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What to wear is a question that is agitating the feminine world far less than how to fill the list of Christmas presents, which is longer this year than it ever was before, because it is older and has taken on at least one more name each year. Nevertheless, Christmas will no sooner be over than there will be another grand rush to the modiste and dressmaker similar to the swoop that the summer girl made upon her return to city civilization in October.

Those Louis XVI. waists did not get fairly started in that first onslaught, and have only been coming on piecemeal during the autumn months. This is more to their advantage than otherwise, for so long as a style remains fashionable without becoming common it is the thing most to be desired. It will be very difficult for the ordinary dressmaker to imitate these waists, for the ordinary customer; because unless they are made of the finest of velvet they do not look like Louis XVI. waists at all, and the ordinary mortal cannot afford velvet at \$4.50 or \$6 per yard for any kind of waist. But there are so many extraordinary mortals

fashionable except, possibly, jet. Jet is on the bargain counter and that always looks suspicious. Nevertheless there is a great deal of it worn. But the colored sparklers are more in favor, perhaps because they are newer.

So much for the grown folks' clothes, and now to see what the little folks are wearing, for, after all, this jolly Christmas month really belongs to them.

The smallest ones wear white, regardless of the season, for plenty of warm flannels take the place of the ugly woolen frocks which used to be considered necessary. They are made with a tucked yoke or guimpe that is separate, so it can be replaced with a fresh one when it is soiled. Some of the little dresses are gathered full around the yoke and fall loose from there. But most of them are made with rather short waists and a little skirt. White mull or nainsook aprons are very pretty for children who wear colored dresses. They have a little tucked front reaching to the waist, and wide ruffles over the shoulders. It looks like a white dress with colored guimpe and sleeves, and is a useful kindergarten frock for a four-year-old.

Very soft white India mull trimmed with thread lace is the daintiest material for "her best dress." Children under four years of age may wear the pretty Kate Greenaway lengths, but after they have attained the age of four they must have their frocks shortened to the knees.

Time was when the idea of making an evening dress for a girl under 15 would have been ridiculed. But nowadays the young lady of four finds her "party dress" always as necessary as her play frock, and watchful mamma, thinking of future possibilities of titles and social positions, provides her with the gowns and other accessories which may lead to such a culmination.

A Dresden silk frock for a girl of seven might have served her mamma if it had only been made larger. It had a roll of green velvet at the waist, and green velvet leaf-shaped epaulets

WHEREIN THEY DIFFER.

How a Magazine Writer Compares Man and His Sisters

Man is a creature of cast-iron habits; woman adapts herself to circumstances. This is the foundation of the moral difference between them.

A man does not attempt to drive a nail unless he has a hammer; a woman does not hesitate to utilize anything from the heel of a boot to the back of a brush.

A man considers a corkscrew absolutely necessary to open a bottle; a woman attempts to extract the cork with the scissors; if she does not succeed readily she pushes the cork into the bottle, since the essential thing is to get at the fluid.

Shaving is the only use to which a man puts a razor; a woman employs it for a chiropodist's purposes.

When a man writes, everything must be in apple-pie order; pen, paper and ink must be just so, and a profound silence must reign when he performs this important function. A woman gets any sort of paper, tears it, perhaps, from a book or portfolio, sharpens a pencil with a scissors, puts the paper on an old atlas, crosses her feet, balances herself on her chair and confides her thoughts to paper, changing from pencil to pen and vice versa from time to time, nor does she care if the children romp or the cook comes to speak to her.

A man storms if the blotting paper is not conveniently near; a woman dries the ink by blowing on it, waving the paper in the air or holding it near a lamp or fire.

A man drops a letter unhesitatingly in the box; a woman rereads the address, assures herself that the envelope is sealed, the stamp secure, and then throws it violently into the box.

For a man "good-by" signifies the end of a conversation and the moment of his departure; for a woman it is just the beginning of a new chapter, for it is just when they are taking leave of each other that women think of the most important topics of conversation.

A woman ransacks her brain trying to mend a broken object; a man puts it aside and forgets that for which there is no remedy.

Which is superior?—Lippincott's Magazine.

GLASS MILLINERY.

Turned out in Large Quantities by Venetian Manufacturers.

Articles of dress are now being extensively made of glass. A Venetian manufacturer is turning out bonnets by the thousand, the glass cloth of which they are composed having the same shimmer and brilliancy of color as silk, and, what is a great advantage, being impervious to water. In Russia there has for a long time existed a tissue manufactured from the fiber of a peculiar filamentous stone from the Siberian mines, which by some secret process is shredded and spun into a fabric which, although soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, is of so durable a nature that it never wears out. This is probably what has given an enterprising firm the idea of producing spun-glass dress lengths.

The Muscovite stuff is thrown into the fire when dirty, like asbestos, by which it is made absolutely clean again; but the spun-glass is simply brushed with a hard brush and soap and water, and is none the worse for being either stained or soiled. The material is to be had in white, green, blue, pink and yellow, and bids fair to become very fashionable for evening dresses. An Austrian is the inventor of this novel fabric, which is rather costly. Tablecloths, napkins and window curtains are also made of it. It has also been discovered that glass is capable of being turned into a fine cloth which can be worn next to the skin without the slightest discomfort.—Chambers' Journal.

LOVELY CRACKER JAR.

A Beautiful Bit of Decoration in Clovers and Grasses.

The decoration of clovers and grasses is well suited for a cracker jar or marmalade dish. Wash in a soft background of greens and blues before beginning to paint it. Use grass green, deep blue



DECORATED CRACKER JAR.

green and a bit of yellow here and there, with a touch of dark green in the shadows. For the clovers use carmine. No. 1 black and here and there deep purple in very limited quantities. A very faint wash of ultramarine will give you the soft purplish shadow found in a clover. Use yellow brown, dark green, black and a touch of violet of iron in the soft grasses. Keep the tone of the leaves cool, using grass green, deep blue green, dark green and black in painting them. Gild the handles and knob on the lid.—Orange Judd Farmer.

Cold Water Baths for the Feet.

A distinguished medical authority says "the best way to guard the feet against the effects of cold or of getting them wet is to bathe them every morning in cold water. The first morning they cannot be kept in water longer than two or three seconds, after which they must be rubbed vigorously, to restore the circulation. A rough crash towel is the best thing to use. Each morning increase the time that the feet can be held in water until they can be bathed for fifteen minutes without any discomfort."

Against the Golden Rod. Dr. C. F. Scott, state veterinarian of Wisconsin, has declared war on the flower called golden rod. He says that hoes that cut it contract a peculiar disease resembling consumption, which is incurable and causes speedy death.

A Wayward Father.

"What is the matter, Johnny?" asked a Texas widower of his little son. "You are not acting right, father. You are not behaving as a father should. You have secrets." "What have I done, Johnny?" "You have engaged yourself to Miss Jones, without consulting me. I had already picked out a wife for you, but as you make your bed so you must lie in it. All I can say is that a wayward father is apt to make a bad husband."—Texas Siftings.

Rather Vindictive.

Old Boy—How's this? I hear that you consented to the marriage of your daughter with young Seekem.

Friend (sullenly)—Yes, I had to, but never mind, just wait. I'll get even with him.

"Worse! I'll give her a concert grand piano for a wedding present."—N. Y. Weekly.

Then and Now. And so they wed. Unhappy knott! He's burdened with distress; He knows now what a fearful lot It takes to make a dress.

But he, poor man! how could he know, While wooing by the sea, Since there was little there to show Such things would ever be. —L. A. W. Bulletin.

What They Talk About. Mrs. Yerger—Matilda, you and Mrs. Peterby's servants are always talking together. What do you find to talk about?

Matilda Snowball—We was just amusin' ourselves, jess de same as you and Mrs. Peterby does, except dat we talk about our employers.—Texas Siftings.

One Way of Getting Even. "You know that dollar that Hardy owed me?"

"Yes."

"I got it out of him at last."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes; sent him a package of brick-bats by express with one dollar sur on it."—Chicago Record.

THE PITY OF IT.



Fond Parent—That child is full of music. Sarcastical Visitor—Yes. What a pity it is allowed to escape.—Collier's Weekly.

A Changed Man.

When Brown first wed, he told of what "I" did or was to do; The "I" was changed into a "We" in just a year or two. And after that throughout the rest of his poor hennepiece life, He lost his own identity and talked about "my wife." —L. A. W. Bulletin.

Man's Inconstancy. May—Clara feels very much hurt about Mr. Robinson's engagement. You know he paid her marked attentions.

Alice—Did he? May—Yes. She refused him three times, and each time he said he could never love another.—Brooklyn Life.

A Modest Beggar.

A beggar stopped a lady on the steps of a church. "Kind lady, have you not a pair of old shoes to give me?" "No, I have not; besides, those you are now wearing seem to be bran new."

"That's just it, ma'am—they spoil my business."—La Reforma.

A Cautious Lover.

Father—Did Rebecca know dot diamond vos not shenuine? Son—At once, fader. But I told her it was only a copy of der von I would give her ven we vos really married.—Life.

The Mourning Border.

"Mrs. Dash seems devoted to her dead husband's memory."

"She is indeed; she won't even touch a buckwheat cake unless it is turned black around the edges."—Chicago Record.

A Hasty Remark.

Merchant—What do you mean by using such language? Are you the boss here, or am I the boss?

Clerk—I know I'm not the boss.

Merchant—Then if you are not the boss, why do you talk like a blamed fool?—Texas Siftings.

A Rarity.

Playwright—I've got a comic opera here with an absolutely original idea.

Manager—What is it? Playwright—There isn't a single reference to bloomers in it.—N. Y. Recorder.

He Is a Father.

Taddells—Well, McBride, you are a father, eh?

McBride (cheerfully)—Yes.

Taddells—Boy or girl?

McBride (sadly)—Both.—Bay City Chat.

How They Struck Him.

Hortense—Oh, just look at those two red noses! What do they put you in mind of?

Van Jay—A pair of bloomers.—N. Y. Recorder.

Truly Wonderful. "My husband and I had a singular coincidence in our lives."

"What was it?" "We got married at the same time."—Truth.

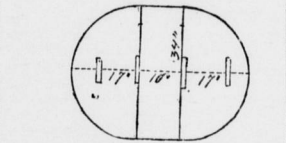
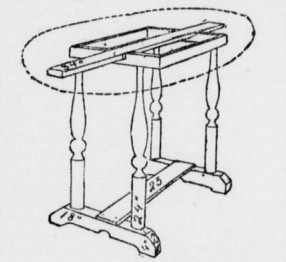
A Melancholy Estimate.

Success is a toboggan slide; It's mighty slippery, brother. You scarcely reach one end before You're hustling for the other. —Washington Star.

EXTENSION TABLE.

To Make One at Home is Not Such a Very Great Trick.

A neat homemade dining-table, suitable for two or four persons, can be easily made by anyone possessing a few tools. By reference to the figure all the parts will be readily comprehended. The material may be pine or some finer wood, though pine, if stained and varnished, will make a neat and durable piece of furniture. The foot pieces are 18 inches long and made of 2 by 4 stuff shaped as shown. The legs are simply 4 turned balusters, such as are used in stairways, and may be had at any carpenter's shop. They are set into



5/4-inch holes bored in the foot pieces below and into suitable holes in the end pieces of the upper frame. The essential part of the frame, which crosses the table to be extended, is the crossbar on top. This bar is 34 inches long, 2 inches wide and 3/4 inch thick. It is let into the end pieces of the frame flush with them and screwed firmly with screws.

The top consists of three pieces; 2 of them are semi-circle 17 by 34 inches and the middle board 10 by 34 inches. Each of the end pieces of the table top has 2 cleats, secured to their underside, which embrace the crossbar. They are so placed that the end boards may be pushed together, forming a circular table, or to pull apart wide enough to insert the middle board between them. The middle board has dovetail joints to correspond with suitable holes in the end board. The cleats which embrace the crossbar hold the table top firmly on the frame, but should be loose enough to allow to slide along it and so extend the top.

For a family of four persons the table will be large enough, as its dimensions are an oval, 34 by 44 inches. The total height is 27 inches and may be constructed at a very slight outlay for materials and presents a good appearance.—Thomas C. Harris, in Farm and Home.

THE USEFUL HAT-PIN.

Women Employ It as a Weapon of Offense and Defense.

"The idea of making the hat pin a weapon of defense first dawned upon me when I was in the east," says a bright-eyed dame, who is always watching for a chance to exploit California, climate, morals and all. "Of course, you all know that a woman can't go about alone with any degree of comfort when she gets away from western chivalry. Well, as I wanted to study art in New York while I visited my brother in Newark, I was obliged to use the suburban trains almost every day. I had a bookful of unpleasant experiences before I learned the magic power of that simple little hat-pin.

"Finally a man who was packed beside me in a car became myself unendurable. I squeezed myself meekly up against the window, giving mine enemy three-fourths of the seat. Gazing out into the darkness I became positively depressed and felt like offering an apology to somebody for presuming to cumber the earth.

"Mine enemy made the mistake of encroaching still further upon my territory.

"It was too much. My wrath blazed up and I drew my hat-pin. I said not a word and did nothing to attract attention. Nevertheless that man was glad to vacate my full share of that seat, and perhaps a little more. I held my weapon in a position which indicated to him the boundary line, and I assure you that he understood the insinuation and left me in peace. Ever since that day I have been as independent and self-respecting as a Spanish senorita with a dagger in her bonnet's eye."

This fiery little anecdote, told over the teacups, was followed by a perfect chorus of stories of the uses of the hat-pin. The picking of locks, the office of can-opener, paper-cutter, insect-destroyer, these were among the lesser things. A tale of the repairing of a broken harness at a critical juncture, and for second honors with the history of the timely mending of a torn sail. First place was given, without a dissenting voice, to the story of the hat-pin as a modern and always available weapon of defense.—San Francisco Chronicle.

New and Dainty Tea Cloths.

Sprays of the hop vine with bunches of hops are embroidered on white linen tea cloths and center pieces. The leaves are in deep, long and short stitch, the tendrils of the vine in stem stitch, and the hops are in solid raised work. The California poppy, in its brilliant shades of yellow orange, was noticed on a center piece, and also a small table cover seen at a recent exhibition of art needlework. The center piece had the edge in white lenille scallops, button-holed with white silk. The poppies were laid around the cloth with their stems toward the edge and the flowers toward the center. The spread decorated with the poppies was of gray linen.

Advertisement for Castoria, featuring the text 'What is CASTORIA' and a small illustration of a child.

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children. Dr. G. C. Osborn, Lowell, Mass. Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves. Dr. J. F. Kitchell, Corvay, Ark. The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD. Time table in effect December 15, 1895. Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 2:30 a. m., 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:30 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomblicken and Deringer at 5:00 a. m., p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:00 a. m., 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:20 a. m., 4:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:00 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Deringer for Tomblicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Roan, Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 2:25 a. m., 4:10 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:07 a. m., 3:41 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Roan at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 5:25 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:00 a. m., 3:41 p. m., Sunday. Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 3:04 a. m., 4:25 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 10:08 a. m., 5:28 p. m., Sunday. All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeanesville, Aulander and other points on the Traction Company's line. Trains leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m., Hazleton Junction at 6:25 a. m., and Shepton at 7:11 a. m., connect at Onedia Junction with Lehigh Valley trains east and west. Train leaving Drifton at 5:30 a. m. makes connection at Deringer with P. H. R. train to Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west. For the accommodation of passengers at busy stations between Hazleton Junction and Deringer, an extra train will leave the former point at 3:01 p. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 5:00 p. m. LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

November 17, 1895. Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort. ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS. LEAVE FREELAND. 6:05, 8:25, 9:33, 10:41 a. m., 1:35, 2:25, 3:35, 4:45, 6:58, 8:05, 8:57 p. m., for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton. 6:05, 8:25, 9:33 a. m., 1:35, 3:15, 4:24 p. m., for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Philadelphia and New York. 6:05, 8:25, 9:33 a. m., 2:27, 4:25, 4:58 p. m., for Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Pottsville. 7:20, 9:16, 10:50 a. m., 11:56, 4:34 p. m., via Highland Branch, for White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Lehigh Junction. SUNDAY TRAINS. 11:40 a. m. and 3:34 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton. 1:25 p. m. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, New York and Philadelphia. ARRIVE AT FREELAND. 7:20, 9:27, 10:55, 11:54 a. m., 12:58, 2:13, 4:34, 5:53, 6:58, 8:47 p. m., from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton. 7:20, 9:27, 10:55 a. m., 2:13, 4:34, 5:58 p. m., from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Best's Branch). 12:58, 5:38, 8:47 p. m., from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk. 9:27, 10:56 a. m., 12:58, 5:31, 6:58, 8:47 p. m., from Easton, Pottsville, Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk. 9:38, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 6:28 p. m., from White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Lehigh Junction (via Highland Branch). SUNDAY TRAINS. 11:31 a. m. and 3:10 p. m., from Hazleton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton. 11:31 a. m. from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton. 3:10 p. m. from Delano and Mahanoy City. For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

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