

AWAY DOWN EAST.

BY EUGENE J. HALL.

Away down east where mountain rills... Where cattle browse upon the hills... Where summer winds are blowing...

THE POMFRET SKELETON

When I first saw South Clyde I pronounced it the prettiest village I had ever seen... It was a June picture, said I...

Miss Pomfret. She closed the door of the night of the suspicion I had regarding her. "I am afraid you anticipate a lonely day, Miss Pomfret," I said...

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