

Among the Lowly.



The picture is by Leon Augustin Phermette and was purchased by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of New York City, in 1905, from the income of the Catharine Lorillard Wolfe Fund. In a letter to the directors of the museum, at the time of the purchase, Mr. Phermette says: "I have endeavored to bring to all the figures in the scene the varieties of emotions proper to each but united as one in the expression of confidence—respectful in the old, searchingly so in the young."

CHRISTMAS GREETING
 JOHN B. TADÉ
 Good morning, Lord! For little boys
 The day more generous is of joys
 Than unto men, they say:
 If so, for greater happiness
 Teach us Thy holy name to bless
 With fuller hearts than they!

HEARTENING THE SUPERINTENDENT

RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

THE superintendent was tall, thin young man, with slightly stooping shoulders and near-sighted eyes which peered keenly through the heavy lenses of his eye-glasses. "Our Mr. Crawford," as he was always called by the general manager of the Perfection Electric Switch Company, had been transferred from his place as foreman of the wiring department to be superintendent of the factory at a time when an iron hand was needed to remedy the mischief which the lax methods and general inefficiency of his departing predecessor had created.

It was a difficult problem of reorganization that he had been called upon to face, but time had proved that the general manager's faith—he had stoutly advocated Crawford against the firm's opposition—had not been misplaced. The new superintendent had entered upon his duties quietly, unassumingly, but with a tenacity of purpose and an unrelenting energy that bent all things to his will. Three of the best years of his life he gave unhesitatingly and uncompromisingly to the work before him. At the end of that time the factory was running with a smoothness that took several wrinkles out of the general manager's brow and made the firm think seriously of increasing the plant.

"Our Mr. Crawford"—the firm spoke of him proudly in this manner now—had made himself necessary to

ests of the firm he had not been too harsh with the employes. In eradicating the evils Jim Powell had wrought he had found it necessary to calculate in cold-blooded fashion, to be ready with blame and chary of praise. The result was inevitable. While the profits grew steadily Crawford realized that it was because of his ceaseless vigilance and the firmness with which he held the employes at work.

There were times—when he was tired, especially when it seemed to him that he had merely developed into a successful slave driver.

Sometimes at 6 o'clock, when the big gong had sounded, he would sit by the time-machine and watch the men file down the stairs. He would have given much if here and there in the long line a face had been lit up to him with a nod or a comprehending smile, but the "hande" rang in their time in sullen silence. His very presence seemed to chill their spirits, and when one of them looked at him it was either with bitterness or a blank stare.

Meanwhile the Perfection Electric Switch Company prospered amazingly, and at the same time the superintendent grew a little more stoop-shouldered, a little more reserved, a little more heavy of eye.

In November of the third year it happened that "Our Mr. Crawford" was taken sick. At the time he was putting forth strenuous efforts to have an increase of pay for the employes, in consequence of which he was at the office several days when he should have been in bed. He wanted the hands to understand that their work had been appreciated, and although he had to grind his teeth to keep from crying out with the pain he went daily to the office and argued with the general manager and the members of the firm.



Crawford's Shoulders Rose and Fell Convulsively.

the Perfection Electric Switch Company, but his success had not been entirely satisfactory to himself. With all his quiet force, the superintendent was a very human young man. He had hoped to gain the complete confidence of the men and women under him. It was respect he wanted rather than fear.

The lax, easy going regime of the former superintendent had made that careless individual very popular with the factory hands. They had given him all sorts of presents on his birthdays and at Christmas time. The day his "resignation"—oh, euphonism!—had gone into effect they had presented him with an ornate watch chain, and when, red in the face and embarrassed he had tried to stammer his thanks, they had cheered him roundly and pressed about him to shake his hand. Powell had undoubtedly been popular with his employes, but his popularity had been gained at the expense of results in the output of the factory.

Under the new superintendent the output was satisfactory—and more. The question that continually presented itself to the young man's troubled mind was "whether, in the inter-

The firm was obscure. It was defied finally that, in view of the extensive additions that were to be made to the plant the increase could not be granted for another year. Sick at heart and racked with pain the superintendent staggered to his apartment in the gray November dusk, vented to bed and sent for a doctor. The physician came, chided the young man for his carelessness of his health and said a slight operation would be necessary the next day.

The operation was successful, and the physician assured the anxious general manager that the patient would be at the factory in a couple of weeks. But the physician had not reckoned on many things—the weariness of mind and body in his patient, the bitterness of his recent failure to induce the firm to increase the pay of the hands, and the dragging load under which he had struggled silently for the past three years.

The wound caused by the operation healed rapidly, but with the healing came no strength. Crawford sat daily propped up in a chair by the window, listless and uninterested in his surroundings. The physician was puzzled and not a little irritated; the general manager, who came daily, began to show signs of alarm.

"It's the pace of modern business, sir!" the physician snapped angrily to the attendant, who had been sent up from the hospital. "Get him interested in something. It's his only chance."

The man tried everything his fertile mind and thorough training could suggest, but with no results. Crawford sat silently by the window day after day, looking vacantly at the bare branches of the trees and the patches of dull cloud drifting across the early winter sky.

Christmas time found Crawford propped in his chair, looking out over a world newly swathed in spotless white. The doctor declared that now it was only a question of time, and the attendant had long since ceased trying to rouse the sick man's dormant interest. On Christmas Day Crawford opened an envelope from the factory and found it enclosed a substantial check. He smiled bitterly and handed it to the attendant.

"Here, take it! Merry Christmas!" he said, in a colorless voice.

At dusk it was snowing again, and just after the lights began to twinkle through the gloom Crawford, in his chair, fell into a heavy slumber. He was awakened by a lusty rapping at the door. The attendant went into the little hall and presently returned.

"Two ladies and three gentlemen to see you, sir," he said.

The visitors were ushered in, and as they entered the room Crawford gripped the arms of his chair and stared with wide opened eyes. There were two giggling girls from the wiring department at the factory, two men from the assembling bench and the foreman of the brass room.

The girls tittered and the men looked ill at ease. Crawford sat up in his chair. Two spots of color came into his wan cheeks. The foreman advanced and cleared his throat.

"We've come, sir," he said, looking at the ceiling, "to show you that, even if you're not with us, you're not forgotten. Perhaps we haven't always understood you, but anyway we know you're the right sort. We've heard all about your fight for an increase for us, and even if we didn't get it, we know it wasn't because you did not do your best for us. So to show our respect for you and your efforts in our behalf we've brought you this."

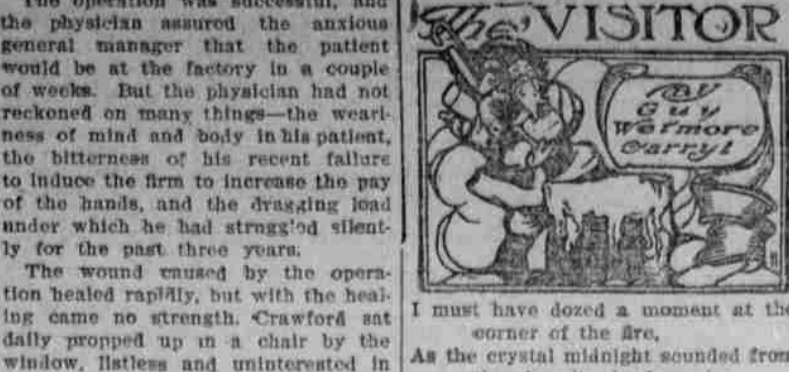
He tore the covering from a parcel he bore and held out a silk umbrella with a large pearl and silver handle. "And—merry Christmas!" he finished.

"Merry Christmas!" echoed the two other men and the two girls.

A lump rose in Crawford's throat. He could only beam upon them and mutter feebly, "Merry Christmas to you!"

Some few minutes after the committee from the factory had gone the doctor came bustling into the hall. The attendant met him and shook a warning finger at him. The doctor craned his neck and peeped cautiously into the room.

Crawford sat under the light. His head was hidden in the crook of one



THE VISITOR

I must have dozed a moment at the corner of the fire.

As the crystal midnight sounded from the chapel's slender spire,

For I woke upon a sudden, with the bells' exultant din,

To find another Christmas, abed with silence, stealing in!

Is it fact or is it fancy? On the eaves, above my head,

Rings the chink of silver harness, and a swift and stealthy tread,

And an echo, as of laughter, sets my pulses all aglow!

St. Nicholas has found me, as he found me long ago!

Ah! those half-forgotten wakings, in the gray of early light,

When I crept from out my blankets, like a little gnome in white,

And my eyes shook off the cobwebs that the sunbeams in their span

As they saw, beside the chimney what the merry saint had done:

The soldiers in their boxes, the tidy butcher shop,

The little wooden villages, the trumpet and the top!

And I had nigh forgotten—for how was I to know

St. Nicholas would find me as he found me long ago!

He came while I was dozing, and has strewn his gifts galore

In bewildering confusion by the chimney on the floor.

Though my eyes alone can see them, though they last me but an hour,

Are they less for that a witness to the changeless olden power?

He has left me fairy stories, where I play the leading part,

He has given me back the lightness of my blithe and boyish heart.

He has filled my fire with visions, shifting softly to and fro—

St. Nicholas has found me, as he found me long ago!

My trumpet is the tinkle of the brook I learned to wade,

My soldiers the remembrance of the martial games I played,

My must-behold the voice that used to call me "little son,"

When the twilight fell around us, and the busy day was done;

My candles are the remembrance of a myrtle early joys,

My strings of bells the laughter of the other romping boys,

My uniform is youth again, with all its golden glow,

St. Nicholas has found me, as he found me long ago!

Though transient as the embers, yet brighter, brighter far

In all their dear delusion his shadowy presents are,

For the years like snow have melted with their erring and their pain,

And I stand upon the threshold of Arcadia again;

Let them die as die the embers, let them vanish as they came,

I have had my Christmas treasures and the world is not the same;

With his wand of sweet remembrance for an instant bending low,

St. Nicholas has found me, as he found me long ago!

Youth's Companion.

Italy leads the nations of the world in the matter of theatres.

State of Pennsylvania

CAPITOL PROBE COST \$95,081.18

Investigation Commission, Through Senator Fisher, Returns \$4,018 Of The \$100,000 Appropriated.

Senator John S. Fisher, of Indiana, chairman of the Capitol Investigation Commission, closed up the accounts of the commission, turning \$4,018.84 out of the \$100,000 appropriated to it back into the State Treasury. Senator Fisher also directed that the records and accounts of the commission be turned over to Governor Stuart.

The financial statement shows that the investigation cost the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania \$95,081.18, of which \$28,001.46 went to the Audit Company, of New York, which did the probing, and \$50,000 to the attorney, the amount paid to experts being \$16,029.91 and to stenographers for testimony and the like \$4,599.80.

The account of the commission in part is as follows:

Council, James S. Scarlet, \$15,000, and James A. Strassman, \$10,000.

Experts, D. F. Rieh, \$5,257.90; C. D. Montague, \$4,028.35; Bond Thomas, \$116; F. J. Lantz, \$638; C. A. Barker, \$598.25; W. Scott Collins, \$1,359.41; Charles E. Shenk, \$1,144.60; Leslie McCraw, \$2,501, and Henry J. Conrath, \$155.

Harry S. Calvert and Frank Bell, secretaries, \$3,000 each; Harry S. Calvert, \$1,500; W. W. Murray, sergeant-at-arms, \$2,199.94.

Employees of the commission per diem and mileage, \$3,448.26; stenographers, \$4,599.80; witnesses, \$2,207.41; detective services, \$168.

Expenses of the commission, in traveling, \$5,370.96.

C. W. BRAY RESIGNS.

Retires As President Of American Sheet And Tin Company.

Pittsburg (Special).—A reorganization of the official family of the American Sheet and Tinplate Company has been effected to take place January 1. C. W. Bray, who has been president during the past two years, has retired and will make his home in Philadelphia, where he is now erecting a mansion.

E. W. Farquhar, of Pittsburg, succeeds to the presidency, his place as first vice president being taken by S. A. Davis, formerly second vice president. This last named office has been absorbed of the operating department. J. I. Andrews, assistant sales manager, is made general sales manager. C. W. Bennett, assistant to the president, is retained with added duties.

Auto Hits Blind Pedestrian.

Chester (Special).—Howard Mullin, a blind piano tuner, whose home is in St. Clair, was struck by an automobile while walking along Chester Pike, near Prospect Park. The chauffeur of the machine sounded his horn, expecting the man to get out of his path, but the sightless pedestrian jumped directly in front of the automobile. His right ankle was broken and his leg injured internally, but the hospital physicians think he will recover.

Spend Honey-moon In Jail.

Oxford (Special).—In order to give his bride of a week money to buy Christmas presents, 18-year-old Walter Russell, of Hopewell, since \$11 from a poor washerwoman, who had saved the money for weeks to pay her taxes. Russell and his wife are spending their honeymoon in jail. The bride is charged with being an accessory.

Sues For Fortune In Silk.

York (Special).—Suit was begun here by Brown Brothers & Co., of Philadelphia, against the York Silk Manufacturing Company to recover \$211,890, the alleged value of a quantity of silk, held by the local firm under a trust agreement by which the title was to remain with Brown Brothers, until the York company actually paid for it.

Would Drive Vermin From School.

Hazleton (Special).—The High School student body got its orders from Principal Geist about "affinities." Mr. Geist told the girls that he wanted the affinity business stopped, that he wanted the holding of hands in the hall discontinued, and said the walking, arm-in-arm, with the boys in the streets was disgusting the boys.

ITEMS IN BRIEF.

Frank Kayinsky and John Rock, old contractors, were seriously, if not fatally, burned by a gas explosion at Shenandoah City colliery. This is the second time Kayinsky was burned in a similar manner inside of a year.

F. B. Musselman and wife, of Strasburg, celebrated the fifth wedding anniversary. There never has been a death in their family, all the children and grandchildren being present.

Bellevue Presbyterian Church, at Gap, has extended a call to Rev. B. F. Farber, of Indianapolis.

The ministers of Middletown have gone on record against the funeral feast, which is a prominent part of the ceremonies attending a burial in many parts of this State. They have also adopted suggestions that fewer ministers go to funerals, as that services will not be dragged out to unmeaning lengths.

I. M. Kauffman's store, at Rawlinsville, was looted by thieves, merchandise valued at \$300 being taken. Because a demand for an additional cent a yard for their product was refused nearly 100 raw silk weavers of the Emma silk mill walked out, tying up all other departments.

A charter was granted by Governor Stuart to the Farmers and Miners' Bank, at Marianna, Washington County. The capital is \$50,000, the incorporators being A. O. Benson, Scenery Hill; J. A. Ray, Pittsburg, and R. S. George, Wilkinsburg.

John McKeever, of Summit Hill, who ran the first locomotive on wooden rails in the Panther Creek Valley, between Tamaqua and No. 10 colliery, is dead.

Reports of the State Live Stock Sanitary Board indicate that the foot and mouth disease is being stamped out, no new cases having been reported for several days.

The borough council of Conshohocken has adopted an ordinance submitting to a vote of the people at the February election a proposition to borrow \$125,000 for municipal improvement, which will consist largely of street paving.

No Uplifter.

"Do you regard the stage as an uplifter?"

"Not exactly," answered Miss Carnegie. "It would be unfortunate if we were to get our ideas of society from the problem play and our ideas of costume from the musical comedy."—Washington Star.

The first thing a man believes he ought to do when he starts on a trip is to make cab drivers, sleeping car porters, and waiters think he is a millionaire.

Back To The Grid.

Our fattest bank roll gone,
 Our coin expended,
 We catch the train at dawn,
 Football is ended.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for each case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by him.

WALTER KENNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Getting The Cow In Line.

Bystander—What makes that cow persist in coming over this way?

Artist (annoyed)—Don't you see I'm drawing her?—Harvard Lampoon.

Piles Cured In 6 to 14 Days.

Pazo Ointment is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded, 50c.

It's nothing to a man's credit if no one will trust him.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

The medicine no third party causes many a divorce.

Itch cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. Never fails. At druggists.

Few women waste money—if they haven't got it.

FEARFUL ECZEMA ALL OVER HIM.

No Night's Rest for a Year and Limit of His Endurance Secured Near—Owes Recovery to Cuticura.

"My son Clyde was almost completely covered with eczema. Physicians treated him for nearly a year without helping him any. His head, face, and neck were covered with large scales which he would rub until they fell off. Then blood and matter would run out and that would be worse. Friends coming to see him said that if he got well he would be disgraced for life. When it no longer, I used some Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment, and Cuticura Resolvent. That was the first night for nearly a year that he slept. In the morning there was a great change for the better. In about six weeks he was perfectly well.

A Poor Preventive.

"Your husband says that when he is angry he always counts 10 before he speaks," said one woman.

"Yes," answered the other. "I wish he'd stop it. Since he got dyspepsia home seems nothing but a class in arithmetic."—Tit-Bits.

Ills Wish Fulfilled.

A German peddler rapped timidly at the kitchen entrance. Mrs. Kelly, angry at being interrupted in her washing, flung open the door and glowered at him.

"Did you wish to see me?" she demanded in threatening tones.

The peddler backed off a few steps.

"Well, if I did," he assured her, "with an apologetic grin. 'I got my wish; thank you.'—Everybody's.

It's a sign a girl likes to be kissed if she says she doesn't.

Only One "Bromo Quinine"

That is Laxative Bromo Quinine. Look for the signature of E. W. Groves. Use the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

The owner of a smart dog does most of the barking. B. N. U. 52.

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CURES COLDS
and GRIPP
 Removes the Cause.
 Relieves the aches and feverishness.
 Contains No Acetanilide

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Malice.
 "How is this? I thought you and her were carrying flowers to her grave!"
 "Exactly! She hated 'em!"—
 Journal Amusant.

PILES Sample treatment. **Thompson's Eye Water** is efficacious for all eye troubles.

THE J. R. WATKINS MEDICAL CO.
 WINONA, MINNESOTA.
 Makes Different Articles, Household Remedies, Flavoring Extracts of all kinds, Toilet Preparations, Fine Soaps, Etc.
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 Here's a revolution in Safety Razors, the marvelous

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which gives you better BLADE-VALUE than razors costing 20 times the price. The practical value is in the BLADE. It is the best because made of the finest steel tempered by a special process and scientifically ground and honed down to the sharpest possible edge. You pay 25 cents for the best practical Razor ever introduced, and you save nineteen-twentieths of the fancy prices asked for fancy frames and holders. The "SHRP SHAVR" RAZOR is so set in the frame as to be correctly "angled" to suit any face. We sell you the whole Razor at 25c, so as to create a market for our blades. Extra "SHRP SHAVR" Blades, 5 for 25c. And satin finish silver-plated stoppers at 10c each.

We send the Razor complete, extra Blades or the Strop, prepaid by mail on receipt of price in stamps or cash.

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SHRP SHAVR

CHRISTMAS CAROL
 'Twas in a rough manger,
 The little Christ lay,
 Soft arms were His cradle,
 His bed was the hay.
 To wise men and shepherds
 The Star showed the way.
 Sing carol for Christmas is here.

CHRISTMAS EVE
 See the mimic lords and ladies
 Gravely stepping to and fro,
 In a slow and dainty measure,
 While the Christmas candles glow,
 And around the glittering fir-tree
 Little dancers whirling go.

Foot it dolly round the fir-tree,
 Hung with gifts for great and small,
 Join our blithe and tripping measure,
 This is holiday for all.
 "Old King Christmas!"
 Good King Christmas!
 Hear the merry voices call.

With gifts rare and precious,
 From lands far away,
 Three Kings fared to greet Him,
 As sleeping He lay.
 Our hearts warm and loving,
 We bring Him today.
 Sing carol for Christmas is here.

PISO'S
A TEARING TERRIBLE COUGH
 bespeaks impending peril. Constant coughing irritates and inflames the lungs, inviting the ravaging attacks of deadly diphtheria. Piso's Cure soothes and heals the inflamed surfaces, clears the clogged air passages and stops the cough. The first dose will bring surprising relief. Piso's Cure has held the confidence of people everywhere for half a century. No matter how serious and obstinate the nature of your cold, or how many remedies have failed, you can be cured by a full trial of the tried remedy for such conditions.

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