

HE HAD TO TAKE TIME AT LAST.

He was "chilly old business," he used to say, And early and late he worked; Each day in the week was his busy day; He hated a man who shirked. Dear to him and dime to dime, But for anything else he had never the time. He hardly could spare enough time to sleep, Nor time for his meals by half. He boasted he never had time to weep. We knew he'd no time to laugh. Golf he maintained was a cardinal crime— The very worst method of murdering time. He wouldn't take time for a friendly chat; He wouldn't take time to read. Excepting, of course, in his ledger—that Was enough to supply his need. His family knew him but slightly, for he Had no time at all for society. A time came at last when he rushed no more To his office with breathless haste. He took time at last, though he must have felt sore At having the time to waste. This necessity may make some other men sigh; He's had to take time to fall sick and die. —Chicago News.

PINK STRING PROMISES.

It was good to be back in the club house, good to receive the smiling greetings of the ebony servers in the halls and the cloak-room, good to hear the clink of glasses and the shouts of laughter from a distant card-room. So thought Dick Dean as he paused in the vestibule and gazed with satisfaction at the rich furnishings in the mellow lamplight. His trip abroad had done him a world of good. He was ready to take up the old life with new vigor. Suddenly the light died out of his face. Who was that speaking? Whiteleaf? Yes, that was Whiteleaf, the banker. "Jonas Norden will be the next mayor of this city, gentlemen. He was promised it last fall, and today the directors of the Daily Times voted to support him as the candidate in the coming caucus." Dean stood motionless, his eyes fixed on the curtained doorway leading into a small committee room, an ominous light flashing from his deepest eyes. Whiteleaf was the acknowledged party boss. "That will be merry music for Dean to hear when he lands," remarked a second speaker. "He told me just before he sailed that you had promised him your support during the coming campaign." "Well," drawled Whiteleaf, "things have changed. The welfare of the party and that North Benson franchise call for a different chap than Dean for our candidate for mayor. But, mark my words, Dean will take his medicine like a little man. He'll never desert the rang. Besides, I did not promise; just hinted that he was in line for the lightning to strike—a sort of pink string promise. He'll land an office some day. He's young." "Yes, but suppose the buzzing bee demands honey?" The curtains parted, and Dean stood before the astonished politicians. "He does demand it, gentlemen. I am here to exact of Mr. Whiteleaf the fulfillment of that promise—pink strings or no pink strings!" Whiteleaf was the first of the quartet to recover his composure. He was mentally calculating just how much of the conversation Dean had heard. "Glad to see you, Dick. Didn't look for you before the middle of the month. What will you have?" "Nothing," replied Dean, ignoring the outstretched hand, "until you have explained the meaning of the speech I unfortunately overheard." "Come, come, my boy, don't be hot-headed. You have had enough experience in wirepulling to know that all is fair in love, war and politics." "A promise given and received in good faith should stand in love, war or politics. When I withdrew from the nomination in favor of Jenkins two years ago, you gave me a promise. Do you intend to redeem it?" Whiteleaf quailed before the angry young man and glanced uneasily at his colleagues. "Think of the welfare of your party!" "Will you redeem that promise?" interposed Dear inexorably. "Whiteleaf lost his temper. "I'll do as I darn please!" "That's all I want to know," replied Dean, with a calmness that would have warned the red faced banker of impending catastrophe. Then he walked back to the cloak room, donned his raglan and went forth into the black, drizzling night. A moment later he met a young political worker in his party. They had been school-mates. Now one was a rich manufacturer, the other a wage earning mechanic. Daniel Porter was leader of a certain faction of the party, so the manufacturer halted the mechanic, and as their hands met the rich man said: "Dan, I'm out for the nomination this fall. Are you with me?" "Every minute, on conditions." "Can you swing the boys into line?" "Yes, if you'll do business." "What do you mean?" "Square yourself on certain points." "Name them." "The city laborers want a fifteen cent day raise in pay, the boys want Colonel Handyside for city marshal, and they want M. J. King appointed on the board of license commissioners, and, of course, you'll be expected to remember your friends when it comes to other appointive offices." "That is about all my end of the cobweb wants." "And that is about all there is to be had, isn't it?" asked Dean, with a smile. "Oh, there's a few more things we may think of later. How do the ones mentioned hit you?" "I am favorable to the city granting its laborers more pay. Colonel Handyside would make an admirable marshal. There can be no doubt as to Mr. King's qualifications for a seat on the license board, and I should most certainly, if elected, favor my friends as far as possible." "Say, Dick, you're just like all the rest of the silk stocking politicians." "How so, Dan?" Porter tossed his cigar stub into the gutter, squared his shoulders, thrust his hands into his trouser pockets and answered: "Just this way: A fellow like me, with a little bit of a pull with a few hundred voters, runs up against a man like you who wants us to help elect him. We ask him rights out plump to promise us certain favors, and it's nine times out of ten a case of yes with a string on it." "I do not understand how this applies to me." "Well, then, I've told you that we'll turn out and fight for you if you'll agree

The Bituminous Coal Field of Pennsylvania.

The bituminous coal field of Pennsylvania embraces the northeastern end of the Great Appalachian series of the coal measures. It includes an area of about 12,200 square miles, lying chiefly in the western part of the State, and spreading from Ohio, West Virginia and Maryland northward to New York. The coal bearing rocks cover practically the whole of Greene, Washington, Allegheny, Westmoreland, Beaver, Lawrence, Butler, Armstrong, Jefferson, Indiana, Clearfield and Cambria counties, the greater part of Fayette, Somerset, Elk, Clarion and Mercer counties, besides parts of Crawford, Venango, Forest, Warren, McKean, Cameron, Blair, Centre, Clinton, Potter, Lycoming, Tioga and Bedford counties. Besides the main area, the Broad Top basin in Huntingdon and Bedford counties has an area of about 50 square miles, and is about 30 miles east of the Allegheny. The principal commercially workable beds of the State are: the Sharon or block coal, whose commercial history dates from 1837, mined in nine counties; the Mercer or Altoon coals, mined in twelve counties; the Brookville coal, mined in thirteen counties; the Clarion coal, mined in nine counties; the lower Kittanning, mined in seventeen counties; the middle Kittanning, mined in a few places, the upper Kittanning coal, mined in twelve counties; the lower Freeport coal, mined in thirteen counties; the upper Freeport, mined in eighteen counties; the Gallitzin coal, mined in five counties; the Philson coal, mined in three counties; the Bakerstown coal, mined in two counties; the Berlin coal, mined in Somerset county; the Elk Lick coal, mined in four counties; the Little Pittsburgh coal and the Painter coal, mined in localities; the Pittsburgh coal, mined in six counties; the Redstone coal, mined in four counties; the Sewickley coal, mined in three counties; the Uniontown coal, mined in three counties; the Waynesboro coal, mined in three counties; and the Washington coal, mined in two counties. The Sharon block coal, strong, free from sulphur and valuable for furnace use near the Ohio line, becomes dirty, sulphurous, patchy and of little value to the eastward. The coals of the Mercer group, dirty and of little account westward, are locally used for steam and domestic purposes, and produce from 73 to 82 percent of coke near Blossburg. The Brookville bed in Jefferson county and along the Allegheny slopes, is serviceable only as a somewhat sulphurous heavy steam coal; but in the Broad Top basin in Huntingdon and Bedford counties it is a prime valuable steam coal, and has been coked. The lower Kittanning coal, mined to small extent for steam purposes in the Allegheny Valley, is a valuable coking coal in northern and eastern Clearfield county, in eastern Cambria county, and in Blair county. In the eastern region it is also locally important as a smelting coal, and a valued heavy steam coal in the Broad Top field. The upper Kittanning, of minor value for steam and gas purposes in the western districts, becomes of some importance as a steam and domestic fuel in parts of Clearfield, Cambria and Somerset, and makes a good coke in the Snow Shoe basin and Centre county. The lower Freeport coal, mined in southern Elk, eastern Lycoming, northern Indiana, in the Shawmut-Reynoldsville-Panzost basin, and in northern Cambria and in eastern Clearfield county to the Moshannon creek, in the Philipsburg-Houtzdale basin, is especially valuable for high grade steam, gas and coking purposes, and also for smelting and puddling. The upper Freeport coal, mined chiefly in the lower Allegheny and Kiskiminnick rivers, and west, and near the Allegheny slopes on the east, in Armstrong, Westmoreland, Indiana and Cambria counties, is used as a steam coking coal. The great Pittsburgh coal is adapted to high grade steam, smelting and rolling mill use in Somerset county; and to steam and railroad uses in southern Indiana, Clearfield, Westmoreland and Fayette counties. It is the source of a enormous coking industry, and farther westward it is especially valuable as a gas coal. Everywhere it is a high grade steam coal. The earliest record of coal mining in the Pittsburgh region is that supplied by Capt. Thomas Hutchins, who visited Fort Pitt (now Pittsburgh) in 1760, and found a coal mine opened on the opposite side of the Monongahela River. With the advent of the first steam engine in Pittsburgh in 1794, the demand for the new fuel increased, and by 1800 a number of mines were in operation on both sides of the Monongahela River, and the coal was used quite extensively in salt works, glass factories, and for general purposes. The first coal was shipped from Pittsburgh in 1803. As early as 1804, barges with coal for sale were loaded in Clearfield county and floated down the Susquehanna to Columbia in Lancaster. By 1825 it is reported that about 3,500 tons were used in the vicinity of Pittsburgh. This local consumption increased to 464,000 tons in 1846, and in 1849, 214,000 tons were sent down the Ohio river, and 53 steamboats were built for the river trade. The next year 56 boats were added to those already in use. About 1842 the Blossburg basin, Tioga county, began commercial shipments, and the development of the Barclay basin, Bradford county, followed not long after. The use of the Sharon block coal in the furnaces of Mercer county is said to have begun in the same decade. The rapid exploitation of the coals in Cambria county dates practically from the time of the construction of the State Portage and the Pennsylvania railroads. The remarkable development of the Reynoldsville basin began soon after the construction of the Low Grade division of the Allegheny Valley railway in 1872. The development of these fields is eclipsed by the wonderful progress made in the size and number of plants and in the increased production of coke in the Connellsville and adjacent basins in the past forty years. From less than 100 ovens in 1860, the field has grown to about 25,000 ovens in 1901. The bituminous coal production of Pennsylvania has increased from an estimated output of about 1,000,000 tons in 1847 to over 42,000,000 tons in 1890, and to the immense total of over 79,000,000 tons in 1900. The production of coke in 1900 was, according to the State records, over 12,000,000 tons. Somewhat more than one half, or nearly three-fifths, of the bituminous production of the State in 1900 was derived from the Pittsburgh coal, the remaining, about 40 per cent, being derived chiefly from the lower Kittanning and the two Freeport coals. The number of bituminous collieries in Pennsylvania, as listed by Mr. Baird Halberstadt in 1892, was 706. The list published by the same author in 1901 includes 935 names. The number of new mines opened in 1900 was 175; the number of mines abandoned was 28; the number of mines reopened was 6. The districts of most rapid development within the last decade include Cambria and Somerset

Counties, northwestern Indiana county, the Shawmut basin of southwestern Elk county, the Pittsburgh coal region of southern Allegheny and northwestern Fayette, and the Connellsville basin of Westmoreland and Fayette counties. In 1892 the number of mines was: 88 in Allegheny, 85 in Fayette, 92 in Westmoreland, 122 in Clearfield, 76 in Cambria, and 19 in Somerset—a total of 482. In 1901 there were 99 in Allegheny, 117 in Fayette, 188 in Westmoreland, 127 in Clearfield, 130 in Cambria, and 53 in Somerset—a total of 714. The average number of days of operation of the mines during 1900 varied from 181 in the eighth inspection district to 261 in the ninth district. In general, the steadiest operation was in the coking districts. The average period of operation during the year for the production of coal is 219 days. The cost of production of coal varies apparently from about 47 cents to \$1.30 per ton—which figures do not seem to be reliably suggestive. The number of men engaged in and about the mines in 1900 was 109,018, each of whom produced an average of 726.5 tons of coal during the year.

Park of Petrified Trees.

The bill to establish a national park, embracing the famous petrified forest of Arizona, which was passed by the House of Representatives, has every chance of passing the Senate. The bill originated with Judge Lacey, of Iowa, who has established a reputation as the protector of native birds and animals and the generous friend of all interesting features of natural history. The proposed park embraces 2,000 acres, lying in the land grant of the Santa Fe Road. It is the largest petrified forest in the world. It is 7,200 feet above the ocean, and absolutely a desert, incapable of vegetation of any sort. The trees are of an extinct species, coniferous in character, with a diameter of from four to five feet at the butt and often two or three feet in the tops, their height being sometimes as great as 150 feet. It is explained by scientists that the petrified trees are not lying where they grew, but were carried there by some prehistoric flood. Submerged for ages at the bottom of a great sea, they became saturated with the salts, which gradually petrified them. A deposit of soft sandstone, in some places forty feet thick, overlies them. In the process of petrification the trees became huge masses of beautiful chalcocyanide, combining great variety of colors and wonderful phases of iridescence. The park is within easy reach of several stations on the Santa Fe Road, and is destined to be visited by thousands of sightseers now that Congress has called attention to the place. The preservation of the petrified forest has been taken to do anything with the place, but a few years ago a commercial company built a mill in the forest and began to cut up the petrified logs into emery wheels. It was found that there was a similar formation in Canada which would better answer the purpose, and the Arizona project was abandoned. A number of the finest petrified trees have been blown up by curiosity seekers in order to secure the crystals imbedded within them. Secretary Root would not, in fact corroborate the statements emanating from the White House last week that General Miles was to be retired and some other officer, presumably Major General John R. Brook, was to succeed him in command of the army. There has not been conveyed to army headquarters the slightest intimation of any immediate attention of the President to retire General Miles, although it is accepted as a foregone conclusion, even by General Miles, that he is to be retired. This feeling is based on no information, officially or privately conveyed to him by anyone high in authority. General Miles meanwhile is carrying out the routine of his office and preparing for an inspection tour which he originally intended should extend to the Philippines. It would be necessary, however, for him to be absent from his secretary to proceed to foreign shores, and there is no probability of the request being granted. General Miles says if he is to be retired he does not expect to hear of it until the order is sent out by the President. This, he thinks, will probably be his first official notification of the administration's proposed action.

Contest Is Bitter.

Republican Senators at Odds Over Concessions to Cuba—Opposition to Reciprocity—Administration Senators Making Urgent Efforts to Secure a Reduction of 25 Per Cent. At white heat is the contest in the Senate over the Cuban reciprocity bill, and the feeling in the Republican ranks is more bitter than for many years. In order to force the fighting a conference of the Republican Senators has been called. This is to count noses and to try to get into line enough Republican members to pass the reciprocity bill without Democratic votes. It is very doubtful if there will be any break in the ranks of the beet sugar Republicans. According to the New York Herald's poll of last Sunday, which was the first intimation that administration had of its danger, there were eighteen Republicans who would oppose any concessions to Cuba. These, with the Democratic votes, would place the administration in a minority by twelve votes. The eighteen "recalcitrants" have grown to nineteen by the accession of Senator Burton, of Kansas. Mr. Burton attended the conference on Wednesday and when a proposition was made to pass a reciprocity bill without the House amendment and he was asked to consent to it he made a speech which fairly sizzled. "You gentlemen from the East," Senator Burton is reported to have said, "have been keeping the tariff up at the expense of the farmers, who are clamoring for reduction of duties and for wider markets. You ignore their plea, and now, in order to help Cuba, propose to make the farmer who is growing sugar beats pay the bill." "You have thrown aside the policy of the late President McKinley, as to reciprocity, and at this session and the last you have refused to consider the reciprocity treaties endorsed by him. Why? Because a few manufacturers in New England feel that they will be hurt. I hear threats of punishing Senators for holding out against the Cuban bill. Let the punishment be attempted." Senator Quarles, of Wisconsin, also spoke in a similar strain. He called attention to the fact that the Michigan and Wisconsin Senators had been threatened with free lumber. He intimated that he would meet on the floor the Senators who wanted to force action in that way. These speeches have not added to the placidity of the Senate, and on Wednesday the administration Senators went further in their intimations as to what they would do. One of the most prominent Senators—one who is quite as influential as Senator Allison—declared that at the conference today the beet sugar men would be given the alternative to vote for a straight reciprocity bill, making about twenty-five per cent reduction, or have the administration Senators combine in favor of the House bill, for which every Democrat would vote, and which the President would sign. BEET SUGAR MEN IN CONTROL. This threat to send to the President the bill abolishing the differential and counter-vailing duties, which would be a blow at both the beet sugar trust and the American Sugar refining company, might be expected to frighten the beet sugar men but for the fact that as yet the Democrats and beet men are in control of the committee having charge of the reciprocity measure. The committee still stands four in favor of Cuba, in opposition to seven against the concessions. There will be no immediate prospect that it will report favorably any Cuban relief. On the contrary, it is expected that at the next meeting of the committee the first business called up will be by Senator Teller's resolution providing for an investigation of the charge that the sugar trust in anticipation of the entire new sugar crop of Cuba. Beet sugar Republicans assert that if this bill is reported from the committee it will receive at least twenty Republican votes and all of the Democratic votes, and will pass. This would result in indefinitely postponing concessions to Cuba. Some of the administration Republicans have been talking of discharging the committee from further consideration of the House bill. They think they can get the Democrats to vote for such a motion. It is very rare, however, to thus override a committee. Red hot talk on the tariff has been the order of the day. Administration senators like Messrs. Lodge, Aldrich and Platt, have been threatening Messrs. McMillan, and Burrows, of Michigan, and Spooner and Quarles, of Wisconsin, with free lumber, and Messrs. Scott and Elkins, of West Virginia, with free coal. This, of course, is pure talk, because in order to punish West Virginia for the action of their senators the administration Senators from Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois and Indiana would also be punished. Senators from Virginia and Alabama, on the Democratic side, might also have something to say about it. Beet sugar senators have replied to this threat from the New England senators to revise the tariff and place coal and lumber on the free list by saying they would be very glad to meet them on the subject of tariff revision by voting to place the free list the knit goods and cheap jewelry of Massachusetts and Rhode Island and the watches, cutlery and clocks of Connecticut. Altogether the situation in the Senate is decidedly mixed and the party leaders, who do not care to go before the country this fall without having relieved Cuba, are very much worried. Personal Gifts to the Pope. A Fortune in Presents Given Leo XIII. Since he reached the Papal Chair Leo XIII has received many personal gifts, the value of which according to a writer in Lady's Realm, aggregates \$10,000,000. The magnificent jewels he received at his recent jubilee included 28 tiaras, 319 crosses, set with diamonds and other precious stones; 1200 chalices in gold and silver, 81 rings, of which one one given by the Sultan is worth \$100,000; 10 pastoral staves of gold, set with precious stones; 7 statuettes in gold and silver, as well as the largest diamond in the world, valued at \$4,000,000. An American woman is said to have presented Leo XIII with a splendid snuff box of immense value, containing a check to the value of \$50,000, as her contribution to the annual collection of Peter's Pence. The Holy See is in the happy position of having no debts. A Cousin of Li Hung Chang. Lee Hong, or Li Hung, a cousin of Li Hung Chang, has opened a laundry in Williamsport. He has lived in the United States twenty years. He believes in Confucius, does not repose in a bunk like ordinary Chinamen, but has a fine carved bedstead, with a headboard as high as that of any "Mellon man's."

Train Sets New Record.

The report of a run of fifteen miles at the rate of twenty one hundred miles an hour, which came to headquarters of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, was so startling that it was discredited by the Chicago officials, and a detailed report called for. The result is the following report from conductor G. H. Burns, which established a new world's speed record for runs of fourteen miles and over, the nearest approach to it being the run of the Lehigh Valley Black Diamond Express in April, 1897, when 43.96 miles were made at an average rate of eighty miles an hour. Conductor Burns says: "Train No. 6 left Denver for Chicago, March 24th, ten minutes late, having to wait for a through California car from the D. & R. G. R." "A heavy wind prevailed to Akron, 112 miles from Denver, which put us out from Akron thirty minutes late. No special instructions were given as to speed because it is customary when late to run from Akron to Wray, a distance of fifty-four miles, at the rate of seventy to seventy-five miles an hour. We passed Eckley, thirty-nine miles east of Akron, running at seventy-five miles an hour. Between Eckley and Wray, a distance of 14.8 miles, I was in the observation car. In the car were several gentlemen talking about the run—Mr. Arthur Johnson, of Denver; Mr. Wells Atlas, of Los Angeles, and H. C. Bush, Traffic Manager of the Colorado Midland Railway, and Mr. Foley of Omaha. We passed Eckley at 7:56 p. m., all hands holding watches corroborating. It seemed so short when the whistle was blown that Mr. Johnson remarked, speaking of the engineer, 'Oh, well, he is not doing so much as we thought he might.' Mr. Johnson believed we had reached Robb, a distance of 6.1 miles from Eckley, but at that moment the train dashed over a well-known bridge between whistling post and depot. Then I got up and said, 'Gentlemen, we are at Wray, and you have ridden 14.8 miles faster than was ever made before. We had made the distance in exactly nine minutes, or at the rate of 98.66 miles on hours.' "Then went to the other end of the train where Mr. Lindsay, of Pittsburg, manager for Mr. Andrew Carnegie, with a party of seventeen, were occupying special car Grassmere. Mr. Lindsay was on the platform, and when I told him of the record, said, 'Well, that was a terrific burst of speed; I thought we were flying.' "The train consisted of the mail car, baggage car, two reclining chair cars, special car Grassmere, three sleeping cars and a dining car, nine cars in all. It was the east bound fast express for Chicago, the reverse of the famous train west bound, 'The Burlington's No. 1,' fast express Chicago to Denver. Chased Husband 90,000 Miles. After Finding Him Thirteen Times Mr. Brotin Goes Up and Gets a Divorce. After chasing her truant husband 32,500 miles across Continental Europe, England, the Atlantic ocean, America, and twice back and forward over the whole route, Mrs. Mary Brotin has concluded to let the runaway be free. When Mrs. Brotin was Miss Mollie Knoch and lived with her parents in Odessa, Russia, eight years ago, she was married to Brotin. He deserted her, and she followed him to London, where they lived for a time. Then he disappeared. He went back to Odessa, then to New York city. In the next three years the whole chapter was repeated. He was chased from New York to Odessa, Odessa to Bucharest, Bucharest to London, London to Glasgow, Glasgow to Odessa and Odessa to New York. In 1900 Mrs. Brotin learned that he was conducting a store in New York, and for the twelfth time she swooped down upon him. He took a night train for Columbus. In March, 1901, his thirteenth hiding place was found out, and he fled from it to Buffalo. His pursuer was not far behind, but when he escaped into Canada she lost courage. Not a trace of him has she been able to discover since then. A short time ago she gave up hope, and after establishing a Chicago residence, sued for divorce, which was granted on Wednesday. She has gone Columbus to live with a relative. Two Die in Nightmares. Terrors of Dreamland Superinduce Heart Failure and Death. Harry G. Koonitz, aged twenty-six years, who was recently married, died suddenly in bed at Smithsburg, near Cumberland, Md., Tuesday night from heart failure, superinduced by an attack of nightmare. His wife heard him muttering and making a peculiar noise in his sleep. At times he shouted. She raised him up and he fell over dead. He rode all day Tuesday serving summons and retired in good health. Thomas Carney, an iron worker of Sharpburg, was killed by a nightmare. He was stopping with a friend in Susquehanna county, this State, just across the line from Binghamton, N. Y., when Tuesday night his room-mate was aroused by Carney springing from bed with a scream, but suddenly apparently awakening and remarking, "I guess I was dreaming," he then fell back on the bed dead, the result of heart failure brought on by the excitement. A Bible Said to Be Worth \$50,000. New York has a Bible said to be worth \$50,000, but for the presents it is in the hands of the collector of the port there for a just appraisal. It is a manuscript property of J. S. Morgan, a nephew of J. Pierpont Morgan, who arrived on the steamship Oceanic Thursday with it in his possession. It is a magnificent work of great rarity. The headings of every chapter are illuminated exquisitely and the cover of the book is set with precious stones. The collector said that he had ordered the Bible to be temporarily confiscated as a precautionary measure, as a quick appraisal on the pier was not advisable. On Monday night a young man named Harry Casner attempted to ford the Tuscarora creek leading from the home of his uncle, John Biner, to Fort Royal, where he had spent the evening, he became frightened as the water flowed into the buggy box, and giving the young horse a sudden jerk leaped out into the water and waded to the shore. The horse reared up and fell backward on the buggy and was drowned. That arbitration is distinctly gaining ground as a means of settling disputes between labor and its employers is one of the surest signs of the advancement of society.

Eugene Field's Story.

In the last months of his life Eugene Field was an invalid, and suffered particularly and abnormally from anything like cold weather. Upon his doctor's advice, he went to California, and visited a cousin, Henry Field, who lived at Alameda, near San Francisco. While there, he heard daily the usual glorification of the splendid climate of California, but in his extremely sensitive condition did not take kindly to it. One morning he came down to the breakfast table looking the picture of despair. "I had a terrible dream last night," he said, addressing Mrs. Field. "You must not tell it before breakfast," she replied. "It is bad luck." "Oh, well," said Field, "it might have been worse. I dreamed that Henry, your husband, had died, and when he approached the gates of heaven he found St. Peter sitting there with the key and the great book. As he was about to enter the pearly gates, he was stopped, and St. Peter announced that before he entered there must be an investigation to see whether your name was in the great book or not. 'But who are you?' asked St. Peter. 'My name is Field.' 'Oh, Eugene Field! Well, walk right in.'" "No, unfortunately not Eugene Field, but a cousin of his, Henry Field." "I must examine the book." And after an inspection he said: "I am sorry, Mr. Field, but I do not find your name here, and you cannot enter. You must go below." "And so he scuttled away, and went down below. There he found the guardian with cloven feet, and all dressed in red. He was about to push his way in, without ceremony when he was stopped, and this guardian also said, 'I must know whether your name is on our book before you can enter.'" "But it surely is," said Field. "I was refused admission up above, and I must go in here." "No," said his Satanic Majesty, after examining the register. "I don't find it." "Great heavens," said Field, "must I go back and live in Alameda?" —The Pennsylvania has given another order for engines. In addition to the sixty ordered from the Baldwin works some weeks ago they have just given orders for forty-nine more, a total of 109 new locomotives under construction at the Baldwin works alone. They will also build about fifty passenger engines at the Juniata shops. More than 200 new engines will be added to the equipment of the Pennsylvania and the Pennsylvania lines this spring and summer. It has been estimated that, for new power alone, this system will expend this year about \$2,000,000. The work on the new engines is to be rushed as fast as possible. —Little Margaret had fallen asleep, and during her nap a terrible thunder storm came up. The lightning flashed incessantly. The little one started up affrighted, but soon a calm, sweet peace passed over her face as she said: "I guess Dad has turned on the gas in Heben." —Chicago Little Chronicle.

Delay in Miles' Retirement.

Secretary Root Says no Order Will be Issued for the Present. The order for the retirement of Lieutenant General Nelson A. Miles will not be issued this month, and may be longer delayed. The announcement was made recently by Secretary of War Root, before leaving for two weeks' trip to Cuba, that General Miles in no event would be retired during his absence, and that no fixed time had been designated when he would be relieved from his present duties. Secretary Root would not, in fact corroborate the statements emanating from the White House last week that General Miles was to be retired and some other officer, presumably Major General John R. Brook, was to succeed him in command of the army. There has not been conveyed to army headquarters the slightest intimation of any immediate attention of the President to retire General Miles, although it is accepted as a foregone conclusion, even by General Miles, that he is to be retired. This feeling is based on no information, officially or privately conveyed to him by anyone high in authority. General Miles meanwhile is carrying out the routine of his office and preparing for an inspection tour which he originally intended should extend to the Philippines. It would be necessary, however, for him to be absent from his secretary to proceed to foreign shores, and there is no probability of the request being granted. General Miles says if he is to be retired he does not expect to hear of it until the order is sent out by the President. This, he thinks, will probably be his first official notification of the administration's proposed action.

The Old Fashioned Boy.

"What has become of the old-fashioned boy? The one to look up to his father when his father carried the sort of postivity which was like the divinity that hedged a king in the time when kinghood was in its break-up day. The boy who wore a hat which threatened to come down over his ears. The boy whose trousers were made over his father's, by his mother or aunt, or grandmother. The boy whose hair had a cowlick in it before, and was sheared off the same length behind. The boy who walked with both hands in the pockets of his trousers, and who expected between his teeth when his teeth were clamped together. The boy who wore boots, run down at the heels. The boy who never wore knickerbockers or a roundabout coat. The boy whose chirography was shaped by the gymnastics of his tongue. The boy who believed his father was the greatest man in the world, and that he could have been President if he wanted to be. The boy who was his mother's man when the man was away from home." —A Farm Hand's Revenge. Confesses Burning Barn and Ashes Prompt Sentence. Henry Heberly, who for three years has been a hired man on the farm of Charles Wolf, of York county, went to York yesterday and confessed setting fire to Wolf's barn. The loss was \$5,000. His reason for his incendiary act was that Wolf treated him badly. He said: "Yesterday I went to Loganville and got some whisky. I then went home, having decided to get even with Wolf." "Where did you start the fire?" continued the detective. "I lighted a match and stuck it in the straw. Oh, I did it right. I watched the blaze until it got a start. Seeing that it was right, I skipped out. Here I am now, and I want my sentence this week."

Personal Gifts to the Pope.

A Fortune in Presents Given Leo XIII. Since he reached the Papal Chair Leo XIII has received many personal gifts, the value of which according to a writer in Lady's Realm, aggregates \$10,000,000. The magnificent jewels he received at his recent jubilee included 28 tiaras, 319 crosses, set with diamonds and other precious stones; 1200 chalices in gold and silver, 81 rings, of which one one given by the Sultan is worth \$100,000; 10 pastoral staves of gold, set with precious stones; 7 statuettes in gold and silver, as well as the largest diamond in the world, valued at \$4,000,000. An American woman is said to have presented Leo XIII with a splendid snuff box of immense value, containing a check to the value of \$50,000, as her contribution to the annual collection of Peter's Pence. The Holy See is in the happy position of having no debts. A Cousin of Li Hung Chang. Lee Hong, or Li Hung, a cousin of Li Hung Chang, has opened a laundry in Williamsport. He has lived in the United States twenty years. He believes in Confucius, does not repose in a bunk like ordinary Chinamen, but has a fine carved bedstead, with a headboard as high as that of any "Mellon man's."

Two Die in Nightmares.

Terrors of Dreamland Superinduce Heart Failure and Death. Harry G. Koonitz, aged twenty-six years, who was recently married, died suddenly in bed at Smithsburg, near Cumberland, Md., Tuesday night from heart failure, superinduced by an attack of nightmare. His wife heard him muttering and making a peculiar noise in his sleep. At times he shouted. She raised him up and he fell over dead. He rode all day Tuesday serving summons and retired in good health. Thomas Carney, an iron worker of Sharpburg, was killed by a nightmare. He was stopping with a friend in Susquehanna county, this State, just across the line from Binghamton, N. Y., when Tuesday night his room-mate was aroused by Carney springing from bed with a scream, but suddenly apparently awakening and remarking, "I guess I was dreaming," he then fell back on the bed dead, the result of heart failure brought on by the excitement. A Bible Said to Be Worth \$50,000. New York has a Bible said to be worth \$50,000, but for the presents it is in the hands of the collector of the port there for a just appraisal. It is a manuscript property of J. S. Morgan, a nephew of J. Pierpont Morgan, who arrived on the steamship Oceanic Thursday with it in his possession. It is a magnificent work of great rarity. The headings of every chapter are illuminated exquisitely and the cover of the book is set with precious stones. The collector said that he had ordered the Bible to be temporarily confiscated as a precautionary measure, as a quick appraisal on the pier was not advisable. On Monday night a young man named Harry Casner attempted to ford the Tuscarora creek leading from the home of his uncle, John Biner, to Fort Royal, where he had spent the evening, he became frightened as the water flowed into the buggy box, and giving the young horse a sudden jerk leaped out into the water and waded to the shore. The horse reared up and fell backward on the buggy and was drowned. That arbitration is distinctly gaining ground as a means of settling disputes between labor and its employers is one of the surest signs of the advancement of society.

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