MY AUNT POLLY.

 MY AUNT POLLY.

 The greenest grass, the sweetest flowers, grew at Aunt Polly's door,
 Gold-winged arrows plereed the gloom of valley, wood and nook.

 The finest apples, miles around, Aunt Polly's orchard bore:
 Gold-winged arrows plereed the gloom of valley, wood and nook.

 Aunt Polly's door,
 Bight fleeks of crimson rode the clouds and tumbled in the brook.

 Aunt Polly's cows were sleek and fat, her chicks a woodroussize,
 Gave back with cheer the apple's bue, the prompkin's, and the square.

 And Jabez Smith, the hired man, was wilty, great and wise.
 Till dear Aunt Polly would exclaim, "What a perfect day to wash!"

 I used to go wills date at night, with elinking pails to milk:
 What seam of incense then would rise from dear Aunt Polly's tub'.

 Sometimes he d let me feed the coits and rub their coats of silk;
 What sheat Aunt Polly's tub'.

 Mat the moon that rose in those days, just beind the scattle bars.
 No skylark's note, no poet's song, more praiseful than the tune.

 Was twice as large as it to now with twice as the grass lay strewn.
 She hummed the white her finen white upon the grass lay strewn.

Aunt Polly was a qualat old sou!-a busy Aunt Polly, faithful, gentle, entered long

Aunt Polly, failhful, gentls, entered long since to reward;
 Hiving the honey up for all, with never thought of pay.
 How many dawns we watched the sun, upsrising th the east.
 Shake out its banners o'er the hills and drive away the mist?
 Brake out its banners o'er the hills and drive away the mist?

**** MAKESHIFT OF JONAS KEMP.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

Clarissa Collins carried each pot to the back door and inverted it briskly. The little heap grew high and un-answored as dumbly. His seamed stable. There were a good many pots, old face turned doggedly away from and it was quite a distance from the the windows, and the pain on it was sitting room window to the back door. Clarissa was tired when the stained green-painted shelves were emptied and all the litter swept up. "There!" she breathed with a little

may of relief, sinking into a rocker, "I'm thankful that job's done with! It's been staring at me ever since 1 came.

Clarissa invariably spoke of the day, a few weeks ago, when she and Jonas drove from the minister's into the little trim side-yard, na "when I came." Since that day there had been a good in ny reforms at the Kemp place. The heap of discarded geraniums and fachsias was only one of

to litter without putting up with what min't got to. You've got to water 'em, and you've got to putter with 'em and coddle 'em, an' there's always a mussy, wet place under 'em and sprigs and dry leaves. I can't abida 'em if other folks can. Thuse that like 'em are perfectly welcome-I don't."

Clarissa rocked backward and forward in the capacious, calico-softened chair, communing aloud. Her comely, middle-aged face had a look of ra-Hef upon it. Once only a slight shade of remorse quivered across it and was gone.

"He'd ought to know I'd do it," she muttered, "and he ought to have got his mind made up by this time. I've given him time enough-ever since I came. I told him, ten minutes after, that I couldn't fellowship with a mess of plants. I guess that was good and fair warning!"

The rockers took to sudden creaking as if pleading in Jouns' behalf. In the sunny windows the green shelves looked bare and lonesome. There were little round circles, smaller and larger, side by side along their lengths, where the pots had stood. The biggest circle of all spoke pathetically of Jonas' pet cactus that bore the dainty pink flowers among its spines-that "Alwildy" had set store by. Alwilda was the wife that had driven from the minister's into the trim yard first. Even Jonas was hardly fonder of plants than Alwilda had been.

Clarisea Kemp-late, very late - room the bared shelves and the unof Alwilda looking out of the daguerreotype on the wall. Clarissa's keen

ever did not see it. Twenty years divided Jouns and Clarissa Kemp, and Clarissa was not young. She had tailored and stitched away all her young years in her small illage shop before she came. It had been a seven days' wonder to Clarisan's friends and twice thrice that to Clavissa herself, that she had locked her shop door and gone to the minis-

to 's with Jonas Kemp. After supper that night Jonas did his chores and took down his pipe. Clarissa permitted no smoking inof plants round, littering? There's abide the smell of flowers, but tobacco to litter without muttion to that's got --faugh? So Jonus had be smoke under the stars, or, rainy highls, sitting on the saw-horse in the woodshed. Alwilda had "liked" the smell of his pipe. Heaven forgive the gentle little prevarication!

Whon Jonas went in again at early bedtime the heap of pots and brnised plants was cleared neatly away, and Jonas had the rug, well shaken, under his avm. He spread it with precise painstaking in exactly its place on the sitting room floor. "I found it out by the back door,

Chrissy," he said gently.

"Um-m-m," mumbled Clarinsa, a litthe taken aback. And that was all that was ever said about the plants. After that, if Clavissa had not been occupied continually with keeping the house "unlittere i" and most spotless-ly prim, she would have taken notice that Jonas stayed a good deal-somewhere-out-of-doors. He speut rare miuntes only in his old place beside the sitting room window. And passers-by-if there had been any passersby-on the grassy cross road that ran past the old, unpainted Kemp barn would have looked curiously at the big barn windows. There were two of them, and both were n-bloom with red geraniums and gay with purple and crimson fuchsias. Rough deal shelves stretched behind the cobwebbed paues, and every one was

brightly tenanted. But passers-by were few, and Clarissa never passed by. Her way, when she went abroad, was by the wider main road that ran uphill and down again to town. Clarissa never went to the Jonas Kemp and the cows, the barn. great barn cat and Dennis were the only ones that saw the red geraniums blooming bravely in the barn windows-unless, who can tell?-unless Alwilda saw them. Another thing Clarissa might have noticed was how long the old pine lay untouched on the kitchen mantel. Jonas went out to his evening smoke night after night-without it! If it had been his way to say things he might have said that when one's plants have been destroyed ruthlessly one must replace them somehow even if one must buy them with the tobacco one misses filling the old pipe with. And that would have explained the times of late that Jonas had driven alone to the little city down the river and come back, past Clarissa's window and Clarissa's curious eyes, with a queer, humpy loal "in behind. "Humph! Now I wonder Now I wonder what Jonas 's got all tucked up in behind,' Clarissa would muse, eyeing suspiciously the humps. "'Tisn't grain an' tisn't critters-live ones anyway. And he couldn't 've got 'em if they were alive, not without my knowing where the money had gone to." But Clarissa had . not put her curious thoughts into questions, and the times of being curious and the knobby, covered leads "in behind" Jonas had gone by together. She was very busy all the late summer and early fail sew ing rags for her gay new carpet that was to transfigure the duil little corner parlor where uobody went and nobody wanted to go.

It saved such a pile of litter and meas A that way. Jonas plodded in. He looked bent

and feeble. "You aren't sick, are you, Jonas?"

Clarissa asked a little auxiously. "Oh, no-no, I guess I ain't sick, Clarissy. I guess not," auswored Jonas, dully. He crossed to the mantel and took down his pipe and blew the dust from it. A little glint of eagerness crept into his eyes—it was so much like shaking hands with au old friend again.

"Where are you going to? "Jest for a little smoke, Clarismy-

jest for a little smoke."

"Land of goodness-at two o'clock in the afternoon! Jonas Kemp, you aren't losing your faculties, I hope!"

Jouns peered up at the old clock above him and then at the afternoou sun riding across the heavens. He dazed. The pipe slipped bedtool through his fingers unnoticed and lay in two pieces on the bare floor,

"I guess I got mixed up, Clariusy I thought 'twas after supper," he explained with an apologetic attempt at langhing. "I goess I'll go out and wait a spell, till 'the."

rebolings tagged at her heart-strings till they vibrated dismally. "Pil go kont Jonas up," she said

briskly, shutting her cars to the sound. "It's just as likely as not he's fallen sound asleap somewhere. He's get-

She want through the porch and carriage house and then with quickened steps up to the barn. It was a new trip, up over the stony path, for Clarissa, and the stones hurt her feat.

"For the land of goodness' sake!" she criel shrilly at the barn door. The flowers in the windows-row on row of them -dunced diznity before her eyes. In Clarinea Kemp's and Clarinea Collins' life she had never been so astonished.

One of the windows was raised a little, and the breeze crept in and set all the bright flowers nodding, friend-

ly-wise, at her. Row on row, shelf on shelf-for the land of goodness' sake! But how cozy and homelike they looked! How pleasant the weathered old baru lookedt

Then Clarissa went in. As long as she lived-and the Collinses came of a long-lived race-she never forgot the things she saw that afternoon in Jonas Kemp's barn. The strip of car-pet by one of the windows, the broken chairs set about Alwildy's mother's spinning wheel, the light of the sun through the garanium leaves and, dimly, on the haymows behind and on all the cobwebs and cobwebs-and Jonas there, asleep. Charissa saw them all She now them over and over again till she died.

"Jonas!" she called softly, after a minute or two. "Jonas, it's supper time-Jonas!"

She went up to him and prodded his thimble, to have it "handy," "Jonas!

She tilted his drooping old face toward her and the light. It was twisted and white,

"Oh, he's got a stroke-Jonas!-Jonas! - he's got a stroke?" Clarissa cried wildly.

Jonas opened his eyes and looked at her in an unacquainted, troubled

way. "it's pleasant-out here," he murmured thick y. "The plants-don't take 'em-away!"

"Jonas, dear Jonas, you must get right up and come into the house with

SELF-MADE MAN, an acquisition by purchase, neither

conquest nor inheritance having any-

thing to do with it, a fact that consti-

tuted cause for annoyance in the

breasts of some of the sensitive de

scendants of the lairds of Glencoe.

The future laird of that estate, how-

ever, was equal to the emergency.

Glen and Strath are said to be syno-

nyms for small ravine, while both

coe and cons mean stream, making

Lord Strathcona's Canadian home in

of paintings contains one of the most

ONE OF THE UNUSUAL PROD-UCTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Lord Stratheona Has Lately Been Made a Cauadian Peer-Sketch of a Self-Made Man Who Has Risen to Wealth and Power.

An English-Canadian baron, peer of her majesty's realm, chancellor of Mc-Gill University at Montreal, resident governor of the Hudson Bay Company, and also claiming the interest of the United States as president of the Bank of Montreal, Chicago, Montreal and London, and as a director of the St. Paul, Minneapolls and Manitoba railway and the Great Northern railway, of Minnesota, is Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. His recent prominence in connection with the governor genoralship lends additional interest to the new member of the house of lords, whose projects have been almost as intimately identified with the United States as they have with Canada. Ent at supporting Jonas did not appear. Hall-past five, six, half-past six--atill no Jonas. At quarter of seven Clariasa was frightened. Dim Since the tempestuous days of '37 no ship has been shown in Canada as has been manifested the past year. After the departure of Lord Dufferin the appointment of the queen's son-in-law to Rideau hall seemed a nearer drawing of the dominion to the throne of England. It amounted to little more than a deserved compliment, however, and

LORD STRATHCONA

fashion until a French-Canadian lib-eral gave promise in his election to the ing hall bear portraits of the succespremiership of making radical chang- sive presidents of the Hudson Bay Company, and are surmounted by the Would the mother land give Can-68. ada a successor to Lord Aberdeen from monogram "H. B. C." among the representative men who had wrought out the destiny of the FOREMOST OF THE YOUNGER young nation? If such a departure POETS. from British conservatism had been made it was an open secret that vice If Richard Hovey were an Englishregal honors would have fallen to Lord man he would probably be exploited Stratheona and Mount Royal. The in a number of our magazines. As he is an American, his "boom" is small; time for such home rule has not come in the dominion, however, and Lord but he can afford to bide his time. From an article in the December Book-Minto, military secretary to Lord Lansdowne during the Riel rebellion. man some facts about his life are gained. He was born in Bloomington, has received the approbation of Windsor castle and Canada as Aberdeen's III., 34 years ago, but he spent his successor. But it does not alter the boyhood in Washington and in Andoyfact that in London as high commiser, Mass. He was graduated from Dartmouth college, and for the last twelve years has divided his time besioner and peer of the realm, Lord Strathcona stands as one of the strongtween New York and Washington, Two est factors in Canadian politics. His lordship's latest project in relayears he spent in Paris, where he was tion to colonization which, it is said, intimate with Stephane Mallarme and Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian myswill shortly be submitted to the government, is unique. It is to establish agricultural and colonial schools where tic. He translated Maeterlinck's plays and his version was so faithful that it youths from Great Britain will be reproduced much of the charm of the trained in farming, mining and ranchoriginal. Hovey's best work is the trilogy on Launcelot and Guinevere,

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

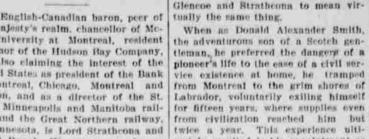
A BACHELOR'S WEALTH.

According to Instructions, Relatives Lift a Board and Discover \$8,600 in Gold Willish Decensed Had Secreted.

<text><text><text><text><text> one of Montreal's show places. Its huge granite pile, with conleal towers, was built a few years ago. Its gallery famous collections of old masters and modern originals in America. The history of each canvas or curlo and the rare specimens of oriental art that sion of third section of the revenue act of 1891. He expresses the hope that the present legislature will refrain from the error of passing resolution for investigating committees to inves-ligate industrial and other questions, which he mays are imperesarily ex-consive to the state. At the close of the address the governor and party were excorted to the senate chamber to witness the inauguration of General Gobin. After a short address by the licentanial governor the party whe

to witness the inauguration of General Gobin. After a short address by the heatenant governor the party was driven to a pavilion in front of the exe-cutive mansion to review the parade. Dovernor Stone has nominated W. W. Griest, of Lancauter, for Secretary of the Commonwealth, and John P. Elkin for Attorney General. The following pensions were granted insi week: Peter Young, Altoona, H: Henry H. Pitts, Dicksonburg, 36 to 58; Henry Brinker, Latrobe, 314 to 317; Joel McNutt, Percy, 38 to 312; Kimon Colege, Hopewell, 16 to 58; Heacklah Miller, Tyrons, 38 to 316; Adam Chronister, Wenks 56 to 35; Simon Deyar, Tatan-tun, 46 to 312; Absalom Noff, Pitm-ville, 56 to 38; Hiram Good, Selina Grove, 38 to 39; Marry J. Stauffer, Washingtonboro, 88; Derome M. Dunn, Altoona, 36; William B. Nash, Beaver, 55; Edward W. Chamberlin, Free-manshurg, 36; Benjamin H. Clark, dead, Pieture Rocks, 38; Andrew Comrey, Newville, 312; Jacob W. Rea-mer, Franklin, 58; Samuel R. P. Neg-mer, Franklin, 58; Samuel R. P. Neg-mer, Franklin, 59; Samuel R. P. Neg-mer, Franklin, 54; Samuel R. P. Neg- Henry Lener, South Fork, 510 to 512;
 Hiram H. Lewis, Reynoldsvills, 58 to 510; Jacob D. Walter, Clayaburg, 58 to 810; John M. Kirk, Allegheny, 56 to 58;
 Frederick H. Schrader, New Albany, 512 to 517; Christian Grafin, Alteona, 510 to 555. Frederick H. Schrader, New Albany, Si2 to S17; Chritian Graffin, Altoona, S16
Si2 to S17; Chritian Graffin, Altoona, S21; Henry Decker, Huntingdon, S6 to S5; Mary A. Freeman, Connelisville, 15; Eilen Calhoun, Pittsburg, S8; Amanda McHue, Sayre, S12; William D. Kefler, Candor, S6; Martin J. Steffler, Candor, S6; John W. Williams, Etna, 58; Cornelius D. McCombs, Pittsburg, S5; George S. Haberfield, Alleghery, 35; George S. Haberfield, Alleghery, 35; Hiram Van Horn, Hauser Milas, 510; P. N. U-Sel Mur-Sat - Jan 21
James McHue, dead, Sayre, 372; John C. Calhoun, dead, Pittsburg, 46; Levi Sloighter, Mercersburg, 46; Levi Sloighter, Mercersburg, 46; Levi Sloighter, Mercersburg, 46; James Clark, North Sewickley, 310; James M. Duer, Turtle Creek, 310; Alfred Wagner, Elk Lick, 810.

Turtle Creek, \$10: Alfred Wagner, Elk Lick, \$10. A serious accident was narrowly averted last week east of Claysville. The tunnel train, pulled by engine Nc. 77, was in No. 3 tunnel with a number of men under Boss Herman Stuart, testing the tunnel roof. An eastb und freight medical instructions from the testing the tunnel roof. An eastb und freight received instructions from the tunnel train flagman to watch out for the train in the tunnel. The engineer must have misunderstood the instru-lions, for he started toward the tunnel must have misunderstood the instruc-tions, for he statted toward the tunnel at a good speed. However, a workman happened to be outside and gave a re-verse signal to the engine. But not soon enough, and there was a small colli-sion, injuring Boss Stuart and Thur-man Hayden. Levi Slator, a wealthy retired far-mer, who owns considerable real es-tate at Butler, w.s. the owner last when Slator went to look for the egg. When Slator went to look for the egg. he found it had been filehed by some-one, and blamed the adopted son of Olive Matthews, one of his neighbors. The boy denied the charge, and in the controversy over the question Slator sources a violently that Miss Matthews (aused his arrest, and he was fined \$25 and costs. This action excited Slator's temper more than ever, and Miss Mat-thews brought suit against him for \$1,550. Noticing a peculiar stench arising from a refrigerator car which arrived Noticing a peculiar stench arising from a refrigerator car which arrived with a northbound Reading freight train at Tacoma the other evening. Brakeman George Miller made an in-vestigation, and found the badiy de-composed body of a man about 28 years old in the ice cannel. The dead man bore wounds indicating fout piay. Glenn McCormick, son of Dr. John McCormick, of Greensburg, died a few days ago, aged 16. The hoy was one of six who drank from a spring at Athletic park a short time ago. All were stricken with typhoid fev r two days later. The others are convalesdays later. The others are convales-c-nt except a younger son of Dr. Mc-Cormick. William Colley, a Jeannetts barber, has sued Fred Abbott for \$1,000 dam-ages, claiming he circulated a report that he contracted the barber's itch at Colley's shop.



adorn the Japanese and other apartments of this princely home would things jogged along after the same old each be an interesting theme for a

mately resulted in his appointment as the governor of the great Hudson Bay Fur Company, the oldest company engaged in husiness on earth, having been incorporated by Charles II, in 1670

There's some sense to having windows to sit by that you can see out of," mused Clarissa contentedly, gazing out on the strip of meandering roadway stretching bleakly away up "Now I can see the people passing-there's Deacon Pottle coming a'ready! I can tell it's the deacon by the way the horse wags his head and meeches along down the hill. Seems to me I'd have a creature with some kind of spirit to him. Why, no; it's Jonas-as I live!"

With a sudden accession of nervousness, Clarissa Kemp snatched a rug and hurried to the back door. Jonas and the old horse were turning into the lane. She could hear the pound, pound of clumsy hoofs on the hard She threw the rug over the heap of broken plants and waited to pull down one corner across the tiers of interlocked ea-then pots beside it.

"I don't want it to come on him all in a heap," she marmured. "Jonas has to have time to get used to things. He sin't a sudden man, Jonas ain't. I've found that out since I came."

Then she burried back to the rocking chair by the window. Jonas was just plodding past.

"Why, ain't you early, Jonas?" Clarissa called, a httle breathless with huvrying. "It's only 3 o'clock. I wasn't looking for you back till supper time.

"Yes, I am early-whoa, back, Den nis, who-al-but the town meeting ris' early. We got through our doings sooner'n we expected to. They appointed me moderator." Jonas' voice had a ring of modest

pride in it. Clarissa langued appreciatively.

"I should say you'd moderate splendidly, Jonas, "she said, "but I shouldn't 've supposed you'd 've moderated so fastP

The old horse started up and went staidly on toward the barn, with the

"Clarissy's a real humorons woman," poudered Jonas; "she's got all of it that Alwildy didn't have. Whon, back, Dennis!"

One afternoon, as she sewed, she heard Jonas' plodding feet tap slowly up the walk and Jonas' heavy breath keeping time to the taps. What in land of goodness was Jonas coming in

that time o' day for? It was so un-asual that Clarissa let the strip of red trail of Clarissa's langhter in his wake, and yellow rags slide out of her lap and curl like a brilliant serpent at her feet. Jonas "came in" so seldom, intely, except to his meals. She hard-ly saw his unsailing old face from

Whos, back, Dennist" If Jonas noticed the unwieldy heap under Clarissa's rug on his, way back to the house he said nothing about it. It was not Jonas Kemp's way to say things. In the trig little sitting

me-me, Clarissy, Jonas. Don't you know Clarissy?"

"I know somebody-Alwildy, murmured Jonas, trying to smile with his twisted lips. One arm hung limp beside him, and he touched it curious ly with his other hand.

"It doesn't belong to me," he said. After a little while his mind grew quite clear again, and then he pleaded to stay with his flowers. "Couldn't I lay in bed out here, Cla-

rissy?" he asked timidly. "Jest till I feel better? The plants 'll miss mean' I like it out here-I like it out here-like it out here."

Again and again he mumbled it wistfally.

The tune Clarissa's heart-strings were wailing almost broke her heart. She got help at a neighbor's, and they took Jonas home. He was dozing all the way. It was almost a day later when Jonas fully awoke.

"Ain't it -pleasant-out here-in the barn, Clarissy?" he whispered, happily. "I like it out here-don't

"Yes," Clarissa said brightly. "I like it 'out here,' Jonas.

The green-painted shelves had back their old tenants and new tenants, row upon row. The windows opposite Jonas' bed were full of geraniums and gay purple and red fuchsias, and the cactus was there that Alwilda had Her mother's spinning wheel loved. Jonas. How pleasant it looked "ont there!" How the smaller through the geranium leaves and made dancing traceries on the wall. A sprig of the snu leaves lav across Clarissa's

face, and Jonas smilled at it like a pleased child. "Clarissy," he whispered eagerly,

"can't we stay out here always? like it out here."

Clarissa's eyes fell on a tiny litter

of dry leaves under a window. "Yes, Jonas," she smiled, "yes, we'll stay 'out here' always. I like it, too,"-Country Gentleman.

The Quality of the Water. Doctor-Can you get pure water at our boarding house?

Patient-Not always. I frequently detect just a flavor of coffee in it.---Detroit Free Press.

ing, coupled with a military education. These schools will be established at Brandon, Winnipeg, Calgary and elsewhere, in buildings erected at government expense. At the end of three years those government proteges who give satisfaction will receive diplomas. in addition to donations of eighty to 160 acres of land.

It is not generally known in the United States that Lord Strathcona, as Sir Donald Smith, participated largely in the early "development" of our own northwest, and that he has much capital invested with us, whether we like it or not. When the decree to create the "first baron of Strathcona and Mount Royal" was decided upon as a jubilee tribute to Sir Donald Smith it was judged appropriate to confer upon him the title of Mount Royal-"Montreal"-in remembrance of his princely donations to that city. It was likewise deemed proper to permit the new baron's use of the beaver -Canada's heraldic animal-the emblem of perseverance, as a charge on his escutcheon. But when it came to combining with Mount Royal "Glencoe," the name of Sir Donald's highland estate, as was first intended, that was quite another affair. Glencoe was



Vagabondia," in collaboration with Bliss Carman, and a new volume of his short poems is just out, entitled "Along the Trail."

While assisting to cut a bar of steel at the file works at Beaver Falls the other day. Loward Watson had an eye cut epimely out by a piece of the steel striking it.

sizel striking it. Jacob Crow, aged 22, of Nicholson township, was instantly killed by a rolling log, while at work at Van Lowe's sawmill on Georges crick one

Lowe's sawmill on Georges cr.ek one day last week. Little Cooly, in Crawford county, has a gold mine scare. Quartz has been in struck-several wells in the vi-cinity and a company has been organ-ised to sink a shaft. Samuel E. Evans, ared 28, a prosper-ous farmer near Webster, dropped dead while on his way to a train.