## A MINX.

KITTY TRELAWNEY, a Minz. MARION HARCOURT, an Angel GROUPPER GEOFFREY HARCOURT, an Angel. FORTESQUE, a Man.



down and let us talk quietly. I want sympathy, too. Kitty (open-cycd)--You! You want sympathy! I thought you were above that weakness. Mariom--Not a bit. I want all you can give me Kitty--Oh do teil me; but you must hear me first--my troubles are more pressing. I'm in such a fix! I've got a letter from him to say-Mariom--Him? Whom? Kitty (impatiently) -- The him, of course. There's only one him--at least, there ought to be only one. That's just it. Mariom--What do you mean?

ast it. Marion—What do you mean? Kitty—I mean—that—there are two. Marion—You are engaged to two men

at once? Kitty-Well, you see-they overlap--for the moment. Marion-You take my breath away. Explain!

Marion-You take my breath away. Explain! Kitty-You remember my writing to tell you about my engagement to an awfully nice, clever fellow, a lawyer, about eighteen months ago, and how he had to go to India-to take evidence on commission, they call it, i think-a few weeks after we were engaged? Marion-Yes, and you were to be mar-ried as soon as he came back. Hasn't he come back? Kitty-Oh, yes; he's come right enough. I'm expecting him here now-immediately-any-every moment; and I don't want him!

Marion-Zhen which the set of the

to him? Kitty—Which him? I'm speaking of the—the—well, the new one. Marion—Kitty, you are dreadful You never can have loved truly, deeply, seriously, for true love is constant—it lifts one out of oneself, and— Kitty—Thanks; I've read all that in novels.

novels. Marion—But you have never felt it-

raged? Marion—We are not engaged. Kitty—Broken off! Oh, Marion, I'm

Kitty-Broken off. Oh, Marion, I'm so sorry, dear. Marion-No, not broken off. He was engaged before we met. Kitty (whistles)-And he fell in love with you and told you so? Murion-No.

Marion-No. Kitty - He never told you he loved

ou? Marion—No, not in so many words. Kitty—Well, when shall you see him

Marion-I do not expect ever to see

him again. Kitty—And you love him very much Marion—I could love him very much



Kitty-Poor thing! Marion, it's four o'clock, and you've never helped me out of my fix one bit. He may be here at any moment, and what am I to say to him Marion (bewildered)-You're speak-ing now of-

Kity-The-the original one. Don't you understand? He returned from India yesterday. I have to tell him I bore some one else, and I can't see him there's the bell. Marion, I can't see him n't. (Suddenly) you must. (Rises.) ion -Don't be absurd. I can't see

Marion rfect stranger. a perio. Kitty a perfect stranger. Kitty (making for the door)—Say yon're a friend of the family, and I'm a silly, hare-brained girl who doesn't know her own mind. Say anything

yeu like; but get me out of this, and I'll love you forever. (Flies out of the room by a side door as the servant enters by another and announces Mr. Fortesque. Marion rises.) Mr. Fortesque—Miss Harcourt! Marion—Mr. Fortesque! Mr. Fortesque—You here! I—I had no idea you knew the Trelawneys. Marion—Yes, Kitty and I are old schoolfellows, Mr. Fortesque (with some emotion)— I never thought to see you again. And Miss Trelawney, has she told you all about me? Marion—She told me she was engaged to—to some one very nice.

Marion-She told me she was engaged to-to some one very nice. Mr. Fortesquo-Ah! why did she run away as I came upstairs? Marion-I will go and ask her to come back. Mr. Fortesque-Please tell me first why she was area?

Mr. Fortesque-Please tell me hrst why she ran away. Marion-She shall tell you herself. Mr. Fortesque-Then there is some-thing to tell me. What is it? She has changed towards me. I half guessed it from her letters of late. She is afraid to tell me herself, and has left you to do it for her. Isn't it so? Marion-Yes. Mr. Fortesque-And she loves some one else?

Mr. Fortesque—And she loves some one else? Marion—She must come and speak to you horsell. Fill fetch her. (Goes to wards the door). Mr. Fortesque—Stop—did you tell her of our previous acquaintance? Marion—No, but I must now. (Marion retires, and in a few minutes Kitty enters in a rather shame-faced manner.)

manner.) Mr. Fortesque-How do you do, Kitty? Kitty-O Geoffrey, I'm so sorry; are

Kitty-O Goirrey, I'm so sorry; are you dreadfully angry?
Mr. Fortosque-Do I look angry?
Kitty-N-no, I can't say that you do.
I thought you would be. I think you ought to be. You ought to look-well -a little upbanar.

- a little unhappy. Mr. Fortesque-You want me to look unhappy because you love some one

Kitty-I think it would have been Mice of you. Mr. Fortesque – But supposing 1 over some one else?

bye some one else? Kitty (eagerly)—But you don't, de cou, Jeff?

Mr. Joff (agenty)-Dut you kint, ac yon, Jeff? Mr. Fortesque-My dear Kitty, what ean it matter to you now? Kitty (doubtfully)-N-no. Of course, it oughtn't to matter. But I didn't think-

Mr. Fortesque-That I could be as

Kitty-How horrid of you! Mr. Fortesque-No, I'm not, and 1 haven't been faithless. I have been faithl



Baked and Holted Tubers. All housekeepers know, or should know, that boiled and baked potatoes served whole keep hot and fresh longer if sent to the table wrapped in a nap-kin. A doily for this purpose may be made from a square of fine butcher's linen with hemstitched hem, and, if desired, a narrow drawn-work border just inside the hem. In one corner em-broider in linen floss or wash silk a half dozen or more potatoes in a group. These may be done in white or col-ors as taste suggests, but if done in "ARE YOU'DREADFULLY ANGRY?" true to you, Kitty, and would have married you. You wish to be free. Well, I give you your freedom. Kitty—Oh! I never thought you'd take it so coolly. You want to be free,

Mr. Fortesque—Ves, it, is your old with the second second second second Mr. Fortesque—Vm sorry if the idea hurts you. Yes, I wish to marry some one else. You want to do the same, I understand. What could be better? Kitty—Oh! but I didn't think you would be so glad to get rid of me. I—I —Jeff, who is she? Is she pretty, and young, and elser? Is it any one I know?

Mr. Fortesque—Yes, it is your old schoolfellow, Marion Harcourt. Kitty (amazed)—Marion!!! Why-you've only known her five minutes!

Altrop during the second secon

Mr. Fortesque-We thought we had parted forever. Mr. Fortesque-We thought we had parted forever. Kitty-I should think so-when you

were engaged to me. Mr. Fortesque-Don't you mean, Kitty, when you were in love with some one else?

SPHINKLE salt over the soot on a car-pet and sweep all up together. CAMPHOR should not be placed next to furs as it will make the color lighter. FEED carged birds with lettuce, sor-rel, plantais and celery top as well as read. some one clse? Kitty-I'm not sure that I am, now. Mr. Fortesque — Good heavens! What a complication1 I— Kitty-Ohi it's all right as far as you are concerned, Mr. Fortesque. Don't wind mat Mr. Fortesque-Kitty, you can't pos-

Tr is said that eastor oil applied once a day for several weeks will remove warts. All, Fortesque-Artey, you can e pos ibly be such a-Kitty (coolly)-Dog in the manger, are you going to say? At any rate, I am a dog with two strings to my bow, and I know now I never loved you. It's nice to have one's mind made up for yne, so send for Marion at once, and I'll wish her joy. And I must send a talagram! warts. THICK cakes, such as fruit cakes, bala-ing two or three hours, require a very slov

THE luster of morocco may be re-stored by applying the white of an egg with a sponge. telegrami Mr. Fortesque-Whom to? Oh! I beg

Ritty (sits down and wrltes)—There! Mr. Fortesque—Can you be polite in

ten words? Kitty-Read it, and see! (Watches him.

him.) Mr. Fortesque (reads)—To Trefusis. — Club. Please come congratulate me.--Kitty. Who is Trefusis? Kitty—Why the other one, of course. Go and hand it in. quiek. Mr. Fortesque (going out) .Little miux!-Society.

Frying Chlokens. Chicken, no matter how young, will be tough and tasteless if not well sea-soned and floured before being fried. This hint is given because many cooks persist in frying it in plain lard.

so saving steps.

Frying Chickens.

MAKING HOME HAPPY. The Grandest Task Any Woman or Man Can Undertake.

NEAT POTATO DOILY.

A POTATO DOILY.

A POTATO DOILY. colors care must be taken in selecting the shades of silk that the potators may look natural. To serve the pota-toes place the doily in the dish or turcen, neatly put in the potatoes and fold the corners of the doily and remove potatoes.—Orange Judd Farmer.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

very

A Terrible Encounter. They had had a fulling out, the two young men in the loud clothes, and this was the way the trouble termi-nated, while a number of horrifled persons looked on ..... The Grandest Task Any Woman or Maa Can Undertake. One of the most important requisites for a happy home is self-control, es-pecially a good command over temper and tongue. There are many occasions when the peace of a family might be preserved by a timely recollection of the proverb that "silence is golden." Many of the efforts necessary for the preservation of peace and happiness in the home circle are of a negative kind, and consist in refraining from the things that jar on others, such as rude-ness, impatience, fault-finding an-other "lesser foxes that spoil the vine." Yet this negative work is as important as the most energetic exer-tions of bustling activity, perhaps even

"You're a chump!" "Did you say I was a chump?" "That's what I said." "That's what I said." "Oh, you did, did you?" "That's what I did." "Well, you better not say it again, that's all." "I guess I'll say it again if I feel like it."

"Oh, you will, will you?" "You bet I will." "Well, you better not, that's all." "Why hadn't I better?" "That's all right, you'll find out tions of bustling activity, perhaps

"That's an Hight, you'n had out quick enough." Right here friends intervened and both young men received congratula-tions on having survived the encounter without injury.—Chicago Record. nore so. It is of great importance that cour-

Discouraged Pedagogue. "How many hours are there 'n a day?" asked a Harlem teacher. "I reckon there must be more than twenty-four hours a day now," was the reoly.

reply. "Haven't I told you more than forty "Taken to the only our more than forty times that there were only twenty-four hours in a day?" "Yes; and yesterday I heard you say that the days were getting longer. I supposed that there must be about twenty-five hours a day now."—Tam-many Times.

Object Lesson on the Chair. Teacher (having directed the atten-tion of the class to the various parts of a chair)—Of what use is the seat in a

chair? Bright Little Girl (who knows it all)

Righteous Indignation. "I want a divorce," she said, as ank into a chair in the lawyer's e. "From your husband?" queried the

"No, from my grandfather!" she snapped, as she bolted through the door and slammed it behind her.—Life.

John and the Old Man. "I never see John these days. Where is h "He's off somewheres a-learnin' of



Silas—I feel just like a city chap, dressed up in these city clothes. Ilannah (with a far-away look)—Yes, indeed you do, Silas. Them city fel-lers, as boarded here last summer, all wore clothes that were nice and soft, like these.—Puelt.

A Bovine Repartes. A Bovine Repartes. Ho picted up a hickory bough, And aimed a wild blow at the cough: But the brute, with a laugh, Pollowed forth: "I'm no caugh," And the little dog tittered: "Bought wough? -Lite.

-Life Thoughtful Girl. Mrs. Jacobs—Eve, you know we ex-pect the new boarder to-night. Is the family Bible put away? Eve—Better than that, ma. I have left one of my pictures is his bureau drawer, accidentally, and marked it, October 15, 1893, aged ninetcen.— Judge.

Judge.

Same the World Over. Moxey—Gad! I wonder what the poor eclander does when he comes home rom the club after a six months' even-Ing poker party? Mrs. Moxy—Probably the same thing he says here—''My dear, it's very early!' —N. Y. World.

A Multigating Circumstance. Little Benny—Mamma, please let me old the baby for a minute. Mother—I am afraid, Benny, you night let her fall. Little Benny—Well, if she does fall he can't fall very far.—Alex Sweet, n Texns Siftings. To the peach fields where the mockin' birds are primpin' up for spring? The sump side of eity life, what is it to the light fant is tangled in the woodlands, where the purple and the white of springtime's sarliest biossoms seem blowin' into you. With the rumpilet trees abendin' an' a bowin' "Howdy aci"

In Texns Siftings. Contentment. "Rabbi, who is the happier, the man who owns \$1,000,000 or he who has seven daughters?" "The man who has many daughters "" Why soo?" "He who has \$1,000,000 wishes for more; the man who has seven daughters does pot."-Fligende Blacter. "Howdy dol" "Howdy dol" The sumy side of city life, the poets sing it fine, An 'fer the girls with gutanti 'euris their city roses twine: But the brightest light is beamin' from a wild-many change of the sum of the sum of the second of the sum o ny daughters " "Why so?" "He to has \$1,000,000 wishes for more; the in who has seven daughters does t."-Fliegende Blaetter.

A Modern Miracle.

with a spape, us the white of all egg SEW a strip of chair webbing two inches wide tightly on the under side of a rug to prevent it from curling up. An apple lept in the cake box will keep moderately rich cake moist if the apple is renewed when withered. A TABLE a yard or so in size on stout casters is a help when frying food like griddle cakes, doughnuts or fish. All the things needed, placed on this table, can be trundled near the stove, so saving steps. Has the other night." "You don't say so." "Yes: they discovered a hot box while the train was passing through Philadelphia."—Brooldyn Life.

Beauty of Absence. Wiggins—I wonder how it is that old DeCash always speaks so highly of his poor cousin in the west? Grump—II'm! His cousin is so hard up that he never can afford to pay him a visit!—Truth.

With a Marked Accent Friend-Does the baron, your son-in-law, speak with much of an accent? Richpurse-He did when he discov-ered how I had fixed his wife's dower. -Puck



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Too Much Realism.

Too Much Realism. O, witters realistic, Won't you, just to please a friend, Be not so pessimistic In the way your stories end? And can't you now and then coatrive To let the lovers wed, Nor have the heroid sarrive To find the heroid wait's To find use heroid wait's

To find the new owner The fait-appearing things of life Are not (orever bad); And even in this vale of strife Are moments that are glad. O, can'you to your world of doubt O's sunshine now and then without its going all to smashing

Quit clouding every hour, Quit plastering our gods with mud, Quit making sweet things sour. We're tired of replacers who Embitter every cup. Ring off ye billons whiners, do For pity's aske let up! --Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal

Quit blasting every happy be Quit clouding every hour,

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