marriage of the Duchess D'Arcy in 1894, however, Admiral Dewey's attentions to Mrs. Hazen have been marked.

Socially, Mrs. Hazen has been one of the most influential leaders of society in Washington has ever known. One of her social rivals, who, strangely enough, so gossip avers, was her rival in love as well, was Mrs. Stanley Matthews, also a charming, widow. Mrs. Matthews entertained Admiral Dewey immediately after he had been received at the McLean house on his return to Washington, and gossip has more than once connected her name with that of the Admiral in a matrimonial way.

The great new work on the Pennsylvania railroad between Irwin and Jeanette will be completed before the beginning of the twentieth century. In the beginning it was thought that two years or more would be required to finish up the contracts but such rapid progress has been made that already over two-thirds of the grading and filling has been finished, and the two immense stone arches have been completed with the exception of a small lateral extension to one of them, which cannot be made perfect until the old main line or part of it can be abandoned.

In order to eliminate the curves on this part of the road, huge gaps have been cut through the rocky hills and depression in the hollows filled, while the small streamlets have been shadowed by mighty stone arches, which will last for all time. Track laying and ballasting are now well under way, and the work on the new stations and train sheds will be progressing soon. One track of the old main line will be first abandoned, and afterward the entire line now in use will be a thing of the past in so far as railroad traffic is concerned.

The new line will make the Pennsylvania railroad main tracks almost straight for many miles, and from Radabach summit down to Turtle Creek station the fast trains will be allowed to run at unlimited speed.

Three Thousand Immigrants Arrive. Sunday was a very busy day at the barge office, in New York, more than 3,000 immigrants passing before the inspectors. On the Augusta Victoria were 370 steerage passengers. The 621 in the steerage of the Campania were landed and the 642 on the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse passed through. The California brought 377, La Touraine 577 and Rotterdam 794. Over 150,000 immigrants are expected in New York during the present week.

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