

MY AUNT POLLY.

The greenest grass, the sweetest flowers, grew at Aunt Polly's door...

Gold-winged arrows pierced the gloom of valley, wood and nook...

THE MAKESHIFT OF JONAS KEMP.

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

Clarissa Kemp—late, very late—Clarissa Collins—carried each pot to the back door...

from the bare shelves and the unworked tallow of sunshine across them...

"There!" she breathed with a little gasp of relief, sinking into a rocker...

Twenty years divided Jonas and Clarissa Kemp, and Clarissa was not young...

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...

After supper that night Jonas did his chores and took down his pipe. Clarissa permitted no smoking indoors...

"I can't and I won't abide a mess of plants round, littering! There's enough goodness knows, that's got to litter without putting up with what ain't got to..."

When Jonas went in again at early bedtime the heap of pots and brained plants was cleared neatly away...

Clarissa rocked backward and forward in the spacious, calico-softened chair, communing aloud...

"I found it out by the back door, Clarissy," he said gently.

"He'd ought to know I'd do it," she muttered, "and he ought to have got his mind made up by this time..."

After that, if Clarissa had not been occupied continually with keeping the house "unlittered" and most spotlessly prim...

The roekers took to sudden creaking as if pleading in Jonas' behalf. In the sunny windows the green shelves looked bare and lonesome...

Another thing Clarissa might have noticed was how long the old pine lay untouched on the kitchen mantel...

With a sudden accession of nervousness, Clarissa Kemp snatched a rug and hurried to the back door...

But passers-by were few, and Clarissa never passed by. Her way, when she went abroad, was by the wider main road...

"There's some sense to having windows to sit by that you can see out of," mused Clarissa contentedly...

And that would have explained the times of late that Jonas had driven alone to the little city down the river...

"I don't want it to come on him all in a heap," she murmured, "Jonas has to have time to get used to things..."

"Humph! Now I wonder what Jonas's got all tucked up in behind," Clarissa would muse, eyeing suspiciously the humps...

"Why, ain't you early, Jonas?" Clarissa called, a little breathless with hurrying...

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...

"Yes, I am early—whoa, back, Dennis, who-a!—but the town meeting ris' early..."

One afternoon, as she sewed, she heard Jonas' plodding feet tap slowly up the walk and Jonas' heavy breath keeping time to the taps...

"Jonas' voice had a ring of modest pride in it, Clarissa laughed appreciatively."

"Clarissy," he whispered eagerly, "can't we stay out here always? I like it out here..."

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

"Yes, Jonas," she smiled, "yes, we'll stay 'out here' always. I like it, too."—Country Gentleman.

The old horse started up and went steadily on toward the barn, with the trail of Clarissa's laughter in his wake...

Doctor—Can you get pure water at your boarding house? Patient—Not always. I frequently detect just a flavor of coffee in it.—Detroit Free Press.

A SELF-MADE MAN.

ONE OF THE UNUSUAL PRODUCTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Lord Strathcona has lately been made a Canadian 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 McGill University at Montreal...

"Where are you going to?" "Just for a little smoke, Clarissy—just for a little smoke."

Since the tempestuous days of '37 no such interest in the governor generalship has been shown in Canada as has been manifested the past year...

"I'll go out to the barn," she said briskly, shutting her ears to the sound.

Lord Strathcona.



LORD STRATHCONA.

She went through the porch and carriage house and then with quickened steps up to the barn...

fashion until a French-Canadian liberal gave promise in his election to the premiership of making radical changes...

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

story. The windows of the great dining hall bear portraits of the successive presidents of the Hudson Bay Company...

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FOREMOST OF THE YOUNGER POETS.

She went up to him and prodded his shoulder with her thimble finger—Clarissa nearly always wore her thimble, to have it "handy."

If Richard Hovey were an Englishman he would probably be exploited in a number of our magazines...

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Noticing a peculiar stench arising from a refrigerator car which arrived with a northbound Reading freight train...

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

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KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED.

A BACHELOR'S WEALTH.

According to Instructions, Relatives Left a Hoard and Discover \$9,600 in Gold Which Deceased Had Secreted.

Residents of Wallace township, Chester county, in Puttstown told of the discovery of \$9,600 in gold and paper money at the home of Elijah Buckwater...

Colonel William H. Stone was Tuesday inaugurated governor of Pennsylvania. General J. P. S. Gobin, at the same time, was inducted into the office of lieutenant governor...

Lord Strathcona's Canadian home is one of Montreal's show places. Its huge granite pile, with conical towers, was built a few years ago...

The following pensions were granted last week: Peter Young, Altoona, \$4; Henry H. Pitts, Dicksonburg, \$6 to \$8...

A serious accident was narrowly averted last week east of Sayreville. The tunnel train, pulled by engine No. 77...

Noticing a peculiar stench arising from a refrigerator car which arrived with a northbound Reading freight train at Tacoma the other evening...

Glenn McCormick, son of John McCormick, of Greensburg, died a few days ago, aged 16. The boy was one of six who drank from a spring at Athletic park a short time ago...

William Colley, a Jeannette barber, has sued Fred Abbott for \$1,000 damages, claiming he circulated a report that he contracted the barber's itch at Colley's shop.

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Jacob Crow, aged 22, of Nicholson township, was instantly killed by a rolling log, while at work at Van Lowe's sawmill on Georges creek one day last week.

Little Cooley, in Crawford county, has a gold mine scare. Quartz has been in struck several wells in the vicinity and a company has been organized to sink a shaft.

Samuel E. Evans, aged 29, a prosperous farmer, near Goshawater, dropped dead while on his way to a train.



RICHARD HOVEY.