

THE OLD FARM.

The mellow smell of hollyhocks
And marigolds and pink and phlox.

And now a pewee plaintively
Whistles the Day to sleep again;

The buzz of wasp and fly makes hot
The spaces of the garden plot.

Hen-a cluck their broods from place to
place.

The padded musk of ground and vine
Embowers a gate of roughest pine.

White, clinging home, with chain and
trace.

The FOUR-O'CLOCK
BAKE.

By ROSA KELLEN HALLETT.

It was a fine August afternoon. The
fog that had hung in the air through-

him, she colored up red's a beet,
and I snapped him up, 'Naw! And I

That was Betty Macdonald, a white
cap on her red locks, and snowy apron

Half an hour later Mrs. Serena Dodd,
rocking to and fro beside the window

Behind her trailed a small procession
of women, some elderly, some venerable,

"A visitor for you, ma'am."
Mrs. Dodd dropped the fan that she

"We'll lose that car! I know we
shall!" Then she called, shrilly, "Call

"Yes, ma'am!" said Betty, with de-
cision. "A him, a he! With gray eyes

"What's the place and who are
they?" queried a tall young man on

"Well," said Mrs. Dodd, glancing at
the mirror, "it's lucky I put on my

"Howdy-do! Howdy-do, ladies! Upsy
daisy, grandma!" With one effort of

Meanwhile Miss Timkins and her
little band had sailed happily down

"Oh, she wasn't left out," responded
Miss Timkins. "She just wouldn't

"Is this Miss Timkins and her
ladies from Torbolton?"

"But," opening her capacious hold-
all and displaying a shining tin can,

"My, but ain't he curchus!" gurgled
little Mrs. Wells, trotting beside the

"What's the matter?" asked the tall
young man, with interest.

With one accord the ten women
started for the big dining hall with its

"They're going to Ageram Point to
the four o'clock bake," answered the

They were in a private dining room.
Before them was a table spread with

Sloane's rubbing a fold of the material
betwixt thumb and forefinger. With

But the others held aloof, but Mrs.
Wells clutching at the matron's arm

Miss Timkins gasped. Mrs. Wells
gasped. They all gasped.

But Mrs. Wells was the first to re-
cover her speech, and exclaimed, "A

"Why-ee! It's Serena?" cried Mrs.
Wells. "Serena Dodd! How come you

"In an automobile!" affirmed Mrs.
Dodd, raptuously. "In an automobile!

"And it's all my party! He said so.
Set you down, ladies, and make

Then the waiters swarmed in, and
it was hot clams here and hot clams

And beneath the sympathetic con-
templation of eleven pairs of eyes her

There were chowder and lobsters and
clam fritters and broiled bluefish and

"To think, oh, to think," sighed Miss
Sally Sloane, "of having money enough

The boom of the sunset gun floated
over the water. Chairs scraped back

The horns tooted gloriously, the
two cars sped along the boulevard,

"Betty! Betty!" halled Mrs. Dodd,
and as the girl put up her hand to

A moment later Mrs. Dodd was
toiling up the path upon Betty's sup-

"Why, he's gone! Mrs. Dodd, Mrs.
Dodd, who is he?"

But panting Mrs. Dodd had no
breath with which to answer, and it

While the great zoological garden
of London has 1621 birds, there are

Headwear made of straw was al-
ready in use among the ancient Greeks

Investigation shows that the opium
habit is growing in New York city.

A very curious and exceedingly elv-
er dance may be witnessed in Fiji,

While many Manhattan people are
moving into Brooklyn Borough, there

One of the biggest pieces of engi-
neering in New England is a 2500-

Germany's annual emigration has
decreased from 210,547 to 31,000 with-

If each inhabitant of the city of New
York had his per capita share of the

An old judge of a New York court
of record says, that if the law requir-

WOODMAN, spare that tree.
Touch not a single bough;

Beneath that spreading tree
One in a gauzy gown

Harm not that sturdy oak;
One night—I mind it well—

"Is your husband a Congregation-
alist, a Presbyterian, or a Swedenbor-

"Well, the late Congress didn't
make much history. 'Naw. Didn't

Another—"Why, Bobbie, how clean
your hands are!" Bobbie—"Aren't

Magistrate—"So you acknowledge
having stolen the overcoat. Anything

Landlady's son (addicted to nickel
literature)—"Say partner, what's

"I tell you," said Mrs. Lansing,
"Johnny made a splendid impression

Miss Ascum—"When Mr. Richey
saw my photograph yesterday he said

"The milk is sour, and I won't take
it," declared the lady. "That's your

Winning Lady (triumphantly)—"I
am sure none of you could guess

"As a member of Congress, his at-
titude was ever statesmanlike. When

BUSINESS CARDS.
E. NEFF
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Pension Attorney and Real Estate Agent.

RAYMOND E. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
BROOKVILLE, PA.

G. M. McDONALD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Real estate agent, patents secured, col-

J. M. McCREIGHT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Notary public and real estate agent.

DR. B. E. HOOPER,
DENTIST,
Resident dentist in the Hoover building

DR. L. L. MEANS,
DENTIST,
Office on second floor of the First National

DR. R. DEVERE KING,
DENTIST,
Office on second floor of the Syndicate build-

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UNDEERTAKER,
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than \$200,000,000 a year in wages.

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Andreas of Greece has recently been

The Princesses Zena and Vera,
daughters of Prince Nicholas of Mon-

Miss Mary E. Cheek, of Toboso,
Ohio, is the only regularly appointed

At St. Joseph, Mo., Mrs. Carolyn
Sullivan, wife of Maurice Sullivan,



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