Remarkable Manifestation in a Three-Year-Old Youngster.

Baby Ras had always been very nervous, so nervous that on several occasions, while he was getting his teeth, he frightened his parents by going into convulsions, and frequently when crying lost his breath so far as to lose consciousness altogether. Consequently we were obliged to humor him more or less to prevent his crying.

At a very early age he found his thumb, and until the day of which I write his chief comfort lay in sucking that unoffending member. He could not go to sleep at night without having his thumb in his mouth. As he grew older we tried to break him of the habit, but it made him so very unhappy that we could not bear to insist. By the age of three Rae had lost all signs of spasms. He had always been "mother's darling," although he was my fifth boy. At the time I write of the arrival of a wee sister had awakened some sense of jealousy, and also, I suppose, made him feel an increase of dignity, as he was no longer the baby of the family.

One morning the "big carpenter" was in the nursery repairing the hinge of a shutter. Rae stood with a hand-kerchief carefully wrapped around his second finger, sucking his thumb as susual, and looking with wistful eyes at the tempting display of hammer, awl and screwdriver that lay on a cloth near the window. For a moment the thumb was taken from his mouth, and the baby boy said very distinctly, as he always spoke: "I want to be a carpenter," and instantly the thumb warepiaced in its accustomed receptacle. "Carpenters don't suck their thumbs," remarked the big man.

For a moment Rae looked at him, then he slowly put his two little hands behind his back and held them tight. His grandmother noticed the action, and, taking advantage of the eccasion, promised to give Rae a tool chest all his own if he would never suck his thumb again. The child was very quiet and thoughtful all day. Occasionally he would jerk his thumb out of his mouth and hold his right hond tight with his left, as if determined not to forget

reward was won, and a happier little op was never seen.
Rae is eight years old now, a fine, anly boy, always most thoughtful of thers. He is full of life and spirits, is nervousness has almost entirely sappeared. He often shows the same armestness of purpose that he dislayed so young. We feel strongly the seponsibility of leading this remark-lole will in the right direction.—A other, in Babyhood.

PRETTY CANDLE SHADES.

hey Are All the Rage Just Now, as They
Really Deserve to Be.
For a pair the materials required
ould be three-quarters of a yard of
hite satin, three yards of ribbon two
ches wide, four yards of chiffon. I
ave always found it best in manufacuring any wall lamp or candle shades



candle-shade in white satin.

In purchase the cardboard frames alady made, if possible, as they are a
title troublesome to cut out and fix
tisfactorily. If, however, you are
pt able to find just the right thing
to a large sheet of strong drawing
aper and trace the shape of the shade
pon it in penell, afterward cutting it
at carefully; you will then only have
fasten the sides together with a few
itches, thus forming the frame; then
over them planily and neatly with the
tin. The chiffon will not be difficult
o arrange if it is gathered on with a
ny beading upon the outside of the
shades and center when placed upon
te table with appropriate floral decotions is most charming and artistic,
have suggested white and scarlet for
the coloring, but of course the designs
to be carried out in several shades;
the and wory, or two shades of yellow
ould look well.—Madame,

A PRINCESS ABBESS

High Ecclesiastical Office Held by an Austrian Archduchess.

A PRINCESS ABBESS.

High Ecclesiastical Office Held by an Austrian Archduchess.

There are in Austria five religious foundations for ladies of the nobility, situated in Vienna, Prague, Brunn, Innsbruck and Graz. These establishments are for the purpose of providing a place, suitable to their rank, for ladies without property, but members of noble families which have done distinguished service to the imperial family or the state. The Vienna institution was founded in 1769 by Duchess Theresia, of Savoy; that in Brunn by Emperor Leopold II. in 1792, and those in Prague and Innsbruck in 1755 and 1765 respectively by Empress Maria Theresia. The ladies who are received in the Prague, Vienna and Innsbruck foundations must be able to show 16, those in Brunn five and those in Graz four quarterings, respectively, on their arms. The institution in Prague is of the highest rank. As its abbesses, according to its statutes, only princesses of the imperial family are appointed, the abbess has the right to the title of "royal highness," even if, by exception, she who holds the office is only of noble. not royal, blood. She has also the right to crown the queen of Bohemia; and she is installed by an archduke, as representative of the emperor, with a solemn court ceremonial.

The abbesses are not pledged to the church and are therefore free to marry, and it is the custom for them generally after a short term of office to do so. Maria Theresi, a caughter of the victor of Aspern, married Ferdinand II., king of Sicily; Maria Christine, at the time queen regent of Spain, married King Alphonso XII.; Margaret Sophia, a sis-



ARCHDUCHESS MARIA ANNUNCIATA.

ARCIDUCHESS MARKA ANNUNCIATA.

ter of the recently installed abbess, is
the wife of Duke Albert, heir-presumptive to the throne of Wurtemberg; Caroline Immaculata in 1894 gave her hand
to Prince August Leopold of Coburg.
As her successor, Emperor Francis
Joseph has appointed Archduchess
Maria Annunciata, the second daughter
of his brother, Archduck Karl Ludwig,
born in 1876 of his third wife, Archduchess Maria Theresia, princess of
Braganza.

duchess Maria Theresia, princess of Braganza.
On October 19 last the archduchess was installed with solenn ceremonial of the usual kind. The emperor was represented by her father, Archduke Karl Ludwig, who officiated, assisted by Count Thun and Count Bonequei, as court commissioners of the viceroy of Bohemia. The exercises were elaborate and impressive, and in them participated many of the highest in the Bohemian nobility, of the court, the army, the government and the clergy.

A Collection of Dress Don'ts.
Don't wear a veil in the evening.
Don't let the skirt of your street dress touch the ground.
Don't forget that people who do not know you judge you by your appearance.
Don't forget that a line of white at

morning. Much ye, is hardly good taste.

Don't let your waist and skirt part company in the back; hooks on one and eyes on the other keep them united.—

The Way to Drink Milk.

Many complain that they cannot drink milk without its disagreeing with them. The most common reason why milk is not readily digested is that it is taken too rapidly and it enters the stomach and becomes one solid mass difficult of digestion. If it is sipped it is so divided on reaching the stomach that when coagulated, as it must be by the gastrie juice while digestion is going on, instead of being in one hard mass it is more in the form of a sponge and in and out of the entire bulk the gastrie juice can perform its duties.

Device to Remove Wrinkles.

gastric juice can perform its duties.

Device to Remove Wrinkles.
The long-sought-for device to remove wrinkles has at last been invented by a Philadelphia woman, who has secured a patent upon her clever invention. The arrangement consists of two howed arms of watch-spring steel, ending in chamois pads. The arms fit around the back of the head, drawing the flesh back until it is smooth. When worn during the right it is claimed that the device is very effectual.

A WEDDING TOMBSTONE.



I confe most abject ignorance and inm drew up to the fire. This was gain information and partly although the fireplace was w deep-throated and big logs wer in it, there were biting drau weeks' visit at the old homestead. It seemed never to occur to grandma that, having been raised in a different part of the country, the happenings at Ragged Corner (where she lived) would nat-urally be unknown to me. She always expressed fresh surprise at my ig-norance on these subjects. After knit-ting a few minutes in silence, she be-gan:

expressed fresh surprise at my ignorance on these subjects. After knitting a few minutes in silence, she began:

"You've seen the old stone house down
on the bank of the river, all shut in with
pines and evergreens? It's nigh a hundred years old. When I was born it had
been built ten years. When I was a
young married woman the Barbours
came to live there, and they were proud,
high-feelin' people that nobody could
get acquainted with. That's what made
em take it so dretful hard when—but
here I am, way head of my story. You
see, Mr. Barbour embezzled or did something of that kind, and went to prison.
"Then his wife and little boy shut
themselves up in the stone house and
never wen' outside the gate hardly.
She's had a good deal of schoolin', his
mother had, and she taught him herself as long as she could, and then he
bought books and studied by himself.
He tried going to school when he was a
small boy, but one of the scholars
threw it at him about his father, and
Mortimer nearly killed him, and after
that his mother kep' him home. And she
was such a proud woman, was Mis' Barbour, and lofty and severe in her ways.
She wouldn't let nobody sympathize
with her, which everybody wanted to,
as there's so little going on in a place
like Ragged Corner. Mis' Barbour was
real selfish with her grief, so she got herself disliked, besides folks bein' suspicious after the way her husband
turned out. What did they live on?
Oh, the boy farmed it, and later they do
say he wrote books on what they called
natural history, though to my mind it
was the most unnatural stuff I ever
heard tell of—all about beetles and bugs
with 300 museles in their heads, and as
could carry 1,200 times their own weight
on their own backs, which everybody
knows he must have got up as he went
along. They were dretfully taken up
with each other, he and his mother,
and she believed everything he said was
so, even about the bugs and beetles.
But she was his own born mother, and
that explains it.

"When she died, Mortimer liked to

But she was his own born mother, and that explains it.

"When she died, Mortimer liked to went crazy. Ho planted her grave with vi'lets and pansies, and at the head was a white marble monument he had gone to the city for—nothing nearer would suit him. But he didn't display no taste.



an angel, nor a cherub, or a lamb, or a broken rosebud, nor a bit of verse. And yet he always seemed to set store by her.

mer.

"Now, he was the last man in the village I'd ever said would got married But as sure as you set there, when the little milliner, Melinda McAllister, came into the place he was struck. That wasn't nothing strange—all the young fellows was—but, mind you, she was struck, too. No, you wouldn't 'a' thought it. Everybody warned her, and told her about his father's hangin' himself in prison, and how queer his mother was, and that Mortimer was as odd as Dick's hat band and wouldn't come to no good. She listened, with her eyes big and cool and a little hot patch of red on her cheeks like a daub of paint, but she never said a word. That was as she saw fit. First we knew they was as she saw fit. First we knew they was as she saw fit. First we knew they was as she saw fit. First we knew they was as she saw fit. First we knew they was as she saw fit. First we knew they was as she saw fit. We will not seem and wrung her hande, sayin' she wouldn't be surprised if Melindy was murdered before the year was out. What can you think of a man who lives like a hermit and had a crooked father and a peculiar mother?

"But we wasn't prepared for the lind."—Boston Black Cat.

worst. A day or two before the wedding in comes old Mis' Johnson and says: 'Shut up the doors tight,' says she, 'and the winders. I've got something to tell you that'll make your hair rise up,' she says, whisperin' like. So I shut the door, she a-workin' her hands together like one possessed. 'It's about Melindy,' she went on. 'He's been and got a tombstone for her.' 'Who?' asked I, as if I didn't know, but my knees knocked together and I felt a bit sick. 'Mortimer Barbour,' says she. 'My grandson, Johnnie, was after a bird's nest in a tree over in his yard. The limb broke, and down he went right onto the roof of the old cornhouse, that hasn't been used for years. It went in under roof of the old cornhouse, that hasn't been used for years. It went in under him like tinder, and as soon as he could pick himself up and found no bones broke, what should he see but a new white gravestone a-settin' up quite pert in a corner against some rubbish. He went up to it, and he says as true as the Bible he saw "Melinda Barbour" cut cait, and the date she is agoin' to die.' 'I don't believe it,' says I, but I was all a-faint, and had to go and make us each a cup of tea, so we could bear up under it.
"As soon as I said I didn't believe it.



of white marble, and on it the name of "Melindy Barbour," with the date "Sept. 5, 18—,' below it. But the rest we couldn't make out. 'Ile's going to let her live three months, may Heaven for give him,' says old Mis' Johnson, meanin' different from what she said. "The next day I went to Melindy, and told her the whole truth. And would you believe it, she said she thought Mis' Johnson and I had no business prying about other people's affairs? 'If he had bought me a thousand gravestones If d have him just the same,' says she. So they were married the next day in the meeting house, but Melindy was white as a ghost, and she trembled so she could hardly walk. They went right away on the cars, and we threw some old shoes after 'em, but all the wishin' of joy was make believe, and I never saw a bride with such a white, set face, never looking at her husband nor yet at us.

"They was away nearly three months; then they came back to the old house, But folks said they wasn't happy, that she was as cold as a stone, and he was always at his books and old insects. One day I got a letter askin' me to come and see her. She was lyin' down on a lounge when I got there, white and so thin, with big eyes with a sorry, hungry look in 'em. But she had on a smart gown, and was ns pretty as a pictur. As soon as we'd shaken hands and I'd taken off my bonnet and mantilla, she says: 'Do you know what day to-morrow is?' Then I thought it up, and said it was the 5th of September. 'He day I am to die,' she says in a sort, quiet

it was the 5m.

I am to die, 'she says m.

I am to die,' she says m.

way. Then I up and asked her
timer had been ill-treatin' her, 'put up her finger, and said:
word to my husband; he doesn
I know it.' Then she said he
ful good to her, but she coulc
that gravestone out of her hea
night. All at once it came to
matters was; she'd been too
give him up, besides her likin'.

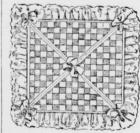
""" I been too proud to
betavist the

SPRING MILLINERY.

Ideas in Hats and Bonnets Are ready Appearing.

oring millinery is always a topic bsorbing interest, and the first advestment of the seen. These at no lessening in the frills, fuss firiolity which have been charactics of the stylish headgear lately, the its possible that as the season solder this tendency may be ded. Vast quantities of flowers, will be used, the omn'present aigrette will lose ag of its present charm. The senow shown are all elaboratics, and lower less, and lower less, and lower less, and lower less at the series of th

PRETTY RIBBON WORK



"After cutting a lining of silk," says an adept, "the shape and size you desire, you must tack alternate rows of different colored satin ribbons as close together as possible, beginning at the top of the lining, and cutting the ribbon off into lengths as you finish each row. Then begin to weave the two colored ribbons in and out, over the dark and under the light one way, reversing the order in the next row, so that squares are formed." The handkerchief sachet illustrated here is made of pale blue satin ribbon and silver braid of the same width. The corners must be bound with ribbon, and a frill of lace and some bows cotaplete the pretty trifle.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Lay of a Bachelor.

or ace and some lows complete the pretty trifle.—N. Y. Tribunc.

A bachelor old and cranky was sitting alone in his room. His toes with the gout were aching, and his face was o'erspread with gloom. No little one's shouts to disturb him—from noises the house was free. In fact, from cella to attic 'twas as still as still could be No medical aid was lacking. His servents answered his ring, respectully heard his orders and supplied him with everything. But still there was some thing wanting which he could not command—the kindly words of compassion the touch of a gentle hand. And he said as his brow grew darker and he rang for a hireling nurse: "Well, marriagmay be a failure, but this is a jolly sigh wors."—Lorden Standard.

Influence of the Mind.

It is not only in depressed men conditions where the mind's influer is potent, but often patients have red from dangerous and even fatal cleases by having the bright stor of he ever before them. Just so, too, simagination can pleture an ill wo than it really is:

The safest way to health say what you will
Is never to surpose we shall be Ill,
Most of the ills we poor mortels know,
From doctors and imagination flow."

Possible Explanation.
"The worst tyrant possible is a librated slave."

What is



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Castoria.

toria is an excellent medicine for chil-Mothers have repeatedly told me of its fect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgoon,
Lowell, Mass.

Castoria.

toria is so well adapted to children that amend it as superior to any prescription

known to me."

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Time table in effect December 15, 1895.
Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 335, 600 an, 115 p 3rook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazleton Junction at 5 30, 6 00 a m, 4 15 p n, daily except Sunday; and 7 03 a m, 2 38 p m,

Neept Sunday; and 7 to a lings of p. p., to bay.

Trains leave Drifton for Onelda Junction,
Trains leave Drifton for Onelda and
Sheppton at 60 a m, 415 p m, daily except Sunday; and 7 to m, 23 p m, Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood,
Crabberry, Tombicken and Deringer at 6 55 a
m, daily except Sunday; and 8 55 a m, 4 22 p m,
m, daily except Sunday; and 8 55 a m, 4 22 p m,

Sunday.

Treins leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Roan, Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 22, 5, 40 pm, daily except Sunday; and 937 a m, 507 pm, Sunday.

sunday.

Trains leave Sheppton for Onelda, Humboldt tond, Harwood Road, Ionelda Junction, Ihales Jungan, Indiana Jungan, India

Wilkesburre, Sumony, more west.

west.

Recommodation of pussengers at way from the ween Hazieron American and Derminer, an extra tran will promine a Sop m. duly, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 50 Up. high at Deringer at 50 Up.

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LEAVE FREELAND.

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605, 825, 933 a.m., 135, 315, 434 p.m., for fluxer Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Phila, Easton and New York.

627, 425, 638 p.m., for fluxer f

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

7 26, 927, 10 56, 11 54 a.m., 12 58, 21 3, 434, 5.33, 6.58, 8.47 p.m., from Hadeton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeeldo and Dutton.

Delanto, Mahanoy, 115 and Shemat. Joan vice New Boston Branch, 12 58, 5.33, 8.47 p.m., from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethiehem, Allentown and Mauch

12 58, 5.33, 8.87 pm, from New York, Easton, Philadelphia, Bethiehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk, Philadelphia, Bethiehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk, 92 5, 10 56 a.m., 12 58, 5.33, 6.58, 8.47 pm, from Easton, Phila., Bethiehem and Mauch Chunk, 93 5, 10 41 am, 257, 6.58 pm from White Haven, 94 53, 10 44 am, 257, 6.58 pm from White Haven, B. Junction via Highland Brauch, 11 31 a.m. and 3.10 pm, from Hazleton, Lumber Yard, Jordon Britton, 11 31 a.m. from belano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton, 3.10 pm from Delano, Hazleton, Philadelphia and Easton, 3.10 pm from Delano and Mahanoy region, 3.10 pm from Delano and Mahanoy region. For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

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