

1.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

VOL. X.

"FOR GOD, FOR COUNTRY, AND FOR TRUTH."

SINGLE COPY, 5 CENTS. NO. 21.

PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1899.

MY AUNT POLLY.

THE MAKESHIFT OF JONAS KEMP

By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

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orchard bore; tumbled in the brook, Aunt Polly's cows were sleek and fat, her Gave back with cheer the apple's hue, the chicks a wondrous size, And Jabez Smith, the hired man, was witty,

great and wise. I used to go with Jabe at night, with clinking

pails to milk; Sometimes he'd let me feed the colts and

rub their coats of silk; And the moon that rose in those days, just behind the cattle bars,

Was twice as large as it is now-with twice as many stars.

Aunt Polly was a quaint old soul-a busy bee-by day Hiving the honey up for all, with never Her kind old face has slept for years be-

away the mist!

The greenest grass, the sweetest flowers, grew Gold-winged arrows pierced the gloom of at Aunt Polly's door, valley, wood and nook. The finest apples, miles around, Aunt Polly's Bright flecks of crimson rode the clouds and

> pumpkin's, and the squash, Till dear Aunt Polly would exclaim, "What a perfect day to wash!"

What steam of incense then would rise from dear Aunt Polly's tub! For sun and sky her heart gave praise with

each all-cleansing rub; No skylark's note, no poet's song, more praiseful than the tune She hummed the while her linen white upon

thought of pay. How many dawns we watched the sun. up-

rising in the east, fect, bright and glad Shake out its banners o'er the hills and drive Than when she rubbed the snowy clothes, while I stood by-a lad. -Edith Keeley Stokely, in Youth's Companion.

alive, not without my knowing where the money had gone to." But Clarissa had not put her cu-

rious thoughts into questions, and the times of being curious and the knobby, covered loads "in behind" Jonas had gone by together. She was very busy all the late summer and early fall sewing rags for her gay new carpet that was to transfigure the dull little corner parlor where nobody went and nobody wanted to go.

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 laud of goodness was Jonas coming in that time o' day for? It was so unusual that Clarissa let the strip of red and yellow rags slide out of her lap and curl like a brilliant serpent at her feet. Jonas "came in" so seldom, lately, except to his meals. She hardly saw his unsmiling old face from morning to night, for she had formed the habit of setting his dinner out on the meal chest in the porch and let-ting him eat italone. Her own dinner she could "pick up" on the run, and it saved such a pile of litter and mess that way.

Jonas plodded in, He looked bent and feeble.

"You aren't sick, are you, Jonas?" Clarissa asked a little anxiously.

"Oh, no-no, I guess I ain't sick, Clarissy. I guess not," answered 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 an old friend again.

"Where are you going to?

"Jest for a little smoke, Clarissyest for a little smoke."

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

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

"I guess I got mixed up, Clarissy; I thought 'twas after supper," he explained with an apologetic attempt at laughing. "I guess I'll go out and wait a spell, till 'tis."

But at supper time Jonas did not appear. Half-past five, six, half-past six-still no Jonas. At quarter of seven Clarissa was frightened. Dim forebodings tugged at her heart-strings till they vibrated dismally. "I'll go hunt Jonas up," she said

briskly, shutting her ears to the sound. It's just as likely as not he's failen sound asleep somewhere. He's getting real old, Jonas is." She went 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 feet. "For the land of goodness' sake!" she cried shrilly at the barn door. The flowers in the windows-row on row of them-dauced dizzily before her eyes. In Clarissa Kemp's and Clarissa 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, friendly-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 barn looked! 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 carpet by one of the windows, the broken chairs set about Alwildy's mother's spinning wheel, the light of the sun through the geranium leaves and, dimly, on the haymows behind and on all the cobwebs and cobwebs-and Jonas there, asleep. Clarissa saw them all. She saw them over and over again till she died. "Jonas!" she called softly, after a minute or two. "Jonas, it's supper time-Jonas!"

wistfully. 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

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 loved. Her mother's spinning wheel stood on a strip of carpeting near Jonas. How pleasant it looked "out there!" How the sunshine filtered through the geranium leaves and made dancing traceries on the wall. A sprig of the sun leaves lay across Clarissa's face, and Jonas smiled at it like a pleased child.

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

MASCOT ATE THE SHIP'S PAINT. Sailors of the Gloucester Make a Capture

and Rue It.

It was seven bells in the forenoon watch of the blistering July day when the auxiliary cruiser Gloucester sent ashore a landing party at the quaint Porto Rican seaport Guanica. The party had landed three hours earlier and had done its duty with the regulars of Miles' army in sending the Dons skedaddling into the heavy tropical forests which fringe the foot-

hills of the Porto Rican coast. It was now an hour of relaxation. In an unlucky moment a Spanish bantam cockerel emerged from under a house and emitted a lusty crow. Then it was that Lieutenant Norman gave his historical order: "All hauds chase chickens!" The line of excited meno'-warmen scattered in untactical disorder, pursuing the gallinaceous enemy.

"It was more work to capture one of those clipper-built, 25-knot chickens than to sink the Pluton," said Mr. Chipman. "I thought I had the fowl foul when she tacked ship, leaving me In a minute in stays,

Again and again he mumbled it | DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON. SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

DIVINE.

Subject: "The Power of Perseverance"-The Successful Are Not the Most Brilliant, But Those Who Everlastingly Stick to One Line of Endeavor.

TEXT: "But when the children of Israel ried unto the Lord, the Lord raised them ap a deliverer. Ehud the son of Gera, a Benjamite, a man left handed; and by him the children of Israel sent a present unto Eglon, the king of Monb."-Judges ili., 15.

Ehud was a ruler in Israel. He was left handed, and what was peculiar about the tribe of Benjamin, to which he belonged, here were in it 700 left handed men, and yet so dexterous had they all become in the use of the left hand that the Bible says they could sling stones at a hairbreadth and not miss. Weil, there was a king by the name of Eglon, who was an oppressor of Israel. He imposed upon them a most outrageous tax. Ehud, the man of whom I first spoke, had a divine commission to destroy that oppressor. He came pretending that he was going to pay the tax and asked to see Egion. He was told that he was in the sum-mer house, the place to which the king re-tired when it was too hot to sit in the palace. This summer house was a place euronmeted to goars and trees and spring. surrounded by flowers and trees and spring-ing fountains and warbling birds. Ehud Eglon that he had a secret errand with him. Immediately all the attendants were waived Immediately all the attendants were walved out of the royal presence. King Eglon rises up to receive the messenger. Ehud, the left handed man, puts his left hand to his right side, pulls out a dagger and thrusts Eglon through until the shaft went in after the blade. Egion fails. Ehud comes forth to blow a trumpet of liberty amid the mountains of Ephraim, and a host is marshaled, and proud Moab submits to the conquerer and Israel is free. So, O Lord, let all Thine enemies perishi

So. O Lord, let all Thy friends triumph! I learn first from this subject the power I learn first from this subject the power of left handed men. There are some men who by physical organization have as much strength in their left hand as in their right hand, but there is something in the writing of this text which implies that Ehud had some defect in his right hand which compelled him to use his left. Oh, the power of left handed men! Genius is often self-observant, careful of itself, not eiten to much toll, burning incense to its given to much toil, burning incense to its own aggrandizement, while many a man with no natural endowments, actually de-fective in physical and mental organization, has an earnestness for the right, pa-tient industry, all consuming persever-ance, which achieve marvels for the king-dom of Christ. Though left handed as Ehud, they can strike down a sin as great and imperial as Eglon.

I have seen men of wealth gather about them all their treasures, snuffing at the them all their treasures, shifting, at the world lying in wickedness, roughly order-ing Lazarus off their doorstep, sending their dogs, not to lick his sores, but to hound him off their premises; catching all the pure rain of God's blessing into the stagnant, ropy, frog inhabited pool of their own selfashness-right handed men worse than useless-while many a man worse than useless—while many a man with large heart and little purse has out of his limited means made poverty leap for and started an influence that overspans the grave and will swing round and round the throne of God world without end. Ab, me! It is high time that you left handed men, who have been longing for this gift and that eloquence and the other man's wealth, should take your hands out of your pockets. Who made all these rail-roads? Who set up all these cities? Who started all these churches and schools and Who has done the tugging and asylums? running and pulling? Men of no wonder-ful endowments, thousands of them ac-knowledging themselves to be left handed, and yet they were earnest, and yet they were triumphant. When Garibaldi was going out to battle he told his troops what he wanted them to do, and after he had described what he wanted them to do they said, "Well, general, what are you going to give us for all this?" "Well," he replied, "I don't know what else you will get, but you will get hunger, and cold, and wounds and death. How do you like it?" His men stood be-fore him for a little while in silence and then they threw up their hands and cried, "We are the men! We are the men!" The Lord Jesus Christ calls you to His service, I do not promise you an easy time in this world. You may have persecutions, and afterwards there comes an eternal weight of glory, and you can bear the wounds, and the bruises, and the misrepresenta-tions, if you have the reward afterward. Have you not enough enthusiasm to cry out, "We are the men! We are the men!" out, "We are the men! We are the men!" We laugh at the children of Shinar for trying to build a fower that could reach to the heavens, but I think if our eyesight were only good enough we could see a Babel in many a dooryard. Oh, the strug-gle is flerce! It is store against store, house against house, street against street nation against nation. The goal for which men are running is chairs and chandeliers and mirrors and houses and lands and presidential equipments. If they get what they anticipate, what have they? Men are not safe from calumny while they live, and, worse than that, they are not safe after they are dead, for I have seen swine root up graveyards. One day a man goes up into publicity, and the world does him honor, and people climb into sycamore trees to watch him as he passes, and as he goes along on the shoulders of the people there is a waving of hats and a wild huzza. To-morrow the same man is caught be-tween the jaws of the printing press and mangled and bruised, and the very same persons who applauded him before cry, "Down with the traitor! down with him!" Belshazzar sits at the feast, the mighty men of Babylon sitting all around him Wit sparkles like the wine and the wine like the wit. Music rolls up among the chandeliers: the chandeliers flash down on the decanters. The breath of hanging gardens floats in on the night air. The voice of reveiry floats out. Amid wreaths and tapestry and folded bauners a finger writes. The march of a host is heard on the stairs. Laughter catches in the throat. A thousand hearts stop beating. The blow is struck. The blood on the floor is richer hued than the wine on the table. The kingdom has departed. Bel-shazar was no worse perhaps than hundreds of people in Babylon, but his position slew him. Oh, be content with just such a position as God has placed you in! It may not be said of us, "He was a great general," or "He was an honored chieftain," or "He was mighty in worldly at-tainment," but this may be said of you and me. "He was a good citizen, a faithful Christain, a friend to Jesus." And that in the last day will be the highest of all culo-I learn further from this subject that teath comes to the summer house. Eglon Doctor-Can you get pure water at did not expect to die in that fine place. Amid all the flower leaves that drifted like ummer snow into the window, in the tinkie and dash of fountains, in the sound of a thousand leaves fluting on one tree Father's welcome! Father branch, in the cool breeze that came up kissi Heaven! Heaven!

to shake the feverish trouble out of the king's locks-there was nothing that spake of death, but there he died! In the winter, when the snow is a shrond, and when the what is a dirge, it is easy to think of our mortality, but when the weather is pleasant and all our surroundings are agreeable, how difficult it is for us to appreciate the truth that we are mortal! And yet my text teaches that death does sometimes come to the summer house. He is blind and cannot see the leaves. deaf and cannot hear the fountains. He is Oh, if death would ask us for victims we could point him to hundreds of people who would rejoice to have him come. Push back the door of that hovel. Look at the little child-cold, and sick, and hungry. It has never heard the name of God but in blashemy. Parents intoxicated, stag-gering around its straw bed. Oh, death, there is a mark for thee! Up with it into the light! Before those little feet stumble

the light! Before those little feet stumble on life's pathway give them rest. Here is an aged man. He has done his work. He has done it gloriously. The companions of his youth all gone, his children dead, he longs to be at rest, and wearily the days and the nights pass. He says. "Come, Lord, Jesus, come quickly!" Oh, death, there is a mark for thes! Take from him the staff and give him the gep-ter! Up with him into the light, where eyes never grow dim, and the hair whiteas not through the long years of eternity. not through the long years of eternity. Ah, Death will not do that. Death turns Ah, back from the straw bed and from the aged man ready for the skies and comes to the man ready for the skies and comes to the summer house. What doest thou here, thou bony, ghastly monster, amid this waving grass and under this sun-light sifting through the tree branches? Children are at play. How quickly their feet go and their locks toss in the wind. Father and moth-er stand at the side of the room locking on, enjoying their glee. It does not seem possible that the wolf should ever break into that fold and carry off a lamb. Mean-while an old archer stands looking through the thicket. He points his arrow at the brightest of the group-he is a sure marksman-the bow bends, the arrow speeds! Hush now. The quick feet have speeds! Hush now. The quick feet have stopped and the locks toss no more in the wind. Laughter has gone out of the hall. Death in the summer house!

Here is a father in midlife. His coming ome at night is the signal for mirth. The children rush to the door, and there are books on the evening stand, and the hours pass away on glad feet. There is nothing wanting in that home. Religion is there and sacrifices on the altar morning and night. You look in that household and say, "I cannot think of anything happier. I do not really believe the world is so sad a place as some people describe it to be." The scene changes. Father is sick. The doors must be kept shut. The deathwatch chirps dolefully on the hearth. The chil-dren whisper and walk softly where once they romped. Passing the house late at night, you see the quick glancing of lights from room to room. It is all over! Death in the summer house!

Here is an aged mother-aged, but not infirm. You think you will have the joy of caring for her wants a good while yet. As she goes from house to house, to children she goes from house to house, to children and grandchildren, her coming is a drop-ping of sunlight in the dwelling. Four children see her coming through the lane, and they cry, "Grandmother's come!" Care for you has marked upon her face with many a deep wrinkle, and her back stoops with carrying your burdens. Some day she is very quiet. She says she is not sick, but something tells you you will not much longer have a mother. She will sit with you no more at the table nor at the Her soul goes out so gently learth you do not exactly know the moment of its going. Fold the hands that have done many kindnesses for you right over the heart that has beat with love toward you since before you were born. Let the pli-grim rest. She is weary. Death in the summer house! Gather about us what we will of comfort and luxury. When the pale messenger comes, he does not stop to look at the architecture of the house before he in, nor, entering, does he walt to ex-amine the pletures we have gathered on the wall, or, bending over your pillow, he does not stop to see whether there is color in the cheek or gentleness in the eye or intelligence in the brow. But what of that? Must we stand forever mourning among the graves of our dead? No! No! The people in Bengal bring cages of birds to the graves of their dead, and then they open the cages and the birds go singing heavenward. So I would bring to the graves of your dead all bright thoughts and congratulations all bright thoughts and congratulations and bid them sing of vietory and re-demption. I stamp on the bottom of the grave, and it breaks through into the light and the glory of heaven. The ancients used to think that the straits entering the Red sea were very dan-gerous places, and they supposed that the wrecked that have gone through those straits would be destroyed, and they were in the habit of putting on weeds of mourn-ing for those who had gone on that yoxing for those who had gone on that voy-age, as though they were actually dead. Do you know what they called those straits? They called them the "Gate of These 0" Tears.' After the sharpest winter the spring disnounts from the shoulder of a southern gale and puts its warm hand upon the earth, and in its palm there comes the grass, and there comes the flowers, and God reads over the postry of bird and brook and bloom and pronounces it very good. What, my friends, if every winter had not its spring, and every night its day, and every gloom its glow, and every bitter now its sweet hereafter! If you have been on the sea, you know, as the ship passes in the night, there is a phosphorescent track left behind it, and as the water rolls up they toss with unimaginable spiendor. Well, arross this great ocean of human troubles Jesus walks. Oh, that in the phosporescent track of His feet we might all follow and be illumined! There was a gentleman in a rail car who saw in that same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. He was carefully guarded by his attendants. His mind like a ship lismasted, was beating against a dark desolate coast, from which no help could ome. The train stopped and the man was taken out into the asylum to waste away perhaps through years of gloom. The seclaw had selzed on him. As the car joited the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity and despair. The train halted, and he was taken out to the penttentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every ur was as gay as a marriage bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to her father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as he while locks showed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss. Quick-iy we fly toward oternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned cul-prits, and they refuse to pardon. Oh, may it be with us that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to ernest us to our new home with Him forto greet us to our new home with Him for-ever! That will be a marriage banquet! Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's

Clarissa Collins-carried each pot to fast!' the back door and inverted it briskly. The little heap grew high and un- staidly on toward the barn, with the stable. There were a good many pots, trail of Clarissa's laughter in his wake. and it was quite a distance from the sitting room window to the back door. Clarissa was tired when the stained green-painted shelves were emptied Whoa, back, Dennis!" and all the litter swept up.

"There!" she breathed with a little gasp of relief, sinking into a rocker, to the house he said nothing about "I'm thankful that job's done with! it. It was not Jonas Kemp's way to It's been staring at me ever since I say things. In the trig little sitting came."

Clarissa invariably spoke of the day, a few weeks ago, when she and Jonas appealed dumbly to him, and Jonas drove from the minister's into the little trim side-yard, as "when I came." Since that day there had been the windows, and the pain on it was a good many reforms at the Kemp only visible to the faint, sweet face place. The heap of discarded gerani- of Alwilda looking out of the daguerams and fuchsias was only one of reotype on the wall. Clarissa's keen them.

"I can't and I won't abide a mess of plants round, littering! There's Clarissa Kemp, and Clavissa was not enough, goodness knows, that's got young. She had tailored and stitched to litter without putting up with what away all her young years in her small ain't got to. You've got to water 'em, village shop before she came. It had and you've got to putter with 'em been a seven days' wonder to Clarissa's and coddle 'em, an' there's always a friends and twice thrice that to mussy, wet place under 'em and sprigs | Clarissa herself, that she had locked and dry leaves. I can't abide 'em if her shop door and gone to the minisother folks can. Those that like 'em | ter's with Jonas Kemp. are perfectly welcome-I don't."

rocked backward and for-

Clarissa Kemp-late, very late- 've supposed you'd 've moderated so The old horse started up and went

> "Clarissy's a real humorous woman," pondered Jonas; "she's got all of it that Alwildy didn't have.

If Jonas noticed the unwieldy heap under Clarissa's rug on his way back room the bared shelves and the unwonted inflow of sunshine across them eyes did not see it.

Twenty years divided Jonas and

After supper that night Jonas did his chores took down his p smoke under the stars, or, rainy nights, sitting on the saw-horse in the woodshed. Alwilda had "liked" the smell of his pipe. Heaven forgive the gentle little prevarication! When Jonas went in again at early after, that I couldn't fellowship with bedtime the heap of pots and bruised plants was cleared neatly away, and Jonas had the rug, well shaken, under The rockers took to sudden creaking his arm. He spread it with precise as if pleading in Jonas' behalf. In painstaking in exactly its place on the

happily. you? "Yes," Clarissa said brightly, "I

ward in the capacious, calico-softened Clarissa permitted no smoking inchair, communing aloud. Her come- doors-pipes were even worse than a ly, middle-aged face had a look of re- mess o' littering plants. You could lief upon it. Once only a slight shade abide the smell of flowers, but tobacco of remorse quivered across it and was |-faugh! So Jonas had his evening 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 a mess of plants. I guess that was good and fair warning!'

the sunny windows the green shelves sitting room floor. looked bare and lonesome. There were little round circles, smaller and Clarissy," he said gently. 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.

"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 hill. "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 clay. She threw the rug over the heap of broken plants and waited to pull down one corner across the tiers of interlocked earthen pots beside it.

"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. He ain'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 little breathless with hurrying, "It's only 3 o'clock, I wasn't looking for you back till supper time."

"Yes, I am early-whoa, back, Dennis, wh-o-a!-but the town meeting and come back, past Clarissa's winris' early. We got through our doings sooner'n we expected to, They appointed me moderator."

"I found it out by the back door,

"Um-m-m," mumbled Clarissa, a little taken aback. And that was all that was ever said about the plants.

After that, if Clarissa had not been occupied continually with keeping the honse "unlittered" and most spotlessly prim, she would have taken notice that Jonas stayed a good deal-somewhere-out-of-doors. He spent rare minutes 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 a-bloom with red geraniums and gay with purple and crimson fuchsias. Rough deal shelves stretched behind the cobwebbed panes, 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 barn. Jonas Kemp and the cows, the 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 pipe 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 dow and Clarissa's curious eyes, with a queer, humpy load "in behind." "Humph! Now I wonder what

Jonas' voice had a ring of modest Jonas 's got all tucked up in behind,' pride in it. Clarissa laughed appre-Clarissa would muse, eyeing suspicious-ly the humps. "Tisn't grain an' "I should say you'd moderate splen-tian't crittera-live ones anyway. And he couldn't 've got 'em if they were here-like if out bare."

She went up to him and prodded his shoulder with her thimbled finger-Clarissa nearly always wore her 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 mur-mured thickly. "The plants-don't take 'em-away!''

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

down on the horizon. I ran across the bows of a rooster by pure luck and put him out of commission. Later I grabbed another by his tail, and wrung his neck."

Paymaster Down had his sport also. Proceeding on a private expedition, he sighted a goat with progeny around her to the number of four. He took her in tow in triumph. Following the instincts of good Mother Nature, the four little goats, who split even, two being Nannies and two Billies, trailed along behind. One of the Billies was drafted as a mascot for the battleship Massachugetts and the other Billie was retained as the Gloucester's special mascot. The latter immediately distinguished himself by eating the saddle of the Colt's automatic gun.

After he had got his sea legs on things would disappear as completely as if they had been thrown into the lucky bag. One fine morning the ship's painter was coming on deck with a pail of red lead.

"Lay aft, McGee!" sang out a weather beaten bos'n's mate.

Dropping his pail, the painter obeyed this order. Returning in fifteen minutes, he found that the contents of the pail had disappeared. Billy had also disappeared. He was found leaning against the armorer's chest in a highly suspicious condition. His whiskers were as crimson as a Harvard football player's sweater. Hospital Steward Cox gave him emetic after emetic. It was in valu. The animal grew "dopier" and "dopier," and was put ashore finally. Undoubtedly he would have made a satisfactory deep sealead if he had been kept on board a day longer.

Environment and Art.

Was there any connection between Birmingham and the art of Burne-Jones? His biographers are generally so unkind to the midland capital as to suggest that the repulsiveness of the actual surroundings in which Eurne-Jones was born led him to the necessity of creating a beautiful world for himself in the realms of imagination. The inward eye counts for more in these matters than the outward. Rossetti was born in a street off the Euston road. He was an Italian at heart, but in the body he never set eyes on Italy. Mr. Armstrong, in his recently publiahed work on Gainsborough, calls attention to the fact that no great landscape painter has been born among grandiose scenery. Turner saw the light in Maiden lane, a few doors off the Strand. - London News.

The Quality of the Water.

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