

SKINNY'S ANTICLIMACTIC SWIPE.

The score was 1 to 0, and the Stars had two men out; it looked as if the finish no longer was in doubt.

Then Spider Watson, pitching, uncoiled his awkward length. He sent the ball in whizzing, with most uncommon strength.

But Skinny kept on working till the record stood three-two. And Skinny set his teeth until his compressed lips were blue.

Then the ball came wiggling toward him, and Skinny swooped and missed, and the Comets chalked another mark upon their victory list.

When the Double Comes

A TEMPERANCE TALE. By R. C. PITZER.

In the spruces the wind hissed intermittently; the day was dark and damp, a white cloud beggared the mountain and isolated the log cabin on its knoll until it was afloat in a swirling mist.

A big, heavy man was Jorkin, with the neck of a bull and a gorilla chest so deep it seemed almost a deformity. His broad hands were cracked and brown, his face was blowed to rusty iron, and framed in his blood beard and tangled yellow hair, it glared out with red menace.

Jorkin had played for hours; he still played, with knit brows and compressed lips, intent on the cards. His was a hard game to beat: "Old Sol" constantly had the best of it, but Jorkin was stubborn. Once started, a something superstitious that lurked at the back of his head kept in his mind the dim idea that much depended upon his winning; if he won he would be lucky in some material way; if he lost—lost constantly—there would be something else to lose.

Despite his ruddy complexion, his giant frame, there was something unwholesome about Jorkin that day; he was "under the weather," as he would have phrased it. His blue eyes were not clear, rather, a glassy film was over them, and though indeed he had no nerves to trouble him, his tense attitude would have given the impression that his will-power alone restrained a burst of hysterical emotion.

Neither was it amusing, the nothing that Jorkin saw; only, at the far end of the cabin, seated in a rude rocker by a rude table, was another Jorkin playing solitaire, who made faces at him when Jorkin looked. The hallucination vanished, and the prospector, little wondering, resumed his game. The red and black dots of the cards hypnotically flashed before his eyes.

From somewhere down the hill-side a man hallooed, but the hermit neither started nor moved. A knock came upon the door, and Jorkin looked up. "Come," he called, not rising.

The man who entered, dripping and chilled, was as big and brawny as Jorkin was, but dark, with a pleasant face. He nodded and hurried to the fire.

"Chied to the bone, pardner," he said; "may I gratt some of your heat? Nasty storm, huh?"

"No, Black Valley. Going over to Alameda. I hear that Rounce has started the Gypsy Girl lode. I want to run one of his drills. Used to be a shift-ovver on his Frypan property. Went down and out last winter. All fit now. Name's Mulvaney." Having given an account of himself, he waited for reciprocal information. None came. Jorkin resumed his interrupted game, the fire crackled and flickered, and the wind streamed unceasingly through the plies.

He poured his guest a stiff peg of whisky. When the glass was returned he filled it to the brim and emptied it. In a moment he repeated the feat. "Drink?" he asked again. "Can't in this altitude. One glass feels comfortable, however," Mulvaney's brows lowered. Jorkin's hue of face was not all blowed, as the stranger saw in the light of present developments; solitary tipping long continued in had brought some of that permanent rictus to the surface.

Jorkin resumed his seat and the cards. "Ought to know you," he said over his shoulder. "Your face's familiar."

"No, I've never been in this district."

"Mulvaney?" Jorkin mumbled. He turned his chair. "You come from Eastport way, your father's farm was between Willow Creek and Lord's Junction."

"Well, I be —" Mulvaney stared. "True as you live. You're an Eastport man? I haven't seen any one from home for years, except—say, did you know Bill Juke?" Saw him two years ago.

"Juke? Yes. He used to court one of Parsons' girls," Jorkin said, slowly. "Well, glad to see you, slowy."

anything about the Parsons family? "Ought to," Mulvaney laughed; "their farm was near ours. That's how you came to remember me, I suppose. I can't place you. Yes, I married one of the girls. Juke is a banker now. He came through the mine one day with Rounce and a party of big guns; recognized me. He's a fine chap. He took Jane—Jane's my girl—home with him and put her to school at the old seminary. You remember Miss Twigg? She's running the school yet, and no older than she was twenty years ago."

"Your girl's name. You and Juke were running neck and neck when I left, I'm Jorkin."

"Oh, yes," he said; "you were sweet on Jane, too. Well, she's dead. Died '93. Pneumonia."

Jorkin nodded repeatedly, but made no audible remark. His lips were compressed. Suddenly he looked at the far end of the room and laughed. It was not pleasant laughter, and yet there was no malice in it. He moved his hand toward the jug and hesitated. "I guess I'm drinking too ruch," he said, in a clearer voice than he had as yet used. "Say, I—" he hemmed. "Better have something to eat," he finished, as he stood up.

"Thanks. I wouldn't mind. You must lead a very lonesome life of it up here!" Mulvaney shivered. "A month of it would put me picking the fuzies. How do you stand it? What's the charm of it anyhow, Jorkin?"

"Corn or peas?" Jorkin asked at the pantry. "Canned, of course." "Either. You are pretty snug." "Have to be. Rather monotonous, even at that, except when I run up against something like that grizzly was. He made excitement. Ato seven bullets before I bagged him. But you can't shoot—" Again he glanced down the room while his lips tightened. He took the jug. "I must have another drink," he apologized; "got a cold."

Mulvaney nodded; commiseration too visibly showed on his open face. "It's a lonely life," he commented again. Jorkin noted and grew silent while he prepared the meal. He spoke little as they ate, and when offering his tobacco he did so without words. Mulvaney tried to talk of ancient days, of youth, and green Ohio farms and comfortable rural villages of the vanished times, but Jorkin was unresponsive.

The guest laid his pipe aside. "I suppose I'd better be moving," he said, glancing through the window. "The storm's lighter than it was. How far is it to Alameda?"

"A matter of ten miles," Jorkin hemmed. "Say," he began, uneasily and hemmed again. "What's the use of going on? I'm cozy here, and the sun'll be out to-morrow. We haven't had a chance to talk about things yet. My bank's wide. Nobody but me and—nobody but he has slept in it since my pardner, Pidgin, left."

"Thanks, no. You see"—Mulvaney warmed to his companion—"I want Jane to get the best that's going, and I can't waste time. Nothing's too good for her, but it takes money. I can't let Juke do it all. So the sooner I hit a job the better for me. I'll pike on. . . . Want to see her picture?" he asked, and fumbled in his shirt.

"The new one." He exhibited a locket.

Jorkin shook his head while he held the locket close to his eyes. "Looks like you," he said, shortly, "but it's Jane's mouth." They stood a moment. "So you won't stay?" he finished.

"Can't very well. But I'm coming to see you some time. It's good to

them with more honey. Miss Hawkins says they will not sting the hand that feeds them.—New York Press.

Among dress accessories, the hoods and scarfs, the latter of Spanish lace with long fringe across the ends, are the smartest novelties. The hoods are veritable creations of delicate fabric and color. For example, over a hood of pink liberty satin a drapery of lead-gray tulle is arranged. There is a double ruching of these fabrics to frame the face, and on one side a full bunch of small old-pink roses, and on the other a smart little bow of Natter-blue velvet. The scarfs are almost of the dimensions of a shawl, and indeed the shawl shape is slowly coming into vogue. There are also the marcesite jewelry novelties, set in white metal or silver with garnets, topaz and those other inexpensive stones that are so attractive when made up in quaint settings.—Harper's Bazar.

Soon we shall have a war of the sexes in the air. The inevitable woman has invaded the field made famous by the Wright brothers, Bleriot and Curtiss. Mrs. S. F. Cody, of London, won her husband's co-operation when she told him she had the only practical idea about airships. The English newspapers in yesterday relate how the British woman sailed without accident for seven miles at Aldershot on August 15, returned to her starting point, took her husband along and covered three miles more. The machine cost less than \$2300 and can be made by the dozen for \$1500 apiece. Mrs. Cody says the sensation of flying

Outside in the night a lean coyote slipped through the drizzle to the very door of his cabin, nosed a moment at a crack and smelt blood. His snarling ululation rang far down the wind and over the ridge his mate answered. Inside the cabin the candle guttered and the fire snapped until both were burned out. But there was no double in the far end of the room.—San Francisco Argonaut.

It is a misdemeanor to tamper with electric light wires in Colorado.



Founder of a League. Mrs. Gilbert Jones, founder of the League for the Civic Education of Women and chairman of its executive committee, is a resident of New York City, and is much interested in the woman's suffrage movement. She has of late appeared prominently as the leading woman opponent of that movement.—Argonaut.

More painstaking than Miss Cody, if not more successful, is Miss Marian Black-Hawkins, of Andover, England, who conceived the idea of taming the common wasp and of making it a household pest. She can identify each wasp, that she can fangle them without injury and that they can be trained. She captures the wild wasps, keeps them until they are almost dead of hunger, then feeds them with honey, lets them grow hungry again and finally domesticates

is just the thing women need for their nerves and, while her monoplane cannot make long flights, it is just the thing for house parties in the big estates of Merrie England. Twenty thousand persons saw her fly. They had faith in what she could do, as she is the successful owner of a patent for electric photography.—New York Press.

Macaroni au Gratin.—Almost all the recipes for macaroni call for cold boiled macaroni, or macaroni boiled in the usual way; and as there are always new housekeepers, those who have not had any experience as yet in boiling macaroni, I think it well to tell how macaroni is properly boiled, so that the inexperienced may have knowledge to proceed with the more elaborate dishes. The water in which macaroni is cooked should be boiling before the tubes are put in. Have plenty of water, and when it begins to boil hard put in about a teaspoonful of salt and a saltspoonful of pepper. Now drop in the macaroni and boil for twenty minutes. If the macaroni is to be in small pieces it may be broken before being put in the pot; if it is desired its full length, grasp the macaroni on one end, dip the other in the boiling water, and as the steam causes the macaroni to become limp it may be formed in a circle and will soon fit into the pot without further difficulty. For the Macaroni au Gratin, break in small pieces before boiling. When boiled as directed put sufficient in baking shells or shallow dishes. Mix together bread crumbs, chopped parsley and a few chopped mushrooms, if at hand, and put a thick layer of this over the macaroni. Sprinkle flecks of butter on top, put the shells on a large baking pan and bake slowly until a golden brown. Serve each shell on a breakfast or tea plate.

and appreciation like teaching, and even a very limited experience along that line is valuable. If one is socially inclined—socially being used here in its broader meaning—teaching may be made to include friendly visiting, a most useful and absorbing work, and one greatly in need of new unexampled opportunities and her life will fall of disappointment and disillusion, is yet so complete in its service and in its consciousness of being necessary to others that there can be no question as to its being a happy one.

Now a Woman Aviator. Soon we shall have a war of the sexes in the air. The inevitable woman has invaded the field made famous by the Wright brothers, Bleriot and Curtiss. Mrs. S. F. Cody, of London, won her husband's co-operation when she told him she had the only practical idea about airships. The English newspapers in yesterday relate how the British woman sailed without accident for seven miles at Aldershot on August 15, returned to her starting point, took her husband along and covered three miles more. The machine cost less than \$2300 and can be made by the dozen for \$1500 apiece. Mrs. Cody says the sensation of flying

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FRILLS FASHIONS

The latest color is called artichoke. Dainty pink parasols are embroidered with flowers of lavender. If you know what color artichoke is, you know what color you are going to wear, or ought to. There are browns, all kinds of browns, which is lucky for the few people who got brown suits last year. The leather shades are in particular demand, and reddish browns.

For house gowns, reseda green is modish. Wistaria is still possible, as are certain shades of dull and darkish green. Muslin evening frocks are touched with metallic trimming. A new correspondence paper has white or colored hemstitched borders, like handkerchief heads, and the paper is cross-barred like linen.

Long sashes are being worn with coat suits. Some dainty new silk stockings have lace insets. The fancy for drapery around skirts is growing every day. The pale green tints are worn with various shades of green. Fillets and jeweled hair bands have apparently come to stay.

The newest dancing frocks for girls are being made of puffed malines over satin slips. There has been a notable increase in the use of printed materials with the advance of the new foulard rage. The military coat will be prominent in tailored suitings this fall. It will be slightly bloused and belted. Old blue linen, with tucks and frills of white mull, is very attractive in any of the present-day models. Trimmings just now are put on quite as much in the perpendicular treatment as in the round and round effects.

One of the favorites for the season is the big Gainsborough hat of white plique, trimmed with a huge bow of black velvet ribbon. Soutache braid is as popular as ever and rat tail is a close second. The former is a little more practical, the latter perhaps a trifle more chic.

The newest thing that Dame Fashion has given us—the "Jersey Waist." It is attached to a full skirted skirt. The model is made of black wool and satin. It is waist in satin and the skirted blouse in front over a petticoat of the satin.

State of Pennsylvania

Firemen Burned. Pottsville.—Fire seriously threatened the Jacob Ulmer Packing Company's big plant valued at \$500,000, but with the assistance of the Pottsville Fire Department and a detachment of thirty State policemen, the flames were extinguished with a total loss of only \$4,000. The flames extended to the Pennsylvania Railroad Bridge, which was destroyed. The charred stringers of the burning walls fell on the firemen, painfully burning four. Roy Thornburg, a member of the Humane Fire Company, was crushed by falling walls and sustained a fracture of the clavicle. He was removed to the Pottsville Hospital. Sparks from a Pennsylvania Railroad trolley caused the fire.

Horse Falls 35 Feet. Darby.—The horse attached to the bakery wagon of Otto Madenspacher, of Darby, although it was dragged backwards by the wagon over a thirty-five foot bank in Darby Creek, escaped death and strangely enough does not even show a scratch for its experience. Madenspacher was dumping some rubbish over the bank, when the animal backed the wagon too far and it shot over the bank. Ropes were secured and after some difficulty, the horse and wagon were hauled to the top by means of the united efforts of half a dozen teams to which the other end of the rope was attached.

Beaten By Robber. Mahanoy City.—In a struggle with a thief, whom he surprised going through his money drawer, Matthew Trewella, proprietor of a hotel at Ringtown, was beaten down and had an arm fractured. Mrs. Trewella, an invalid on crutches, went down to her husband's aid, but was roughly shoved aside by the intruder, who completed the job by emptying the money drawer of \$50 in cash. He escaped.

Killed By Poke Weed. Shamokin.—George Betts, Michael Honoyack and his sister, Annie, children, were playing in the woods when they discovered poke weed, which they ate in large quantities, despite its unpleasant taste. Some time after the former died from the effects of the poison, while his companions are in a critical condition.

Blow Up Postoffice. Pittsburg.—With a crash that shook the town nitroglycerine was exploded in the post office at Brackenridge, near here by burglars. They made their escape with \$500 in money and stamps. The building was completely wrecked.

Diverting Water. State Fish Commissioner Meehan was enjoined from diverting the waters of a stream in Huntingdon County for the use of a State fish hatchery. The action is brought by Huntingdon County citizens, who claim that they are damaged by the State's use of the waters. The Attorney General's Department will take hold of the case, which involves an important question as to use of water by the Fish Commissioner.

Crawls From Death. Reading.—White Robert Scott, of Barto, this county, was trying to board a train at Boyertown, where he attends the High School, he lost his hold at the guard rail of the car, and was thrown under the train. With great presence of mind, he crawled forward, and the slow moving of the train saved his life. The wheels were within a hairbreadth of his legs.

Thirty-five Snakes In One. Reading.—David Heffner, a farmer, of Kutztown, while plowing, saw a snake glide away from him, surrounded by little live snakes, which were crawling into the mouth of the mother snake. He killed the reptile, which he opened and found thirty-five young snakes, ranging from 6 to 7 inches in length.

Buried Alive. Mahanoy City.—Three-year-old Andrew Kroch was crushed to death under falling logs at New Boston. The child was playing about the base of a pile when the logs commenced to roll, burying the child as they fell.

Annexes Town. Shamokin.—An ordinance, framed on a decision of Northumberland County Court, was adopted by Borough Council annexing part of Coal Township, which would swell the borough population 10,000. Anti-annexationists will carry the case to the Supreme Court, if necessary, to prevent the township's partition.

Would Punish Justice. Sunbury.—Disgusted because a justice had in their judgment returned a trifling assault and battery case to court, a jury wanted to put half the costs on the justice, but the Court said such action would be illegal and that the county would have to pay the costs.

Cyclist Hurt. Pottsville.—C. W. Wildermuth, a leading business man, was injured while riding on a bicycle and trying to avoid an attack of dogs, which jumped upon his back. He fell and broke his hip, an accident which his seventy years make serious.

To Enforce Game Law. Wilkes-Barre.—Captain Robinson, of Troop B, of the State Constabulary, dispatched a squad of State troopers to Montrose, where they will be stationed during the hunting season. A great many complaints have been received recently from that section that the game laws are being boldly violated and the troopers will see that they are enforced.

Divorced For Desertion. Media.—The Court has granted an absolute decree divorcing Frank Pierce from his wife, Helen G. Pierce, of Chester. The husband alleged desertion.

Fire Wipes Out Town. Black Lick.—Fire, resulting from a lamp explosion, destroyed the greater portion of this mining village. The entire town turned out to fight the fire, and dynamite had to be used to blow up buildings to keep the flames from spreading. The loss is \$25,000.

Cheap labor has been the principal handicap in introducing modern machinery into India. Wages are, however, slowly but steadily advancing to a point that will insure the employment of machinery to perform much of the work now done by manual labor.

A new line of steamers has been started between San Domingo City and Curacao. The first steamer left San Domingo May 7. The steamers have accommodations for 20 first-class passengers, and were much praised.

Reading.—At a habes corpus hearing here Henry Troxel, held in connection with the Oley Line double tragedy, was discharged. The prosecution was unable to substantiate the charge of murder.

Wined For Coughing. Sunbury.—Because he coughed so loud and long in court Raymond Jenkins, Shamokin, alleges he was coughed before the Judge and charged with disorderly conduct. He was fined \$25.00.