ROBERT ALEX. DOUGLAS-LITHGOW.



formed a scene which can, perhaps, only be witnessed in London at such a time.

Sauntering by the side of the Row, Hon. Bertie Milverton and his Fidus Achates, Bruce Armitage, were evidently enjoying the occasion, for they were both known to almost every body; and as they walked arm-in-arm they doffed their hats at almost every step to society's pet dames and maidens, or now and again stopped for a few minutes to make observations on the weather to some more familiar friends.

Bertie Milverton had been the "catch" of many seasons, for, as the eldest son of Lord Somerby he was heir to his father's immense wealth and property, and many a Mayfair and Belgravian mother had sighed when season after season their daughters failed to make any impression upon such-an eligible parti.

He was above the average height, about twenty-seven years of age and well set up, as a guardsman should be. Moreover, he had inherited the traditional beauty of the Milvertons and his features were almost feminine in their perfection, although his pierening dark eye and square jaw showed that he was a man of shrewd observation and determination of character. A long drooping mustache neutralized the effeminate regularity of his classic face.

In fact, he was about as good a type

face.

In fact, he was about as good a type of the English aristocracy as society could boast, and one of the best known and most admired men about town. Society wondered at his passing so long heartwhole and unscathed through such a galaxy of beauty, until it had almost assured itself that he was either heartless or simply invulnerable to the shafts of Cupid.

Bruce Armitage, his friend and fellow guardsman, was about the same

Bruce Armitage, his friend and fellow guardsman, was about the same age as Bertie, a fair specimen of a modern Anglo-Saxon and the son of Sir Nigel Armitage, a cavalry officer who had especially distinguished himself in the Crimea.

They were about to cross the Row at Albert Gate when coming towards them they saw a middle-aged man accompanied by two young ladies. As soon as they passed Bruce exclaimed: "By Jove, Milverton! Did you notice that lovely girl? I wonder who she is?" Milverton said: "Yes, I did notice her, and she is certainly charming! I only glanced at her, but I shall never forget that beautiful face or those lovely eyes!"

lovely eyes!"
"Hit hard, old fellow?" said Bruce,
but Milverton replied: "Let us walk
back and see if we can meet them
axin!"

back and see if we can meet them again!"

However, they were unsuccessful, and, after an hour spent in fruitless scarching, they left the park.

Milverton went to his club, but the beautful face he had seen in the park still haunted him. Later on, as he dressed for dinner, he could think of nothing else, and, although one of society's recognized beauties sat beside him at dinner, he appeared and felt distrait, and could scarcely sustain the conversation, as his mind was dwelling otherwhere.

therwhere.

He usually slept well, but to night he cossed in his bed, and do what he would he could not sleep, for that fair



"I WONDER WHO SHE IS."

face and those lovely eyes were ever be-fore him; and although he got up and paced the room, got into bed again and tried to read, it was all of no use, for his mind would dwell upon the lovely image, and his heart's desire was that

image, and his heart's desire was that he might see her again.

Day succeeded day and night succeeded night, with more or less the same result, until he looked ill and haggard, and when his friends rallied him upon his appearance he invariably tried to change the subject, and eva sively replied that he was all right, but a little overdone.

But it seemed as it a denon righter.

But it seemed as if a demon of unrest had entered into him, for wherever people assembled—at dinners, balls, "at homes," concerts, theaters, the opera, the park, Hurlingham, Sandown—there poor Milverton was to be seen—excited, but not with the excitement which surrounded him, but rather with an unappeasable and unrestrained desire to see once more the charming girl. whom he had only seen for a moment in passing.

His friend Bruce had divined the His friend Bruce had divined the cause of his altered appearance, habits and manners, and toward the end of the season had openly taxed him with being in love, when Miverton said: "Well, old boy, it's no use trying to

conceal my passion from you, and I must tell somebody or I shall go mad! You know I have never felt more than a passing interest in any of the season's beauties, or indeed in anybody with the idea of finding a wife."

"On the contrary," said Bruce, "I have often wondered why you appeared so cold and heartless."

"I have not worn my heart on my sleeve, Bruce, but it is all right and capable of the most intense and vehement passion; but I have long schooled myself to believe that I should know in a moment the woman I could love, for I have formed my ideal, and I feet that my future is in the hands of destiny, but now that I have seen her, God help me, I neither know who or where she is!"

It was easy to see how deeply he was moved, and as Bruce tried to comfort him, he bowed his head on his hands and sobbed like a child.

The season was over, and Milverton

him, he bowed his head on his hands and sobbed like a child.

The season was over, and Milverton had accepted several shooting engagements — Scotland, Norfolk and elsewhere.

These over, he went to Yorkshire for a ball at the Chestermans', on the occasion of the coming of age of their son, Lord Hazelmere.

He arrived in time for dinner, and Lord and Lady Chesterman, exercising the privilege of old friends, told him he was not looking well and said it was really time he had sown his wild outs and settled down.

He quite aggeed with them, and, as usual when the subject was mentioned, he turned the conversation, and talked of other and less personal matters.

However, he enjoyed his dinner, especially after his long railway journey, and the party entered the ballroom about half past ten o'clock.

Milverton watched the guests arrive, and greeted many old friends. During a temporary lull he was speaking to Lady Chesterman, when "Mr. and Miss Hillyer" were amnounced, and Milverton almost fainted when he recognized the beautiful girl whom he had seen in the park during the season.

To beg an introduction was the work of a moment, and he blushed unacountably when he asked her for the pleasure of the first dance, which she gracefully conceded. Their step suited the season.



IN THE CONSERVATORY.

admirably, and as Milverton, a capital dancer, steered her round the room, he felt in the seventh heaven of delight, and his eyes sparkled with the rapture to which he had surrendered himself. He could not, however, surrender his charming partner without an effort, and so asked her to accompany him to the conservatory, where the air was more cool and refreshing.

As he sat beside her he felt that his destiny had come, and resolved to know his fate as speedily as possible.

He, however, succeeded so far in controlling himself as to engage in ordinary conversation at first, during which he elicited that her name was Etheldred—that her father was rector of Wisborough, in the ueighborhood, and took a deep interest in Anglo-Saxon literature—and that she was not engaged.

He then told her of himself, in which

literature—and that she was not engaged.

He then told her of himself, in which account he fancied she seemed interested, but it was her turn to wonder when he added that he knew she was not engaged, as he had been waiting for her all his life! He extenuated his presumption by detailing his theory as to his destiny, and when she said that she remembered passing him in the park during the season, with her uncle and cousin, he became all the more enraptured, and assured her that he felt then as he felt now that in their thus meeting, it-was the hand of fate that had brought them face to face, although only for a moment.

It only remains to be added that so-

It only remains to be added that so-ciety was much noved when the an-nouncement of their engagement was published, that the marriage duly took place from Norman-Keep, the residence of the earl and countess of Chesterman, that Bruce Armitage was best man and that Hon. and Mrs. Bertie Milverton lived happily ever afterwards. So much for destiny, and "those lovely eyes!"

#### PLEASURE CALENDAR.

January 11.—Comedy drama, "Will o' the Wisp," at Feeland opera house. Admission, 25, 35 and 50 cents. January 13.—Minstrad, variety and comedy entertainment of the Young Men's T. A. B. Society, at Freeland opera house. Admission, 15 and 25 cents.

opera nouse. Admission, 50 cents.
January 20.—Ball of the Young Men's Slavonian Society, at Freeland opera house. Admission, 50 cents.
January 22.—Fifth annual ball of the Tigers Athletic Club, at Freeland opera house. Admission, 50 cents.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria

See McDonald's 25c. aprons.

Old newspapers for sale.

LITTLE TOTTIE TWO SHOES

Little Tottie Two Shoes Sits upon my knee, 'Tell me just one story," Pleadingly says she.

Of a knight I tell her, Brave as brave could be:



How the maid was stolen, How he set her free, How they bravely suffered Endless misery.

Little Tottle Two Shoes Nestles close to me, As I end the story Very happily.

Very happuy.

Then I ask her if I
May her brave knight be;
But she does not answer—
Fast asleep is she!
—N. Y. World.

The Primitive, But Accurate, Method of a Dakota Landlord.

a Dakota Landlord.

There are more ways of keeping accounts than that which prevails in business, and which needs ledgers, ash books and single and double entry.
Sometimes, in little country stores, the proprietors of which know nothing about bookkeeping, and probably just as much about figures, the accounts of customers are kept as correctly as they could be by a graduate of a business college.

college.

An old resident of Dakota recently told a story illustrative of this primitive, but accurate, method of bookkeeping.

"There used," he said, "to be a man accurate of keeping.

keeping.

"There used," he said, "to be a man in Yankton whose system of keeping accounts was wonderfully efficient. He kept a hotel, and he could neither read nor write. He did not know how to spell his own name, but he did a thriving business, and collected every dollar of his accounts.

"Once, years ago, when I first came to this country, I went to his hotel and stopped there two weeks. When I left he presented me with a statement of what I owed him, and it was a curlosity. He had copied it from his ledger. At the top of the sheet there was the rude picture of a soldier on when the rude picture of a soldier on when marks. Then there was a scene showing a man at table eating. Then appeared a bed with a man in it. In the amount column there was a picture of a doll and after it the two letters RS. After the picture of the man eating there were forty-two marks. After the view of the man in bed there were fourteen marks. I looked at the account, then at the proprietor, and told him it would take me a week to answer the conundrum. I was completely stumped, and when that hotel man, decipinered the account for me it was this:

"The picture of the soldier walking"

deciphered the account for me it was this:

"The picture of the soldier walking meant March, and the three marks supplied the date, March 3, when I began boarding. The man at the table with forty-two marks indicated that I had eaten forty-two meals. The man in bed with fourteen marks showed that I had slept in the house fourteen nights. The doll with RS after it meant dollars, and in the figure columns appeared the figures 14, which was the amount I owed him. And it was a true bill."

was a true bill."

Why He Was a Chicken.

Eight little boys got on a street-car in a bunch, and it was soon demonstrated from their talk that they were choir boys. The ladies in the ear talked to them, and asked all sorts of questions, and they responded willingly except one little fellow, who seemed to be the butt of the other seven. "So you all sing?" asked one of the ladies. "Yes," answered three of the boys at the same time. "Then you are regular little canaries." said the lady. "I'm a mocking bird," cried one boy. "I'm a mocking bird," cried one boy. "I'm a cuckoo," said another, until each boy told what kind of a bird he was. The eighth boy—the butt before mentioned—said nothing, until the lady laughingly inquired what kind of a bird he was.
"I expect, ma'am," he answered, dolefully, "I must be a chicken, from the way I get it in the neck all the time."

The Que Great Drawback.
The author who nleesed himself by

way I get it in the neck all the time."

The One Great Drawback.

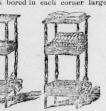
The author who pleased himself by printing his third volume of poems anonymously, and had nine copies of the book presented to him by different friends the next Christmas, would have been ready to sympathize with a little boy's remark quoted in Harper's Magazine:

Willie was observed to be in deep thought on Christmas afternoon, and his mother asked him if he wasn't feeling well.

NEAT LIBRARY STAND.

NEAT LIBRARY STAND.

Combined Dictionary Holder, Reference
Book Shelf and Scrap Basket.
The combined dictionary holder,
reference book shelf and scrap basket,
shown in the accompanying illustration, is not only artistic and useful, but
to simple of construction that it can
be easily made by almost any person.
It requires four bamboo sticks two feet
a leight inches long; two boards ten
necks by twelve inches, and one board
twelve inches by twenty. Each board
has holes bored in each corner large



BAMBOO LIBRARY STANDS.

BAMBOO LIBRAIT STANDS.

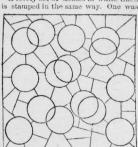
snough to admit the passage of the bamboo rods. Slip the larger board just over the rods and fasten for the top of the stand; pass one of the other boards over the rods and bring four inches above the middle of rods and fasten; slip the last board over rods, and fasten four inches from the bottom. To fasten the shelves to the rods, holes are bored through the rods into the shelves, and wooden pins or mails are inserted in the holes; also thick glue is poured around rods where they cass through shelves. Paint rods and shelves with black enamel paint.

The top shelf is for the dictionary, the middle one for reference books, and the lower one for the scrap basket. In order to hold the books more severly, the second shelf is finished with a two-inch edge, made by fastening one end of a small manilla rope to the edge of the shelf and winding the rope around the outside of rods as close as possible until the height of adge is two inches, then fasten the end of the rope to a rod with a tack; also tack the rope here and there to the rods sufficiently to make it secure. The scrap basket is made in the same way, but eight inches in depth. Varnish the rope, and when nearly dry give it two coats of bronze paint. Fie a bow of deep red ribbon on one corner of the scrap basket. The cost of this farmiture is trifling, but it is sufficiently furnished library.—American Agriculturist.

#### A USEFUL DESIGN.

An Effective Pattern for Ornamenting Cushions, Dollies, Etc.
This pretty design is very simple and well adapted to cushions, doilies, etc. Anyone who can construct circles and straight lines can decorate numerous pretty things in this way. Put birds, leaves, flowers or half moons in place of the circles.
A cushion for the piazza hammoek, made of blue denim stamped with half moons and lines, embroidered in

alf moons and lines, embroidered in contrasting color and finished with



DESIGN FOR CUSHIONS, DOILLES, ETC.

pansies and buds, embroidered with yellow wash silk and the edges fringed. Another was birds, done in

brown, and the third was leaves, done in greens.

Kid glove tops afford a scope of useful things as well as pretty ones. If you have the tops of white ones they will make lovely covers for pen wipers, etc. One, cut in the shape of an open apple blossom, painted to represent, and two or three cut smaller to wipe the pens on and tied together with yellow baby ribbon. A plainer one is cut some pretty shape and the name and date in gold paint.

A dear little notebook, five by ten, was covered with white kid and "Notebook" printed in gold, and a penell tied to the cover with a white cord.—Bessie Etta Colby, in Farm and Firecide.

How the Little Monurch Should De Treated in Cold Weather.

The baby's daily airing should be as much a part of the winter as of the summer routine. From its earliest infancy it should be, not exposed to cold, of course, allowed its full quota of air and sunshine. No child can possibly thrive who breathes only the air of furnace-warmed rooms and sees the sunshine only through the window.

#### BAGGING THE BABIES.

How to Keep the Lit'll Ones Warm in Coll Weather.

Device Which Robs Aretle Nights of Their Terror-Directions for Jink ing the Quaint But Useful Little Gowns.

"I'm going to bring one of my meal bags in and tie this baby into it!" I heard an anxious paterfamilias say, a tittle while ago, when he found two small, fat, bare legs in the ascendancy again, after many, many attempts to keep them under the bedelothes. Well, it wouldn't be a bad idea—only the meal-bag might be made of soft, pretty outing flannel, like the one in the illustration, and there might be sleeves.

che illustration, and there might be sleeves.

Most of the mothers in those parts of the world that have cold nights know what it is to be waked suddenly out of a sound sleep by a terrible dread lest the baby may have thrown off the clothes again and caught a severe cold, and most of us know the auxious realization of our dread when we have stumbled our sleep; way over to the little bed. It is not only the baby, but his little brothers and sisters, too, who give us the same anxiety, night after night, the long, cold winter through. All the careful tucking in and snug wrapping will fail sometimes. The little feet are "certain sure" to kick their way lustily out, in spite of us. What are we to do? We blame ourselves for going to sleep in the middle



A BAG FOR BABY.

of our watch, but sleep we must, even if small, bare legs do come uppermost in our dreams. Mothers have tried so many ways out of the difficulty, and there are so many mothers, that doubtless my own little plan is not at all original, but it is good, and that is better than originality. It is an improvement on the old way of running a string through the hem of the night-dress and drawing it up, because that method cramps the feet somewhat and makes them rebellious and uneasy.

For a bit of a two-year-old, five yards of outing will make two gowns, and six yards will make two growns, and six yards will make two for the little four-year-old next in order. There are grades of outing flannel, but the soft-ast, fuzziest is what is needed here, and can be obtained at 12½ cents a yard. First cut off sleeve lengths for both little nighties, then halve the goods left and lay aside one-half. Take the other piece and fold it in the midle, and proceed to shape the ends. The shoulders and arm sizes may be formed with the two ends together, as they are the same for front and back, and then the neck may be cut in a shallow slope behind and a deeper curve in the front. Now you are ready to sew up the sides "over and over," stitch the shoulder seams and gather the neck lato a little, flat binding. Then cut the sleeves, rounded a little at the top and with only one perfectly straight seam inside. The superfluous fullness is gathered into a ruffle at the wrist, with an elastic run into the top of the mittens are basted into the sleeves at the wrists, and if they are to be made of outing to match the dress you will need to get a little more goods, as the five or six yards does not allow much margin even for wee mittens. The night dress opens behind, and the opening should extend a long way down as a needful convenience, and be closed with five perfectly flat, small buttos.

When the little gown is complete, mittens and all, there is one defense,

When the little gown is complete, mittens and all, there is one defense up against Jack Frost, anyway, and other defenses are more easily erected with item.

other defenses are more easily erected with its aid.

If desired, the sides of the gown may be gored a little, but the fuller the folds at the throat the warmer it will make the dress.

Of course woolen goods may be substituted for the outing, or any other changes made, provided the bag is lett! And the bag must be long, way below the ten little toes, or else the ten little toes will make strennous objection. As it is, there may be a little objection at first, but when you have instituted a jolly little "sack-race" to bed, I think the little folks will come over to your side in a majority.—Annie Hamilton Donnell, in Country Gentleman.

Look Out for Altrora.

Everything is made easy for the lazy people of the world. For instance, people who exercise a little ingenuity can enjoy the sights of the street with sunshine only through the window panes.

Magazine:

Of course, it should be warmly clad to go out into the air. Over the white his mother asked him if he wasn't feeling well.

"Oh, I'm all right," he answered, a little sadly, "but I was thinking there was one thing about Christmas that didn't like."

"What is that?"

"You've got to be satisfied with what you get."

He Was Just Thinking.

Aboner—Daylight is only twelve hours long, isn't it?

Uncle Joe—About that; why?

Aboner—I was just thinking that if both ends could be tied together, there wouldn't be any night.—Harper's Young People.

The wouldn't be any night.—Harper's was proposed to be satisfied with a grant of the window ledge and then lean back and watch the world pass by. The same mirror may be so adjusted in a second-story window that the person who rings at the front door can be recognized before the peal has ceased. The advantages of this it is unnecessary to do its to fasten a small mirror sideways on the window ledge and then lean back and watch the world pass by. The same mirror may be so adjusted in a second-story window that the person who rings at the front door can be recognized before the peal has ceased. The advantages of this it is unnecessary to do its to fasten a small mirror sideways on the window ledge and then lean back and watch the world pass by. The same mirror may be so adjusted in a second-story window that the person who rings at the front door can be recognized before the peal has ceased. The advantages of this it is unnecessary to point out. The remarkable feature of the matter is the number of sort was been in various neighborhoods. It is a charitable view of the matter to suppose that in world with the mirror show is to stell the mirror show is to be seen in various neighborhoods. It is a charitable view of the matter to suppose that in with the mirror show is to be seen in various neighborhoods. It is a charitable view of the matter to suppose that in with the mirror show is to be nearly perfect.—N. Y. World.

# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that
I recommend it as superior to any prescription
known to me." H. A. ARCHEN, M. D.

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"Willoud bijurious medication.

Willoud bijurious medication.

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CURE THAT Cold

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JOHN J. WELSH, Manager.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 11.

## WILL O' THE WISP.

The brigtest, wittiest, and the prettiest of Irish plays.

The best Irish drama ever writ ten. Car load of scenery. The sweet vale of Avoca, with a

practical water fall. McCloud and Melville's great production.

PRICES: 25, 35 and 50 Cents.

Reserved seats at Christy's book store. FOR SALE CHEAP.—A house and lot, situate on the road leading from Freeland to Up-per Lehigh, below Harmony hall, South Heber-ton. For further particulars apply to John Schnee, Birkbeck and Johnson sts., Freeland.

A UDITOR'S NOTICE,—In reannexation to the borough of Freeland of adjacent terriory,
The audit in the above stated case is con-inued until Friday, January 12, 1894, at 10 'clock, a. m. Edward A. Lynch, Auditor,
December 29, 1883.

NOTICE—The undersigned has been appointed attorney and trustee for Win. De Bros., and hereby gives public notice that all accounts due to the bros. and hereby gives public notice that all accounts due on the books of said Kline Bros. must be paid to the undersigned without fursions to be paid to the undersigned without fursions to be paid to the undersigned without fursions to be paid to the decision of the property of the pro

Keiper's Steam Marble Works.

COR. LAUREL and MINE STREETS.
Monuments, Headstones,





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