Bellefonte, Pa., Sept. 16, 1904.

JAPANESE WAR POETRY.

The war song that, according to Colonel Edwin Emerson in Pearson's, is most often sung by the Japanese soldiers on the march and in the camp is the following spirited ballad by the popular poet Tensui :

The tempest blows—the tempest blows!
The Devil's misty, poisonous breath Heralds the coming of your foes, Heralds a fight for life or death. Though light be hidden from the sky, We fear not for our land;

We hear our country's rallying cry, On! Comrades! Hand in hand Clouds scurry fast, clouds scurry fast! Hark to that scream, take heed, take heed

The hungry eagle comes at last; See, he swoops eastward in his greed. But armed as we are for the right, Our homes, our native land, Quick ! Let us stop the eagle's flight ! On Comrades! Hand in nand!

THE HEART OF CHERRY-BLOS-

"Cherry-blossom" stood in the little garden behind her father's house and pondered, weaving in her mind a design for the ornamentation of her wedding kimono. That morning her mother had shown her the satin so soft and fine, a delight in its folds of ivory tints, and told her it was her father's desire to prepare for her marriage, which would take place as soon as a husband befitting the illustrious house of Mat-

asuga should be found.

Cherry-Blossom was not unprepared for this announcement. Indeed, her whole edneation was centered upon her marriage, and this pay had been looked for ever since her last birthday, and coming had found her expectant, though perhaps not quite so be. Of this, however, she was not wholly conscious as her training had left no room for even a thought of rebellion; she only knew that she was glad it was not required of her to marry the first suitor who appeared if she did not like him. So she stood beside the little rivulet that trickled lazily over a mound in the middle of the tiny enown work and the rooms were sweet and fresh with the air and sunshine of morning. She had opened the paper windows and pushed aside the screens that the air might reach the quilts upon which the family slept and which she still be true to the little wife.

Were clean. Suma was sheltered by the declining rays of the sun by her paraeol, the streets were gay with throngs of people and the ride became a gala affair to the little wife.

The house of Mori Santana and the ride became a gala affair to the little wife. reach the quilts upon which the family slept and which she afterward folded and put away. Her own bowl and chop-sticks were shining with cleanliness and still her

mother lingered within the house.

She, Suma, and Seizo Matasuga, her husband were sitting upon the padded floor discussing some of the details of the wedding of Cherry-Blossom. The day was fine, and the late summer's breeze came into the house stirring the fragrance of rice and soup steaming on a brazier near Suma, in a way most gratifying to the hungry lord of the

the day was warm. She was about to speak, but the wisdom of her married life came bidding her be still yet a while; a reminder that a husband with an empty stomach was not in the best condition to listen to an appeal. Therefore she waited until the rice was cooked and each grain stood white and solitarily aloof from its neighbors; until the soup was of the right color with its piece of seaweed dropped in at the last, and all were on the little table before Matasuga. She added afterward some conserved fruits and a bit of pickled fish and some tea, then took up her position near, to hand her husband whatever his wants demanded. But not until he had nearly finished the meal did she put to him the question which lay so close to her heart, and which, if rightfully managed, would have much to do with the happiness of Cherry-Blossom. She was cautious, though she did not doubt her husband would listen and perhaps take heed even if hungry, for he was indulgent to his little wife and daughter, loving them and believing a certain amount of liberty good. Of late years he had been much with the men and women of England who made Japan their home and while his Japanese soul could not approve of the equality which placed wives on the same scale as their husbands in those countries, he found that a little loosening of the restrictions binding the women of the household made them happier and did no harm, Still Suma knew that their were certain of the old customs not to be infringed upon and felt a little natural terror of the subject she was about to bring up. Many years she had lived under the burdensome yoke of her mother-in-law and not until Cherry-Blossom was about twelve years old did Buddha see fit to call the tyrannical woman to her rest, and only en did Suma taste of happiness and a life

of tranquility.

And now that little Cherry-Blossom was to be married, the mother's heart flew to the woman who would have so much to do with the happiness of the child.

When then Matasuga had finished his rice and soup, sampled the sweetmeats and began sipping his tea, Suma gathered up

"Yes, but why ask that which we both

know, Suma? Because Seizo Matasuga, I was thinking of the time when she shall go to her husband. I think no husband could be husband. I think no husband could be her life and that day when the foreigner unkind to her, for she is a sweet, obedient child and none could know her and not be head she had become fascinated with his Here Suma broke off to note

the effect of her speech in its beginning.
Seizo Matasuga looked thoughtfully at to the day when Cherry-Blossom was born. and his disappointment upon being told that he was the father of a girl; a son was so much more to be desired. And he had considered Cherry-Blossom of so little importance then that for years he had called her One as many of his friends merely numbered their girls; and never had given them a real name. But as the years went on and no child came, he began to love the little girl as she trotted around in her funny lit-tle kimonos made exactly like her mother's and developed in the sunshine as the blos-soms on the cherry trees had bloomed when she was born. It was then that she came

to be called Cherry-Blossom.

In the later days when Seizo Matasuga ness of the Japanese.

became a man of wealth and begin to join in the social life of his city, and met men of the Caucasian race, he saw how they regarded their wives and daughters, and like many another of mankind, he looked upon his growing love for Suma and Cherry-Blossom for right and good, for he argued that these other men of superior knowledge whose happiness centered in their families must know. True, it was against all the traditions of his country to make much of

women; but his nature was progressive.

Here his mind ceased to wander in the past, for Suma was talking and he listened

attentively to what she had to say.
"My husband, will you not ask Mori
Matsuma to do his best for our little Cherry Blossom when he is looking for a hus-band for her? Beseech that he will find one with a mother who will be good to our child." Suma spoke in soft tones and looked with pleading eyes at her husband and

he, Seizo Matasuga, replied:
"Mori Satsuma and I will be wise and do well by Cherry-Blossom. Nevertheless I think well of what you say and will drop a word of it to him." And with that Suma was satisfied. She had done all she could

and hoped good would come of it.

Then she went out and found Cherry. Blossom waiting in the garden and togeth er they sat down to work butterflies and lotus flowers in threads of gold and silver upon a background of ivory white. And Suma imparted much wisdom to the little maid, concerning the way to manage one's husband at the same time yielding him apparent submission; and of how life could be made endurable with a mother-in-law whose wishes must be respected.

Mori Satsuma was Seizo Matasuga's oldest friend. He was a man of wealth and large acquaintance. Moreover, he was held in high esteem by all who knew him and Matasuga felt that he was competent to help in the selection of a husband for Cherry-Blossom. On the evening then of the was centered upon her marriage, by pay had been looked for ever since birthday, and coming had found ectant, though perhaps not quite so cent as a little Japanese maid should this, however, she was not wholly was an occasion to be enjoyed to the uttermost. Not often did she go into the world with her husband as a person of any impor-tance, but to-day her presence was recog-nized as a right, and she sat at the side of Matasuga happy and content. The man who drew their little two-wheeled carriage

ly proportions, and three sides must be open to admit the breezes on warm days. When Seizo Matasuga and Suma arrived the screen had been put up to the west to keep out the sun and a brazier lighted within warding off the chill of evening which threatened to steal in upon the master of the house and his wife who sat taking their tea in full view of the street.

Mori Satsuma was clever with his tongue

and his language and welcomed his friend in long and difficult phrases through which filtered many terms honoring Seizo Matas dwelling. The house had but three walls; the fourth side open and looking upon the street allowed the appetizing odors of the coming meal to escape and torment chance important subject was opened. But at last passers-by,
"Yes," Matasuga was saying, "CherryBlossom must have a husband, a young man of high family and much yen; and Mori Satsuma shall assist me in selecting him."

The mother of Cherry-Blossom shivered. Satsuma shall assist me in selecting him."
The mother of Cherry-Blossom shivered a little and drew nearer the brazier though lend his aid in selecting from the many sons of their honorable and mutual friends a husband for the daughter of the house of Matasuga. He did not forget to add with all the delicacy of which he was master, that the young man should be of a family well endowed with the goods of Mammon and remembering the petition of his little wife, sitting a mute but eager listener to the speech of her lord, he gently touched upon the qualities desirable in the motherin-law of Cherry-Blossom.

Mori Satsuma was greatly pleased and promised his aid most cheerfully. He had no children of his own, but as far as it was

possible to feel affection for a girl child—he reflected—he loved Cherry-Blossom.

Among the friends of Mori Satsuma and also of Seizo Matasuga was Taika Yensi, whose son Oto Yensi was a fine young man and in every way desirable as a husband for Cherry-Blussom, and when this had been decided upon, an arrangement was made for the meeting of the three families when Oto Yensi and Cherry-Blossom should have a chance to make a formal acquaintance. Mori Satsuma who knew both of the parents of Oto Yensi assured the anxious mother of Cherry-Blossom that her daugh ter would have a most amiable mother-inlaw. But Cherry-Blossom who was not far away when this information was imparted to Suma, had no very great faith in the judgment of Mori Satsuma on that subject for he was only a man and could not possi bly have lived as a daughter-in-law Oto Yensi's mother. Therefore, could he know how it would be to make her kimonos? If she was fat, there would be many stitches to take and it was not pleasant to sew. And her thoughts ran on building up discomfort for herself until she remem ered she would see Oto Yersi's mothe and if she did not like her she would not be married into the family of Yeusi.

When Cherry-Blossom had thus far reflected, she suddenly forgot Oto Yensi and her family and went to the screen set up on the porch to keep out the wind, where she could see into the street without being seen. Here she waited to catch a glimps

her courage and spoke.

"Our little Cherry-Blossom is very dear
"Our little Cherry-Blossom is very dear
"Oh," thought she as she came into view
"Oh," thought she as she came into view at the end of the street, "but he is a big strong man and his skin is like rice paper, this heir arinkles up like seaweed." is hair crinkles up like seaw Such hair she had never before seen in all

tight, light brown curls.
On a day not long after this, Horace Wainwright, journalist, American citizen his wife and waited for her to go on. As and a man in whom nature had implanted she hesitated a little, his mind went back the finer and nobler instincts of thoughts and feeling, passed through the street on which stood the house of Matasuga. It was so much like the other houses near that he had not noticed it, though he passed that of Cherry-Blossom preparing to leave it. They were about to make a visit to Mori day he was wondering how much longer he day he was wondering how much longer he would have to be in this land of draughty houses and wretched food. He had grown used to sleeping on the floor with only a padded quilt or two for bedding, but the food! Rice, fish and tea, had the Japanese cook placed before him in superabun dance loathsome, and four years of a diet of other dishes strange as unpalatable, had left him weary for the cookery of home. softly; and then he waited until the an-He was not impressed with the progressive-

It was toward evening and his shadow stretched long before him, exaggerating his height grotesquely. The summer had been a succession of hot middays and cool evenings, a humidity spreading its influence over all until vegetation ran riot. Fowering plants, trees and shrubs luxuriated all summer long, and the air became heavy with sweetness. The heights had been a glory of color with azaleas, the lowlands carpeted with iris and lily of the valand now the lotus flower poured out its delicious perfume. Wainwright sighed as he thought of the beauty beyond the city and determined to take a little heliday next week and spend the long hours of one whole day in the lanes and avenues of the country. Just here, however, something happened to bring his mind back to the present. A slight crash and a startled scream from the soft voice of a woman broke up his reverie, and he looked about bim to discover a little Japanese maid ly-ing across a screen which being defective had slipped from its groove in a porch nearby. Wainwright with inborn quickness of

ry-Blossom. Alas, she had been drawn to her place behind the treacherous screen once again, to look if possible upon the wonderful hair and beautiful face of the filled with fright and confusion over the acpick her up. What one of her own countrymen would have considered the happenng of enough importance to attract his attention! But she thought, praised be Buddha, that there was no one in the house to see. Before the little altar in her father's house, that night she would say extra prayers. From a slightly dazed condition she roused herself to find the man before her, his hat off, and waiting her answer. His heart throbbed most painfully, as he looked at the sweet grace and dainty beauty of the little maid scarcely more than child, and almost cried aloud to her in its

Cherry-Blossam could not help stealing a glance at the hair that resembled seaweed; then she remembered that she had not given this stranger the respect she had been taught to show all men. Hastily, for she was a little slow in thinking of it, she bowed low before him and paid him honor in wonderful terms of praise, and answering his question assured him she was in no wise The sweet quivering tone gave the man a feeling of hatred toward the custom which demanded that this pure and lovely child should humble herself before him, and he put out his hand to Cherry-Blossom, begging her not to bow to him and telling her that in his country beyond the sea, man always bowed to woman. She looked at him in frightened wonder, not comprehending how this could be, for the creed she had been taught had been woman's infectority to man. Then in a sudden fear that she might be found talking to him she fled within the house and Wainwright saw her disappear into the garden beyond.

With a sigh when she was lost to his sight he pushed the screen into its place when she was lost to his and went gloomily up the street to his own comfortless little home.

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Time flew swiftly. The day on which in kimono of delicate crepe overspread with the wings of brilliant bued butterflies, and coiffure elaborately ornate with pins of gold and enamel. Even the parasol which she carried had been selected with care that it might harmonize with her dress. And before the day was many hours old, a line of the quaint carriages of Japan made its way toward the edge of the city where a little farther on a spot had been selected for the meeting of the party.

The hours passed pleasantly enough, and in their happy enjoyment of the day as it passed into late afternoon, all were unhomes, is the only apartment in the whole conscious that fate was taking a hand in the game and leading toward them one destined to change the plans of Matasuga and Satsuma.

Horace Wainwright had been far into the country that day and was coming back weary with many miles of bicycle riding over roads but indifferently good, but happy in his communion with nature. Up the last hill he pushed his wheel, stopping to rest now and then in the shade of the cedars lining the read, and just as Cherry-Blossom in her final chat with Oto Yens was deciding that his hair was too streight and black, his skin too yellow and his eyes too dark so that he would never do for a husband, Wainwright appeared over the top of the hill and settled in her mind at sight any ligering doubt which might have dwelt there. In a panic remembering their last meeting Cherry-Blossom dropped her fan as Wainwright drew near, but remembering the necessity for calmness under the watchful eyes that surrounded her, she having for the first time in her life a secret to conceal, the little maid, with a dissimulation scarcely to be expected in one who had led so secluded a life, stooped for her fan without a sign of recognition—except

Wainright as he came upon the party saw at a glance its purpose, and his heart sank as he saw his little friend of a few days earlier and only he read aright the little flush which rose in her face as he passed. And somehow as he mounted his wheel and rode to his temporary home all the day's brightness turned to gloom as he thought of the little maid; his mood becoming a trifle savage as he sat lonely and forloru in his own house.

"She'll marry that Jap in his woman' petticoats, I'll bet," he said to himself as he looked gloomily into the bowl of his pipe. Then he threw the pipe away augrily, thinking of the narrow lives of the little women he had seen around in Japan.

The next day and the next, he went a round-about way to his office. But by the afternoon of the third day he could stand it no longer so he walked home the old way and to his joy as he neared the house of Matasuga he saw the father and mother would not marry Oto Yensi.

Quickly a plan formed in Wainwright's mind, and he walked slowly until Mata-suga and his wife were out of sight and hearing. Then he went to the house and knocked gently upon the screen which was

in its old position.
"Are you there, little maid?" he said swer came in faint tones.

"Tell me quickly, for I must not stop, are you going to marry the young man with whom I saw you on the hill the other

This time the answer was louder and quite distinct.

Wainwright's heart jumped ecstatically and he softly patted his side of the screen. The joy ran wild in his voice when he spoke again. "What has Mori Satsuma to do with

your marriage?" he said.

This time the voice was a little longer in answering from the other side of the partition, but it came at last gasping and faint with excitement. "He is helping my father find me a hus-

"Well," said Wainwright boldly. shall offer myself as a suitable busband, for I feel convinced you could not have a better one." And smiling mischievously and happily, he marched off without waiting to find out the effect of his words on the little person with whom he had just

thought and a desire to help the weak-stepped hastily forward to lift from its awkward position the small form of Cher-ment until he had walked to the edge of ment until he had walked to the edge of the city where he could see far across the plains to the mountains rising dimly, capped with snow which faintly gleamed in

delicacy of figure and face of the little creature, and asked gently in excellent in his best Japanese, that he wished to Japanese if she were hurt. She was too marry the daughter of Seizo Matasuga if she was not to marry the man with cident, and aghast at this great man find-ing her in her humiliation, to answer him. Wainwright did not think it necessary to She marveled, too, that he had stopped to tell Satsuma that he had had it from the tell Satsuma that he had had it from the maid herself that she was free in this direction, and he allowed Satsuma to believe that he had seen Cherry-Blossom for the first and only time the day when they all met in the country.

At first Satsuma hesitated and then re-

used to suggest an American as a son-inlaw to his friend Matasuga; but when Wainwright grew eloquent and enumerated the many advantages in baving an American in the family, finally, too. convincing Satsuma that he was possessed of more yen than any of the young Japanese could reasonably be expected to have, Satsuma's defense weakened and then he yielded.

His arguments with Matasuga were successful; and before long the families of Matasuga and Satsuma gathered together again, this time with Wainwright as one of the party, and as he and Cherry-Blossom met under the maiden hair trees in the temple court they gave no sign that it was other than their first meeting.

To the little maid it was all very beauti-

ful and she was very happy that this wonderful man wanted ber for his wife, for she had loved him since the day he bad lifted her from the porch of her father's house.

Two years later when Wainwright and his wife came from their home in America for a visit to Japan, they brought with them Wainwright's mother and when Suma saw how Cherry-Blossom loved her mother-in-law she was satisfied.—By F. M. Austin, in the Pilgrim.

> Japanese Trains. A Railway Ride Not Very Inviting.

The railway traveler in Japan buys a first, second or third class ticket, or, if he wishes to go cheaper still, he can get a ticket entitling him simply to stand on the platform, says Harold Boice, in the Booklovers' Magazine. Many of the cars Time flew swiftly. The day on which the platform, says flushing of the cars Cherry-Blossom was to see the family of Oto Yensi dawned, flushing opalescent with pink and blue and specks of downy was ready early, and the contestants each deserve the initiative, Germany France and Great Britain would gladly join hands with her. It must not be understood by this that I Hawkins and the second prize, a fine large hook to Miss Wagner. Each of the others clean. Many of the third class coaches could serve, without much alteration, as ordinary pigsties. This is all the more remarkable when the incomparable cleanliness of the Japanese home life, even of the humblest, is taken into consideration. An explanation of this may be that the Japanese have little regard for the cleanliness of any place where they keep their shoes

or clogs on. house that is not kept scrupulously swept, dusted, oiled and burnished. So, too, with the Japanese inns. Those that are maintained in native style are sweet and clean ; those that have become Europeanized are usually littered with cigarette stumps,

fruit peelings and cores and other debris.
An American Pullman, with its crowded and unavoidable intimacies, is a decent and polite hermitage compared with a packed coach in Japan. All sorts of un-expected things happen. Daring ablutions are performed and complete change of raiment is frequently effected, the constantly recurring tunnels serving to screen the astonishing character of these programmes.

The floor of third class coaches is an unswept riot of the flotsam and jetsam that usually follows in the wake of certain rinds of human craft the world over. A Bowery picnic crowd, abandoned to pea-nuts, popcorn and bananas, never marked a more conspicuous trail than a lot of Japanese peasants en route. Only, with the Japanese, it is all a very solemn affair. Travel seems to afford fitting opportunity to discard all kinds of personal wreckage. All forms of abandoned odds and ends of things begin to identify the itinerary from the very start. Of course, the foreign traveler who wades through this car-strewn waste does so to gain experience. It is not a pursuit of happiness.

The Japanese Baby's Dress.

The clothing of Japanese babies is simple in the extreme. It consists of several gar-ments, flannel or cotton or silk, as the sea-His writing is also done with brush and son demands. These garments, as many of them as are needed to keep the little one warm, are placed one inside of another over them many times, until they are well until they are as one garment. They are then laid straight on the floor and the baby is put into them, a broad sash is tied about the whole and the dressing is completed.

The garments are made like the "kimo no" of the grown-ups. Very small chil-dren are clothed like our own in garments ong enough to cover their feet. The sleeves, unlike our own, are long enough to cover the hands of the child, and he is thus prevented from scratching his face and at the same time the little fingers are kept warm and clean.

Still Awaiting Explanation.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Why we paid Spain \$20,000,000 for what ve had won, why we had paid Panama an unnecessary \$10,000,000 and why we swatted the Filipino and kissed the Cuban are well enough pleased with recent develop-

Why the Japanese People Look for Victory.-Petreo Chuzaburo Daito, President of Japanese Society in Philadelphia.

I voice the belief of the rank and file of the Japanese people—the masses of the peo-ple—when I say they feel absolutely confident that Japan will emerge from this war with untarnished honor, undimmed glory and undiminished prestige. Perhaps the most impressive feature of the Japanese-Russian war is the sublime faith and conin the ultimate triumph of his country.

This feeling, on the part of those who may be termed the plain people, is being happily illustrated at the present time. It is a well-known fact that all Japanese prop-er names carry with them a special mean-

It is especially true of those personal names, which are given to signify the wish of the parents for "good luck." It is very interesting to notice, through the naming of the babies, how much the Japanese peo-

ple are absorbed in the war.

Within the last few weeks I have received letters from two friends in Japan, informing me that they have named their babies for the purpose of giving good luck to the fatherland.

ALL DEPENDS ON RAILWAY. The vital point to be considered is not so much the numbers of the contending armes as the availability of the soldiers on each side; and this brings us down to the meat of the discussion, which is the famous

Trans-Siberian railroad.

Those who favor Russia, and who predict victory for her arms, aver that the Siberian railroad will be able to send and support an army of 500,000 men in and about the field of Manceuria. Those who are equally well informed deny the possibility of any such thing. They say that this single-track raiiroad, of nearly 7,000 miles, is unable to supply provisions sufficient for more than

There is the key of the situation. If those who deny the availability of the railroad are correct, Russia is already beat-

Japan for many years has been carefully studying the construction of the road. The hest men in Japan have decided that it

will not answer the purpose.

It is an admitted fact that the Russian soldiers are not in good condition, and this is not surprising to me. During the occu-pation of Pekin by the allied forces the comparative figures of sickness and death among the troops of the various nations stood about like this: Russia, 9 per cent; French, German and British, 5 per cent; United States troops, 4 per cent; Japanese

troops, 2 per cent.
In other words, the Japanese soldiers under adverse conditions, were the most healthy soldiers.

If Russia is wise enough to see the bandwriting on the wall, she will appreciate the impossibility of supporting her large army or a period that may last for one, two or three years, and will offer to make terms of peace before the coming of next win-

I do not believe Great Britain would consent to act as a mediator alone. Neither is it likely that France or Germany would. care to place itself in that position.

What, therefore could be more natural than for the United States to step into the breach and make itself a world-powerful instrument of peace? The people and the government of this country are neutral, so far as the war is concerned, and it would be impossible to find a more disinterested Power to arbitrate the differences between

I think that the Mikado and his adviser have planued a long campaign and are willing to carry it to the bitter end.—North American.

Schools in China and Japan.

When a little Chinese boy is six years old he is sent to school. This is a very important event and often a fortune teller is consulted, that a lucky day may be chosen. When the selected day arrives at last the boy has his head clean shaven and his pigtail nicely plaited. Then, wearing pertectly new clothes and carrying in his wide sleeves his book, slate and favorite toys, he walks gravely beside his father until the school is reached. Arrived there, he marches up to the stern looking man

who sits before a large desk. This is the teacher, and every new pupil offers him a present. Next the little stranger burns some incense before a tab-

let bearing the name of Confucius.

After this he is ready to take his seat, and he is given one of the small desks with a high stool behind it. Upon this desk are a little camel's hair brush, a cake of India ink, an ink stone and a small jar of water. When he learns to write it will not be with a pen, but with the camel's hair brush, which he will dip in his ink after it has been wet in the water and rubbed off on the stone. Nor will he learn an alphabat as we do, but there are about two hundred root words, or sounds, which he must get into his poor little shaved head, and after all that comes memorizing the classic writings of Confucius and other authors. His studying and reading are done in the noisiest possible way. He will done in the noisiest possible way. He will shout his lesson at the top of his voice, and as each of his companions will do the same it is small wonder that a stranger passing a school in China thinks bedlam is let loose.

The little Japanese also reads in this fashion, and like his Chinese cousin he be-

gins at the right hand column instead of the left, at the bottom instead of the top and at the last page of a book instead of the first. All of which would puzzle a lit-

India ink. He copies the characters which his teacher traces on the blackboard, going fixed in his memory.

Where Wives are Cheap.

In Tartary no father will surrender his daughter unless he gets a goodly quantity of butter in return, and in certain parts of ndia no girl can marry until her father has been pacified by a present of rice and a few rupees.

Twenty oxen is the regular price for a wife among the Mishimis, but a poor man has more than once succeeded in obtaining a bride on payment of one pig.

At Unyoro any desirable but impe-

cunious suitor may purchase his wife on credit, but will not be allowed to enjoy her company until he has paid the utmost

—The Japanese soldier receives 45 cents a month. The Mikado should be interesting "conundrums" for the spell-binders.

well enough pleased with recent developments to make it an even half-dollar.

- Washington Post.

W. C. T. U. Convention.

The twentieth annual convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Centrecounty, convened in Petrikin hall, Bellefonte, Sept. 5th, 6th and 7th.

On the afternoon of the 5th the executive committee met and transacted business. In the evening a large audience gathered to listen to the renowned author of the Scientific Temperance Instruction laws in our public schools, Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, of

Mrs. Hunt is a lady of attractive appearance and noble character and we are fortunate in having the opportunity of listening to one so able to instruct. Through her untiring efforts during which struggle she mortgaged all her possessions to help carry the work forward and co-operating with state and local unions these laws have been passed in every one of the United States and more than 22,000,000 children of school age are under their influence.

A grand work has been started. It remains for us to see that these laws be enforced. The lecture was a rare treat to all who were so favored as to hear it.

Tuesday morning's session was full of instruction and well attended. An excellent paper on "Domestic Science and Manual Training in Public Schools" was read by Miss Mary Owens. Mrs. Hunt was present to make helpful suggestions and encouraging words. Her address to the teachers who came in a body was full of tenderness and instruction, impressing upon them their responsibilities. We wish that all teachers in our county could have heard it. Miss Sara Waite read a paper on "Scientific Temperance Instruction in the Public Schools" after which an excellent luncheon was served by the Bellefonte

ladies to all the delegates and visitors. Tuesday afternoon's session was taken up with reports from the different superintendents. Much stress was put upon the work of the "Flower Mission," Mrs. Gainford speaking at length upon the subject. Mrs. M. S. Latshaw, of Howard, read a paper entitled "Wanted, Young Women in the Temperance Reform," which was forcible and contained an earnest plea to young ladies. The subject, How to Get Them Interested, was discussed at length. Rev. Lathrope, of Milesburg, brought words of greeting and good cheer to the convention. Mrs. Hewitt, of California, brought greeting from there, and spoke at length upon how they secured prohibition in their home county. Other testimonies were given along the line of working against license and our valued president, Mrs. A. M. Clees, said that she would stand against license in the face of a cannon.

Tuesday evening was taken up with a silver medal oratorical contest. Excellent music was furnished by the orchestra. The following five young ladies participated: Misses Mabel Wagner, Lorene Jones, and Ivah Mevers, of Milesburg, and Misses Azalia Hawkins and Bertha Taylor, of received a small book.

Wednesday morning's session was devoted to hearing reports from committees and to the election of officers. This resulted by informal ballot in the re-election of president Mrs. A. M. Clees, of Philipsburg; vice-president, Mrs. T. L. Eddy, of Milesburg; vice-president at large, Mrs. J. P. Harris, Bellefonte; corresponding secretary, Mrs. M. B. Cross, Philipsburg; recording secretary, Miss Nannie Fisher, Unionville: treasurer, Miss Hawkins, Philipsburg.

The tender sympathies of the convention were extended to our ex-treasurer, Mrs. D. D. Mitchell, in her prolonged illness. Mrs. Mitchell has faithfully filled this office for a number of years past. Superintendents of departments of work were continued as before with the addition of Mrs. Mattern as superintendent of loyal legion and Mrs. Harry Keller legislative work.

The report of the committee on resolutions was adopted by the convention and is in part as follows :

Ist. Resolved That we endorse any effort to be made to secure the passage of a Local Option law by the coming Legislature and shall heartily co-operate to that end.

2nd. Resolved That we call on all good citizens of this State and county to vote and work for the election of men to the Legislature who stand for temperance and good government and who will oppose any attempt to remove any of the legal restrictions now placed on the liquor tariff.

3rd. Resolved That more attention be paid by local unions of this county to the use of scientific temperance instruction in the public schools of their districts.

4th. Resolved That we use our best endeavors to have our husbands and brothers deavors to have our husbands and brothers vote for men, irrespective of party, who stand for righteousness and sobriety, especially in our primary elections. And since the granting of liceuse for selling intoxicating drinks depends upon the decision of our court judges we should use every effort we can to elect a judge for our county who will have respect for the wishes of the religious element of the voters.

Thanks were tendered those who contrib-

Thanks were tendered those who contributed to the excellent music during the sessions, the decorations, the reception and so on. The delegates departed to their sep-arate homes feeling that a grand and good convention had been enjoyed. SEC

SOME MORE PLAIN TALK .- Mr. F. P. Green Talks Because He Has Something To The grip usually leaves in its wake a lingering, stubborn cough, which cough syrup fails to relieve. It is in just such cases that Mr. Green recommends Vin-Te-Na, and the customer comes back, not to ask for the return of his money, but to thank Mr. Green for having called his attention to the great tonic that sells on its merit. Mr. Green sells Vin-Te-Na and gives his personal guarantee with every bottle. Get a bottle to-day.