

Moonrise.
The fernbrake trembles in the lifting dark;
Pale spangles glance along the mellowing gray.
Above the ancient wood a rounded bark
Drops lily petals down a dusky bay.
And cornerwise, and all a-slip, between
The trees, soft shocks of ravelled silver lean.

The cornfield chiefs make bold essay to break
The moonlight pipers of the autumn fields;
And moist, delicious fragrances of night
Wind through the argent fleeces of the light.

A still, black stream inland with cameo,
Asleep in dim retreat of sycamore,
Awakes, with rills of laughter, just below
A curve, and from the crescent of the shore
An old mill rises in the yellow mist
And grinds with silent wheel, a shadowy grist.

—Harriet Whitney Durbin, in Everybody's Magazine.

His Heart's Brother.

By C. A. Stephens.

On May 26th, a few hours before the battle of Nanshan, Capt. Oka of the Ninth Tokyo Regiment was sent forward with a flag of truce on a mission pertaining to the Red Cross service and its stretcher-bearers. He was a young man, barely twenty, of the Samurai class, well educated, speaking both French and English.

From the Russian redoubts there came down to meet the white flag a Lieutenant, Alexander Vannoffsky, of the Archangel Artillery. He, too, was a young man, and he spoke French, as do nearly all the Russian officers. Vannoffsky saluted him, and asked the object of the flag.

The question raised was one which the Russian Lieutenant felt obliged to refer to his superior officer. The sergeant accompanying him was therefore sent back with a written note for instructions, and a delay of some minutes ensued.

To pass the time while they stood there waiting, Capt. Oka began conversation with his youthful opponent, very formally at first, then more cordially. They talked of London, Paris and New York, which places both had visited.

In the fifteen or twenty minutes of waiting each had taken a liking to the other. And when at last they saluted to separate and go back, there was a still further exchange of courtesies, and the young Japanese officer placed his hand on his breast and said, "You are my heart's brother for the future."

Twice afterward, as the great siege went on and opportunity offered, Capt. Oka sent his good wishes to Lieut. Vannoffsky, with the expressed hope that no harm had come to his "heart's brother." And in August, just after the great assault when twenty-five thousand Japanese fell, the Russian was able to transmit a penciled note of greeting to this young friend of an alien race, with warmest remembrances, and signed, "Thy Alexandrovitch."

Amid the fearful vicissitudes of those weary days there seemed little likelihood that they would meet again. Yet meet they did six weeks later—but under what terrible circumstances and after what horrors!

It was at the "Wedge of Death"—that blood-stained zigzag, which Gen. Nogi finally drove through the earth up to the very parapet of the lofty Russian fort, known as the "Eternal Dragon."

This was after "203 Meter Hill" had been taken by the Japanese, and their huge mortars had destroyed, by plunging fire, what was left of the Russian fleet in Port Arthur harbor. Yet still it was found impossible to take Port Arthur by assault. The line of lofty forts on the heights, surrounded by broad moats, often forty feet deep, proved inaccessible. Every approach was over a tangled thicket of barbed wire, into which currents of electricity could be turned from dynamo hidden in bomb proofs. Night attacks were of no avail, for searchlights played constantly, and star-bombs scattered blazing phosphorus over the glaces of the forts and for miles around.

After their frightful losses during the last week in August, the Japanese were forced to adopt the slower, safer method of regular siege operations with trenches, zigzags and tunnels, carried up beneath the walls of the forts, which were then blown up with dynamite. In this Herculean effort they excavated nineteen miles of trenches in the hard earth and rock, always at least six feet deep and eight feet wide, frequently deeper, and covered over with planks and earth.

It was one of these zigzags, now advanced up near the moat of the Eternal Dragon fort, which became known to the armies as the Wedge of Death.

More soldiers lost their lives here than would have filled the trench with their bodies and covered all the ground about it four deep. It was

here that, after a savage sortie by the Russians, the Japanese used their own dead and wounded to form a final breastwork of defense.

The point of the Wedge of Death was within forty yards of the Russian parapet, and here assailants and defenders lay watching each other through chinks between sand-bags, waiting for a chance to shoot. A few inches at a time a low steel screen was pushed forward by the Japanese sappers, and while Russian bullets pattered furiously about it a little more earth was dug away, and thus the trench advanced.

The soldiers here were relieved every thirty minutes. Human nerves could not endure the strain longer.

The besiegers were more than fifty days pushing forward this trench, inch by inch; yet rarely, by night or day, did a minute pass without the crack of a rifle or the rat-a-tat of machine guns, accompanied by the whiz and patter of balls.

Yet up and down the shattered gray slopes of the hills and forts outside there was never a living thing in sight. Both armies were invisible, hidden in the earth, hidden yet watching with grim determination. If during the assaults and sorties a soldier fell in the open space between these grim lines there was no succor for him. Biscuits and water-bottles were often thrown to the sufferers, but not even the Red Cross men ventured forth to bring them in.

On one evening in September, after a fierce bombardment all day from the Japanese siege guns and mortars, Gen. Stossel ordered his own two guns to cease firing, one by one, as if silenced.

Then as darkness drew on he instructed the engineers in charge of the five searchlights on the east side of the fortress to cut off the electric current suddenly from the first one, then another, as if the Japanese shells had injured the dynamos.

This ruse succeeded. Thinking the moment favorable, Gen. Oshimo ordered a night attack on the Eternal Dragon and Keekwan forts.

Three full regiments of Japanese infantry, one of them the Ninth, issuing silently from their trenches in the darkness, began to climb the steep mountain side.

When half-way up the Russian stratagem was disclosed. Suddenly the searchlights played again, betraying the assailants as they climbed. Then the guns, supposed to be silenced, belched shell and shrapnel, and a regiment of Siberian sharpshooters that had already filed out from the moat of the fortress charged the flank of the Japanese.

Then ensued for two or three hours, in the alternate darkness and glare of the searchlights, amidst barbed-wire entanglements, one of those sanguinary hand-to-hand conflicts for which the siege of Port Arthur is without a parallel.

Neither side gained a definite advantage. The Russian survivors at last took refuge in their fort, the Japanese in their trenches, and in the dawn, down the slope, lay five thousand men, killed or so desperately wounded that they were unable to crawl away. Among the wounded, close up to the moat of the Eternal Dragon, was Capt. Oka, both legs broken by a fragment of shell. At about 9 o'clock that morning Lieut. Vannoffsky was looking down through a loop-hole of the fort wall above. He saw Oka stir feebly; and after a second glance through a glass he recognized him.

Twice the Russian spoke Oka's name down from the wall, but could not make him hear.

During the forenoon Lieut. Vannoffsky descended to a caponiere in the moat and tossed a flask over to the wounded man. It fell wide or passed unnoticed; and it was not till nightfall that the Russian was really able to do anything.

Then after it had grown quite dark and the searchlights were playing elsewhere, the lieutenant climbed out of the moat and crawled cautiously to where Oka lay, partly sheltered in a hole made by an exploding shell.

It had been a day of frightful suffering for the young Japanese, but he was still alive, and hearing Vannoffsky creeping near, he drew a pistol, thinking him one of the enemy come to rob or murder him. Vannoffsky laid a gentle hand on his arm, however.

"Fear not. It is thy Alexandrovitch," he whispered; then he grasped his hand, held a flask to his lips, and inhaled as to his wounds.

The searchlight now came dancing over them, and not to draw bullets, either from the fort or the trenches, both lay still. When it had passed Vannoffsky continued his ministrations; and at last, finding Oka quite unable to move, he resolved on an act of heroism—one that might cost him not only life, but honor as a soldier.

To carry Oka across the deep moat and up into the fort was impossible, but his strength was equal to conveying him down the slope to the Japanese trenches. And that was what he did, taking the little fellow on his back and crawling slowly on hands and knees down the slope, stopping always when the searchlight came that way.

Thus it happened that at about 2 o'clock that night a Japanese soldier on duty in the Wedge of Death heard a slight noise at hand, and cocking his rifle, challenged sharply.

"Hold!"

"It is a friend," was the Russian's immediate reply. And then on the very brink of the trench appeared

Vannoffsky with Capt. Oka on his back.

The Japanese soldier pulled them both down into the zigzag, and Oka feebly explained the strange situation. For a time the Japanese officer in charge was in great doubt as to his duty, whether or not to hold the young Russian as a prisoner of war—since he had unavoidably seen their trench.

But after a little conversation more gallant sentiments prevailed.

Vannoffsky was bidden to return, and he reached the Dragon fort in safety.

At the surrender of Port Arthur Lieut. Vannoffsky became a prisoner of war in earnest, but he was permitted to be the guest of his "heart's brother," then convalescing at his Japanese home.—Youth's Companion.

VANISHING GAME BIRDS.

Destruction of Prairie Chickens Greater Than the Reproduction.

The general prospects this season for good prairie chicken shooting—one of the keenly popular upland sports with dog and gun—seem in the main to be unfavorable. Undoubtedly there are small areas here and there, mere nooks in comparison to the whole vast prairie habitat of the pinnated grouse, which contain birds a plenty and which will afford ample sport for the favored few who have access to them, but for the hundreds of chicken shooters, who take their chances without preliminary investigation, much failure and disappointment are in store.

The reports from many of the prairie districts where the pinnated grouse in times past were in abundance, or at least plentiful enough to afford good sport, indicate an unusual scarcity.

Undoubtedly the destruction of the pinnated grouse is greater than its production. The decrease in its numbers seems to be steadily progressive with the passing years. The area of the habitat of species also is gradually diminishing, though this is not manifested by the entire and sudden extermination of the chickens in a certain section, nor their sudden abandonment of it.

The change from abundance to dearth comes about gradually. Some sections in former years which afforded sport for weeks in later years afford sport for days only. From abundance the supply becomes meager. Oftentimes the changes from plenty to poverty, the lamentable results of extermination or abandoned habitat, are not noticed by the sportsman till he is confronted with the fact when diligent seeking for sport failed with dogs and gun ends in failure.

The enormous decrease in the numbers and the decreasing habitat of the prairie chicken are not realized by the younger sportsmen of the present time. Nor do the older sportsmen realize it by any comparisons of more recent years. A comparison of present conditions concerning chicken shooting with those which obtained fifteen or twenty years ago will bring into conspicuous relief the progressive decrease, which has resulted in the scarcity of the present.

Twenty years ago the habitat of the prairie chicken, beginning in Western Louisiana and Texas, extending through the prairie region of the Middle South and West, far up into British America, and plentifully stocked with chickens, was far in excess of the prairie chicken habitat of the present. Plentiful as were the birds then, they occupied a lessened habitat and were far less in number than they were when Audubon, on a visit to Kentucky, wrote of them as being so over-plentiful there and destructive to crops that they were little short of being a pest.—Forest and Stream.

Matrimony and Tongues.

A young woman who had graduated from college and then taken a master's degree returned home, after two years of travel abroad, to find that during her absence her native village had fitted her out with an embarrassing reputation for learning.

To her mingled annoyance and amusement, she discovered that people were surprised to see that she was much like other ordinary and agreeable persons, and that perhaps after all this educating process she was capable of sustaining the relations of ordinary life.

Among those who called to see her soon after her return were two second cousins, girls in their early teens. Their surprise at finding the much discussed master of arts so "perfectly lovely" appeared during the interview in their ingenuous remarks.

As they were departing from the yard their words floated up through the open window to the amused M. A.

"Just think," said one girl, impressively, "she speaks seven languages!"

"And yet," cried the other, "she would make some man a real sweet wife!"—Youth's Companion.

Thumping.

Mr. Kipling is still alive and uses language vigorously. He says he goes down to the cape in Africa every year to see the first chapter of Genesis alive, the world in creation, a civilization which is being made out of fragments. When the operation is further advanced Mr. Kipling will put it in a poem marked by his thumping power of expression.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The bicycle industry is still flourishing in Great Britain.

THE GRANGE
Conducted by
J. W. DARRROW, Chatham, N. Y.,
Press Correspondent New York State
Grange

JUVENILE GRANGES.

THEIR ADVANTAGE TO THE SUBORDINATE GRANGE.

An Example of Practical Co-operation—Grange Speakers at State Fairs and How Fairs and Granges May Co-operate.

Juvenile granges are increasing in numbers slowly, but surely. When their great helpfulness to the work of the subordinate grange, particularly in preparing for it an interested, intelligent and enthusiastic membership, is understood they will meet with greater approval and will increase more rapidly. The difficulty in organizing a juvenile grange is not that there are too few children who would be interested in it, but to secure for the organization a matron who will assiduously devote herself to the young people and direct them in their efforts. The juvenile grange has its own ritual and staff of officers, but it is required that a matron be chosen to superintend and direct the young folks and assist wherever assistance may be needed. The pride they take in performing their degree work and in the transaction of all the work of their grange is not exceeded by any one in the subordinate grange.

One of the most enthusiastic believers in juvenile grange work is Mrs. C. E. Harris of Greenville, O., who says in an article in Farm and Fireside that the work has been satisfactory and so full of good results that we feel that we would not keep our vow to work for the good of the order did we not urge others to organize juvenile granges. The possibilities of usefulness are more than we ever dreamed. From the very first every meeting has been a success. In fact, we often hear fourth degree members say, "Well, I should not have come tonight, I am so tired, but the children were bound to come." It is a drawing card for the grange. But this is not the plea I make, though it is a good one. The great reason is that between the ages of five and fourteen are the most impressionable years. During these years the plastic mind of the child receives and retains impressions for good or bad which last throughout life. If the young mind is not surrounded by right influences a great opportunity is lost to develop virtues that are of lasting value. Time enough after fourteen, you say? Then why is it that when skilled workmen are needed in the delicate arts and crafts they are brought from the old country? There the very young children are taught the arts and crafts, and years perfect the touch of workmanship, that can never be attained by those who begin later in life.

CO-OPERATION PROPOSED.

A Grange Principle That Is Not Overworked.

Members of the grange may take a lesson from the action of farmers on Long Island in attempting to co-operate for their mutual welfare. In the vicinity of Riverhead, N. Y., there are probably 10,000 acres devoted to potato culture, and the farmers there believe that they can purchase various supplies in bulk and profit by the economy as well as obtain cheaper freight rates by shipping in carload lots. There is a very prosperous cauliflower association on the island which has saved considerable money to its members. The cost of cauliflower seed has been reduced from \$32 to \$20 a pound in four years. Before the association was formed farmers paid as high as \$8 an ounce in some cases. Practically any intelligent farmer with a few acres in cauliflower is now assured of a net profit of from \$1,000 to \$3,000. Not at all unusual is the case of August Lewin, a farmer of Balting Hollow, who last year realized \$300 an acre from twelve acres set out in cauliflower.

This is in direct line with the principles and purposes of the grange, and yet co-operation as a practical thing is not known to many granges. Isn't it about time "to get together?"

Grange Speeches Worth Money.

Overseer George A. Fuller of the New York state grange is opposed to furnishing county fairs with grange speakers at state grange expense, and the Press believes he is right. Fair managers pay for bands, balloon ascensions and fast "horses," and if they regard a grange orator a drawing card they should put up for it in their expense account. People go to fairs to see the sights and the crowd and not to hear speeches. One county fair had the governor of the state on exhibition for several years in succession. People came to see him and the \$1,000 cow and the big pumpkins. What he said no one remembers now, and little attention was given to it at the time. Unless he gave his speech to the papers it might as well have gone up in the balloon.—Utica Press.

A Profitable Grange Fair.

The grange at Copake, Columbia county, N. Y., held a fair and sale a short time ago at which the receipts were \$650, of which \$500 was put into the treasury. Quite a neat sum that!

Sparta grange, Crawford county, Pa., claims to be the largest grange in the state. It has a membership of 407. The last class initiated numbered forty-seven.

There is Money in Growing Ginseng

Prof. W. L. Howard of the Missouri State Agricultural College says: "I advise American farmers to cultivate Ginseng. Big profits may be realized. It is a hardy plant and is easily grown."—A recent bulletin issued by the Pennsylvania State Agricultural College in part says: "The supply of native Ginseng root is continually diminishing and the price per pound is correspondingly increasing, while the constant demand for the drug in China stands as a guarantee of a steady market for Ginseng in the future. The market for our cultivated root will exist as long as the Chinamen exist."—Consul General W. A. Rublee of Hong Kong says in the U. S. Consular reports: "The sale of Ginseng root grown in America is very large here and the demand is so great that much more could be disposed of advantageously. The root is as indispensable to the 400,000,000 Chinese as is their rice."

Ginseng is a staple on the market the same as corn, wheat and cotton. The present market price varies from \$5 to \$8 per pound according to quality, while the cost of production does not exceed \$1.50. There is room in an ordinary garden to grow several hundred dollars worth each year. The plant is hardy and thrives in all parts of the United States and Canada, except in arid regions. We are successful growers and can show you how to make money growing Ginseng. You can get a good start in the business for a small outlay, and soon have a comfortable income. We have several thousand choice roots for sale for fall delivery. The planting season begins in August and continues till the ground is frozen. Write us today for literature.

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