

THE BRIDE'S WELCOME.

What, did you say, was my sister sayin'?"
"No luck comes when the eyes are green."
Take that folly an' turn it stravin',
Green is the luckiest color seen,
Isn't grass green for the eyes to rest in?
Aren't the trees of the same sweet hue?
Mind you this, when she starts her jestin',
I'd love you less if your eyes were blue.

What was my little brother shoutin'?"
"Hair that 'ud match our red cow's tail."
I'll be with him an' stop his floutin',
With a kind little word from the tip of a flail,
You, with your hair where the sunshine ranges,
Like the autumn light on the beechen track,
Is it me would be wantin' changes?
I'd love you less if your hair was black.

What was my poor old mother croakin'?"
"Never a cow and hens but few."
Widows, Cushla, is sore provokin',
'Tis often all that they've left to do,
She, with her lame back, there at her knittin',
Angry with pain, and sad to be old—
Mind you this, when she starts her twittin',
I'd love you less were you lung with gold.

—Alice Fleming, in The Academy

UNDER THE CHERRY BLOSSOM.

By F. HADLAND DAVIS.

Hayano and Mine sat together on a little hill on the outskirts of a small Japanese village.

It was springtime. Cherry blossoms floated above them in big white clouds, with just a faint suggestion of pink, as if a sunset were dreaming a far away dream in its petals. The stars were beginning to twinkle in the violet robed sky, and the sound of laughter came and went in the gentle breeze, mingled with the tremulous note of a temple bell.

"How very beautiful it is," said Mine. "I wonder why the spring taps at my heart and calls and beckons, and bids me sing and clap my hands and rejoice. I think the very gods creep across the sky to-night, a great company looking down at the cherry blossoms. See, the movement of their robes almost blows out the stars, and some of them seem to change into roses and violets."

Hayano laughed softly and caressed her arm; then he let it fall gently upon the silk flowers of her kimono.

"I have a fancy," said Hayano, solemnly, "that my little one must be in love this springtime. Benzen San tries so hard to make people fall in love with each other at the coming of spring."

"Does she?" replied Mine, making the dimples come and go in her cheeks. "I wish I could fall in love with you, Hayano; but you are so honorably ugly, and your heart is so full of learned books, that I can only come to you as a friend."

"I have often pictured you as an old ascetic, sitting under an Indian sun, with birds making their nests in your hair, while you squint and squint in the effort to always keep in view the end of your nose. Does it not seem funny that Nirvana is to be found at the very end of our noses?" Mine laughed merrily, and a broad, good natured smile played round Hayano's mouth.

"Did I ever tell you about Tessen?" continued Mine. "Yes, I thought so. He went out to do battle with the Russians, the shining Sun against such a grisly, covetous Bear! A few days ago I had a letter from Tessen telling me he was on his way to Japan—and, friend Hayano, he wanted me to become his wife."

"Did he?" replied Hayano, hiding his feelings as he looked at the distant sea with a pathway of moonlight streaming away to the horizon. "I wish you both all happiness."

Mine looked at him for some time. Perhaps this school teacher, this son of a charcoal burner, this man, whose outlook on life seemed so quiet and cold, felt the tapping of springtime just a little, too.

"Life," said Hayano softly, "reminds me of that pine tree over there. With its thousands and thousands of needles it is weaving a great picture from the stars. And the stars go on sometimes, and the pine trees fall, and so the great white pictures are broken; but life goes on just the same!"

"You are sad to-night, Hayano. Let's talk about soldiers, about battlefields and brave deeds. Oh, there is music in the cannon's roar. I love soldiers, Hayano!"

"Yes, yes, of course you do," said Hayano. "And you love Tessen, do you not?"

"I think I do," replied Mine, who seemed more like a child than a woman just then. "I shall always wed you as my friend. You will always be my friend, Hayano, will you not?"

"Always," replied the man.

"And when I am in trouble," continued Mine, "you will come to this same spot, here, underneath these cherry trees?"

"Yes," answered the man.

"Tell me," said Mine, "is there any love in your heart for me?"

"Little one," replied Hayano, softly, "does the sea always rush up upon the shore and make the stones dance? No, not always. Sometimes it is silent. I am silent to-night. I love my work. I love trying to impart to children that which has delighted my own soul. And perhaps my greatest joy is to see a child catch at the books I love and love them, too. I desire only your happiness, Mine. If you are happy with Tessen, I shall be happy too."

"Yes, yes, my good friend. Oh, I am longing to see Tessen again so much! He will walk bravely with a gun and a sword, and ever so many

brave looks will come out of his eyes. And he will be wounded a little—only a little, Hayano, for the honor of Japan. Oh, there is another standard besides the standard of battle. It is called the standard of Love!"

With a little cry of delight, Mine jumped up and ran quickly down the hill.

Hayano still sat under the cherry trees, and, with his eyes wide open, he dreamed his dreams. Just as the dawn appeared he too, descended the hill. No gladsome shout came from his lips. He walked slowly, and springtime tapped at his heart, and every time he heard her tapping, he said: "I will not let her in!"

And Tessen came to the little village where Mine lived, and thrilled her heart with battle stories, and frightened her a little with his descriptions of how the Russians once fired upon a makeshift hospital, and how a Japanese soldier, made mad with cruel wounds, did mock battle with the trees. Much more she loved to sail with her lover upon the river, where the lilies grew, and where they drifted into peaceful backwaters, hidden with drooping branches that had a way of stroking the blue sky with every breath of wind. Here all the world seemed blotted out. She forgot Hayano, and saw only the handsome face of the brave Tessen. Surely he was the bravest and most handsome soldier in the Japanese army!

It was so these days passed by. In due time the little village was gay with a happy marriage—the marriage of Tessen and Mine. The good people of the village, poor as many of them were, all sent their marriage offerings, and Mine thought she was the happiest of all happy women.

A year went by. Mine carried a merry baby boy upon her back. But Mine was not merry. For the last few months Tessen had grown cold toward her. He used to go away to Tokio and remain there for several days. At last Mine knew why he went to Tokio, and the knowledge went deep down into her heart, and left it aching and sore and very lonely. Once when Tessen returned to her, he said that, as he did not want her any more, he had obtained a divorce—a divorce because she did not make rice quite as he liked it!

When the trouble came she thought of Hayano—Hayano, the good but neglected friend of hers. Many times she contemplated asking him to meet her on the little hill, and just as often she tried to banish the thought from her mind. Why should she trouble him now? And yet, eventually, she did write to Hayano, and he replied that he would meet her.

And so it came about that on a certain spring night Mine journeyed up the hill, where the cherry blossom hung like a beautiful pink-white cloud. Her baby boy laughed at the moonlight. Mine wished that he would not laugh quite so much now. How steep the hill seemed to-night, and how long the way! She rested many times on a boulder, and once she thought she would retrace her steps. Then she caught sight of a familiar figure looking in the direction of the sea. Once more Mine pressed wearily forward, nearer and nearer to that calm form so peacefully waiting for her coming. It seemed to Mine that Peace sat under the cherry blossom, and she wanted Peace to-night.

Just as the little mother reached her destination a cloud covered the moon. She put out her hands eagerly and touched the silent form.

"Is that you, Hayano?"

"Yes," replied the man. "I am so glad you have come. I have not seen you for such a long time. You are in trouble. I could tell that by the touch of your hands in the dark. Tell me all about it, little one. It eases a heart so much to reveal a sorrow to another, does it not?"

"Yes, Hayano, I think it does, just a little." And Mine squatted down by his side, and remained silent for a long time.

"Little one, I am waiting for you to tell me about your trouble," said the man, gently.

"And I," replied Mine, "am waiting for the words to come! My tongue and throat are so dry to-night. Have patience with this long silence of mine. I cannot speak yet!"

"I will wait," said the man. "I

now what that silence means, too!" Mine pressed his fingers very tightly in her own of answer.

"Dear Hayano, have you heard anything about me of late?"

"No, little one. I have heard of your marriage, that is all."

The baby boy cooed softly to himself, and then laughed because he held in his wee hand a cherry blossom.

"What was that sound?" said Hayano, hastily.

"That was my child, my little boy. He is very happy to-night. I don't think it's very kind of him to be quite so happy to-night!"

"I am so glad you have a little child," said the man, eagerly. "Some day I shall be able to teach him, glad in the thought that he is your child."

"Hayano! Don't talk like that! It hurts me."

"Listen. Have you heard of the fisherboy, Urashima, how he married the beautiful daughter of the Sea God?"

"Oh, yes! But please tell me the story again."

"'Tis a sad story; but Urashima is very much like other men. His beautiful wife gave him all her love in that great palace under the singing sea, where there were wonderful jewels, red and blue and green. But presently Urashima grew restless. He wanted to go away and see the world again. His wife gave him a box and told him never to open it. But when Urashima had seen the world he opened the box. A wonderful cloud came out and sailed away into the blue and vanished. And Urashima became a very, very old man and never went back to the palace of the sea again."

Mine paused, and then continued: "Hayano, if a woman's heart is big with love it cannot hold a man for long. Like Urashima, he goes away, and never comes back again. He opens the box of the woman he once loved and scatters the sacred treasure to the four winds. Tessen was like that. And now he has put me away. But it is better so. Watching his coldness grow, day by day, was terrible, terrible! I wish the spring had not tapped at my heart. I think it was the ghost of a spring long ago that tapped!"

Hayano gave a half stifled cry, released his hand from the grasp of Mine, and silently took the child into his arms, and caressed the small head and felt with one finger the tiny wet mouth, open a little in wonder.

"Hayano, Hayano, what is the matter?" said Mine, in a pitiful little voice. "Oh, I wish the clouds would go away from the moon. I want to see your face again so much!"

"But it is such an ugly face, Mine," said the man, trying to laugh with burning tears in his eyes.

"There is so much feeling behind it, dear man of my heart!"

Hayano started. He had never heard Mine speak like that before. He went on caressing the child, and a thrill of unspeakable joy quivered through him when small fingers wriggled against his chin.

"Hayano," said Mine, very tenderly, "I want to tell you something. I want to tell you that I never loved Tessen as I love you now. A year ago you desired my happiness. Dear lord, all my happiness is in your keeping now!"

"Wait till the moon comes out behind the clouds," was all Hayano said, as he rested his face against the small head of the boy.

Presently the moon shone forth and lit up the quaint figures sitting under the cherry tree. Mine, with a sharp cry of pain, saw her old friend in the robe of a Buddhist priest, a priest holding in his arms a little child as if it were his own.

Then Hayano said, in a voice husky with emotion: "Little one, I cannot marry you now. I have entered the service of the Lord Buddha. I have taken the vows of celibacy, and they cannot be broken. I have always loved you, Mine, but I did not know until to-night, until it was too late, that I could make you happy. And the pine trees work with their thousand needles star pictures, and the wind comes, and the pine trees fall without having finished their weaving; but life goes on just the same, doesn't it, little boy, that I shall teach some day?"

Once more the moon became hidden in a cloud. There was silence under the cherry blossom; but the far away waves broke upon the shore, and they seemed to murmur, "Urashima!"—Black and White.

Lake Tahoe Sinking.

According to recent reports Lake Tahoe in the Sierras is falling rapidly. The lake is situated on the boundary of Nevada and California near Reno, Nev. About a month ago it was observed that the waters were receding. In four weeks' time they had dropped fully six feet. The cause of the subsidence is a mystery. Two years ago the waters rose rapidly to such a height that the surrounding towns were seriously threatened. The lake is very deep, and is situated in what some believe to be an extinct volcano. Possibly the mysterious changes of level may be due to volcanic action. According to a legend of the Washoe Indians the waters once were hurled out of the lake by some subterranean force and overwhelmed the inhabitants of towns in the valley to the east.

Shepherds believe the wool on a sheep's back is an unfailing barometer. The curlier the wool the fierer will be the weather.

No goods can be landed in Turkey which bear a trade-mark at all resembling a crescent.

PENNSYLVANIA

Interesting Items from All Sections of the Keystone State.

MILLION DOLLAR PLANT

Pittsburg District Secures Industrial Prize—To Employ 2,000 Men Eventually.

More than \$1,000,000 will be expended by the Crane Company of Chicago for the erection of a large manufacturing plant at Edgewater station, Oakland, for which a site has been purchased. Work will be started within 30 days and more than 2,000 men will be given employment when the plant is ready for operation.

The company, which is engaged in the manufacture of valves and fittings in brass and iron, pipe, tools, railway supplies and machinery, is one of the largest of its kind in the country and has a capitalization of \$10,000,000.

Representatives of the company spent several days in Pittsburg completing the purchase of a 33-acre site. Thirty acres were secured from the estate of S. M. Willock for \$82,500. The Cowan, McCurdy and a few other small lots at Oakmont square up the tract.

DIES AT RIPE AGE

Honorable John Henry Negley, Nestor of Butler County Bar, Dies at Age of 84.

Butler.—Honorable John Henry Negley, nestor of the Butler county bar and for 63 years prominent in politics and affairs in Butler, died from paralysis after a long illness.

Mr. Negley was born in 1823 in one of the first houses erected in the Butler settlement, the son of John and Elizabeth Ann Negley, pioneers of the county. He was educated in the Butler public schools, then at Butler Academy and Washington College, Washington. In 1843 he commenced the study of law in the office of Honorable John Bredin and was admitted to the bar in March, 1845. He continued in practice for 62 years, with the exception of several years devoted to newspaper work.

OFFICIALS TO MOVE

Several Changes Coming in Big Manufacturing Company.

Sharon.—Several changes among the officials of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, in the Sharon and New Castle districts will be made July 1. The office of district superintendent has been abolished.

B. J. Ross, for several years assistant to Superintendent D. S. Pyle of the South Sharon tin plate mill, will be transferred to New Castle, where he will become superintendent of the Greer mill. D. S. Pyle will assume the superintendency of the Shenango mill. W. W. Davis of Cleveland, will become superintendent of the South Sharon plant.

PRIVATE BANKERS NABBED

Father and Son Charged With Embezzlement of Depositor's Funds.

Erie.—W. A. Ensign and his son, Charles, owners of the defunct private bank of W. A. Ensign & Son, in North East, Pa., were arrested by Erie police on warrants charging them with embezzlement. The complaint was made by H. E. Schultz, a depositor.

Schultz alleges the owners of the bank accepted a large deposit from him, knowing it would be impossible for the institution to open its doors for the following morning. The prisoners were released under bail of \$2,000 each for a hearing Thursday.

SHARON MILLS TO RESUME

Six Hundred Men Are to Get Employment at Coking Plant.

Sharon.—It is announced that the coking plant of the Carnegie Steel Company, South Sharon will resume operations in about two weeks. It is expected that some of the ovens will start before that time. About 600 men will be afforded employment. The company is getting a cargo of iron ore and one blast furnace will be blown in about July first. It is also announced that two blast furnaces will start at Sharpsville within the next three weeks.

TWO DEAD IN EXPLOSION

Boiler Lets Go, Doing \$10,000 Damage.

Warren.—In a boiler explosion at the Keeler mill at Wetmore, a village a few miles east of Warren, Frederick Markum, stoker of the boiler, was blown to atoms and John Passenger was fatally injured. The mill was wrecked and the property loss will reach \$10,000. Markum was literally blown to atoms, his head being found rods away from the mill.

Killed in Boxing Bout.

Philadelphia.—Thomas Hegen or Hage, a marine, was killed by a blow over the heart in a six-round boxing bout with "Johnny" Hogan, a local pugilist, on board the battleship Mississippi, lying at the navy yard. The boxing bout was the feature of a smoker Hogan, his opponent, disappeared during the excitement that followed the collapse of Hagen.

Shares in Retirement Fund.

State College.—Word was received here that State College has been placed on the list of colleges entitled to share in the Carnegie retirement fund and that I. Thornton Osmond, dean of the School of Mathematics and Physics, and the oldest professor in the college, was named as being entitled to receive a pension.

Commissioner is Named.

Harrisburg.—Governor Stuart appointed A. H. Bowen of Philadelphia a member of the Valley Forge commission.

PRISONERS WALK OUT

Thoughtfully Close the Door to Prevent Others from Following Suit.

New Castle.—Two prisoners, Lewis Downing and Fred Williams, escaped from the county jail. It was just at supper time and they got a half hour's start. The outer door closes with a spring lock, and they cut off the escape of others.

Williams pleaded guilty to stealing a wagon load of brass. Downing was convicted of picking pockets here during a circus, the jury recommending the extreme penalty. Downing hails from Pittsburg. His real name is said to be Lewis Wendell. Sheriff John Waddington has offered \$100 reward for the capture of either man. It is supposed they hid in the outer corridor as the prisoners walked out at supper time for their rations, and picked the outer door when the sheriff went inside.

Mrs. Waddington saw them run down the street and went to see if any prisoners had escaped, but her suspicions were lulled when she found the outer door securely locked. The jail contains more than 50 prisoners, many of whom face serious crimes.

SEWAGE PLANT HELD UP

Pittsburg Engineer's Work at Butler Stopped by Injunction.

Butler.—On application of 25 taxpayers, Judge James M. Galbreath issued a preliminary injunction restraining the Burgess and Council from entering into a contract with F. G. Ross of Pittsburg, for the plans and specifications for a \$100,000 sewage disposal plant and the engineering services on its erection.

The petitioners allege the contract was awarded without competitive bids, that the proceedings were irregular and that council has two other bids. Ross' bid was \$6,000, and it is said other bids were lower. State Commissioner of Health Samuel G. Dixon has ordered the plans submitted before July 1, but the court will not hear the case before September.

STATE BEARS THE COST

Pays Court Bills in the Capitol Conspiracy Cases.

Harrisburg.—The costs in the Capitol contract trial will be borne by the Commonwealth, not by James T. Walters, the prosecutor, and the bail of all the defendants in the Capitol cases will be repaid until next fall, when additional cases will be called for trial. The metallic cases which served as exhibits were removed from the courthouse to the Capitol.

Bankers Are Arraigned.

Erie.—W. A. Ensign and his son, Charles A. Ensign, of Northeast, Pa., bankers, were arraigned before Justice of the Peace C. E. Graham on a charge of embezzlement and bound over to the September term of court. Directly after hearing, they were re-arrested on two similar charges, preferred by Isaac Ackerman and J. F. McGill, who alleged that they had deposited over \$1,000 with the bankers, who illegally accepted it, knowing that the institution was insolvent. The defendants waived a hearing on these two charges and were released on bail.

Mrs. Hartje Wins Again.

Pittsburg.—Mrs. Mary Scott Hartje, wife of Augustus Hartje, the millionaire paper manufacturer, whose unsuccessful divorce litigation against his wife has been widely published, won another victory when, by a decision of Judge Frazer, she was awarded \$5,000 a year alimony, \$26,750 for court expenses and \$7,000 for attorney's fees. Her claim for expenses and counsel fees was but slightly reduced by the court.

Remove Auto Restrictions.

Butler.—The Butler board of trade reorganized by electing Louis B. Stein, president; Dr. M. E. Hardland and J. H. Whitesides, vice president; John C. Graham, secretary, and Elias Ritts, treasurer. The board adopted a resolution asking council to start public improvements to give work to unemployed. Autoists in other cities are to be informed the ban has been raised here and fines for petty offenses will no longer be imposed.

New Monument at Grove City.

Grove City.—Among the notable features of commencement week at Grove City College was the unveiling of the beautiful bronze bust of Benjamin Franklin by Jean Antoine Houden, presented by Dr. J. Ackerman Coles of New York City.

To Serve Twenty Years.

New Castle.—Nick Sanati, convicted of second degree murder for killing Squire William Duff, of Hillsville, two years ago, was sentenced by Judge William E. Porter to 20 years to the penitentiary. Sanati expected a first degree verdict.

Saltsburg.—Over five hundred people attended the annual reunion of the Walker family at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hezekiah Ruppert on the Morton Fleming farm, near here.

Railroad Rolling Stock Fired.

Holidaysburg.—An effort was made by incendiaries to set fire to 6,000 freight cars in the local yards. Fires were started in four different quarters. Prompt work by the Holidaysburg fire department prevented a conflagration.

Locomotive Shops Resume Work. Reading.—The Reading Company's locomotive shops here, which have been closed for the last 10 days, have been ordered on five days. They employ 1,500 hands, and in the busiest times 2,200 were on the roll.

Truth and Quality

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing. Accordingly, it is not claimed that Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is the only remedy of known value, but one of many reasons why it is the best of personal and family laxatives is the fact that it cleanses, sweetens and relieves the internal organs on which it acts without any debilitating after effects and without having to increase the quantity from time to time.

It acts pleasantly and naturally and truly as a laxative, and its component parts are known to and approved by physicians, as it is free from all objectionable substances. To get its beneficial effects always purchase the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

World's Consumption of Coffee.

Consul James E. Dunning of Milan, reports that, according to statistics published in a leading coffee trade journal, the world's consumption of coffee in 1907 amounted to 16,825,000 sacks, of which 6,980,000 sacks were consumed in the United States, 3,050,000 sacks in Germany, 1,625,000 sacks in France, leaving 5,170,000 for consumption in all other countries. The consul adds that the consumption of coffee in Italy is only 1.44 pounds per capita.

VETERAN OF THREE WARS.

A Pioneer of Colorado and Nebraska.

Matthias Campbell, veteran of the Civil War and two Indian wars, and a pioneer of Colorado, now living at 218 East Nebraska street, Blair, Neb., says: "I had such pains in my back for a long time that I could not turn in bed, and at times there was an almost total stoppage of the urine. My wife and I have both used Doan's Kidney Pills for what doctors diagnosed as advanced kidney troubles, and both of us have been completely cured." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Leads Simplest Life.

In a wood about 30 miles from London lives an old man who for 20 years has known no other roof than an umbrella. "Twenty years ago I took to the woods," he said. "During the great snowstorm a few weeks ago I slept soundly, and when I woke up in the morning I was covered with snow many inches deep. But I am never ill. I have not had a day's illness in my life. I have lived a simple, single life and I have no more worry than that tree has. I have no wife and taxes to pay, I have no wife to bother me and I have plenty of friends. No one ever interferes with me. I never light a fire, and I never ask for money. When darkness comes on I put up my big umbrella, take my boots off, put my legs into a sack, and cover myself up with clothing, on top of which I place this mackintosh."—London Mail.

Force of Thunderbolt.

Prof. A. Herschel, in the Quarterly Journal of the Royal Meteorological Society, describes the extraordinary effects produced by lightning in the midst of an open moor in Northumbria. A hole four or five feet in diameter was made in the flat, peaty ground, and from this half a dozen furrows extended on all sides. Pieces of turf were thrown in various directions, one three feet in diameter and a foot thick having fallen 78 feet from the hole. Investigation showed that in addition to the effects visible on the surface, small holes had been bored in the earth radiating from the large excavation.

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It is a food that is perfectly balanced, supplies the needed elements of brain and nerves in all stages of life from the infant, through the strenuous times of active middle life, and is a comfort and support in old age.

"For two years I have used Grape-Nuts with milk and a little cream, for breakfast. I am comfortably hungry for my dinner at noon."

"I use little meat, plenty of vegetables and fruit, in season, for the noon meal, and if tired at tea time, take Grape-Nuts and feel perfectly nourished."

"Nerve and brain power, and memory are much improved since using Grape-Nuts. I am over sixty and weigh 155 lbs. My son and husband seeing how I had improved, are now using Grape-Nuts."

"My son, who is a traveling man, eats nothing for breakfast but Grape-Nuts and a glass of milk. An aunt, over 70, seems fully nourished on Grape-Nuts and cream." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.