



## PHYSICAL PAIN.

**How a Little of It in Vaccination Affects Men.**

In one of the health board's free vaccination offices the other day a tall, strong looking man lay stretched on a table helpless, while the policeman who was on special post in the office stood over him with a bottle of ammonia. The ammonia was extraordinarily strong, but the policeman held it close to the man's nostrils without drawing from him any more forcible sign of discomfort than a slight sniffling and turning of the head.

"That's a pretty example," said one of the men who was waiting, bare armed, to have himself scratched, "of the comparative inability of a man to stand physical pain. I mean the inability as compared with a woman's endurance. Whether it is because a woman is more used to enduring pain or whether she's so constructed, with a less sensitive physical organism, that she is better able to stand it is a striking fact that a woman can endure without a murmur what would often not only draw a cry from a man, but would actually cause him to lose consciousness.

"Now that man has only had his arm scratched with a needle, and yet he keeled over like a struck sheep. I dare say that in a bruising fight with a pair of seven ounce gloves he would stand up with the best of them, but the more subtle sorts of pains, such as that which, in vaccination, is caused by scratching through the outer cuticle directly down to the small blood vessels and the surface of the nerves, is something that takes his strength all out of him." The man had, indeed, fainted away.

Many persons, particularly those of high strung organisms, are thus affected by pain in a way altogether incommensurate with the actual "hurt." A bump on the head, a squeezing of a finger in a door, causes a nervous reaction which makes them faint or even takes away consciousness for a moment.

"People of this sort," said the doctor in the vaccination office, "are made faint oftentimes purely through their imagination. They can't control it. Involuntarily, even though they have the 'will' to go through an ordeal, their nervous system reacts against it, and they faint away. A patient, for instance, may faint the first time a bit of cotton soaked in an antiseptic wash is thrust up his nose. The operation doesn't really 'hurt' at all, but the feeling is a new, unpleasant and curious one. Without shrinking from it at all, the patient finds himself suddenly growing faint. His high strung nervous system has involuntarily reacted.

"In these vaccination faintings, however, a slow circulation or a tendency to vertigo that in ordinary conditions would not be noticed may be the cause. I have had big policemen, apparently in the tip of good health and without a nerve in their bodies, so to speak, topple over at the first scratch of the needle."—New York Sun.

**Remarkable Apache Marksman.**

Every one who goes to the Arizona penitentiary is interested in the Gatling guns which are placed on the guard stands arranged at intervals along the top of the walls. The largest and principal gun is in charge of a young Mexican who boasts of his Apache blood. He is rated as the best marksman with a Gatling gun in the United States. General McCook of the United States army says that his manipulation of the complicated weapon and his accuracy of aim are simply marvellous.

The young Mexican has an excellent field for target practice over the Gila mud flats just above the prison. A tin can six inches in diameter placed at a distance of 700 yards he will hit four times out of five with the Gatling gun. When it is remembered that he can fire 500 shots a minute, the possibility of a convict's escape is too small to calculate.

A recent test of the marksmanship of this young Apache gunner was made. From behind a stone wall 100 tin cans of the size of common fruit cans were thrown one at a time haphazard in the air, just as clay pigeons are automatically thrown at shooting matches. The Apache had his gun ready and had to aim as quick as a flash at each can at a distance of 250 yards. He pierced 37 out of the 100 before they fell behind the stone inclosure.—Yuma Cor. Chicago Record.

**World's Most Beautiful City.**

Washington is unquestionably the most beautiful city in the world. Its public buildings are upon a scale of magnificence never attempted in any European capital. Its park system is of the most sumptuous character. No other city in the world has so many splendid monuments. Its streets are the most perfect ever known in ancient or modern times. Though Washington undoubtedly had a mental forecast of what was in store for the capital which he laid out it is probable that even the Father of His Country builded better than he knew.—Baltimore Herald.

**Left All to His Valet.**

An English nobleman recently bequeathed his entire estate, the taxable valuation of which was more than \$50,000 in the equivalent of American money, to a valet who had served him long and well. And he made this legatee his sole executor. Amid the innumerable complaints of lack of constancy and fidelity in domestic service this is a notable example of lasting attachment between master and man and one well worth thinking over.

## WOMAN AND FASHION.

**A Picturesque Toilet—Old Styles Revived—A French Traveling Mantle.**

The sketch shows a very picturesque toilet in blue cloth, with the skirt encircled with three bands of blue velvet, widely spaced, and is finely plaited at the back.

The tucked yoke is of blue silk, and the blouse is of cloth, while the little



A PICTURESQUE TOILET.

bolero is of blue velvet, ornamented in the front with a big rosette bow, with full ends of blue silk, and edged with a big Louis XIII lace collar. The short bell shaped sleeves are of the velvet and the full undersleeves white lace, while the collar band and belt are of blue silk. This model is charmingly carried out in cloth and fur, or black satin and broadtail make a very swell toilet.—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Old Styles Revived.

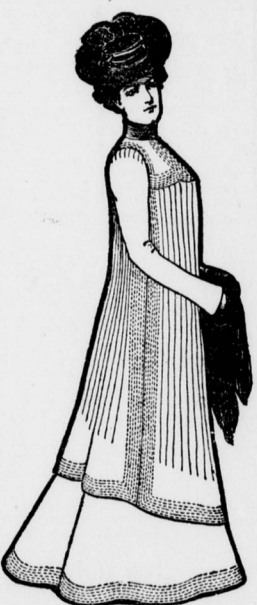
The return of fashions of old times is very marked. No one special period is kept to; the range is very many; but the dresses seen in old pictures are copied, and the more uncommon the style the greater the success of the recreation, says the London Standard.

For example, a picture of the ill fated Anne Boleyn is responsible for a really beautiful tea gown, made of lace over satin, with a curious little bodice of plaited white chiffon, a ribbon of cloth of gold—the material one reads so much of in history—with gupure applique, being knotted in a large bow in the front, the quaint sleeves, tight to the elbow, falling below it in the long wing ends.

Old gowns of this style have to be modernized slightly to suit present day wearers, but most of the genuine successes are veritable copies of our ancestors' dresses, as perpetuated by the artists who painted their portraits.

## A Long Cloth Mantle.

The traveling mantle represented is of suede colored cloth, made in fat



FRENCH TRAVELING MANTLE.

The yoke is stitched all over. The mantle is lined with violet satin.—Paris Herald.

## The Ever Popular Shirt Waist.

The new shirt waist flannels are plain and dotted rather than striped, and come in delicate pastel shades of blue, gray, tan, white and old rose, as well as green, especially reseda, navy blue, red and brown. They have pearl or gilt buttons, and are made with a very thin percale lining. Stitched bands are fancied on flannel shirt waists, or the tiniest of tucks, and the coat sleeve is preferred.

Silk shirt waists are a mass of tucks of fine featherbone cording in lengthwise effects, and are made of plain taffeta in dark or very light colors, one material.

A black taffeta shirt waist has become the standard for every wardrobe. It should be of soft finished goods worth at least a dollar a yard, and be lined; then it gives satisfactory wear.—Ladies' Home Journal.

## Simple Remedies.

The most important point in the treatment of burns is at once to exclude the air. Cotton wool saturated with sweet oil is a safe and effective application. Do not remove the dressing until the irritation has subsided. In the country mothers often cover their children's burns with flour. In serious cases a mixture of sweet oil and molasses is favored. Vaseline will sometimes be sufficient. If the air be kept away, nature will generally restore the tissue without other assistance.

Table oil or fresh butter rubbed immediately on a slight bruise will prevent swelling or discoloration. But if the bruise be severe, of course, a little raw beefsteak is better. A slight bruise may often be best treated by a compress wet with witch hazel.

The first thing to do with a sprain is to apply water as hot as can be borne, and repeat until the pain is gone. The hot water may be showered on the sprain, or wet cloths may be used if frequently renewed. The foot or ankle can be conveniently immersed in the hot water. The next thing is to keep the injured part thoroughly warm. This is done by winding it with wadding or flannel. The less a sprained limb is used, the quieter it is kept, the more likely it is to get well quickly.

## A Field For Inexpensive Copying.

Now that there are so many beautiful stains that take on plain wood a lot of new artistic effects are had in furniture. It is possible to induce a carpenter, not a higher priced cabinet maker, to turn out some simple, solid looking pieces—stools, small tables, even chairs, or pipe racks and dish racks. Then one can have all the fun of staining such bright green, red, dull brown or yellow, and the result will be right up to date. The commonest wood floors, if only half way well fitted, are stained in colors to harmonize with such furniture. And it is safe for the average woman to possess a brush and a pot of stain. The oft told jokes about women who took on a frenzy of painting and daubed the whole house are a lie! Another stylish—therefore expensive—piece of furniture is the settle box. That is a box made a convenient seat height, covered with brilliant burlap nailed with brass top tacks and further embellished with brass handles and corners. These are counted very swaggy, and they are fine receptacles for extra gowns and waists. The box to start with won't cost much. What the stores charge high for is finishing, and that can be done at home inexpensively.

## As Many Lovers As Years.

Mme. Recamier's life was a life of friendships. They began with her marriage at 15 to M. Recamier, and they ended only when she sat, blind and feeble, at the deathbed of Chateaubriand. It is no exaggeration to say that she had had more lovers than years when she died, a beautiful old woman, at 72.

The quality which made and held friends showed itself very early in her life. Perhaps, to begin with, she turned to kindly hearts outside her own family because her father and mother were so absorbed in affairs that her childhood was lonely and neglected. M. and Mme. Bernard were not ideal parents. M. Bernard was a handsome, kindly man of no very keen sense of honor, but with much intelligence in regard to securing his own comfort. Mme. Bernard, who was very pretty, very coquetish, distinctly a flirt and, it must be admitted, of most doubtful morality, was so eager for Paris and its conquests and successes that when she went there with her husband she left her little Juliette without, it seems, any very great distress.—Harper's Bazar.

## The Neat Woman.

There is an exquisite charm about a neatly dressed woman. She does not wear her hair loose, as if it is just about to fall on her face, as the Woman's Life. Her gloves are not ripped at the seams, nor are any buttons missing from her boots. Her veil does not reveal a hole over her chin, nor does the binding of her skirt show ragged in places. Not many women show their tidiness in these details, but the well groomed woman considers that neglect in these little things is full of shame to womankind. Note the well dressed tailor built woman. Her cloth gown fits her without a crease, and there is neither speck nor spot on it. Her linen collar and cuffs are snowy white and remain properly fixed in their places. Her gloves do not wrinkle, but button smoothly over her wrists. Her shoes are shiny and polished. Her bonnet or hat is pinned or straight, and her hair is neatness itself. She is the picture of delicate finish and wholesome order. Would that we could come across her somewhat oftener.

## "Jolly" the Tyrant.

Nothing keeps the man so content as the maintenance of his dignity as head of the house. No matter how simple the home, the wife makes her husband feel that there he is master, that his convenience and happiness are there of chief account. He may be hustled about in his contact with life outside, but there let him feel that he is a person whose importance and abilities are believed in. Many a man of genuine authority outside his home has lost heart and poise because authority was denied him at home. Many a man of small account among his fellows has gathered strength and power from the atmosphere thrown about him in his home. To feel himself deferred to and considered is tonic to the weak soul. And the wise wife studies her husband and plans to make for him just that home atmosphere that most thoroughly will tend to the support of his personality.—Philadelphia Times.

## In Heljane's Childhood.

One little anecdote of Heljane is characteristic of a remarkably delicate nature. As a tiny child she used to be taken by her parents, one of whom kept the buffet at the Ambigu theater, while the other took the tickets, to a cafe whose proprietor beat his wife. "What's all that noise?" some one asked the little thing one day, finding her alone there and hearing cries, blows and the noise of overturned furniture upstairs. Her little face grew pale. "Monsieur, on repete," she said (monsieur, they are rehearsing a play). She could not bear to tell anything which would humiliate her friends.—Harper's Bazar.

## A Cause For Alarm.

"Have you fastened the windows, dear?" she asked as they were about to retire for the night.

"No. What's the use? I gave you the last dollar I had to buy that new winter hat, and I needn't fear burglars."

"But they might sit down on the hat, you know."

## A PAIR OF BLUE EYES

Howard put both arms around her, held her close for an instant and then released her. It was in broad daylight on a crowded street crossing. They were not related to each other, and he did not even know her name. It must be said in his defense that she was more to blame than he was. Indeed, it would have been a great impoliteness, not to say unkindness, on his part to have done otherwise. She was hurrying to catch the car from which he had just descended. The street was wet and muddy. She slipped and would have fallen had he not caught her just in time. She blushed "celestial rosy red" and raised a pair of startled blue eyes to his face.

"Oh, thank you," she stammered. Yet never was "thank you" said in a tone of less gratitude.

She was gone before he could speak and caught the car, which was just on the point of leaving.

All day the blue eyes haunted him. They came between him and his writing and danced on the pages of The Lancet, although, as he said to himself severely, he had no time for such nonsense. Had he been less devoted, heart and soul, to his profession it is to be feared that even his patient might have found him absentminded, for he failed to see two of his best friends on the street and at dinner that evening was so preoccupied that his mother worried lest he was working too hard.

Dr. Howard Carston was a rising young physician with a down town office and a fair practice. He cared almost nothing for society, and heretofore the brightest eye that ever shone would have interested him less than a cut finger.

Now, in a moment, all was changed. Chicago is a big city, yet Howard vowed to himself to find the owner of those blue eyes. Persistence was one of his strong points. He never entered a street car without scanning the face of every woman in it; he patronized department stores, which he had formerly avoided because of their crowds of women shoppers, and he astonished his sister by taking her to the theater more times in a month than he had all the previous year. That young lady was also surprised and gratified by his snatching from his professional duties time to attend teas and receptions, and by his remarkable interest in social functions.

"Blue Eyes" had worn gray. So again and again he pursued a gray suit and a felt hat that he believed to be the wearer turned that her eyes were not the violets of which he dreamed.

Weeks passed and the memory of the eyes was fading into a regret. Then sensible lectures which Howard had not failed to administer to himself began to take effect. In the first place, it was absurd to hope to find those blue eyes. Were not there several hundred thousand women in the city? Besides, "Blue Eyes" might be miles away. It found, she might belong to another man, or she might be anything but charming.

Howard told himself that he was a fool, and determined to forget the eyes. That was hard to do, but he gave up his quest.

Dr. Carston's telephone bell rang suddenly one night, in the small hours. He had just fallen asleep after a nine-hour day, but he could not ignore the ring. The summons was imperative. A stranger had called the nearest physician.

"Pray come," she implored, "for I am afraid my father will die." The sweet, girlish tones were eloquent of distress.

Howard dressed himself hastily and went down stairs, but could scarcely open the hall door so strong was the wind.

"A doctor leads a dog's life," he muttered to himself as he went out into the storm.

The address given him was that of a boarding house on the next block, one to which this was by no means his first visit. He found Mrs. Madison, the boarding house keeper, awaiting him in the hall.

"I am so glad you've come," she said. "Mr. Wharton is awfully sick, and the poor young lady, his daughter, is 'most scared to death."

The patient was so ill as to occupy the doctor's entire attention. Mrs. Madison gave him the efficient assistance which he had learned to expect from her in such emergencies. She was ably seconded by Miss Wharton, whom Howard scarcely noticed.

The battle was for life. Hours passed before it was won, and the tired but glad physician was free to go.

"Now your father needs nothing but rest. Let him sleep as much as possible and see that he has a cup of Mrs. Wharton's beef tea when he wakes. I will call this afternoon," he said, looking at Mrs. Madison, although he spoke to Miss Wharton.

Howard went home to refresh himself with an hour's nap, a bath and a cup of coffee before his office hours. At 3 o'clock he visited his new patient and found him doing well.

"You have saved his life," said Miss Wharton in a voice tremulous with gratitude, and she raised her eyes to Dr. Carston's.

Howard's head swam. He saw again a crowded street crossing, a waiting car, and held a slender, girlish form in his arms.

Miss Wharton's eyes were the violets of his dreams.

When Violet Wharton left Chicago for her country home, she wore a new ring, holding twin sapphires.—Chicago Tribune.

**Call Help, if Necessary.**

The patient was ill to death. He was contemplating the end with equanimity, not to say satisfaction, as a happy release from his sufferings. His medical man was the more anxious of the two. "I really think, with your permission, sir," said the doctor, "that I should like to call in another professional man in consultation."

"Do what you like, doctor," said the sick man wearily, turning on his pillow. "If you can't do the job by yourself, for heaven's sake call in some of your accomplices."—Modern Society.

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## RAILROAD TIME TABLES

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.	
November 25, 1900.	
ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.	
LEAVE PHILADELPHIA.	
6 12 a m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
7 40 a m	for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
8 18 a m	for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
9 30 a m	for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
12 14 p m	for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
1 20 p m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
4 42 p m	for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
6 34 p m	for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
7 29 p m	for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
9 17 p m	for Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
9 30 a m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
12 14 p m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
1 12 p m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
4 42 p m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.
6 34 p m	from New York, Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
7 29 p m	from Scranton, Wilkes-Barre and White Haven.

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**THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.**

Time tables in effect April 18, 1897.

**Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Road and Hazleton Junction at 5:30, 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a m, 2:30 p m, Sunday.**

**Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomkins and Deringer at 5:30, 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a m, 2:30 p m, Sunday.**

**Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a m, 2:30 p m, Sunday.**

**Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomkins and Deringer at 6:30 a m, daily except Sunday; and 8:00 a m, 4:22 p m, Sunday.**

**Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:30 a m, 4:44 p m, daily except Sunday; and 7:30 a m, 4:15 p m, Sunday.**

**Trains leave Deringer for Tomkins, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Onedia at 2:25, 5:40 p m, daily except Sunday; and 3:57 a m, 6:07 p m, Sunday.**

**Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Shepton at 5:40, 6:00 a m, daily except Sunday; and 10:10 a m, 5:40 p m, Sunday.**

**Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:45, 9:20 p m, daily, except Sunday; and 10:10 a m, 5:40 p m, Sunday.**

**All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Shenandoah, Audenried and other points on the Traction Company's line.**

**Trains leaving Drifton at 5:30, 6:00 a m make connection at Deringer with P. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.**

For the accommodation of passengers at Drifton, a train will leave the former point at 3:00 p m, daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 5:00 p m.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.