

HIS MOTHER.

Within her fond enrolling arm Safe slept her little child— A helpless wight, sweet-breathed and warm, Her eager look down-bent to scan That face all lovely innocence, The features of the full grown man, She seized on with prophetic sense— Foresee the hero that should be, Clothed in his manhood's majesty— And seeing, smiled.

THE COUNSEL AND THE NUN.

It was the opinion of Henry Tonkin, of King's Bench Walk, that the increasing rotundity of his figure clearly suggested a silk gown. And the fee book and Thomas Edy, the clerk, when called into consultation on the point, firmly supported counsel's opinion. Mr. Tonkin felt, however, that so momentous a step required more than common consideration, especially since he could afford some delay without losing a place among the most youthful of her majesty's counsel learned in the law. But although no communication had yet been made to the Lord Chancellor, it had somehow got about in the Temple and Bedford Row that "Tommy" was going to take silk, and learned friends offered congratulations in the anteroom of judges' chambers on his approaching emancipation from summonses and pleadings. Thomas Edy, who has always cut a figure in the precincts of the courts, felt the dignity of his position. He was a man of culture, was Thomas Edy, who grew hollyhocks at Balham, read no morning paper but "The Times," and among his fellow clerks—colleagues he called them—on circuit had his opinion on art and foreign policy. He, too, was congratulated by friends, and asked when the thing was to come off.

"Well, you see," he replied, "the matter can hardly yet be said to be a chose jugée; it is, in fact, still sub judice." "And you and the gurnor sitting as a divisional court to determine it, eh?" "Just so. We have reserved judgment till next term."

Next term came, and on a warm morning in May Henry Tonkin stood by the open window in King's Bench Walk. He had just tried on his silk gown and full bottomed wig, and found them to suit his ample person to perfection. The inflow of junior briefs having ceased for some weeks, he had no unwelcome leisure, which he was employing in dreaming of the Woolpack when his thoughts were diverted by his eyes falling on two Sisters of Mercy crossing the gravel space between his chambers and Paper Buildings. He had often before noticed gentle looking creatures of the nun species gliding about the Temple, but had never had the chance to give them a thought. It struck him now that these quiet black figures, with their conspicuous headgear and crucifixes suspended from their girdles made a picturesque feature in the architectural picture with the library in the background. There was a piquancy, too, in the contrast between these peaceful women of religion, with their slow steps and down-cast eyes, and the busy barristers and bustling attorneys' clerks hurrying to and fro across the court. A sudden curiosity and interest in these women were aroused in the learned counsel. He thought he would like to hear their voices, to know where they came from, what they were lecturing for, and what sort of success they had in gathering money in the dusty purlieus of the law.

"If you please, sir, two Catholic women with a collection card; I suppose I may say you do not support Romanist charities?" "Show the ladies in."

Thomas Edy could not have been more astonished had he been told to return a brief his master could not attend to. Mr. Tonkin felt considerably embarrassed when his visitors stood before him, quietly declining to thank the chairs brought forward by the clerk before leaving the room. The two nuns were of very different age and aspect. One was well past middle age, her features were coarse and, as Tonkin thought a rather masculine type; she was tall and thickly built, her voice strong and deep. Her companion was apparently a girl, with gray eyes and a tremor on her lip; she seemed frightened, and never lifted her eyes from the carpet.

The elder woman handed a card to Tonkin. "We collect for the Hospital of the Stricken Heart," she said, "perhaps, sir, you will kindly give us a subscription." Tonkin had been thinking that their superiors showed much worldly wisdom in sending this pretty girl as decoy for coin, and this old dragon as chaperon to the decoy. The spirit of mischief seized him. Running his eye down the list on the card in which he saw a fair number of shillings and sixpences and an occasional half crown he said, in a tone of profound gravity, addressing himself to the old nun: "I do not belong to your faith, and I feel no obligations to support its charities. At the same time I believe the object to be a good one, and I see you have not had any great success as yet in your collecting. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do—he stuck his finger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket—"I'll give you a couple of sovereigns for your hospital on one condition."

"You are generous, sir," said the nun, with perfect self composure, though Tonkin noticed a flashing glance thrown at her for an instant by the young girl beside her. "You are generous, sir; the Blessed Virgin will reward you."

"Unfortunately," replied the barrister who was getting immensely tickled by the diversion of the situation, "he was bringing about, 'I have no great faith in the Blessed Virgin's power to do anything for me. I am looking, therefore, for a more immediate reward. The condition on which I'll give you these two sovereigns'—he laid the gold coins with a click on the table—"is that this young lady, or sister, as I suppose I should call her, reward me with a kiss for each of them."

Henry Tonkin had the skilled cross-examiner's pleasure in reading faces. The idea of proposing to kiss the pretty nun had occurred to him simply that he might watch the effect produced on the holy women by a proposal which, though in reality innocent enough, would be taken for granted, be scouted by them as a prompting of the world, the flesh and the devil. He did

not for a moment contemplate having to part with his money. Not a little astonished was he, therefore, when his keea eyed detected an almost imperceptible twinkle in the old Sister of Mercy's eye and just a trace of curl at the corners of her mouth, instead of the quick reversion to horror he had expected. The girl remained impassive as before. Tonkin could not feel sure she so much as blushed.

After a short pause, during which the old woman appeared to be meditating, she said in her deep, hoarse voice, "My companion, sir, is Sister Evangelina, of the Stricken Heart. She is, as you see, young; she has only just completed her novitiate; she is an innocent and beautiful child of the Holy Church"—the speaker bowed her head making the sign of the cross on her breast—"and I am convinced your better self will regret having done or said anything even thoughtlessly which might wound her tender soul. But she must learn that matters of personal dignity are of no moment compared with the work of the church. The subscription you offer will be great assistance to that work, while the condition you wish to attach to it will harm no one but yourself. Sister Evangelina, understand I am laid her hand on the girl's shoulder—you will permit this gentleman to kiss you twice, since he finds it consistent with his dignity to require you to do so." So saying, she quietly took the sovereigns from the table and dropped them into a cloth bag at her side.

Henry Tonkin, Q. C., for the first time in his life felt that he was making an ass of himself. He had been playing the part of a silly schoolboy. He had not imagined the situation could have so developed as to make a fool of him, of all the people in the world. But he was not going to let himself be trifled with. He had given his gift, that he was stung by the woman's dignified refusal. There should be no "failure of consideration."

Some days afterwards, when the new Queen's Counsel arrived at his chambers, he found on the table a letter from one of the metropolitan police magistrates, asking him to be good enough to come to the police court that morning at noon. "An exceedingly clever impostor," wrote the magistrate, "is to come before me. In the subscription list found on the prisoner your name appears, and I shall be obliged if you will come and explain under what circumstances you parted with your money, which seems to be by far the largest sum procured from any one person."

Tonkin dropped the letter on the table before him. He also dropped a curse on the old nun and his own infernal folly. He was to be called within the bar at all the courts, and the very next morning, if the facts of the incident got into tomorrow's paper? Henry Tonkin believed he had never in his life before done anything foolish. He had an idea of his own dignity corresponding to his figure, and he was in the highest degree sensitive to ridicule. The leaders of the bar were no more than his equals, and some of them were acknowledged wis. The judges were, of course, all wise—ex-officio. How the deuce was it possible for him to face their winks and innuendoes and condescendances? Moreover, he had just been selected as a candidate for a constituency. What was to hinder those two wretched women from giving a complexion to his frolic that would altogether damn him before the tribunal of the Nonconformist conscience? He felt his dignity and his future evaporating together as he drove to the police court.

When the case was called, Tonkin looked apprehensively at the appearance of the pretty nun and her chaperon. Picture his amazement when a boy of about 15 stepped into the dock, followed by a man of 60, whose appearance was not improved by two days' growth on chin and lip!

Tonkin vaguely heard some evidence about the exact prisoner having "seen him in a way," a "man of education who had been intended for the church," but a "most accomplished impostor," and much else. Presently he was called to give evidence. When he stepped into the box and his name was announced—"Mr. Henry Tonkin, Q. C.,—both prisoners looked at him and grinned from ear to ear. Assuming composure, he said his evidence was short and simple. He had believed the appeal of the prisoners to be genuine and had responded to it. That was all.

All? Not quite. It was when the prisoner began to cross examine the counsel that the fun began. The magistrate smiled, even the policeman relaxed, and reporters woke up and began scribbling for all they were worth accounts of the "startling evidence," the "diverting scene," "punctuated with plenty of 'sensation' and 'roars of laughter.'"

At last having brought out the facts in a way Mr. Tonkin, Q. C., himself might have envied, the so-called Sister of the Stricken Heart dismissed the aspirant to the Woolpack with a parting shot. "If I had only taken my girl instead of the boy, best if we wouldn't have sued you for breach of promise."

Mr. Tonkin did not return to the Temple. In many ways he could face the music as well as another; but he couldn't face ridicule. He would have been a criminal sooner than a laughing stock.

Next morning Thomas Edy—who had not seen the evening papers and their contents with the enormous headline, "The Counsel and the Nun; a Q. C. at the Police Court"—proudly laid out his master's full bottomed wig and silk gown. But Henry Tonkin was not called within the bar that term, and the next time his name appeared in the paper was when it was announced a few days afterward that he had been taken down from overwork, and had gone abroad to recruit. —From the St. James Gazette.

Crocker Raps the Trusts. He Declares that Because of their Existence the Young Men of the Country Stand Little Chance of Rising—Says that Money Rules this Administration—Points out that 25 Men have it in their Power Absolutely to Control the Combined Wealth of this Nation—Evils of a Great Army.

"I state my position regarding the gravity of the present national political situation through the Cosmopolitan, because I know that my opinions will be presented exactly as I have uttered them."—Richard Crocker.

The country has become a close corporation in which the man with his way to make in the world has no part or prospective place. The President and his cabinet is a trust. Hanna is the real President, and the money getter engaged in destroying the privileges and rights of the ballot. Combined capital dictates the policy of the present administration. This power of the trusts is a present and growing menace. Twenty-five men can tie up this country with their vast wealth. Mr. Rockefeller has money enough to take all the gold in circulation. Hanna recognizes the value of these trusts for political purposes and is now levying large sums of money with the intent to utterly destroy the sacredness of the ballot. I am told there are to be \$25,000,000, all obtained from trusts, poured into the doubtful States just before election day. We already have a government by the rich. If the people are to tolerate this we must have an empire at once. Hanna's only issue is the check book. The young man leaving college or home to go to work finds every avenue closed to him unless he becomes the servant of a trust in a hired capacity, from which there is little hope to rise. I have received letters from the young men of the country in all walks of life, asking what they shall do to make a living. I am fond of young men and would go far to serve the humblest who earnestly means to make something of himself; but I cannot answer these letters with encouragement, because there is no way out of the situation which we have to-day, without capital, can enter commercial life with any future prospect.

FACT BROUGHT NEAR TO HIM. This fact was recently brought very near to me. Several young men came to me and said they were ready to go into business—to begin the battle of life on their own account. It was the cruellest thing I ever said when I told them frankly that all avenues for independent endeavor were closed; that, strive as they might, success was impossible to them without the consent of the confederated combinations of capital. I said to them: "You cannot go into business on your own account. The small tradesman is doomed—department stores have taken his place. You cannot be a merchant unless you obtain the permission of the trusts that control that product of the earth."

Every American, however slender his own opportunities, wants his boy well educated, but when that son has received the best his father can give him he finds every industrial avenue shut. The situation is almost wholly the outgrowth of the last four years' fostering care of protective monopolies that now dominate the country. A bright hope and a remedy is found in the new voters. Each four years produces 1,000,000 young men who cast their first votes for presidential electors. The young men of this hour who vote for the first time wield the balance of power. Do you realize what is in the immediate future? All the railroads, steam and electric, will soon be united into one great trust. Let me illustrate what that will mean: the other day a committee from the Central Labor Union came to see me in this room, and I casually mentioned the good service the public was receiving from the Metropolitan Traction company, because I did not consider it a trust.

CONTROLS ALL LINES. "But it practically controls every traction line on Manhattan island," replied the chairman of the committee. "If any one of its men should lose his place he would be a ten-cent man. To see me in the business, because there is no other company to employ him. Where would he go? In another year the Metropolitan may combine with the traction lines throughout New York, and, therefore, he'd have to leave the State. The traction trusts of all other cities will have united, and to get work this man would have to leave the United States. How long will it be, if this thing goes on as they are now, till a single trust will control the traction roads of the world, and this man have to get off the earth?"

These are the plain words of the toilers, who are at the mercy of the trusts. They have asked my views on the trusts, and I state the cases of several millions of their fellow workers. From men like these I get my information, and it applies to all combinations of capital. History shows the fate of nations that fall into the clutches of the servile rich! You ask my views on expansion. I give them to you. Everybody I know wants this country to grow, but in the right way—certainly not trust expansion. The great danger of imperialism arises from the necessity of a standing army. Continual warfare is inevitable, and we must hire soldiers to do the fighting, or draft them from our own countrymen.

FAVORS A STRONG NAVY. I favor a strong navy, because ships cannot be built in a few weeks, but we don't have a standing army to fight our battles with other nations. Since the time of George Washington, this government has always been able to rally enough volunteers to protect it in any emergency. This is our situation to-day, if menaced by a common danger; but to call for volunteers to go to the end of the earth to kill and be killed by savages, is very different. If this warfare is to be kept up we must expect sooner or later, enforced military service. This, too, in the face of the undeniable fact that nobody on the earth wants to fight us.

I have decided objection to expansion beyond our continental limits. Spain was the richest nation in the world until she made the conquest of far away races. She began the mistake of attempting to rule over alien nations against their wills. She forced her commerce upon them, and shut them out from the markets of the rest of the world. England is the only empire that ever mastered the colonial problem, and she has learned it since the days of Lord Clive. The keystone of the British colonial policy is that her subjects are accorded the right of buying where they please. England has reversed herself, recently, in South Africa, and is about to impose a form of government upon the Boers that they do not want. It may be the turning point in her imperial career.

In this connection we must not forget that the Philippines assisted us in the war against Spain, believing that they were to have their freedom. That war on the islands might be going on yet but for the help they gave us. Would they have given

us their aid had they have thought their freedom imperiled? If the Cubans are to get freedom, why shouldn't the Filipinos enjoy the same blessing?

ADVANTAGE WITH SPAIN. Look at our position in those islands to-day. Congressman Grosvenor, a McKinley mouthpiece, says that we have taken possession of the Philippines for the revenue assured from them. Let us see if we have:—Under the treaty with Spain the United States pledges herself to the "open door" policy and grants to her conquered for the same privileges she has herself. The fourth article of that treaty says, in effect, that "For ten years from the date of the ratification of the present treaty Spanish ships and merchandise are to be admitted to the ports of the Philippine islands on the same terms as ships and merchandise of the United States." What's the outgrowth of this policy? Simply that Spain is doing the trade. I have been told that the Philippines are now producing more than 50,000,000 worth of goods going there to feed and equip our invading army!

Merchandise entering the port of Manila in Spanish boats does not all hail from the peninsula. German and English goods are going there in large quantities in the disguise of Spanish products. Marks are used and detection is well nigh impossible. But that is a small matter, if the acquisition of the islands is to prove a valuable source of revenue to us. I will show that they never can become so. The Philippine islands are not consumers of the world's products. I have before me the reports from the United States from 1886 to and including 1898, and the average is not more than \$140,000 per annum. In 1892 the imports from this country ran as low as \$61,000; and in the year immediately preceding our acquisition we sold their people only \$128,000 worth of goods. The surplus was \$404,000 in 1899, and in the fiscal year ending June last we sent to the islands \$2,640,000—about three-quarters of which was represented by army supplies and private purchases made by our soldiers and their families. When we look for our manufactured goods to be sold among the islands, the exports \$225 worth of agricultural implements sent to Manila. Evidently the arts of peace had no part in the commerce. As our army of occupation now exceeds 60,000 men, and 10,000 more have been ordered thither, we shall observe an appreciable increase in the consumption of canned beef, mules and beef cattle.

All such subtleties to deceive the American people are unworthy the shallowest political charlatan. We are paying too dearly for this bauble of empire in the South Seas! Twenty-five hundred decent American citizens have been killed in action or died from disease in that miserable country since our invasion; 2,000 more have been wounded, many of whom will not recover in that deadly climate. Our expenditure of money for this imperial pipe-dream already exceeds \$185,000,000! I'd like to ask how many years of this kind of bookkeeping on the debt side will be necessary to show a profit on our original \$20,000,000 investment?

WILL PAY DEARLY FOR IT. We have grown tired of hearing talk from people who are unaware of the utter absence of reliable information about the Philippines. We don't even know their area. The highest geographical experts cannot agree within 40,000 square miles. One places it at 100,000 square miles, and another positively names 140,000. I don't care which is right, because I know that Arizona has 113,000 square miles, New Mexico 122,000, and that Alaska is credited with 549,000. Surely there is plenty of room in these territories. Accepting the highest guess, the Philippine area is only one-eighth that of Alaska. Nobody knows whether the population of the Philippines is seven or ten million. Countless islands are unexplored. Many savage tribes exist, about which Spain knew nothing, though she had been in occupation since 1665. The largest estimated number of Europeans ever resident on the islands prior to our invasion, was 25,000, and this was after more than three hundred years rule of a European nation.

AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. The Philippines are composed of nine large and 1,200 to 2,000 small islands. Nobody seems to know any more about the number of the small islands than do I. Most of them are only large rocks in the sea. After all, we haven't acquired anything worth holding, and are retaining some thing neither profitable nor useful to us, at a terrible loss of life and money. It was a great bargain for Spain to throw off the burden of 300 years of warfare!

One word more about "the advantages of Philippine commerce." Our total export trade with the entire world in the fiscal year ending June 30th last, was \$1,394,000,000. Of this \$2,640,000 went to the Philippine islands, or one-fifth of 1 per cent! Figuring the profit of these exports at 10 per cent, our commerce was benefited exactly \$264,000 as a compensation for our expenditure of \$185,000,000. Seriously, it is the greatest farce of all modern history. RICHARD CROCKER.

Largest Dog in the World. He Lives in Vermont, and Weighs 235 Pounds.

In the town of Rutland, Vt., lives Nero, a huge German and English mastiff, who enjoys the distinction of being probably the largest dog in the world. Nero is owned by Judge Wayne Bailey, of Rutland. From tip to tip Nero measures seven feet four inches, and he tips the scales at 285 pounds. He stands nearly three feet in height, and he measures round his girth 52 inches. The circumference of his brass collar is 32 inches, and his foreleg measures 16 1/2 in.

Nero is very fond of the fair sex, and is a special favorite with ladies and children. Nero's daily rations consists of a big pan of cornmeal and milk. This is his only meal, and strange to say, for so large a dog he has a light appetite. Just What a Sigh Is. Sighing is but another name for oxygen starvation. The cause of sighing is most frequent worry. An interval of several seconds often follows moments of mental disquietude, during which time the chest walls remain rigid until the imperious demand is made for oxygen, thus causing the deep inhalation. It is the expiration following the sigh, this sigh is simply an effort of the organism to obtain the necessary supply of oxygen.

Between the Lines. Miss Passy—Yes, when he proposed I tried to pretend that I didn't care for him at all. I tried hard not to let him read any encouragement in my face, but he did. Miss Peppery—Ah! I suppose he could read between the lines. —Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

Lucky Baldwin, Broke a Year Ago, a Millionaire Again.

Lucky Baldwin has struck it again. Advice from Cape Nome as to the effect that he has discovered gold mines of fabulous value in the wilds of the interior of Alaska; that he has returned from a secret prospecting trip with the proofs of one hundred claims in his pocket, and that the old man whose history is so strongly linked with the exciting story of the days of the growth of the Pacific slope is once more floating on the tide of prosperity.

After the destruction of his hotel by fire of Baldwin's Hotel in November, 1898, it was popularly supposed that the old man was "flat broke." But he still owns more than 50,000 acres of land in one of the garden spots of the earth—San Gabriel Valley, in lower California—although the land is mortgaged. The Baldwin Hotel property was mortgaged and the building was not insured. He was finally compelled to sell the ground for \$1,425,000 to James L. Flood. It is supposed that it went toward paying off mortgages and other debts.

Last Christmas Baldwin announced that he was going to Cape Nome to get into the whirl of a mining camp. He said that the money was there for the man who knew how to get it. After the destruction of his hotel he had put a tin roof over the structure and rigged a sort of theatre in what had been one of the most gorgeous places of assemblage in the United States. In this tin covered monstrosity he installed a company of Hawaiian dancers, who made him money. He engaged them to play a season in the mining camp. He engaged many other features of the vaudeville kind, fitted out a ship with provisions for eight months, put a theatre ready to be nailed together in its hold, loaded the cabins with his performers and sailed away for Cape Nome. It appears that this restless old man could not be content with the excitement of managing a theatre, even in such surroundings as those which exist at Nome. He must needs take picks and provisions and go out into the bleak wilderness.

"Lucky" Baldwin has insisted of late years that it was pluck and not luck that built up the great fortunes he has won and lost; that he should be known as "Plucky" Baldwin. There is no doubt about his pluck. The annals of California bristle with references to it. Nothing but a superabundance of pluck could possibly start a man of his age on such a voyage as he undertook last spring. E. J. Baldwin was born on a farm near Racine, Wis. When he was 18 years old he took a race horse in South Bend, Ind., and with the assistance of some farmer friends secured possession of the money of two sharpshooters from Chicago who had a horse race in 1853. He started a grocery store, prospered, bought a string of wagons and horses and started for California.

By judicious trading on the way he added largely to his capital, and after a narrow escape from Indians in Utah reached San Francisco in 1853. He figured that many millions of bribes would be needed in the town, bought a partnership in a brick yard, learned the brick making business, started a brick yard of his own and made a fortune. Then he started a livery stable, and within five years had accumulated money enough to warrant him in taking a trip around the world. In Japan he secured a company of acrobats. He brought them to San Francisco, played them to immense business and took them on a tour throughout the mining camps of the State. Finally he played them in New York at the Academy of Music to enormous prices.

He got wind of their plans half an hour before they were to be put into execution, confronted the schemers at a meeting, and fought them with his fists, cuspidors, chairs and a revolver for nearly half an hour, until his attorney arrived with an injunction. Baldwin has been unfortunate with women. Numerous litigations were fought out by him. He was shot in a court room in San Francisco by the sister of the woman who had sued him for breach of promise. Another woman, Louise Perkins of Elmout, near his ranch, after compromising with him for \$15,000 in a breach of promise suit, went to New York and killed herself.

Always a lover of horses, "Lucky" Baldwin, as a breeder and a racer, has carried off some of the richest stakes on the turf. His Santa Anita ranch is in good shape and should be return with wealth. The old Baldwin colors will doubtless be seen again on the Eastern tracks next season. English Woman Will Stamp for Bryan. The Democratic nominee for the Presidency may or may not congratulate himself upon the fact that Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blanch, the daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, will stamp the country in his behalf.

Mrs. Blanch is now in England, but she expects to arrive here about Oct. 1st. She has written her mother that she sees the safety of the country in the Democratic party, containing, as it does, all the reform elements. Mrs. Blanch sees nothing for the woman's cause in the Republican party. Up to the present time party managers have not manifested any remarkable interest in Mrs. Blanch's movements, but the date she fixes for her arrival in this country is about that when active stump speakers will be much in demand. Mrs. Blanch's mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, the widely known woman suffragist, is not expected to take any part in the campaign.

Mrs. Stanton is now retired from the head of the woman suffragist cause, her retirement having been due to her age, which is close to 80 years. Practically few persons in the general public knew that Mrs. Stanton had a daughter who inherited her oratorical gifts—indeed, to many, Mrs. Stanton's announcement that she will stamp the country for the Democratic party is the first intimation that Mrs. Stanton had a daughter at all. The old adage that statesmen have no children may need modification to make it fit the case of Mrs. Blanch, if she succeeds—for Mrs. Stanton may well be considered a stateswoman, and Mrs. Blanch may prove to be another. In that case, the Democratic party may congratulate itself upon being the means of introducing her to the public.

Whether Mrs. Blanch is particularly impressed with the silver plank or the anti-imperialistic plank or the anti-trust plank in the Democratic platform has not yet been made known. It is said that on her arrival in this country she will immediately challenge Senator Hanna to a joint debate. From what has recently become known of the Ohio Senator's fondness for disputatious public argument, it is inferred that he will promptly accept her challenge. —Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

"Jim" Howard to be Hanged. "I am Innocent," He Exclaimed When Addressed by Judge Cantrell. New Trial Not Granted.

FRANKFORT, Ky., Sept. 29.—"I am innocent." In firm words and with a clear voice James Howard, convicted of being directly implicated in the murder of William Goebel, of Kentucky, faced Judge Cantrell today and spoke these words. A new trial had been asked for and the motion was overruled by the Court and Judge Cantrell sentenced Howard to be hanged, setting the date as December 7th. Howard, erect and listening attentively at the Court address him, did not appear agitated nor did he show a sign of emotion other than a shade of pallor which overspread his face for a moment as the fatal words were pronounced. And when asked if he could show cause why sentence should not be pronounced he answered firmly: "I am innocent."

VOICE CHOKED WITH EMOTION. Howard was brought into court, and he was no sooner seated than the Court asked him to stand up. Howard arose and faced Judge Cantrell, who was visibly affected by the solemnity of the occasion and who spoke in a voice choked with emotion. "As the April term of the Franklin county grand jury you were indicted charged with the willful murder of William Goebel," said the Court. "You have been represented by able counsel, but in spite of this you have been found guilty. Have you any reason to offer why the Court should not pronounce sentence upon you?"

After a pause Howard, who had stood motionless, replied: "I am innocent." "That is a matter," continued Judge Cantrell, "that was with the jury and over which the Court had no control. I therefore order that you be taken back to the jail and there safely confined until December 7th, when you will be taken by the Sheriff and hanged by the neck until dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

TAKEN BACK TO JAIL. After sentence had been pronounced Howard had been taken back to jail and placed in his cell. The case of Henry Yontsey, also charged with being a principal in the murder of Governor Goebel, will be taken up at Georgetown on Monday. The prosecution claims that Yontsey was in the Secretary of State's office with Howard when the shooting occurred. Yontsey is represented by L. J. Crawford and R. W. Nelson, two of the ablest criminal lawyers in the State. Colonel Nelson sent the following telegram here today: "All publications in newspapers that Yontsey would make sensational disclosures and as to agreements with the Commonwealth are false."

Six Millions in the Treasury, But Schools Suffer. Barnett Not Unjustified in Holding the State Fund. HARRISBURG, Pa., September 30.—The September statement of State Treasurer Barnett shows a balance of \$6,011,732. In the general fund, exclusive of the sinking fund at the close of the month. This unusually healthy balance proves that Colonel Barnett was not justified in waiting until Sept. 1st to begin the distribution of the school appropriation which became due the first Monday of June. While it is true that nearly 1700 of the 2500 districts have received their share of the fund, the amount turned over to each is very small compared with that to which Philadelphia and other large districts are entitled. None of the larger districts have been paid their full share of the appropriation, and that the public funds may be retained by favorite State depositors, Colonel Barnett will pay these districts in installments.

STONE'S EXCUSE VERY WEAK. The condition of the State Treasury is abundant proof that Governor Stone is not justified in lopping \$1,000,000 off the school fund on the specious plea that his action was necessary to "maintain the credit of the State." The increase in the State revenues the past twelve months has been due almost entirely to the increased business and the corresponding increase in taxes of Pennsylvania corporations, and not to the collection of delinquent taxes from corporations by the Attorney General and Auditor General as claimed by the State Administration. Among the banks holding deposits are the following: Allegheny National, Pittsburgh, \$802,247.23; Commonwealth Trust Company, Harrisburg, \$316,983.31; Chester National Bank, Chester, \$20,000; Charter National Bank, Mead, \$10,000; City Savings Fund and Trust Company, Lancaster, \$20,000; Corn Exchange National, Philadelphia, \$25,000; Enterprise National, Allegheny, \$87,000; First National, Harrisburg, \$175,000; First National, Bangor, \$25,000; Freehold Bank, Pittsburg, \$239,710.03; Farmers' National, West Chester, \$30,000; Farmers' Deposit National, Pittsburg, \$369,000; German National, Allegheny, \$50,000; Harrisburg National, Harrisburg, \$150,000; Harrisburg Trust Company, Harrisburg, \$200,000; Lancaster Trust Company, Lancaster, \$15,000; Lincoln National Bank, Pittsburg, \$5000; Mechanics' Bank, Harrisburg, \$30,000; National Bank, Germantown, \$25,000; National Bank, Coatesville, \$10,000; Quaker City National, Philadelphia, \$78,256.92; Reading National, Reading, \$10,000; Second National, Pittsburg, \$25,000; Second National, Allegheny, \$140,000; Union Trust Company, Pittsburg, \$40,000; Spartans' Bank National, Spartansburg, \$3000; Oil City Trust Company, Oil City, \$5000; Farmers and Mechanics', Philadelphia, \$2,189,170.

Women Butchered in Cold Blood. HONG KONG, Sept. 29.—Advice from Canton say that a boat load of native Christian women at Kum Chuk (?), on West river, was fired upon and that the women were then taken ashore and butchered in cold blood. Native Christians are flocking to Canton from the sugar country. Canton itself is quiet. The native city is full of bad characters anxious to create trouble, but they lack numbers. —Subscribe for the WATCHMAN.

She Had Changed. "This is all I have," sighed the lover— "orn swain, who had fallen into a confidential man." "This is a look of Miss Giddie's hat." "You don't say so?" exclaimed his friend in some surprise. "Is it really?" "Do you doubt my word?" "Not at all. But, say, you haven't seen her lately. You'd better have that look bleached before you show it to any one again."

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