

WHEN MA'S AWAY.

Tell you what, when ma's away we have jolly times, I say.

But somehow—I hardly know—'Course it's fun as such things go.

We don't have to any more scrape our boots clean at the door.

No one here when things are blue, just to tell us what to do.

No one scolds us when we fight, faces washed or not, all right.

No one here when things are blue, just to tell us what to do.

With the Smiths when ma's away.

At our house, when ma's away.

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town, and of course I have read your verses.

"How time must clamor at your doors to be killed!" said Ashe.

"Ah, now you are asking to your little brain children!" reproached the girl.

"You have been sufficiently over-kind to even up accounts, in mentioning them at all," returned Ashe.

"I don't understand you," she said, a little haughtily, and then she smiled at his crestfallen face.

"It can't be possible!" insisted Ashe. "The Princess Constantia Gregorius—and I was asked to ask of what! Don't you know, Miss Gregory—don't you realize that you are my 'Lady of Dreams'?"

"I!" said Miss Gregory—"I your Lady of—oh, Mr. Ashe! Remember that I am not a resident—not to the manor born, as it were, I'm just a country cousin from Binghamton.

"This is too fine a frenzy for me," she announced. "Aren't you hungry, Mr. Ashe? Shall we go in and have something to eat?"

"I am all the daughters of my father's house," she said lightly, but her eyes were dancing as she gave him his chocolate.

"Don't you remember the painful taking off of Sapphira?" he inquired sternly.

"I have \$50 that belong to you," said Ashe, irrelevantly.

TREASURER'S SALE

Un-Seated Lands

TAXES ASSESSED FOR THE YEARS 1902 and 1903.

Notice is hereby given that according to the Act of Assembly passed the 15th day of March, 1891, entitled an act to amend an act directing the mode of selling unseated lands for taxes, etc.

Second Monday of June, 1904.

At 10 o'clock a. m. on the 15th day of June, 1904, the following parcels of unseated lands in Jefferson County will be sold at public sale or outcry, for arrears in taxes, in the Court House, in the borough of Brookville, Pa., on the

WARRANT ACRES. Owners' Name. Tax. & Int. to March 1st, 1904.

BARNETT TOWNSHIP.

BEAVER TOWNSHIP.

BROOKVILLE BOROUGH.

ELMDALE TOWNSHIP.

TREASURER'S SALE

Seated Lands

TAXES ASSESSED FOR THE YEARS 1900 and 1901.

In pursuance of the provisions of an Act of Assembly passed the 15th day of April, 1884, I will expose to sale, in the Court House, in Brookville, Pa., on the

Second Monday of June, 1904.

At 10 o'clock a. m. on the 15th day of June, 1904, the following parcels of seated lands with the same regulations, etc., as Unseated Lands are now sold at Treasurer's Sale.

WARRANT ACRES. Owners' Name. Tax.

BARNETT TOWNSHIP.

BEAVER TOWNSHIP.

BROOKVILLE BOROUGH.

CLAYVILLE BOROUGH.

TREASURER'S SALE

Seated Lands

TAXES ASSESSED FOR THE YEARS 1900 and 1901.

In pursuance of the provisions of an Act of Assembly passed the 15th day of April, 1884, I will expose to sale, in the Court House, in Brookville, Pa., on the

Second Monday of June, 1904.

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BROOKVILLE BOROUGH.

CLAYVILLE BOROUGH.

WINSLOW TOWNSHIP.

70 Gordon & White... 40 33

106 Gordon & White... 51 70

1 Herst, Mary E... 2 08

24 Miller, G W... 6 16

Miller, Curt... 5 13

O'Brien, Michael... 12 33

Thompson, George... 2 97

Sherrin, Alice... 7 76

Korshak, J Henry... 1 00

Larson, J W... 1 20

Palermo, O... 9 00

Thompson, Maggie... 5 60

His Lady of Dreams.

By SUSAN SAYRE YARMOUTH.

She came suddenly into his sight, disappelling his brown study and interrupting his pipe.

"Of—of Russia?" he asked stupidly, trying to fan away the blaze of tobacco smoke.

"There are other lands," she said indifferently. "And not so far away."

"Great Caesar!" he breathed, bewildered, and his pipe dropped from his astonished fingers.

"What a dream! Who was she?" he asked, and he hadn't seen her figure—oh, confound his head!

"Well, old chap," said Thurston, coming in. "Phew! that pipe of yours is a fright!"

"Why, what will she do?" inquired the other, uncertainly.

"You'll never get another bid for Sunday," said the first, throwing open one of the windows.

"I'm the Princess Constantia Gregorius," she said gently.

"Of—of Russia?" he asked stupidly, trying to fan away the blaze of tobacco smoke.

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