Democratic Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., December 19, 1902.

JUST 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

Father calls me William ; sister calls me Will; Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill !

Mighty glad I ain't a girl-ruther be a boy, Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy !

Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake-

Hate to take the castor ile they give me for

bellyache! 'Most all the time, the whole year round, there

ain't no flies on me: But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the

First thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at!

Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,

Long comes a grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride.

But sometimes when the grocery man is won ried an' cross,

He reaches at us with his whip, an' larrups up the hoss:

ousness.

An' then I laff and holler, "Oh, ye never teched me !"

But jes 'for Christmas I'm as good as I kin

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I get to be a man,

I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother Dan:

As was et up by the cannibals that live in Cey lon's Isle,

Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile !

But gran'ma she has never been to a Wild West

Nor read the life of Daniel Boone, or else guess she'd know That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for

mel Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm as good

as 1 can be !

An' then old Sport he hangs around, so solemn like an' still,

His eyes they seem a sayin' : "What's the mat ter little Bill?"

The old cat sneaks down off her perch, an' won ders what's become

Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things hum !

But I am so perlite an' 'tend so earnestly to biz,

That mother says to father; "How improved our Willie is !"

But tather havin' been a boy hisself suspicion me,

When jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas with its lots an' lots of candies, cakes an' toys, Was made, they say, for proper kids, an' not for

naughty boys; So, wash yer face, an' brush yer hair, an' mind

yer p's an' q's, And don't bust out yer pantaloons an' don't wear out yer shoes;

Say 'Yessum' to the ladies, an' 'Yessur' to the muff gaily and said : men.

An' when they's compary, don't pass yer plate for pie again;

But thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree.

Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be. -Eugene Freld.

HOW BRAXTON PLAYED SANTA CLAUS.

vain he called his pride to his aid, and tried ask you a lot of questions. I only visit to stifle the agony he felt. It would not down. His whole soul called out to Norma This silenced the little This silenced the little group. Uncon-

the flitting spirit of his boyhood dreams. sciously the children straightened themselves into a stiff little row with arms rigid He followed the crowd from the church but at sides and a look of anxiety in each pair did not stop at the carriage to add his good of eves

wishes to the many the happy bride and groom were receiving. Instead he walked straight ahead, miles and miles into the Finally Mabel said in a shy little voice "I mind the baby and wipe the dishes. open beyond the town; on and on until midnight found him worn out in body and "I haul in wood and sweep the snow," said Phil.

"I don't cry for 'lasses on my bwead any crushed in spirit. more," asserted Bonnie, with the air of one By the time Norma came back, he was established in Boston, where she also lived. who has gained a triumph. This brought a hearty laugh from Santa Through the years of her married life he Claus and the children thawed visibly. saw her but seldom though unconsciously "Well, you're a pretty fine lot," he said. he kept in touch with her. Then came Raymond Whitney's death, and Norma Now if your mamma will give me a bit of went into retirement, going back to the lit-tle village where a host of brothers and sissupper for I came clear from Bos-ahem I mean the North Pole and left my reinters populated the valley, in company with

deer clear tired out behind the big hill When across the railroad track, why tonight as many aunts, uncles and cousins. while you're snug and safe in bed I'll open after five years she returned once more to her Boston home, Braxton was a staid, setmy pack." Just where he was to get his pack he did tled, stern man of influence and power not know, but he hadn't the moral courage while she-well, she was Norma, a little

to disappoint the babies. He shared the broader as to lines, a very little more dignisimple supper and found out that the fathfied as became a wealthy widow, yet with the same merry laugh and with the same absolute disregard of his dignity and serier was a section hand and was killed in a wreck the previous summer. The railroad company gave the widow the tiny cottage;

Braxton, somehow, did not take himself and she cared for her little family by wash ing and mending for the men at the big quite so seriously in her presence now-a-days. He was afraid to. boarding house at the junction beyond. It She was still Norma and he loved her as was a hard trip for her and in the winter she was forced to give it up, depending on he had always loved her, even when, hoy-like, he had refused to admit the fact even

the men on the passing trains to throw the bundles off to her. The men were kind in to himself. He wanted her sunshine and angelic presence for his lonely life. There thought but careless in pay, and many a Saturday night's spree after pay day took were other things in life besides publishing books and awing one's fellow men. Last night as she stood before him in the all the money owed her, so she waited the month out.

All the time she was telling this in a soft conservatory, he quite surprised himself by the eloquence of his plea. In his mind he had been proposing to her for years, and it pitiful sort of a voice, Braxton was looking at the three little faces raised so expectantseemed to him the words which came from ly to his. He pictured the disappointed little group Christmas morning over the empty stockings; and he racked his brains his lips were his thousands of proposals all rolled into one. He told her what a mis-erable fraud he had been, standing aloof and lecturing her, when his heart had in to find a means of keeping his promise. Outside the wind was whistling and howling and the little room inside was none too Norma must have been touched by his earnestness; but it was not in her power to warm.

Supper over he arose to go and a wave of lisappointment surged over the children refrain from teasing even then. No definite answer would she give. She must have until he said :

time to think it over, she told him. Per-haps when he came home from Pine Ridge "Don't be afraid, little folks ! I will come back after you are all asleep." "I will rob the train boy's basket and bring them some fruit and candy if nothwould know her own mind better. He wanted to lecture her then and there on the ing else," he whispered to the mother. Her reply was lost in the wind which howlgeneral disorganization of the feminine ed around his ears as he made his way back mind, but restrained himself. He had to the track. The train boy's basket with learned much in ten years. This morning his telephone rang and a oranges, apples, figs, dates, chewing gum, pop corn and candy done up in gay boxes had come to him like an inspiration. He would buy the whole outfit and the chilvoice informed him that Mrs. Whitney would esteem it a great favor if he would consent to take a small package to her Pine dren would be happy for one day. Way She was at the station, a picture of joy and health, in her black broadcloth and up the track he saw the lights on the rear end of the stalled train and at last puffing and blowing he came to it and climbed up furs. She was laughing as he came up, and

the steps exhausted. behind her stood her coachman with his He went through to the baggage car arms full of packages. "Oh, Mr. Braxton," she said, "I know where the brakeman sat guarding the mail you will despise my weakness, but I put off shopping for the nephews and nieces unand express packages.

"Where is the train boy ?" he asked. "The train boy? Why, he got off at the junction and took the through train back. their presents to them by express, so I am He doesn't come this far." forced to ask you to come to the rescue and

Down fell all Braxton's hopes of being a true Santa Claus; and as he went back through the train he felt this was a crisis in his career in which he must keep his

word or be forever arraigned in those childish minds as a villian and a promise breakion, for it gave him her image as the last | er. Nay, worse than that, the reputation picture his eyes had rested on. Dear, sweet of Santa Claus himself was at stake. Nev-

er again would they believe in the good Just here in his ruminations the train old saint, that was the worst of it. As a seemed to give a dying groan-and stopped. He was the only passenger left now and and even at this late day he felt jealous of

As he ran he kept his hand on the small square package he found addressed to him-self in the bottom of the hamper. It was his own present. By the dim light in the coach he opened it to find a beautiful mini-

ature of herself on ivory, with a written card : "Please take me as your Christmas Norma." gift. At the junction he waited for the mid-

night train back to Boston.

Mrs. Whitney was eating her Christmas breakfast among a fascinating array of gifts, scarlet ribbons. scented paper, carnations, violets and all the gay trappings that Christmastide claims for its own.

Antoinette, the maid, opened the door, but before she could speak, Braxton followed her into the room. "Robert !" cried Mrs. Whitney, growing

pale. "What has happened?" "Norma, dear," he said, he said, "I have your

precious present; but there is something I must tell you. When you know what I have done with your trust, you may take back your gift."

He told her. When he finished, to his amazement he found Norma's fair head on his shoulder, and Norma, she the lighthearted, sobbing in his arms. "Oh, you blessed man," she said. "Oh,

the poor children. Oh, how thankful I am you had the toys." That same afternoon Braxton boarded the

train for Pine Ridge with another hamper and a very pretty woman beside him. As they passed the little cottage Mrs. Whitney went out on the back platform and waved her handkerchief and shouted, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!" but who had time in that little happy cottage ringing with childish shouts to pay any attention to what went on outside ?- By

Woman on Trial For Murder.

Wheeler in Self-Defense.

Mrs. Dora Lightner told on the stand at Toledo, Ohio on Wednesday in her trial for murder how she killed Lucy Wheeler on June 13th last. After telling of numerous threats that Miss Wheeler had made, Mrs. Lightner testified she told a Mr. Whalen, who runs a shoe shop nearby, and Mr. Whalen gave her a knife to protect herself with.

"I took the knife," she said, "put it in my pocket and went to my rooms. I ask-ed Whalen where Frankie—that's my child -was, as I wanted to put him to bed. I went out to look for him. I passed down the gangway between the buildings call-ing Frankie." "Just as I reached the sidewalk Lucy

came running up and struck me a blow in the face. This staggered me and I fell against the building. Lucy came right up and grabbed me around the neck and began to choke me with both arms. I could not get away and was so scared that I thought she was going to carry out her threats, so I pulled my knife and stabbed her. I had to do it. She would have killed me if I hadn't protected myself. She was much bigger than I was and I could not get away from her at all." The knife was a table knife ground down

to a point.

Snakes Swallow Their Young.

A Much-Discussed Question Settled on Good Au thority.

Many paturalists claim that some suakes swallow their young to protect them from threatening danger, and other naturalists say they do nothing of the sort-that the idea is absurd. Charles Frederick Holder,

A Widow's Story of Woe. She and Her Two Sons Worked for Thirteen Years

to Pay Back Rent for Their House. Mrs. Kate Burns, of Jeddo, recently,

told a story of how she and her two sons worked thirteen years to pay off an accumu-lated house rent and coal bill due to the Markle company, the narration of which greatly interested the arbitration commisioners. She was examined by Lawyer Darrow, and in answer to his question she said her husband was an engineer inside the Markle mines. The husband was killed underground, leaving her with four children, the oldest of which was a boy of 8 years. The company never offered her a penny, but the employes gave her about \$180 to defray the funeral expenses. After her husband had been killed, she moved from her four room house into one containing only two, one room above the other, and for the next six years she struggled as best she could to get along. She took washing, scrubbed for the neighbors and once in a while she was given work clean-ing the offices of the Markle company. During these six years she said she kept children at school. As soon as the oldest child was fourteen she sent him to the mines to help earn the daily bread. At the end of the first month the lad brought

home his wage statement, showing that the mother owed \$396 for back rent.

HER BOY'S WAGES WITHHELD. The boy's wages for the month had been taken off the bill, and he came home empty handed. She submitted to this, and the course of time her next boy was old enough to help earn a living, and he, too, was sent to the colliery. Like the oldest brother, the second boy received no pay, his earnings being deducted for rent. Laura A. Smith in The Pilgrim for Decemmother on the witness stand was by this time welling up, and when she added

Mrs. Lightner Testifies That She Stabbed Miss

said it took the three of them thirteen years to make up the debt, the mother's earnings from neighbors being the principal contribution toward the maintenance of the family. The debt was cleared last August. During the six years from the time her husband was killed until the time when the first boy went to work, the company never asked her for rent.

James McGonigle, a miner, formerly employed by Markle & Co., said the breast he was working in was so dangerous that he complained to the company officials that he might be killed. He was told if he worked any other breast he would not be given any cars. He went on a strike, and after the suspension he was refused work and evicted from his house.

the money she earned for cleaning the Mar-

kle office was never given her, but kept by

the company for rent, the commissioners

looked at one another in surprise. She

B. D. Gallagher, another Markle miner, cial world in 1891, will spend his Christtestified that the company charges him 35 cents a gallon on oil that sells in Hazleton, a few miles away, for 18 cents, and 32 cents Roosevelt has commuted his term of a quire for blasting paper that can be had for 15 cents.

Chairman Gray asked what the outside market price for powder was. Some of the independent operators said \$1.25 a keg, and the attorneys for the miners said 90 to aggregating twelve years and three month 95 cents a keg. The companies are selling it to miners at \$1.50 a keg.

Andrew Hannick, a Hungarian, told how He had pleaded guilty in three indictments that had been consolidated into one, and the Markles envicted him. fully expected to received but one, sen-

Two more witnesses told of how they were refused work by the Markle company, and then J. B. Gallagher, National board mem-ber of the United Mine Workers for the or conditions as he found them at the mines of the Markle company. The air in some of the gangways, he said, was so bad that miners' lamps would not have been years of punichment to the seven years of punch to the seven yea

miners' lamps would not burn. If he had a drill hole started and the lamp went out justice, and his voluntary return and sur-he would continue to work in the dark render, I believe it is a case in which the

Married on the Back of a Huge Elephant.

A Wobbly Benediction. Maiden Disclaimed Any Fear, But Grew Seasick Toward the End.

Pretty Rhoda Hurd, of Pensocola, Fla. transcencended the limit in unique weddings, when she married Daniel Spence, recently, on the broad back of a huge sway ing elephant. Eight thousand gaping people witnessed the ceremony and cheered the bride as the final words of the ceremony were pronounced.

Miss Hurd and Mr. Spence have been engaged for some time. They came to Pensacola to be married. A fall festival is in progress, one of the features of which is a huge elephant in the trained animal show. One of the festival managers held a consultation with the prospective bride-groom, who in turn consulted his fiancee. The elephant was driven to a prominent place on the main street of the town. A ladder procured, and by means of this the stalwart groom assisted his bride to their lofty and decidedly unique altar. After them ascended County Clerk A. M. Mc-Millan, with a book containing the cere-monial interrogations. Once his foot slipped, and the crowd cheered him when he caught the groom's foot and swung back to safety.

Then all three parties stood up on the elephant's back. The huge beast, evidently assuming that he had a sufficient load. started off with them, but his keeper hauled him back with a hook, while the bride screamed a wee bit and grabbed the groom to keep from falling. After that, during the entire ceremony, the elephant remained quiet, merely contenting himself with the proverbial swaying to and fro habitual to all peaceably disposed elephants.

The bridal party answered all the necessary questions in audible tones, the bride's answers being particularly clear and convincing. The clerk pronounced the benediction upon them in a tone somewhat fraught with fear, it seemed, and he ap-peared thankful when the ladder was again run up for them to descend.

that

After the wedding the bridal couple held receptions in the various tented shows, after which they enjoyed a big oyster supper at a bazaar held for a church benefit.

"I thought once I was getting seasick from the rocking of the elephant," the bride confided to one who asked her how it felt to be married on an elephant's back.

Freedom for Marsh.

Wrecker of the Keystone Bank of Philadelphia to be

Gideon W. Marsh, who was president

of the ill-fated Keystone National bank,

of Philadelphia, when the sensational col-

lapse of the institution startled the finan-

mas day as a free man. It has been announced in Washington that President

imprisonment to make it expire on Decem-

It was in December, 1898, that Marsh

was convicted of violation of the national

banking laws and received three sentences,

imprisonment in the Eastern penitentiary.

tence. In recommending that the sentence of the convicted banker be commuted the

United States attorney general said :

Released on December 24.

ber 24.

"No one but Mrs. Whitney would have dared make a transfer van out of me."

Thus soliloquized Mr. Robert Braxton. the famous publisher and editor. Then he smiled as the humor of the situation forced itself upon him.

Here was he, Robert Braxton, who prided himself on being the most unapproacha-ble man in Boston, whose very look struck terror to the editors, associate editors and all the ramifications of the craft under him here was this intellectual giant among mer laden down with a Christmas hamper filled with bulky parcels. Some of the parcel were absurdly gay and undignified with bows of scarlet ribbon and holly, and worst of all were two idiotic articles, a doll buggy and a hobby horse that would not go into the hamper, thus obliging him to carry them under his arms. He had the sheepish feeling that all his fellow passengers suspected him of being the father of a large family. He thanked his stars that none of his employes were there to see him; it would destroy the discipline of the office, he speculated.

He could not understand how it happen ed, yet there he sat in the smoker of the little local train which was carrying him up into the mountains; and there piled on the seat facing him was all the gay Christmas paraphernalia-the hamper, the doll ed buggy and the hobby horse. He impatient. ly turned to watch the heavily driving snow outside the window, and his mind reverted to the scenes of the past twenty four hours.

Mrs. Whitney stood before him as she stood last evening in Judge Graham's conservatory, whither they two had wandered from the rest of the party that the Judge was entertaining at dinner. She wore a gown of the palest grey, soft, shiny, and as translucent as a mountain brook. On the left side of her corsage was an immense bunch of violets-he should say there were a thousand of them-and their fragrance filled the conservatory. Braxton did not pretend to know much about colors and flowers. That knowledge, he considered, was a part of woman's education, not a busi ness man's. He knew grey, however, for it was the color of the things he loved best -the mist, the fog, the ocean in a storm, the moonlight, the shadows that blot out the world at dusk, the little house where his boyhood days were spent-all these were grey. He knew violets, too. They were the flowers of spring and innocence, and best of all were the same color as that which lurked in the depths of Mrs. Whitney's merry eyes.

He had always cared for Norma Whitney though for many years he had been half blind to the fact. She was the only one who ever dared to laugh at him, and to imitate his stern manner to his very face. She had laughed and danced across his boyhood path and he had dubbed her a "silly " and had stalked on ahead while goose, other lads clamored for the privilege of carrying her school books.

As a youth he had watched her from a distance, still laughing, flirting and breaking hearts, as he concluded. He still considered her absurd and heartless and while he gravely lectured her on the error of her madcap ways, thanked his stars that he had not been caught in her net.

Then he saw her walk down the aisle one bright June morning with Raymond Whit-ney. and smiling at her old friends on either side. It all came over Braxton then, as he watched her go out into the sunlight, clad in her bridal robes of white and with a long veil covering her like a mist. In "I can't get my pack, you know, until I

vere high up in the hills. The brakeman came to him and grinned : "A nice Christmas eve," he said, "we've foundered in a snowslide and the engine's

play Santa Clause for me."

the hamper, Santa."

Norma-

got a blowed out cylinder head." "How long do we stop?" "Till we can get word back down the

reality been at her feet all of those years.

where he was going to spend Christmas, she

til the last moment-quite too late to get

As the train pulled out she waved her

"Your own present is at the bottom of

The whole scene was a pleasant recollect-

Ridge friends, for her.

line to send an engine to us. The wires are down so one of us will have to walk back to the junction or get a sleigh and drive. A few hours or so, I guess, for they'll have to telegraph for an engine from the junction." The brakeman was aggravatingly matter-of-fact.

Braxton arose and shook off his lassitude and determined to walk until he found a place for supper, if possible. He was too much of a traveler not to accept the situa-tion philosophically. Besides, away from Norma, what else mattered ? Farther back he had noticed, as they passed, a small brown cottage, almost snowed under. He made for it floundering in snow almost to his shoulders after he had left the track.

By the time the cottage door was reached he was as white as the snow about him-a walking snowdrift, in fact. The cottage was just a dot of a house somewhat shelter-ed by the big hill behind it. He had no time, however, to determine its style of architecture, for suddenly the door flew open and a chorus of childish voices scream-

"Santa Claus ! Santa Claus ! Come in, Santa Claus !' Then a little woman in black came run-ning from the kitchen and laid a restrain-

ing hand on the shoulders of the larger boy and girl. "Oh, sir," she began, -but Braxton rais-ed his hand and there flashed a look of deep

meaning between the mother eyes and his own.

"Hullo, little folks !" he said in the gruff voice that he supposed belonged to the children's patron saint.

Evidently they had never even seen bicture of Santa Claus for a tall man in a loose Oxford coat and a dark soft felt hat did not in the least resemble the jolly rotund Santa with scarlet and ermine, white eard and reindeer.

They dragged him to the tiny stove in which a single piece of coal burned slowly. It was a little room; minus carpet, pictures. How woefully poor they must be, Braxton considered.

"I knowed you'd get our letter and come Santa Claus," said Phil, the eight-year-old. "Mamma said you'd be too busy this year to visit us, but me and Mabel told her you loved all little children."

"Yeth," lisped Bonnie, the four-year-old with her arm clasped assuringly around Braxton's trouser leg. "Yeth, I thaid you'd come when we writed. Did you wing the dollie ?"

"And the sled ?" "And the work basket and the picture book?" shyly asked Mabel the six-yearold

"Where is your pack?" asked Phil. This was a poser, and Santa felt he must equivocate :

"My how you little folks do chatter," he said, drawing a chair to the stove and trying to look stern. It made him feel queer to have the children gather so closely around him. Children were an unknown quantity to him for he lived in a big sternlooking flat building with much wrough iron and marble, just the sort of place where

Be the dim light of the smoky lantern something gay seemed to wave at him from his seat. It was the Christmas hamper which he was taking to Pine Ridge for Mrs. Whitney.

"You must come to the rescue and play Santa Clans for me."

It was Mrs. Whitney herself who had said it. What would the dearest woman in the world say if he took her at her word and played Santa Claus to these poor little chil-dren of the section hand? Would it be stealing to appropriate the gay hamper? What if she resented it, and had him arrested for larceny? That thought made him smile and also fixed his determination to take the magic hamper and risk the consequences. He could still hear Bonnie's "Did you bwing the dollie ?" These few toys would mean so much to those poor children. Why, it would be the jolliest Christmas of their lives-a visit from a real live Santa Claus and such toys as they had probably never dreamed of. Mrs. Whitney's nephews and nieces, he knew, had storerooms full of discarded toys and would not miss these.

Oh, what a load was lifted off his heart when he finally decided to play the double role of Santa Clans and highwayman ! He tried to run in the teeth of the wind and snow with his precious hamper and the doll buggy and hobby horse, towards the red lantern which the little mother had hung

in the window to guide him back to the cottage. How her soft brown eyes sparkled when

she saw the gay hamper and the independ-ently impertinent doll buggy and hobbyhorse ! Together they opened Mrs. Whitney's Christmas hamper and selected the gifts and placed them in the stockings and about the floor. The little mother bestow-ed a kiss on the hair of the pretty doll as she sat up in the buggy, and arranged the doll house with its complete furniture, dishes and kitchen utensils. It was like being young again to see such toys.

Having stolen the hamper Braxton com mitted the additional sin of lying, and told the mother the gifts were some he was taking to his nephews and nieces up in Vermont. His-ahem !-wife had tied the parcels up so nicely. His wife ! He liked the thought and grew eloquent on the subject presently, when the little woman asked a few womanly questions about his good "wife." He only appropriated the toys, putting the smaller boxes and packages which he felt must contain jewelry and articles of greater value in his coat pockets. At last it was all finished. There was the hobby horse and the train of cars, the ball bat and ball for Phil, the doll in all her glory for Bonnie, and the work basket all fitted out in the cunningest utensils, books

and games for Mabel. The tiny room look-ed like a toy shop. The little mother de-clared she could never wait until morning; and kept stealing excitedly to the kitchen where the three little heads were in a row op the pillow of the bed made on the floor near the cook stove to keep her children warm. Braxton took a peep, too, and something made him turn away quickly and wipe his eyes, a thing he had not done since he lost his favorite riding horse three years before.

A warning whistle sounded from the train and Santa disappeared as rapidly as he came, pursued by a running fire of "God bless you's !" from the little mother into whose hand he pressed a twenty dollar bill.

whose dictum on such matters will be received with unquestioning belief, says that. while he has never seen a snake swallow its young, he knows that it does, and quotes in proof a statement made to him by Col

onel Nicholas Pike, who was at one time United States Consul at Mauritius.

Colonel Pike says that he once saw good-sized garter snake with a brood of young ones near her. As he approached her she put her head flat on the ground and opened her mouth, making a peculiar noise as she did so. This the little ones evidently understood, for they all crawled hastily into her mouth. He picked her up by the neck and put her into a bag, and when he got home he had twenty snakes instead of

At another time he saw a male and female striped snake, with their young ones crawling all about them. Both of the old snakes turned toward him as he came near, and then, putting their heads flat on the ground, they opened their mouths and made a faint noise when the young ones all ran in. He caught both snakes, , and put them in separate bags, and afterward found that the mother snake had swallowed ten young and the father snake five.

Hawkins Monument Design.

Jury Selects Model Offered by New York Sculptor William Couper, a New York sculptor has been decided the winner of the open competition for designing and erecting a \$20,000 monument in Pittsburg to the memory of Col. Alexander L. Hawkins, of the Tenth Pennsylvania Volunteer Regi-

ment. Circulars were sent out last August to all the prominent sculptors of the country, them to submit sketches and mod inviting els for the monument on December 1st. The jury, consisting of John W. Beatty, art director of Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, and Daniel C. French and Thomas Shields Clark, of New York, sculptors, considered the twenty-three models submitted and chose that of William Conper. William J. Diehl, of Pittsburg, Chairman of the Col. Hawkins Memorial Association committee, was also present.

Mr. Conper's model consists of a curved halustrade, with seats, in the centre of which, before a large slab, stands the figure of Col. Hawkins on a small pedestal. The figure will be of heroic size, probably of bronze. On either sides are four tablets, to bear the names of men of the regiment who met death during the Philippine cam-

paign. The \$20,000 for the monument wa appropriated by the State of Pennsylvania.

Must Not Engage in Other Business.

The Pennsylvania railroad has issued an order that its employes must not be en-gaged in any other business while working for the company. A number of conductors were interested in restaurants along the line of the road, some of them operated coal yards, others had groceries; one on an eastern division was the silent partner in a saloon. In fact, there was bardly any branch of business but some one working for the Pennsylvania, in the train service particularly, had an interest in it. The position of the railroad company is that the time of the employes all belongs to the railroad, and in the train service especially, if trainmen have outside to neglect the affairs of the company.

until his condition became so weakened by the air that he had to get out. So far as he could remember, not one man who was on any of the Markle grievance committee is now working for the company.

Gallagher also explained the troubles at the Markle mines after the recent strike was over, when the men refused to go to work, because John Markle imposed cer-

tain conditions. At the afternoon session Gallagher explained the powder question as best he could, concluding this part of the testimony by saying the miners employed by the Markle company do not get the 10 per cent, increase, because of the peculiar way the company has of figuring the increase in wages agreed upon at the end of the 1900 strike. The witness presented several of his own wage statements, which showed that something had been deducted for a priest. When asked what this meant he said he did not know. It was taken off his earnings every since he went into the mines, and he simply dismissed it, because he did not object to the assessments.

An 18-year-old Hungarian slate picker employed by the Markle company sa aid that before the strike he received 85 cents' now he receives 75 cents a day. The company never notified him of the reduction, and he still does the same work. He said the breaker boss, who stands over the pickers, often clubbed him, kicked him and swore at him for not picking slate faster.

When the miners' case against the Markles had been concluded, Mr. Darrow read and had placed upon the records to the commission John Markle's statement to President Roosevelt at the time of the now famous conference in the temporary White House.

The attorneys for the miners then took up the remainder of the afternoon session by presenting ten witnesses who had been employed by either the Delaware & Hudson company, the Temple Coal and Iron company or the Erie company, who testifi-ed that after the strike they were unable to lone to show that the companies were breaking a part of the agreement by which the strike was ended and the commission appointed.

On cross-examination it was shown they had not been re-employed because they had refused to do other work. A carpenter refused to do a laborer's work during the strike; a fire boss declined to be sworn as a coal and iron policeman; another fire boss refused to perform the duties of a fireman, and others refused to do certain

kinds of other work. One fire boss applied to several other companies; but they also refused him employment. He did not know why the companies would not give him work, unless it was because he refused to become a coal and iron policeman dur-

ing the 1900 strike

Attorneys for the miners told the commission that the witness was placed on the stand to show that a blacklist exists. Counsel for the operators tried to show that he was too old to go back to the mines. One of the ten witnesses who was em-ployed by the Delaware & Hudson company, admitted that there was too many men at work at the colliery where he asked for reinstatement, but thought the company should have given him work because he had been in their employ for fifteen years and always did anything asked of He also said he found no complaint business cares on their minds, they are apt with the rate of wages paid by the company.

usual punishment of five years' imprison ment would be sufficient. The prisoner has now served almost the equivalent of a five-years sentence, and I advise that his sentence be commuted to a term of imprisonment to expire December 24, 1902."

the petitioner while he was a fugitive from

Demands Court of Inquiry.

Col. Barnett, of Tenth Regiment, Angry at Public Reprimand.

Ex-State-Treasurer James E. Barnett, olonel of the Tenth Regiment, N. G. P., has a peculiar case on hand. During the strike and when peace was declared between the miners and operators and the miners prepared to celebrate "Mitchell Day" the Colonel took proper precautions to preserve good order.

At the request of the leading citizens of Shamokin, he moved his regiment into town and the regiment led the parade and was loudly cheered all along the line. The assistant adjutant-general a day or two after called Col. Barnett to the telephone and administered a stinging reprimand for allowing the men to participate in the pa-rade. Col. Barnett demands a court of inquiry, as he contends that this was a public reprimand administered by an officer who had neither authority nor right.

The Highest Priced Land.

The highest priced land in the world is that bounded by Wall and Broad streets and Broadway, in lower New York City. A square foot of ground on a corner of Broadway and Well street cannot he had for less than \$450. The most expensive land in London sells for \$300 a square foot. The average price of land in New York City's financial district is about \$175. Next in the scale comes the woman's shopping district from Fourteenth to Twenty-third street, on Sixth avenue, and from Thirtyfourth street to Forty-second street, on Broadway. Here land ranges all the way ed that after the strike they were unable to get back their old employment. This was north west corner of Broadway and Thirtyfourth street the latter price was obtained. The real estate man who can tell the future movements of population on Manhattan is in a position to realize a fortune. The growth of Brooklyn and Jersey City has checked the movement of the population north, and it is said the most valuable land on Manhattan Island will always remain south of Central Park. The lower half of the island will soon have nothing on it except office buildings, factories, and tenement houses.

Norsemen Home for Xmas.

787 Scandinavians Sailed Last Week for an Old-Country Festival.

Aboard the Scandinavian-American steamship Oscar II., which sailed last week from New York for Denmark, were 787 Scandinavians, who were going to celebrate Christmas in their native land. About 150 of them are cabin passengers, and the most prosperous, Karl Petersen of Iowa, had sewed in an inside pocket \$7,000 in Amer-ican money, which he exchanged for crowns before he sailed.

Most of the party will return before The Scandinavian Christmas holi-April. The Scandinavian Christmas holi-day lasts from Dec. 23 to Jan. 13. The ex cursionists carried away an unusually large number of boxes and packs besides their trunks, containing presents for friends and relatives on the other side.