

THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

Timely Fancies for Pretty Forms and Fair Faces.

The Untimely January Bargain Days and the Woo They Bring—Some New Things in Underwear—Something to Tempt the Frivolous-Minded.

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Now is the time that the poor man thrusts his hand into his empty pockets and asks himself and the attendant fates why things are as they are, and wherewithal he is to be supported for the next few months while he pays his Christmas bills and makes up the deficit occasioned by the season of bargain day.

It is to be deplored that January bargains cannot be postponed till summer—which is as consistent as wanting one's ice cream hot, by the way, but I'm sure there are plenty who will agree with me. If one takes the merchant's point of view, it is easy to understand that he has a lot of sorry-looking, dog-eared holiday gifts left on his hands which are as useless to him and as uninteresting to the general public as yesterday's daily paper. Naturally he wants to get rid of them, to get them out of sight of his holiday beggared rascals who are ready to show their teeth and growl at the very mention of Christmas.

Then there are the thousands of yards of fall and winter goods, the coats, and capes, and separate skirts,

is hung up to tempt the frivolous-minded, there is none more fascinating than the night robes. Most of them are made without yokes—such as have them are cheap. There is no visible means of fastening, but the tiny pearl buttons are concealed beneath a flounce of embroidery or lace up the side of the front, for few of them fasten in front. Some have long revers sloping into a broad collar and these, of course, fasten under the chin. There is a fancy to make the front slightly low, like a square-necked dress, with an embroidery or lace heading. The sleeves are large and puffy with a ribbon at the wrist to draw up the flounce that falls over the hand.

It would be impossible to describe the many different styles of trimming. Suffice it to say that the more fine tucks, the more ruffles and lace and embroidery one puts on, the better. If you buy these fancy garments ready-made they are very expensive, and if you try to make them there is hard labor before you, but the reward is in the loveliness of the result.

Whatever may be said in favor of the above-described underwear, one is forced to admit that it is not suitable for outdoor wear in the winter time. When one begins to think of skating or sleighing or tobogganing, one's mind turns yearningly to thoughts of union all-overs and woolen stockings. It is the underwear that must be most carefully attended to when one goes skating, for outside wraps are cumbersome and prevent that freedom of motion which is indispensable.

TRAGEDY AND SAWDUST.



EVANTS' circus was at one time the most popular of any. And the most popular member of it was Rosie Marton. Even now the people hold her up as a standard by which to judge merit. Bill Berrill was the clown, and a good clown he was. Everyone said that up in London or any of the big towns Bill—"Little Bandy," as he was christened on the bills—could have made three times the money. But Bill preferred to remain with Levants—and near Rosie.

Leo Corello was the lion tamer. The man who had held the post ever since Levants first took the road was dead. Leo came over from the continent after the vacancy. He gave a rehearsal, and was offered the post on the spot. But the salary was too low. Leo prepared to return. Then he saw Rosie—and stayed. With all the troupe Rosie was a favorite. When her mother had died, leaving her a mere helpless infant, the company had held a solemn meeting to decide as to her fate. The manager solved the problem.

"We're none of us rich enough to adopt her entirely," said he. "We'll limit the liability, and collectively act as her parents. Rosie shall be the daughter of the troupe." As it was his own idea that had secured Rosie to the troupe, old Ted Passmore, the manager, had been informally constituted her guardian. And one rule that he made was: "No getting engaged or anything of that sort till she's 20 and knows her own mind." It was on the very day that she attained her score of years that Bill Berrill made his formal application for her hand. Thankful he was that the time had arrived. Leo Corello had grown to be a veritable nightmare to her. Not that he doubted Rosie—the truest little girl man could love. But the lion-tamer's growing admiration was so very ardent that Bill felt all the easier when she was promised to him. For, of course, the application was granted. That evening Leo Corello was in grand form. They were performing in one of the most important towns on their list, and the circus was packed. Leo outdid himself. Unarmed, without even whip or stick, he played with his lions as if they had been kittens, and sent cold shivers through his audience with his intrepidity.

"Isn't he splendid!" It was Rosie herself who said so.

The clown, standing beside her, frowned.

"Fate has given him a better part than mere fooling to make people laugh," said he, with a touch of bitterness in his tones. "Do you admire him so very much?"

Rosie turned. Her cheeks reddened with her indignation. She held out the hand on which glistened the ring he had just given her.

"You haven't much faith in me," she said, her pretty face looking pained.

"We shan't be very happy together after all if you are jealous because I give a brave man his due."

"Forgive me, Rosie!" exclaimed the clown fervently, as he kissed her hand, and, hearing the bell, bounded into the ring.

Then came Leo's chance. "Little Bandy's" turn was a long one. As the thunders of applause subsided the lion-tamer moved to where the clown had stood beside her. His flashing eyes glowed with excitement as he asked:

"Mlle. Rosie, how was that?"

"Splendid!" said Rosie, again.

"Do you know why?" asked he, as delighted to hear her words, he came closer to her. "I was thinking of you, and love made me laugh at lions."

"Sig. Corello, you must not talk to me like that."

And, playfully, she held out her hand once more to show her ring, and pointed archly to the man in the sawdust circle.

Leo's face darkened.

"Have you given yourself to that?" he sneered, looking contemptuously in the direction of the grotesque figure posturing in the ring, and added: "I love you. I will leave her to make more money. Soon I can have a circus of my own. You shall be its mistress, with no need to work, a carriage to ride in, and everything else your heart can want. Throw over this clown. Think of all that I am offering to you. Mlle. Rosie—be my wife!"

Rosie Marton, her eyes shining, stepped back from him, shaking her head.

"Thank you very much, Sig. Corello, for your magnificent offer. I decline it."

"You want your tackle left up after the performance is over, so that you may practice in the morning? Only mind what you're doing, Bill Berrill. This lofty tumbling that you've taken to is a bit more dangerous than clowning, and now it's fixed we don't want your wedding day postponed."

So said Teddy Passmore. The clown promised to be cautious, and in the morning repaired to the circus to have a turn on the ropes.

Rosie was waiting for him. Profitable as it was, she had a dread of this new item that her lover had added to his repertoire, and so went with him, "so that he might be safe," as she said.

"Sig. Corello passed me coming along," remarked she, as the clown let himself into the great wooden building with his key. But when they got inside and no one appeared both felt easier. Merely discarding his coat, up he went on the ropes and in mid-air went through his perilous tricks. Rosie sat on a sack of sawdust below, trying to read a newspaper and wishing that the rehearsal was finished.

Suddenly from above came a shout. She started to her feet.

BEAUTY IN THE BUSH.

Australian Types Becoming Famous the World Over.

Girls in the Antipodes Imitate Their English Sisters—Art, Literature and Drama Are Regions Unexplored by Them.

A good deal has been written about the American girl, the English girl and the girls of other countries; but the Australian girl, up to the present, has not come in for much attention. Perhaps it is, says London Sketch, that, coming from English stock, she has always been regarded as too essentially British to be dissociated from the daughters of John Bull. Yet she is a distinct species, as different from the average English girl as the American girl. In personal charms she possesses all the attractiveness, but, owing largely to the prevalence of sweltering suns and parching hot winds for eight months out of the twelve, her face has not that freshness, that pink, rosebud coloring which are at once the joy and sovereign possession of the English girl.

But it is in the exquisite contour of her figure, in the smallness of her hands and feet and in the perfect molding of her features that the daughter of the sunny south is able to hold her own. If her face lacks the freshness of the green fields and pastures of England there is in it the warm sun of Australia, which gives to the countenance a look of perpetual pleasure. The small but clearly chiseled features of the Australian girl are always pleasant in expression, indicating a light-hearted, careless, irresponsible character underneath.

The innate shyness of the English girl has no place in her temperament, nor does she pay much regard to the culture, the self-contained dignity, the gracefulness which sit so easily on the girls of the west. The unrestrained spirit of an independent democracy seems to be ingrained in her. She is essentially sociable; indeed, the life of the average Australian girl seems to be made up of a round of social functions—balls, "at homes," parties. She devotes gossip to a fine art, and in the little world in which she resides she will be possessed of an encyclopedic knowl-

"Run, Rosie, run! To the window! The lions are loose!"

Run! She was rooted to the spot. In the doorway by which they had come crouched a great, tawny, yellow mass, that, flat upon the boards, came wriggling without a sound toward them.

Down the rope Bill Berrill slipped, as Rosie, recovering her strength, started to the back of the hall. The lion rose up. It took five quick strides, then stopped as, with a thud, Bill Berrill dropped on to his feet.

"It is locked, and I cannot reach it," cried the terrified girl, as she stretched in vain for the fastening of the great window.

The clown turned. As he took his eyes from its face the lion came on. If he fled it would be upon him in a moment.

Then, close at hand, he saw the sponge set on a stick, the matches and paraffine, used by the gasman with which to light up at night time.

"I dare not move!" he cried. "Bring me the tin of oil and the matches."

The escaped lion saw the movement. It crouched as if to spring, its great tail sweeping the floor from time to time.

Tottering in her fear, Rosie dragged to him the precious tin. The clown, never taking his eyes from the great yellow orb that glared at him, pulled out the cork. The liquid oil ran freely. Bill Berrill struck a match and threw it down. A stream of flame shot across the boards. A low growl issued from the throat of the startled lion as it backed before the wall of fire.

"Now! The window!"

In a second he had hoisted Rosie up. The catch was undone. She scrambled out. Bill Berrill followed and closed the casement after him, just as the lion, dodging round the fire, leaping to the place where a second before they had been standing.

"Be careful, Will. Somehow I do dread to-night's performance. There is something the matter with Corello. The house is crowded, but he is not himself to-night. Do be careful, Will, dear."

Bill Berrill promised as he squeezed the little, cold hand of the girl who, tomorrow, would be his wife. After the lion-tamer's performance there was one more turn, and then he went on.

"That's funny," observed Ted Passmore as the clown passed him. "Close by where your trapeze ropes are fixed two panes of glass are gone from the roof!"

Directly his portion of the programme had come to an end Leo Corello hurried from the building. Round to the back he went, where, in a narrow street full of gaunt, tall houses, he rented a top-story bedroom. To this room he ascended.

From the mattress under the bed he drew forth a long, dagger-like knife contained in a leather sheath. Testing its keenness, he cut easily through a stick of wood he drew from the ready-laid fire.

Armed with the knife, he threw up the window and passed out on the leads. Before him, almost on a level, was the glass roof of the hippodrome.

Through the open window the first notes of a merry tune came from the band.

A cheer of welcome greeted "Little Bandy" as, for the second time, he bounded into the ring. In a trice he was hoisted to the trapeze far above.

One or two graceful evolutions, and then, hanging by his hands from the bar, he commenced to swing to and fro for a long flight in mid-air.

Suddenly there was a cry from above, a shriek from a woman and a chorus of alarm from the crowd. One rope had snapped. Still grasping the wooden bar Bill Berrill swung far out into space, where, if he fell, no friendly net would catch him.

A Delicious Mexican Dish. A Mexican dish of sweetbreads and oysters which is delicious is made as follows: Soak and blanch your sweetbreads, cut them into equal sizes and remove the skins and little pipes. Strain about three dozen fine oysters, take off the liquor. Put the sweetbreads into a stevpan and cover with the oyster liquor; add three large spoonfuls of gravy of roast veal and a quarter of a pound of fresh butter cut into bits and rolled in flour. When the sweetbreads are done put in the oysters and let them cook five minutes. Add two wineglassfuls of sweet cream, stir up well for a few minutes, and serve in a hot dish.

Jeweled Velvets for Belts. A beautiful fabric, which is used for broad belts, is made with a groundwork of shaded mauve and pink paillettes, overlaid with a scrollwork in black. Puce velvet, embroidered with turquoise, amethysts and paste, with pink and blue beads, having a long, deep waving fringe, is ready for the fronts of gowns, while a square bodice trimming is of white satin worked in turquoise and opals.

Pretty Centerpiece for Table. A pretty and unusual centerpiece for a table is made as follows: Place in a bowl hollowed in a square of ice enough loosely piled cracked ice to fill the space. In the interstices between the lumps of ice fasten pieces of smilax which will trail out and over the square block. The effect of the glittering ice and the delicate green tracery is charming.

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What is



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.
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Dr. G. C. OSOOND, 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. KINCHELOE, Conway, Ark.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
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ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres., Boston, Mass.
The Centaur Company, 71 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 5:30, 6:00 a. m., 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:15 a. m., 5:30 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 5:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m., except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 5:30 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 7:00 a. m., 5:30 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:35 a. m., 4:52 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:25, 11:10 a. m., 4:46 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 5:08 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Roan, Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 2:25, 5:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:37 a. m., 5:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 7:11 a. m., 5:38 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:00 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 3:00, 5:47, 6:26 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 10:08 a. m., 5:38 p. m., Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeanesville, Audriod 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.

Trains leaving Drifton at 5:30 a. m. makes connection at Deringer with P. R. R. train for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.

For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton Junction and Deringer, an extra train will leave the former point at 5:40 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, 9:35, 10:41 a. m., 1:35, 2:27, 3:15, 4:34, 6:12, 6:58, 8:05, 8:57 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, 6:05, 9:25, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 4:25, 6:58 p. m. for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Philadelphia and New York.

6:05, 9:25, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 4:25, 6:58 p. m. for Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Pottsville. 7:25, 9:15, 10:36 a. m., 1:54, 4:34 p. m. (via Hazleton and Branch) for White Haven, Junction, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

11:40 a. m. and 3:24 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

7:28, 9:27, 10:56, 11:54 a. m., 12:58, 2:13, 4:34, 5:33, 6:58, 8:47 p. m. from Drifton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

7:28, 9:27, 10:56 a. m., 2:13, 4:34, 6:58 p. m. from Delano, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah (via New Boston Branch).

12:58, 5:33, 8:47 p. m. from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.

9:27, 10:56 a. m., 12:58, 5:33, 6:58, 8:47 p. m. from Easton, Philadelphia, Bethlehem and Mauch Chunk.

9:33, 10:41 a. m., 2:27, 6:58 p. m. from White Haven, Junction, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and L. and B. Junction (via Hazleton 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 region.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

CHAS. S. LEE, Gen'l. Pass. Agent, Philadelphia, Pa.
ROLLIN H. WILBUR, Gen. Supt. Edin. Div., A. W. NONNEMACHER, Ass't G. P. A., South Bethlehem, Pa.

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D. S. Ewing, general agent, 1127 Chestnut street, Phila., Pa.

Scientific American Agency for

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