Bellefonte, Pa., May I, 1903.

FOLDED HANDS.

Poor, tired hands, that toiled so hard for me! At rest before me now I see them lying; They toiled so hard and yet we did not see

That she was dying.
Poor, rough, red hands! They drudged th live long day-Still busy, when the midnight oil was burn

Oft toiling on until she saw the gray

Of day returning. If I might sit and hold those tired hands,

And feel the warm life blood within the beating. And kiss the faded eyes and withered cheeks,

Some whispered word repeating, I think tonight that I would love her so-And I could tell to her my love so truly-That, e'en though tired, she would not wish

And leave me thus unduly.

Poor, tired heart, that had so weary grown, That death came all unheeded o'er it creep

How strange it seems, to sit here, all alone While she is sleeping! Dear, patient heart! that dee

care
Of drudging household toil its only duty; That laid aside all deep, heart yearnings the Along with beauty.

If I could look into those brave sad eyes, And kiss the pathos of her patient smile, And tell her all her love had been to me, Her hands in mine, the while-Ah, learned too late! While yet 'twas mine un

I kiss her hands and moan, with bitter weep

Oh, sad, worn heart! Oh, sore tried love! To-How sweet she's sleeping

Mother, if in some realm of brighter day, Your spirit, purified by fires of pain,

Should linger, listening for some half misse With thoughts of Earth, again,

And I could send one whispered word through One word of Earth to reach your higher

sphere,
I would—low-grovelling in my grief—sob out "You were so dear!"

THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

Mother sent 'em for me to play with, and you've no right to keep 'em," said the small boy, with determination in his eyes. "It is not good for little boys to get their own way at all times. When you're a good boy you shall have them, 'said Miss

"I hate you," said the small boy. "If you were a man, I'd hit you."
"That just shows what a naughty little boy you are," said Miss Deborah.

must try to get the better of such feelings.' I wish I'd died in India, or you'd died before I came here !"

When you grow older you'll understand better. Then, perhaps, you'll thank me for not letting you have all your own 'No, I won't. Never! You're a hate-

ful old thing, and your teeth come out, and your hair comes off, and I'll tell every one

"You'll go straight to your room, and stop there till you're in a better frame of "I won't."

"Then I shall take you, and if nece I shall whip you."

"If you do, I'll bite."
All of which duly took place, and ten minutes later Master David Garth was lying on his bed, tingling in places where at times it is beneficial to the spirit for the flesh to tingle, and breathing hard through a mouthful of counterpane. And Miss Deborah was back at her sewing, bearing vis-

ible marks of the encounter. There were red spots on her cheeks. They came from within. There were little, red marks on one of her hands. They came from Master David's little white teeth. They did not hurt physically, though mentally they caused her discomfort. When she tried to sew, little red spots appeared on the small shirt she was at work on, by reason of the needle going

astray through the jumping of her nerves.

'I wish to goodness—" she began, as she laid her work aside 'til the blood should settle down inside her veins, instead of squandering itself in unnecessary decora-

But she did not finish her very natural wish. For she knew well enough that if the small boy had not been sent home he would have gone the way of the others. And a live small boy, if more troublesome, is better than a dead small boy, after all is said and done, since while there is life there is hope of better things.

She had accepted the charge of him with much foreboding and of simple necessity, since there was no one else to do it. Sh had once before taken charge of a certain David Garth-this present David's father and she had not forgotten it yet, though twenty years had somewhat blunted the edges of her recollection. She had vowed then that she would never take charge of a child again, but here she was with another David Garth on her hands, and she twenty years older than she was then, and he ten times as troublesome as ever his father had been. She had known well enough, or at all events she had thought so, what the reintroduction of the boy element into her simple life, meant, and her forebodings had been more than realized.

But she could not refuse. Two other little David Garths has been buried in India. This one had shown more stamina, and survived the infantile stage, but the moment the anxious parental eyes detected the first sign of drooping he was hurried off to England, consigned to his father's aunt, Miss Deborah Garth, with only one mail's notice of his coming, and she took him in and did her best for him.

But an elderly maiden aunt's ideas of what is best for a small boy differ considerably from the small boy's own ideas on the subject, and these two clashed from the

very first kiss of welcome. What a cold nose you've got !" were Master David's first words to his aunt. "It's a sign of good health," said Miss Deborah, laughing to cover a touch of con-

fusion, for her nose was a trifle frosty.
"That's in dogs," said David. "Have you got a dog?"—with a sudden hope. No, but I've got two cats." "I don't care for cats. I wish I'd brought Nip with me. But he's Dad's dog, too. Only his tail's mine. And Dad

wanted him all. He's nuts on rats and

"Then I'm very glad you didn't bring him," said Miss Deborah. They had clashed more or less ever since. The early surroundings of an up-country

resident magistrate's only child do not selfishness and the gentler virtues. No matter how beneficial the motherly influence, it is apt to be diluted by the indulgence of overfond ayahs and the obsequious compliance of native servants. Little David Garth was no better and no worse than any other small boy born into such conditions.
But Miss Deborah very early perceived the defects in his upbringing and set herself to the thankless task of correcting them.

Having no children of her own, and never having had very much to do with children, she naturally had strong theoretical opinions on the subject of training them as they should go, and little David got full benefit of them.

Certainly she could point with pride to his father, who had fallen under her care at the age of ten, and had since gone far, and was now, at thirty-five, in charge of a district which she vaguely understood to be as big as England and inhabited by milas big as England and inhabited by millions of black people. But David the First had not had the disadvantages of an early, hot-house training. He had gone early to boarding-school—she had nebulous recollections of strifes and divisions between them before that happened-and had passed on to college on the strength of the scholarships he had won at school, and had joined the Civil Service and sailed for India before she realized that he was no longer a boy. Not a little of the father's grit and determination had descended to the son. And that which had been the making of the one made the other an extremely difficult little subject to sit upon.

To one who had been accustomed to bend all his keepers to his will. Aunt Deborah was a most disconcerting personage. One of her inflexible rules was that a small boy should never, by any chance, be allowed to have his own way in anything. If he ardently desired a thing, that was in itself a sign that he was better without it, or, at all events, was good reason why it should be withheld from him. The thing desired might be perfectly harmless in itself, but the mere gratification of desire was a thing to be repressed—in the young, at all events. Yielding was a weakness and the father of weaknesses generally. Therefore, constant demand on the one side was met by perpetual refusal on the other, and many a battle royal they had.

Not that Aunt Deborah stinted the boy in any way. She provided amply, from her own point of view, for all his wants, and, as far as she could gauge them. for his pleasures as well. But the points of view of seven years old and fifty-seven are very wide apart, as wide almost as the poles-except in very exceptional casesand the golden bridger of that gap must

need be, or have been, a parent.

The present bone of contention was a box of little, clay figures, animals and men, sent to David by his mother as a men, sent to David by his mother as a birthday present. They were elever, rough models, made by native artists, painted to the life; and, by sight and smell, they recalled to the small boy, with the vividness of a sudden memory, those things and scenes among which his earlier years had

been passed. When he handled and smelt them, the first day they came, clammy, gray England fled away, and he was back in India with his father and mother and everything that made life bright and happy and beautiful. He wanted to keep them for his own, but Aunt Deborah knew what the result of that would be. So she locked them up in a cupboard, and bestowed them on him now and again at unexpected moments in recognition of unusually good behavior. Good behavior being closely connected in David's small mind with doing what he didn't want to do, at all events, and, most certainly, not doing what he most particubirthday present with so unpleasant a state of mind and body was distasteful to him in the extreme, and productive of rebellion. He had been with his aunt almost twelve

months, and she was still astonished at times to find depths in that small brain and body which she had not yet succeeded in fathoming. The present proved a case

Tea-time came, but no David. Aunt Deborah waited a few minutes and then went up to fetch him. Fetching a small boy out of a bed room, however, implies an open door. Miss Deborah found David's door closed, and, moreover, impossible of opening. As she did not allow him a key, it was evident that he had succeeded in fastening the door in some occult way of

his own

No respo "Open this door at once. If you don't, I shall open it myself," said she, and she shook the handle, masterfully. Still no response from the inside, and all the pressure she could bring to bear on the

outside met like result. Miss Deborah bit her lips, till they tem-porarily disappeared, and frowned omin-

"Very well!" she said at last, crabbing shamefully from her first position, "if you prefer to go without any tea, you may do so." And she went down stairs. But she found her own appetite out of gear that evening, though as a rule she enjoyed her tea more than any other meal in the day. Miss Deborah was worried.

Tea cleared away, she resumed her sewing, and then took up a book, but found no relief either in duty or amusement.

Could the child be ill? Could he have done himself any damage in his anger?

Could he have-She jumped up and went hurriedly up stairs and stood listening outside the door, but she could hear no sound. She stooped to the key hole. But there were obstruc-tions behind it which prevented her see-ing. She shook the handle again and cried:

Then she began to get frightened. Hearing her calling, the housemaid came up from the basement, followed by the cook. They stood on the stairs, looking up at ber. Fear is as contagious as fever, and anything is possible behind a closed door. She glanced apprehensively at their scared faces and said: "He's—he's fastened himself in, and won't answer me."

"Will I go for a p'lecceman, Mum?" gasped the housemaid, who was a well-read girl for her age. "A policeman, Jane?-No, I don't think so -- Come and help me to force in

the door, both of you."

"And phwat'll we find behint it, sorra's me!" said the cook, and followed the "Don't be silly, Bridget," said Miss Deborah, tremulously. "He's—he's probably only gone to sleep."

"Poor little lamp! It don't do to be

too hard on 'em," said Bridget, with gloomy foreboding. "It's doubting I am that he'll nivver waken again in this wurrld."

"Bridget !" said Miss Deborah, fierce-"D-don't be a food !" At which sign of her mistress' upsetting the housemaid whimpered aloud. However, if their wits were feathery.

them, and the united efforts of the three at last forced Master David's wedges from

their places, and the door began to yield. Further application of energy crumpled up a chair which had been ingeniously the foot of the little bed, whose head was jammed against the wall. In the bed, in nis pajamas, lay Master David Garth, with

his eyes tightly closed.

Aunt Deborah beut over him anxiously for a moment. But when at last he had to breathe or burst, and she saw no signs of anything wrong about him, anxiety gave place to annoyance, and she said, sharply: "David, this is very naughty of you, and very silly, trying to frighten us in this

"Little divvle !" murmured the cook. much relieved.

"Bridget, go down stairs!"
"Highty-tighty!" grumbled Bridget,
as she obeyed. "Sure'n it wasn't mesilf
invoited mesilf up, and glad I am it's no
worse. It's a rale good shpankin' I'd be
afther giv'n him if he was mine."

Miss Deborah felt like that, too, but she forbore. Failing to make any impression on the little sinner, she at last went down stairs, also, glad, like Bridget, that it was no worse. She sent up a cup of milk and some biscuits by Jane, but when she looked in, herself, as she passed to her own room to go to bed, they had not been

When she looked in again in the morn ing, as she went down to breakfast, the piscuits and the milk were still there, and David was apparently fast asleep. shook him vigorously enough to waken seven sleepers, but his eyes remained tight-lp closed, and the moment she let go he olled over with a defiant shoulder hump

ed against her.
She sent up fresh milk, and left him alone, marveling somewhat at the spirit that was in him, for he had eaten nothing since the previous midday. Several times during the morning she looked in, but he

lay as before, and the food was untouched. By dinner-time she grew anxious. The boy would be doing himself mortal injury. He had eaten nothing for twenty-four hours, and even small fires cannot be kept up on no fuel at all.

In the afternoon she put on her bonnet and went over to her old friend, Doctor Kristiau, on the other side of the Square. "Aha!" said the cheery old gentleman, at sight of her. "Measles? Or mumps!

Mumps, I——''
''Neither,'' said Miss Deborah. "He's trying to starve himself to death, as far as can make out."

"The young monkey! What's set him to that ? Wanted his own way, and I wouldn't let him have it,"-and she detailed the

circumstances of the case. "I see," said the doctor. "The regular Garth spirit! But his body's not strong enough to stand too much of that kind of thing. I'll go back with you, and we'll see if we can't bring the young man to his

He tucked an oblong, mahogany box

He tucked an oblong, mahogany box under his arm, and they went across together, and entered the child's room.

"Ah!" said the old doctor, in an ominous whisper, as he stood looking down on the rigid little body. "A bad case, I cau see. Very serious, indeed. Will you oblige me with a bucket of the coldest water you can get, Miss Garth. I must pass an electric current through the body from head to foot. It's the way they execute their criminals in America, you know. This is an unusually powerful battery—"

"He's not very strong, Doctor. It won't do him any harm, will it?" "Well," said the doctor, as he rigged up his electric machine, "it may not. If he's in a true cateleptic state he'll hardly feel it. If he's not, the effects may be ve unpleasant. I want you to stand by with water, and if you see the flesh beginning to frizzle, fling the bucket over him at once. Never mind the bed; it's his life we've got to think of."

He damped the bits of sponge attached to the metal holders at the ends of the wires. Then he drew down the bedclothes and showed Miss Deborah how to hold one sponge against the sole of a small foot while he applied the other to the nape of a small neck just below the shock of dark

"Now," said the doctor, "if you see him begin to frizzle, drop the sponge at once and drench him with water. We don't want to burn him to a cinder."

Then he began to give gently at first, then more quickly.

The wheels spun faster, and the little body began to squirm.

Look out !" whispered the doctor, and gave an extra, strong twist.

Then Master David rolled over and oper ed his eyes and said : "Hello !" "Hello, Davie, my man! We got you just in time. Another hour or two and The be bent suddenly to the bucket and picked up some water in the hollow of his hand and dashed it into the boy's face. For the firm, little lips had paled, and the life seemed suddenly to ebb out of the determined white face.

Miss Deborah knitted her fingers till they cracked. But the doctor said, quietly: "He'll be all right in a minute. Twenty-four hours without food has been too much for him. Get me a cup of beef-tea and a slice or two of bread."

When she came back, the doctor was sit-

ting on the bed talking quietly. David lay listening, with a non-committal face. Doctor Kristian took the cup and spoon and raised the boy on his arm and tried to feed nim. But the stubborn lips remained sealed, and not a drop could he get between

"Well, what is it now?" he asked "Don't you know that little boys who won't eat won't live? Come now, drink this up."

But the thin lips tightened, and the

small head shook defiantly.
"Get him those confounded animals, said the doctor, curtly, to Miss Deborah; and Miss Deborah went to her cupboard and got the box and placed it silently on the bed. David's eyes gleamed tri-umphantly. He picked up the cup and drank its contents and then lay quietly looking up at Miss Deborah and the doctor, and then settled himself among the bedclothes

and went to sleep.

The doctor watched him for a minute of two, slid his fingers lightly to wrist and forehead, and then beckoned Miss Deborah to follow him.

"I should'nt be surprised if he suffers for this," he said, when they got outside the door. 'He's not strong enough to play such pranks with himself. Keep an eye on him. If you see anything wrong, send over for me at once."

Next day, and for many days afterward, the small boy's room rang to the monoto-nously repeated cry of: "They're mine. Mother sent them to me to play with. They're mine. You've no right to keep them,"—till Miss Deborah was very weary of it, and old Doctor Kristian was very their bodies carried a certain weight with sorry for her.

Miss Deborah," he said more than once. 'You did what you believed right and what I have no doubt was right. He did what I have no doubt was right. He did the rest himself. It's a great, big spirit for such a small boy. But we'll pull him through all right, and he'll live to be as big a man as his father." But Miss Deborah blamed herself just

the same, and never ceased to tell herself that, if he did not pull through, his death would be at her door. Meanwhile, the bone of contention, the boxful of India, lay in a corner unopened, and seemed to fol-low Miss Deborah with a reproachful brown eye wherever she went; and whenever she looked at it she shivered. It was a full month before he was able to sit up in his bed one day propped up with pillows, and the first thing he asked was: "May I have my animals, Aunt Deborah?"

And Miss Deborah bent over him as she opened the box and laid it in front of him, and kissed him, and said: "Yes, dear, you can have them for always."

She had often had to scold him for grimy hands—a small boy cannot possibly enjoy the natural pleasures of life an' have clean hands, too-but now the sight of the thin, white fingers wandering among the gaudy bits of painted clay pricked her to the

"They smell like India," he said, with a sigh of longing. "I wish Mother—"
And then the The Great Thing Of All

There was a sound of wheels outside, a hasty knock on the front door, a few hurried words in the hall, the bedroom door flew open and the little mother of his heart's desire was on her knees by his bed, covering him with kisses.

"My dear, dear, dear, little lad!" she cried. "And you have been ili, and we never knew! Dad got sudden leave, and we had not time to send you word. And you liked the little animals I sent you?' "Yes, Mummy, dear, I liked them bet-ter than anything else in the world. Where's Dad, and have you brought Nip?"

An excited yelp from below, and the quick patter of little feet, and a man's voice on the stairs calling: "Come here, air! Leave those cats alone!" answered him, and he lay back with a great, expectant smile on his face.

There is no moral to this story. It simply happened.-By John Oxenham, in the Cosmopolitan.

Tyner's Safe Broken Open By His Wife. Aged Assistant Attorney General of Postoffice Department May be Arrested. Papers Badly Needed

Carried Away Boldly. Postmaster General Re-

moves Old Official and Case is up to Attorney

General Knox. Sensations Reach Climax. The most daring and sensational exploit which the Star route gang committed to cover up its crimes 20 years ago was almost duplicated in the postoffice department at Washington on Tuesday by two wom-en who went to the office of the assistant attorney general of the department, accompanied by a safe expert, caused the safe to be opened and took from it everything it contained, among which, it is supposed, were many papers bearing on the various scandals and irregularities now under the investigation by the postoffice inspectors. The two women were the wife of James N. Tyner, late assistant attorney general of the postoffice department, and her sister, Mrs. Barrett, mother of Harrison J. Barrett, formerly an employe in the assistant attorney general's office, but now an attorney, who has been under investigation in connection with charges that certain get-rich-quick concerns which he represented had received special favors from the law

officers of the department.

The first news of the ext ploit of these women was given to the public Thursday afternoon by Postmaster Gen eral Payne himself, in the form of a copy of a letter which he recently addressed to Assistant Attorney General Tyner, summarily removing that official from his posi-tion because of the action of his wife in abstracting the papers from the safe of the assistant attorney general's office. This letter is as follows:

LETTER OF DISMISSAL. WASHINGTON, APRIL 22, 1903. Honorable James N. Tyner. "Assistant Attorney General

Post Office Department: "Sir: You are hereby removed from the office of assistant attorney general for the postoffice department. I deem it proper to give you the reason for this summary action on the part of the department. Early in the month of March I communicated to you, through a mutual friend, a request for your resignation. After a painful interview with you, and a more painful one with Mrs. Typer, I consented to modify the demand for your resignation so that it might take effect May 1st, 1903, with the proviso, however, that you were given leave of absence from the time of the acceptance of the resignation to the date of its taking effect, with the understanding that you were not in any way to undertake to discharge the duties of the office.

Late yesterday afternoon Mrs. Tyner came to the office of the assistant attorney general for the postoffice department, entering in the regular way and went through the main office to the private office, closing the door behind her. She then unlocked the door entering from the public hall into the private room and admitted her sister, Mrs. Barrett, whose son was formerly assistant in your office, and whose conduct is now under investigation by the depart-

GIVES THE FULL REASONS.

"She also admitted, in the same manner, G. G. Hammer, an expert in the employ of the Mosler Safe Company, with whom she had made an arrangement to meet her at the department. At her direction Mr. Hammer opened the safe in the room and she took therefrom all papers, records and articles of every kind, and carried them

away with her.
"Immediately upon hearing what had been done I directed the fourth assistant postmaster general to send two inspectors to your house to demand, in the name of the postmaster-general, the delivery to them of any papers, documents, or other materials which had been abstracted from the safe. The demand was refused by Mrs. Tyner, and she likewise refused to permit the inspectors to see you or to see and examine the papers in her presence. Mrs. Tyner further stated to the postoffice inspectors that she committed this act with your knowledge and by your direc-tion. Further comment of this transaction on my part, is not necessary.

"The facts in the case will be submitted

to the attorney-general of the United States, for such action in the premises as he may deem proper.

"Very respectfully.
"H. C. PAYNE,

"Postmaster-General." UP TO ATTORNEY GENERAL KNOX. When Postmaster-General Payne gave

"You've no reason to blame yourself, light on the extraordinary affair, except to say that it was not five minutes after the women had left the department with their women had left the department with their bundles of valuable Government documents before he had detailed two postoffice in-spectors to go to the house of Mr. Tyner and demand the return of the spoil. An-other thing Mr. Payne said was that the whole matter had been referred to Attor-ney General Vaccounters. ney General Knox, for such action as he 8aw fit to take. Further than this the post-master-general declined to talk, alleging that it would not be proper for him to do so in view of the gravity of the case and the curious circumstances which surround it.

When the story reached the general public it excited the liveliest interest, and great wonder was expressed that immediate steps of a most summary character had not been taken to secure the documents, abstracted from the safe by the two women before they had had time to destroy them or place them beyond reach of re-covery. It seemed plain to everyone that the papers must have been of a most im-portant character, containing damaging evidence against either the late assistant attorney general himself or some one in whom he was deeply interested, else he would not have sanctioned the extraordi-nary act by which his wife and her sister got possession of them.
HOW THE JOB WAS DONE.

Mrs. Typer came to the office of the assistant attorney general, on the fifth floor of the postoffice building, at 3:45 Tuesday afternoon, and remained there exactly an hour. When she arrived Acting Assistant Attorney General Christiancy, who has had charge of the office for months past, in the absence of General Tyner, who has been in poor health for a long period, was in the office. The clerks were at their desks. Mrs. Tyner passed from the public room into the private office and closed the door behind her. Being then alone in the office. she stepped to the door opening into the public corridor, and by previous arrangement admitted Mrs. Barrett, mother of Harrison J. Barrett, the former law clerk of the postoffice department, and G. G. Hammer, a safe expert. An inspector discovered Mrs. Payne in the office and reported her presence to his superior officer. and prosecuted on criminal charges. But ed her presence to his superior officer. Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bris-

Mr. Bristow asked authority to have Mrs. Typer ejected from the office. The authority came too late. When the inspector returned Mrs. Typer had left. The much younger. That a man with such a safe, on being examined, was found to be empty. The affair created much excitement among the investigating officials, but the act she was guilty of on Tuesday, can the news was concealed carefully from the only be explained on the theory that he is

REFUSES TO GIVE UP PAPERS.

Mr. Christiancy reported the presence in the office of Mrs. Tyner to two inspectors who were investigating affairs connected with the office, and also personally com-municated the fact of Mrs. Tyner's appearance in the office to Postmaster General Payne. The inspectors reported the matter to their superior officer. Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow. They also reported that Mrs. Tyner declared the papers belonged solely to them. and she announced emphatically that she did not propose to have her papers submitted to the scrutiny of the inspectors. Other pressure, it is understood, was brought to bear both on Mr. and Mrs. Typer, but both unequivocally refused to deliver the papers, or even show them or indicate their nature. It is suspected at the department that the papers have some connection with the recent conduct of the office. Some weeks ago a turf investment concern whose affairs involving the office of the assistant attorney general, and a lawyer formerly connected with that office, were ventilated very

tion was ordered by the postmaster general. START OF THE INVESTIGATION. This was really the inception of the inrestigation that has spread into every part of the department. The complaints crystalized into a former request for Mr. Tyner's resignation, signed by Postmaster General Payne, on March 9th last. Mr. Tyner is suffering from an unusually severe case of paralysis, and in consideration of this fact, the request for his resignation was based on his ill-health. The correspondence which took place, just prior to Pavne's departure on his cruise in the Vest Indies, follows. 'Office of the Assistant Attorney General

generally at that time, and an investiga-

for the Postoffice Department, Washington. Hon. Henry C. Payne, Postmaster Gen-

"My Dear Sir-Lest the effects of the light stroke of paralysis which recently disabled my left leg partially and my left arm totally, may prevent me from per-forming my duties satisfactorily for some time to come as assistant attorney general for the postoffice department, I deem it proper to tender my resignation of said office, to take effect May 1st, 1903. It is painful to me to thus sever my connection with the postal service, with which I have been closely associated as an officer of the department and a member of congressional committees at intervals over a period of 42 years. Very truly yours.

JAMES N. TYNER,"

ACCEPTANCE OF THE RESIGNATION. The postmaster general's acknowledge ment follows:

"Washington, March 9, 1903. 'Hon. James N. Tvner, Assistant Attorney General, Washington:

"My dear sir :- I have your letter of today, tendering your resignation of the position of assistant attorney general for the postoffice department. I regret the serious affliction which has come to you and which is of such a serious character as to preclude your discharging the duties of your office. It must, indeed, be painful to you to sever your relations with the department of which you were at one time the official

head. "Your resignation is excepted, in view of all the circumstances, but I deem it but just and proper that it should take effect May 1, 1903, and that you be given leave of absence until that date. I trust that this will give you rest and freedom from care, and will be of material aid in bringing improvement in your condition, which is at present time of such a serious nature as to render impossible any labor on your part.

"With kindest regards, I am very sin cerely yours, "H. C. PAYNE,

TECHNICAL POINT RAISED.

Mr. Tyner, at the time the papers were ney general, and this fact will figure in consideration of the question by the department of justice. It is pointed out, however, that although Mr. Tyner still hurt. Last week he stumbled over a twothis document to the newspaper men, this afternoon, he refused to cast any further yet became operative, the acceptance of the neck.

resignation was with the strict understanding, as specially stated in the letter of acceptance, that he would not attempt to administer the duties of his office. It is fully realized by the postmaster general that the case presents a delicate situation and for that reason he declined to enter into a dis-

cussion of the facts.

Mr. Tyner has been in the government service in various important capacities for many years. He is from Indiana. He served as assistant attorney general for the postoffice department, and later was first ssistant postmaster general. Subsequently he became postmaster general, and later he again assumed office in the department. He is one of the best known men in official life in Washington. He and Mrs. Tyner and President and Mrs. Grant were intimate friends. During the Universal Post-al Congress, which met in 1897, he was one of the committee which represented the government.

MRS. TYNER WILL NOL TALK.

An effort made to obtain from General Tyner or Mrs. Tyner a statement met with no success, Mrs. Tyner stating that they had nothing to sav on the subject and would not have tonight. The suggestion was thrown out that there might be something to give out by General Tyner's side sometime in the near future. Mrs. Tyner apparently took the matter very coolly. If at all concerned about the postmaster general's letter, she did not show it in her. in her manner to those who called at the house during the evening. While refusing to admit directly that General Tyner had received Mr. Payne's letter, it was evident from her answers to inquiries on the subject that he either had received it or had been made acquainted fully with its con-

General Tyner is in a very weak and almost helpless condition from his long sickness. He remains in his room most of the time and sees very few callers.

ARRESTS ARE LIKELY.

It is by no means certain that Typer, his wife, Mrs. Barrett and the safe expert who opened the safe for them will not be arunfortunately so much time has elapsed tow. Postmaster General Payne was also that it is altogether probable the papers notified. ready been destroyed. Mr. Tyner is now record should in his extreme old age have been guilty of directing his wife to commit

in his dotage.

Friends of General Tyner tonight issued a statement in his behalf asking a suspension of judgment until he is offered an opportunity of explaining his removal from office, and that, being ill, he had sent his wife to secure them when he learned that he was to be removed. He claims that there was no intent of wrongdoing, and that the papers were purely personal and have no connection with the department business. He also says that he is willing to produce the papers at any time the proper authorities call upon him for them.

Planting the Last Stone.

Surveyors About to Complete Marking Mason's

and Dixon's Line. E. A. Martin, a civil engineer, of Delaware, with John Graffin and Harvey Ambrose, as assistants, is completing the resurvey and re-setting of the stones on Ma-son's and Dixon's Line, authorized by the were aired in court alleged that its opera-tions and working methods had been sano-tioned by the assistant attorney general for tin now has headquarters in Waynesboro, where he has given an interview of interest. Mr. Martin has been engaged at the work for a year and a half, and has only seven miles to re-survey. He will place a wire cage around and over the stone located one-eighth of a mile from Pen-Mar station, where summer visitors have developed a propensity of chipping off pieces from the stone. He resets all the old stones and makes fast the new ones in concrete. For each stone he uses a barrel

of cement and a cartload of broken stone. Mr. Martin says the line was surveyed by two English engineers, Mason and Dixon, between the years 1763 and 1767, and the present re-surveying is the only one made since that time. They only set 132 of these stones—which were brought from England—the last of them ten miles west of Hancock. Beyond that they erected mounds of earth, on account of the difficul-

ty in reaching the points desired.

Mr. Martin clamps together the pieces of the old broken stones which he finds, and puts them in position again, if possible. Where they cannot be used he sets up a marble stone. West of Hancock all the markers are new marble stones. The mile stones are plain, with the letter "P" on one side and "M" on the other. Every five miles a crown stone is placed. This has the coat of arms of William Penn on one side and that of Lord Baltimore on the other.

Their Skulls in Evidence.

Heads of the Fairs Removed to Show Which Received the Graver Injuries.

Representatives of Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs, heirs of Charles L. Fair, have taken measures which, it is contended, will disprove absolutely the testimony of the French witnesses, Mas and Morane, that Fair died before his wife after the couple had been thrown from an automobile near Paris. These measures were nothing less than the removal of the heads of Fair and his wife from their bodies, and their careful preservation, in order that the skulls might show

which person received the graver injuries. The executors foresaw trouble should Mrs. Fair's relatives lay claim to half of the estate. When the bodies reached San Francisco Drs. Calloway and Robinson were called in, and decapitated them. The skulls showed clearly that Mrs. Fair was far more badly hurt than her husband, as the whole side of her face was torn away, and it would have been impossible for any-one to see blood trickling down her face. as Mas testified.

Mas and Moraue both swore that the top of Mr. Fair's head was crushed in by a blow against a tree. This isn't true, as the skull shows no fracture, only a deep indention. Probably Mr. Fair would have survived but for a powerful concussion of the brain, due to his weight. The convincing testimony of the skulls will be presented by the heirs to show that the French witness have not told the truth.

-Thomas Lawrence, a Pettis county, Missouri, farmer, was knocked twenty feet taken, was still technically assistant attorney general, and this fact will figure in Last August he was struck by lightning