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CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Services regularly held, morning and evening, every Sunday in each month. Prayer meeting Thursday night

MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services second Saturday evening and Sunday each month. Prayer meeting, Monday night

M. E. CHURCH.

Services first Sunday each month. Sunday school at 2:00 p. m. J. H. FROST, Pastor.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

Services every fourth Sunday morning and night, by T. C. Peters, Pastor. Prayer meeting every Friday night

ZION A. M. E. CHURCH.

Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock, and evening at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Dawsey, pastor.

MT. ZION BAPTIST CHURCH.

Services Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. W. W. Foster, pastor.

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M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

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Lodge Directory.

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CHAS COWELL, Secretary

ST. BERNARD LODGE, No. 240, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday night at 7:30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend.
A. R. BAUGH, N. G.
C. H. HUNT, Secretary

VICTORIA LODGE, No. 84, KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS, meets every Monday night in the Masonic building. All members of the order are cordially invited to attend.
M. McCOMB, C. C.
W. F. ANDERSON, K. of R. and S.

HOPKINS LODGE, No. 61, A. O. U. W. meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend
W. R. BROWN, M. W.
BENJ. MYERS, Recorder

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A MINX.

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

SCENE—A drawing-room.

KITTY (jumping up from the piano as Miss Harcourt is announced)—O Marion, it is you. What a relief!

Marion—Are you expecting anyone else?

Kitty—Yes, and I was afraid—but it's you and I'm glad. Did you get my last letter? And have you come back for good from your travels—nearly two years, isn't it? And your father better? When did you get back? And can you guess what a wicked girl I am, and how miserable this unhappy secret makes me—at least, part of it, for some of it's happy, you know; but I do so want your advice and sympathy and—

Marion—O my dear Kitty, stop! Sit down and let us talk quietly. I want sympathy, too.

Kitty (open-eyed)—You! You want sympathy! I thought you were above that weakness.

Marion—Not a bit. I want all you can give me.

Kitty—Oh, do tell 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—

Marion—Him? Whom?

Kitty (impatiently)—*The* him, of course. There's only one him—at least, there ought to be only one. That's just—

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!

Kitty—You remember my writing to tell you about my engagement to an awfully nice, clever fellow, a lawyer, about fifteen 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 married 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—Plain! Explain!

Kitty—Last summer, I went to stay at Mrs. Faber's place on the Hudson, and, of course, there was lots of boating, tennis, picnics and—(hesitates) moonlight walks.

Marion (gravely)—Oh, my dear Kitty!

Kitty—The situation's got to be faced. I know I'm a wicked flirt, and all that; but Marion, he is such a darling, and I really, truly want to be his wife.

Marion—Then why weren't you true to him?

Kitty—Which? I'm speaking of the—the—well, the new one.

Marion—Kitty, you are deceitful. You never can have loved truly, deeply, seriously, for love is constant—it lifts one out of self, and—

Kitty—Thank you, Marion. You never felt it—not deeply, I'm sure. I've read all that in novels.

Marion—But you've never felt it—never talked about it to this before. Who is it? Tell me the truth.

Marion (after a pause)—I don't feel that I can talk to you as freely as I could once have done.

Kitty—Oh, I shall find out of you. You met him abroad. Where was it? Who is he, and where were you engaged?

Marion—We are not engaged.

Kitty—Broken off. Marion, I'm so sorry, dear.

Marion—No, not broken off. He was engaged before we met.

Kitty (whistles)—Already fallen in love with you and told you.

Marion—No.

Kitty—He never told you he loved you?

Marion—No, not in so many words.

Kitty—Well, when shall I see him again?

Marion—I do not expect to see him again.

Kitty—And you love him much?

Marion—I *could* love him much.

"LET US TALK QUIETLY."

Kitty—Poor thing! Marion, it's 6 o'clock, and you've never helped me out of *my* fix one bit. He may be here any moment, and what am I to say to him?

Marion (bewildered)—You ask me what you are going now of—

Kitty—The—the original one, you understand? He returned from India yesterday. I have to tell him I love some one else, and I can't. He's there's the bell. Marion, I can't see him—I won't. (Suddenly) you must. (Rises.)

Marion—Don't be absurd. I can't be a perfect stranger.

Kitty (making for the door)—Nonsense. You're a friend of the family, and I'm only a silly, hare-brained girl who doesn't know her own mind. Say anything you 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 some one very much

Mr. Fortesque—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 ran away.

Marion—She shall tell you herself.

Mr. Fortesque—Then there *is* something 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?

Marion—She *must* come and speak to you herself. I'll fetch her. (Goes towards 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.)

Mr. Fortesque—How do you do, Kitty?

Kitty—O Geoffrey, I'm so sorry; are you *dreadfully* angry?

Mr. Fortesque—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 unhappy.

Mr. Fortesque—You want me to look unhappy because you love some one else.

Kitty—I think it would have been rather nice of you.

Mr. Fortesque—But supposing *I* love some one else?

Kitty (eagerly)—But you don't, do you, Jeff?

Mr. Fortesque—My dear Kitty, what can 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 faithless as yourself?

Kitty—How horrid of you!

Mr. Fortesque—No, I'm not, and I haven't been faithless. I have been

"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, too?

Mr. Fortesque—Naturally.

Kitty—To marry some one else?

Mr. Fortesque—I'm 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 clever? 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!

Mr. Fortesque—No, we met on the way home. She and her father joined our boat at Colombo.

Kitty—Then you are the man she has been telling me of—who was engaged to some one else and with whom she 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?

Kitty—I'm not sure that I am, now.

Mr. Fortesque — Good heavens! What a complication! I—

Kitty—Oh! it's all right as far as you are concerned, Mr. Fortesque. Don't mind me!

Mr. Fortesque—Kitty, you can't possibly 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 one, so send for Marion at once, and I'll wish her joy. And I must send a telegram!

Mr. Fortesque—Whom to? Oh! I beg your pardon.

Kitty—You'll see. You may hand it in for me if you like. You pass a telegraph office, don't you?

Mr. Fortesque—Certainly, with pleasure.

Kitty (sits down and writes)—There!

Mr. Fortesque—Can you be polite in ten words?

Kitty—Read it, and see! (Watches him.)

Mr. Fortesque (reads)—To Trefusis, —— Club. Please come congratulate me.—Kitty. Who is Trefusis?

Kitty—Why the other one, of course. Do and hand it in, quick.

Mr. Fortesque (going out)—Little minx!—Society.

Latter-Day Etiquette.

Mrs. De Science—Hereafter, when doctors call you are not to take their hands. You must ask them their diseases. My husband has discovered a hundred different kinds of bacilli on visiting cards.

Servant—Yes, ma'am.

Mrs. De Science—And when they announce their names, you are particular to notice if their voices are clear. Colds are catching.—N. Y. World.

Elsie's Tribute.

Elsie's first night at the concert she listened delightedly till, after the applause, which followed the prima donna's wonderful trill, subsided, she leaned over to her mother and in a very audible whisper exclaimed: "Oh, mamma! didn't that bird use her throat just lovely!"—Life.

Anticipated Impressions.

Bethead (who is being entertained by little Nellie until her sister comes)—Why sh you laughing.

Nellie (straightening her face) — I was laughing. Ma told me I must look pleasant when I was looking at you.—Yale Record.

IN THE DINING ROOM.

Some Articles Now Seen on Well-Furnished Tables.

Astute indeed must be the housewife who can keep up with the many small and cunning devices in tableware that seem in this age of luxury so absolutely necessary to the comfort of the stranger within her gates.

In spoons and forks alone the variety is bewildering. For this reason many ladies make regular trips to the silversmith in order to offer their guests the latest modes.

This serves a double purpose in many cases. Where one is not strictly in the swim it saves the experience of unpleasant little surprises that are bound to be embarrassing, such as having a certain table fad sprung upon one unawares.

Let us take an inventory of those most in vogue. There is the butter-spreader, which genteel society declares quite indispensable, and so must accompany bread-and-butter plate.

This spreader is furnished with a point, upon which are found two teeth or broken edges. These, gracefully managed, break the golden pat of butter in pieces, and the rounded side of the spreader is used to spread butter upon the bread.

Very artistic hostesses would not think of offering their guests the orange as a breakfast dainty without supplying as well an orange-holder. Sometimes it is shaped so that the half of the orange fits snugly into a basket-like frame, and again it appears in the form of a pair of tongs.

The orange spoon is worthy of honorable mention. It is the latest addition to good society, and is not only pretty but practical as well. It is in size almost a twin to the teaspoon, very pointed at the end and showing quite a formidable set of saw teeth upon one side of the bowl.

To divide favor with the spoon is the orange knife. It resembles a baby scimeter, having one side rounded and a set of saw teeth upon the other.

Berry season will bring to light, upon the correctly-set table, berry forks of the most approved mode. They are small, delicate in make and finished at the end with several long, dainty-looking prongs.

The bouillon spoon—a compromise between teaspoon and after-dinner coffee spoon—is an exceedingly pretty affair.

At last, but by no means least, comes the ice-cream spoon. It is promised a prominent place for many weeks to come amid the array of dining-room novelties. It is flattened at the lower end, and is sometimes as straight as a spade and sometimes pointed in imitation of a tiny trowel.

When one and all are ranged along beside the other pieces of dinner service, the showing is not only exceedingly pretty, but to a novice bewildering, as I have already said.

Very comfortable is the feeling which takes possession of the diner-out when, finding herself confronted by such a dazzling display, she realizes that she is quite able to gracefully bring into use each and every bit of silver so temptingly arranged for her especial use.—Golden Days.

In Adversity.

Cheer up! The world is not all darkness and despair. This day may be dark enough to many. Without much to eat, with little to wear, out of work, with no friends to help, the temptation may be strong to despair of relief and fly for it from the ills we feel to those we know not. But is that not cowardly? Is it brave and manly to yield to the worst foe we have without a determined struggle? Better days are not far off from brave hearts determined to do right. Times are indeed hard, business has come to a standstill, but the world has money enough, and human wants have not diminished. When the stock of every kind of productions has become exhausted, and that time is approaching, business will start up to supply the want, and there will be the same old call for willing, skillful hands that there has been in successive seasons of the same kind in the past. Having food and raiment therewith be content until a better day shall dawn, which will not be long. More than half our wants are artificial anyway, and it is one of God's ways of training people to better habits, by putting it out of their power to gratify every whim. They learn in the school of adversity to curb the desires of the flesh and mind which have proved a snare and a curse to so many.—Detroit Free Press.

A Spring Tonic.

A raw egg is an excellent tonic with which to begin the warm spring days. It is strengthening and tends to prevent that tired feeling so prevalent at this season of the year. If prepared in the following way it is really a delicious drink: Put the yolk of an egg into a dish with a teaspoonful of white sugar and a teaspoonful of orange or lemon juice, and beat lightly together with a fork. Put the whites on a plate and add a pinch of salt; then, with a broad-bladed knife beat it to a stiff froth. Now, as lightly as possible, mix all together in a dish; then as lightly transfer it to a clean tumbler, which it will nearly fill if properly made. It must not stand in a warm place, as it soon becomes liquid and loses its snowy look. Any fruit juice may be used in place of orange or lemon, or even brandy if the doctor has ordered it.—Chicago Mail.

A Modern Martyr.

Good Pastor—Your daughter tells me you made a martyr of yourself during Lent.

Mrs. Sainte-Lee—Indeed I did. I denied myself the pleasure of shopping when I did not want anything.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Domestic Cassandra.

Mrs. Jack—What's the difference between a pillar of salt and a mighty hard time?

Mr. Jack—Give it up; what is it?

Mrs. Jack—One's Lot's wife, and the other's a wife's lot.—Detroit Free Press.

—What is taken from the fortune, also may haply be so much lifted from the soul.—Bovee.

His Opportunity.

The Girl—I want you to help me make him jealous—awfully, wildly jealous.

The Man—Er—let's get married.—Truth.

Probably.

"Where does the Bo-Vine grow?" asked flippant Chummy.

"At Cowes, I guess," returned the ready Chappy.—Harper's Bazar.

Undertaker's Courtesy.

"After you," said the undertaker politely to the doctor at the door as they entered.—Yale Record.

He Knew His Business.

Proprietor (of the shoe store)—Before I take you into my employ as clerk let me ask you one question: What do you know about the No. 2 size of ladies' shoes?

Applicant (promptly) — There are seventeen sizes of No. 2 shoes.

Proprietor—Engaged!—Chicago Record.

Either Will Do.

"So you are determined on a journey to the north pole?"

"I am."

"Going out with the next expedition?"

"No; I shall go out with the party that is to rescue the next expedition."—N. Y. Press.

A BICYCLE MEET.

—Bicycling World.

Truth Triumphant.

Mrs. Gadders—What do you think of my new onyx clock?

Visitor—Beautiful! Is it an alarm clock?

Willy Gadders—Yes—

Mrs. Gadders—Willy, Willy! How dare you tell such an untruth?

Willy Gadders—Well, if you had seen how it alarmed Pop when he got the bill, you would say it was.—Puck.

What He Is Hired For.

"There is a man who figures prominently in our business," said Snaggs, who was showing his friend Gaswell through the establishment.

"The man with the pen behind his ear?" asked Gaswell.

"Yes."

"Is he one of the partners?"

"No; he is the bookkeeper."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

He Knew the Cigars.

"You're wrong," said the husband.

"I'm right," maintained the wife; "and I'll bet that I am."

"What will you bet?" he asked.

"I'll bet you a box of cigars," was the reply.

"I beg your pardon," said the husband, hastily. "I was mistaken. You are right and I am wrong."—Town Topics.

From the German.

Sergeant—You are the most stupid soldier in the whole regiment. Have you any brothers?

Recruit—Yes; I have a brother.

"Is he as stupid as you?"

"Yes, and a great deal more."

"Impossible. What does the donkey do for a living?"

"He is a sergeant."

A SWEET THOUGHT.

"Wouldn't it be lovely, Gwendolen, if the ocean were vanilla ice cream? You and I, you know, are a couple of spoons."—Chicago Record.

No Mutuality.

"Did you see that hoss you was talkin' of buyin'?" asked one Texas darky of another.

"Yes, I seed him."

"Did you buy de hoss?"

"No, I didn't buy him, bekase dar was no mutuality."

"What do yer mean, niggah?"

"Dar was no mutuality. I seed enuff ob de hoss, but de hoss didn't see enuff ob me. He was blind in one eye. Dar haster be more mutuality in a hoss trade."—Tammany Times.

Difference of View.

He—Who is he?

She—O, he is a lion. He has written a book.

He—And who is the girl he is talking to?

She (viciously)—She's an old cat. She has written a book, I believe.—Truth.

Hard to Understand.

"There's one thing about me that I don't understand," said Tommy, thoughtfully, "and that's why it is that making marks on wall-paper is such lots of fun, and making 'em in copy-books in school is such hard work."—Harper's Young People.

So Bashful.

Mistress—How is it one never hears a sound in the kitchen when your sweetheart is with you of an evening?

Servant Girl—Please, ma'am, the poor fellow is so bashful yet; for the present he does nothing but eat!—Lustige Blaetter.

Ships That Pass in the Night.

They were wedded in Washington, D. C.
And each soon considered the other N. G.;
Whereat she fled to Sioux Falls, S. D.,
While he took his flight out to Guthrie, O. T.,
And now they are once again happy and free.
—Harper's Young People.

A Distinction.

Haverley—Do you ever give your seat to a lady in a crowded car?

Austen—Never.

Haverley—Why, now I think of it, I saw you do so last night.

Austen—She wasn't a lady. She never even thanked me.—N. Y. World.

A Frightened Bride.

Bridesmaid—You poor, frightened darling. You looked scared to death at the altar.

Bride—Yes, George trembled so I was dreadfully afraid he'd lose courage and run away.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Powerful Awakening.

"Next Sunday, brethren," said the pastor, "I shall preach on the subject: 'What Your Neighbors Are Saying About You.'"

It is recorded that Rev. Dr. Goodman preached the following Sunday to the largest audience that ever assembled in the church and hundreds were turned away.—Chicago Tribune.

A Great Mystery.

"My husband is a peculiar sort of a man."

"How so?"

"Before we were married I couldn't get him out of the house before midnight, and now I can't get him into the house before midnight."—Alex Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

That Might Explain It.

Mudge—I wonder why a girl always shuts her eyes when a fellow kisses her?

Yabsley—I never noticed anything of the sort. But I suppose it depends upon the kind of face the fellow has.—Town Topics.

RARE PRESENCE OF MIND.

Stayhome—And did you have any adventures in the tropics?

Trotter—Did I? Once, while bathing, I saw two monsters coming towards me—a swordfish and a shark—

Stayhome—And what did you do then?

Trotter—I robbed the swordfish of his sword, plunged it into the shark's throat, and was saved.—Fliegende Blaetter.

Young Hopeful.

Dear little Johnny, it is too bad,
You've lost your papa, how very sad.
You'll never have another.
"Oh," said the boy, "my mother
Has already got a beau,
She may marry, don't you know?"
—Hallo.

"Where Ignorance," Etc.

Bridegroom Elect (who has given every reason he can find to justify his marriage)—Besides, old man, it will improve my position. Now, you were well off before you married, weren't you?

Henpecked Husband—Yes, I was; but I didn't know it.—London Judy.

All Explained.

"What makes a balloon go up in the air, papa?" asked Bobbie.

"Because," replied Bobbie's father, "it is filled with gas."

"Then that must be the reason," triumphantly exclaimed Bobbie, "that our gas meter is fastened down so tight."—Brooklyn Life.

The Pathologic School.

Mrs. Gramercy—Do you exercise any supervision over your daughter's reading?

Mrs. Park—Certainly, my dear! It is quite necessary at the present day. I never let her read a book written by a woman until I've looked it over carefully.—Puck.

Rather Go Without It.

Shortleigh—Boreby, let me have ten dollars until to-morrow, will you?

Boreby—Of course I will. But just let me tell you this story first.

Shortleigh—Say, never mind, Boreby; I am expecting some money myself to-morrow.—N. Y. World.

In Desperate Straits.

Lawyer—What are your assets?

Client—About $15,000.

Lawyer—What are your liabilities?

Client—Only $5,000 and a dressmaker's bill that hasn't come in yet.

Lawyer—Better assign.—Hallo.

A Loving Heart.

Wiggins—Dear old boy, if you and your wife are perpetually quarreling, why don't you separate?

Henpeck—What—and leave her without the pleasure of somebody to scold?—Truth.

Henpecked.

"Is Tompkins henpecked?"

"Is he?" exclaimed Potts. "I should say he is. He doesn't even dare to claim a full proprietary interest in his own rheumatism."—Indianapolis Journal.

Proposing Under Difficulties.

"What was the greatest disappointment of your life?" asked her dear friend.

"When a deaf and dumb man tried to tell me he loved me in a dark hallway," she responded.—Hallo.

Only One to Lose.

Young Medical Practitioner—I can truthfully say that I never lost but one patient.

Dr. Longyears (grimly)—What have you been doing for a living since he died?—Chicago Record.

Economy Run Mad.

Heiress—Dear me! times are hard.

Mabel—How do you know?

Heiress—Why, all the men are proposing to me in their last year's phrases. It's very monotonous.—N. Y. World.

Ante-Mortem Prudence.

If one would leave an untolled name
And friends who love him still,
He must die too rich to be in debt,
Too poor to make a will.
—Puck.

His Designation.

"Mr. Gunn has proposed to Miss Giddey."

"Then he really is a pop Gunn."—Judge.

Alas! It Comes But Once.

Miss Wrinkles—I wonder if I'll live to see my thirtieth birthday?

He—No. It only comes once.—Life.

Meant for a Compliment.

Wheeler—Why, Miss Snooper, how costumes and make-up alter people. I hardly knew you.

Miss Snooper—Do I look fright, then?

Wheeler—On the contrary, most charming.—Town To[illegible]

Talked Enough a[illegible]

Ned (reading paper)—[illegible] about a girl who can[illegible] her sleep.

Tom—Cæsar! [illegible] where is wife? [illegible] she'll find how [illegible] habit.—Chic[illegible]