THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER, 14, 1896.



PART L

10

There are some things in the world which are hard, very hard, to understand, and the reason why Lady Peach never said so much as a word when she lost her best diamond star was one of ingly pretty, with a curious, shy grace that was not a little out of keeping with the more than middle aged man who was her bridegroom. I liked her

ose things. When Rosey and I first went to Northtowers, which we did soon after our marriage, on my appointment to a minor canonry, Sir Thomas Peach had just received the honor of knighthood account of having entertained royalty, and having, as everyone said, done it remarkably well. I remember so it remarkably well. I remember **so** well that when he called upon us we were out—we found his card lying on the hall table when we came in. Rosey picked it up and looked at it with great interest. "H'm," she remarked, "Sir Thomas Peach. I suppose he is some old swell or other." old swell or other."

old swell or other." On closer acquaintance, however, Sir Thomas turned out to be anything but a swell; on the contrary, he was an ex-ceedingly homely person, having the appearance of a well-to-do tradesman or merchant. Society in Northtowers was ploaged at that time to be deliwas pleased at that time to be delisatirical on the subject of the which had so lately devolved upon their fellow-townsman.

Poor old Sir Thomas," one lady said to us when we returned her call, "he is



ON THE CONTRARY, HE WAS AN EXCEEDINGLY HOME-LY PERSON.

very much weighted with the cares and responisibilities of his new posi-tion. He seems nowadays to spend his whole time trying to live up to it. Of course, he called on you?" "Oh. yes, he called on us—but then everybody seems to be doing that,"

said Rosey. "People in society naturally would."

"People in society naturally works, said our hostess, in a tone which was almost one of reproof. "But to us Northtowers folks-(Yes, please Mr. Critic, she did say folks,' and 1 thought would be rude to correct her, so that let it pass, and, as a truthful chronleler, must reproduce the exact words here-there is something really funny in Sir Thomas Peach setting out to give the welcome of the town to newin Sir Thomas Peach setting out to give the welcome of the town to new-comers. Of course, you know he only got his knighthood for entertaining self any further."

Mrs. Blake that he new Lady Peach really was a lady, and so she proved to be when Rosez and 1 called upon her, which we did the first of the three days on which she was announced to receive. We found her quite young and exceed-

"My dear child," I hejoined, "if Sir My dear china, i neponed, it neponed, it is no business to hush a matter of that kind up it is no business of any-one else's. Don't mix yourself up in it --it's no business of ours." "But people are all talking like any-

"But period are all talking like any-thing," she rejoined eggerly; then, see-ing that I was about to speak, she broke in eagerly: "Oh, Joe, you dear, honest old straight-lace, don't try to stop me or I shall surely die of it. I must talk about it to somebody, and, after all, there's no one so safe as you. There, now you're laughing and look like yourself, which, let me tell you, sir, you never do when you put on

you, sir, you never do when you put on the sanctimonious air." She sat down on the arm of my chair

-her favorite scat-and twined her arm about my neck. "Joe," she said, in her most confidential tones, "what do you think they are saying? That Lady Peach never lost that star at all, and so did Rosey, who was not always easy to please about people, and who was possessed of a feeling that the

Lady Peach never lost that star at all, but that she gave it away!" "Fiddle!" I exclaimed. "What will these silly people say next, I wonder?" "Well, there is something in it—or it seems so," Rosey went on. "It seems that the very same day that it was lost, or supposed to be lost, some young man pawned it at Cowper's. Cowper lent him fifty pounds on it, and then hearing that Lady Peach had lost her star, he took it to Sir Thomas and—and asked him, you know, if that was the one? For, as he told Mrs. Dixon, he did not want to be implicated in any-thing shady. Sir Thomas was quite angry about it, and said it was not the was possessed of a reening that the match had more of money than of love about it, a thing to which my wife was strongly opposed. But we both liked young Lady Peach, and perhaps what made us like her most of anything was the half shy air of deference with which the treated her adder the hashand As for him—well, he watched her moving about the room with an air of anxiety mingled with pride such as was quity pathetic. "Isn't it a wonder-ful thing, Mr. Dallas," he said to me tui thing, dir. Danas, he said to me at last, when our eyes happened to meet, "that a pretty young thing like that should have taken an old hulk like me for her husband? Why, she might have had the pick of the town." In truth, I fully agreed with him, alangry about it, and said it was not the star, or anything like it." "I suppose he would be most likely to know," I interrupted, mildly.

"My dear Joe," said Rosey, myster-ously, "Cowper happened to show it to though I should not like to have said so in plain words, for even parsons must study the conventionalitites a lit-Waters, who sold it to Sir Thomas, and Waters says positively that it is the same. For a moment I was too much sur-

must study the conventionalitites a lit-tle, and not go saying plump outright just what is in their minds. So, in-stead of saying that it was a wonder-ful thing that a pretty girl and a per-fect little lady, as she was, should have chosen to marry such a plain, homely sort of a man, as he was, I went in for a little mild prevarication, and said that doubless Lady Peach know her own prised to speak. Then I pulled myself together in a moral sense. "I daresay the old man had a reason for not wishing to have it talked of." I said. all events, we can hardly go and ask him for a full explanation, can we?" doubtless Lady Peach knew her own "No. Joe, certainly not." said my wife, quite indignantly. "Only as we —at least, I am human, one cannot help mind best. We got used to young Lady Peach wife,

after a time, and as she never seemed to be the least unhappy, gave up con-jecturing as to the whys and waerewondering.". It was an indived sentence, and I made no attempt to anfores of her married life. Rosey, in particular, gave it as her opinion that there was no romance at all, no story. swer it.

It was quite two years after this that

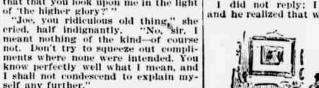
young Lady Peach had a dangerous ill-ness which went very near to costing her her life. In all my experience I have never seen anything to equal the distress and anxiety of Sir Thomas during this time. He was like a man be-side himself. I saw him one day at the door when I had called to inquire for "depend upon it that Lady Peach was like a good many other girls—a lady tired of keeping up a position on noth-ing. There are plenty of girls brought up with everything that makes posi-tion, who have to count the cost of every pair of gloves they buy, who hardly ever know what it is to have a nice, fresh frock; who positively don't know the luxury of having a few spare shillings in their pocket, and if a real good match happens to come along the invalid. "Come in, Mr. Dallas," he said. "I came down with the doctor-We're going to have another man down from London. I'm not satisfied with the last one we had. Yes, there's a shred more of hope than there was, Mr. Dallas, if I lose my wife, it will kill me," he ended, suddenly, "Oh, but I hope it is not so bad as that." I put in, hastily, though I had hard work to choke down the horizont

that." I put in, hastily, though I had hard work to choke down the lump in my throat, which rose at the very thought of that poor young creature's battle with the King of Terrors, "I don't know; but come in, do! I want you to do something for me," he said. "See here, she likes you best of 'em all-all the clergy, I mean, Will you say a praver with her!"

and so original in everything that she did, and in the way that she did every-thing. And I think that I admired

her most of all when she waxed elo-quent, as she sometimes was apt to do when she was particularly interested in her subject. you say a prayer with her!" "Of course I will!" "It's diphtheria—of the worst kind." "Rosey," I said, finding my voice at last; "am 1 to-to-understand from that that you look upon me in the light of the higher decay?" he said almost threateningly. "Are you

did not reply; I looked at him, and he realized that we black-coats ar



good I was-I, when she had married an old huik like me. Weil, I was tell-ing you about that star. You know I gave it to her on an anniversary, and she valued it as such, besides liking it for what it was worth, as any other young thing of her age would. I hap-pened, not very long after I gave it to her, to be away for a couple of days. I had run up to town on business. I was joth to leave her, somehow, and the moment I got back I saw that some-thing or other had happened to upset her. At first I could not get her to tell me what it was; then she fold me at last that a cousin of hers, who had been brought up by her father and mother, had turned up suddenly, asking her had heard during the course of the evening, and so diverted Rosey's atten-tion from the subject of their convertion from the subject of their conver-sation. Nothing more was said about the star in my hearing that evening, but not a little to my surprise a few days afterward, Rossy told me that all Northtowers was agog as to why the loss of so valuable an article had been hushed up. "And everyone seems to think that it is very queer," Rosey ended.

had turned up suddenly, asking her to help him out of some mess. She poor innecent, begged him to wait for my return, saying she knew I would



SHE WAS QUITE QUIET WHILE I PERFORMED MY OFFICE.

help him out for her sake. But the sel-fish beggar would not do that, and stuck to his point that she could help stuck to his boint that she could any him herself if she would. My poor lit-tle girl hadn't more than ten pounds or so by her, and she told him so. 'Look here,' he said. 'you've got a star on that in itself would fetch more than 1 want. Give me that and I'll raiss what I want on the said on the best on Till on it. If you don't,' he went on. T'll just blow my brains out,' and with that he whipped out a revolver and put it to "AI his head. Of course, my poor little girl took off her star at once and gave girl took off her star at once and gave it to him; and she has been possessed of a dread ever since that I should think there had been something be-tween them. I didn't know just what she had in her mind till I heard her babbling about it these last few days, though, of course, I knew that some-thing was troubling her—my poor little eirl."

girl

I don't know that I ever pitied any human being more than I pitied that rich man sitting there so anxiously awaiting the issues of life and death then hanging in the balance in that upper chamber. I watched him for a minute as he sat huddled up all in a lump, and then I put my hand on his shoulder. "Sir Thomas," I said, "God is very merciful.

"I wish I dared comfort myself with hat, Mr. Dallas," he replied. I left him then, and twice every day that. **He Entertained What Patrons Came**

1 went round to inquire how the in-valid was. Each time the servant gave me the same mournful and vague reply: side "No change the master almost be side himself." Then, early on the fourth morning, before I was out of bed, in fact, 1 received a line scrawled on a a note. "She is out of danger now," it said. "God is merciful. Bless you for having cheered ne.-Yours, T. P."

(The End.)

QUEER TRICKS WITH FIGURES.

Seemingly Magical Characteristics Possessed by the Numeral 9. From the Sun.

Figures are funny thirgs. They may be and often are manipulated in a most marvellous manner, so as entire-ly to deceive the uninitiated. Of course these remarks do not refer to ladies' all day. The landlord got dinner and figures, but to the common numeral of supper for me, and I asked, 'Who is figures, but to the common numeral of arithmetic. Strange tricks may be played with them; tricks as amusing

sum of the result obtained by the pro

sum of the result obtained by the pro-cess of multiplication. Thus—Twice 9 is 18. Add one and eight together and you get 2. So, for example, 17 mines are 153. which, add d together make nine, or 138 nines make

1,242, and thus the same se f-assertive Hitle chap pops up again in different form. A sceming except on is when ap-plied to 11, or to a multiple of eleven: then the little joker comes in pairs, as

dle, and moreover insists that his sup-

911 119

792

3x,390-18 + 7,6x3,493-97

296,546

27,632,144

Another use of the magic 9 is made

in the following effective track: Let A put down any number of figures and show them to you. Then, on another

722

495

fortunately, the answer never varies. fortunately, the answer never varies, it is a curious fact that any sum of money, dollars and cents, manipulated in a certain manner will produce the inevitable total of \$10.59, provided the original capital is not more than \$10. This looks like a profitable business— on paper. The process is this: The tortured trick bearer is toid to put down a sum of manar (certain on paper). down a sum of money (again on pa-per, he probably will not do it other-wise), then to reverse the figures and subtract the lesser from the greater. Again the figures must be reversed and the two lines added together. The un-falling answer is \$10.89. Here are ex-\$2.75

	193	1.23
2.15	793 297	1.08
2.97 7.92	\$10.89	\$10.89
\$10.89		

amples:

\$10.89

Perhaps the neatest trick with figures is that by which one can discover the day and month any one was born, and also his or her age. It is not a popular performance with ladies. It is done as follows: The subject must first put town, concurrently, making one group of figures, the day of the month and the number of such month, rectoring January as 1 and December as 12. This, of course, the performer does not see, but he asks the subject to double this number; then to add 5 to it. The re-sult he must multiply by fifty, next add his age, then subtract 365, and tell you the grand total. By mentally adding 115 to this, in every instance adding its to this, in every instance the figures plainly show, first the day, accord the month, and finally the age of the subject. Thus, for instance, if a woman were born on the first of April and she was IS years old, her figpreoscope would be worked out as follows:

28 5

33 20

1656

1668

1-1-18

21-12

4221

4,229

231,450

211,492 365

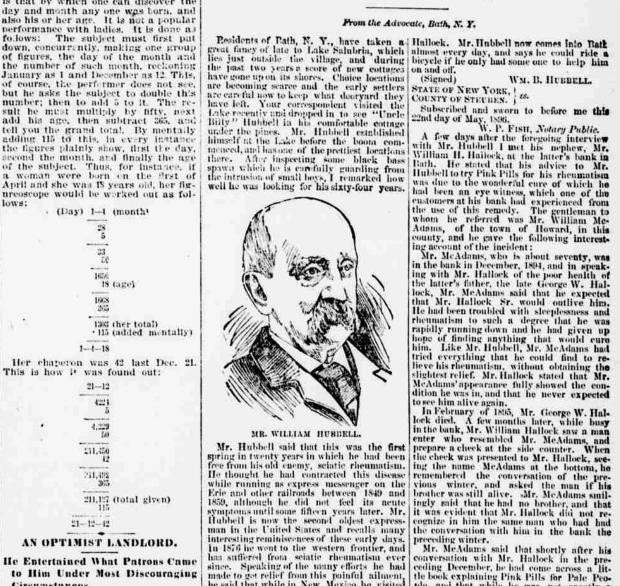
21-12-12

Circumstances. From the Washington Star.

sick'

AN OPTIMIST LANDLORD.

211,127 (total given)



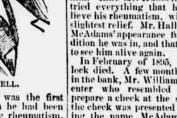
to Him Under Most Discouraging "I stopped at a very small town in Kansas a few weeks ago," said L. M. Martinex, of Chicago, at the Raleigh, "I had been in the place once before and knew where the hotel was. It was late

knew where the hotel was. It was late at night when I got off the train and went to the hotel. After repeated knocking and shaking the door the landlord came down and let me in. The next morning breakfast was not ready when I got up, but the landlord was in a good humor about it, saying: "Everybody is sick about the house. You are the only guest so I didn't get



Another Man so Greatly Changed that His Friends Failed to Recognize Him-Both Loud in Their Praises of the Remedy Used.

From the Advocate, Bath, N. Y.



rovalty-that was all

My wife remarked that if the gen-tleman in question was good enough to entertain royalty, he was quite good enough to call upon us. Our hostess

enough to call upon us. Our nostess either did or would not see the satire of Rosey's rejoinder. "Of course," she said, slightingly, "some one has to entertain these peo-ple, and the Thomas Peaches of life are the only ones who happen to have both sufficient money and push for the pur-

My little wife laughed as she rose to take her leave. "Ah, I dare say every-one is very jealous of him," she said, gayly. 'Really, Joe," she burst out as we

walked away from the house, "it seems to me that this Northtowers, which we to me that this Northtowers, which we thought would be a sort of idyllic, out-of-the-world kind of spot, is just as mean and jealous and petty as most other places. Did you hear how once she called him 'Tom' Peach and then corrected herself? I suppose she is jealous that her husband did not get the fel of entrationing 'them methe'

jealous that her husband did not ket the job of entertaining 'these people,' as she called the royalty in general." "My dear child," I replied, "I certain-ly did not come to Northtowers with an idea that I should find human nature any different to what human nature is in every other part of the world. Probably Mrs. Jackson's husband is quite as rich and even more ambitious than Mr. Peach, and naturally she

les sour grapes." We gathered later on that this was very much the real state of the case, and we found the two men very much of a muchness as regarded their class and standing, excepting that Sir Thomas had distinctly got the best of it. You see the title carried weight with it, of course, titles are mean to do, and al-though Northtowers professed to laugh in a good-natured sort of way at Sir Thomas and his honors, yet it was plain to be seen that the whole town was very proud of the distinction which had fallen upon him. Of all that I had learned about Sir

Thomas during the first few months of our life at Northtowers no information struck me as being so accurate or so fair as that which came from Mrs.

so this as that which came from Mrs. Blake, the dean's wife. "A very fair-dealing and worthy man," was her verdict; "the dean has a high opinion of him. Oh, yes, quite self made, and makes no secret of it; on the contrary, I think he is rather word of it, as he awayte to be Mr. Del. on the contrary, r think he is rather proud of it—as he ought to be, Mr. Dal-las; as he ought to be. Yes, he's with-out wife or child—a widower, yes. Well, you know, on the whole it was rather a good thing when poor Mrs. Parch was tobard and a stimulate Peach was taken away—an estimable creature, but quite unfitted for an ambitious man like Sir Thomas. I reme ber when he was chosen sheriff that I called on her. She persisted in calling me 'ma'am,' or, rather, 'mum.' And she was so distressed because the dean

would not eat any sweet things with his tea. She assured him they had cost three shillings a pound, and it was not until he told her that sugar in any form was death to him that she would be pacified. Oh, very good and worthy, and all that, but always exceedingly uncomfortable when she found herself out of her own sphere. Now, Sir Thomas is a man of great ambition, who takes pride in improving himself. The whole town does not know it, but when it fell upon him to entertain the duke he behaved in the most sensible possible, for he came to me and ed me plump to coach him in all that he would have to do.'

You don't mean it?" Yes, he did, and as I took great "Yes, he did, and as I took great pains to explain every detail, he got through beautifully and with much dignity." Mrs. Blake continued. "I confess that I take a great interest in Sir Thomas' future, and, if he only marries well, he may do great things. In due course of time Sir Thomas did marry again, but as he went far afield for his bride. Northtowers people were obliged to possess their souls in pa-tience until the bride made her ap-pearance in the town. I heard from

Of course I did know just what she meant, and I agreed fully with every word that she said. So we gave up thinking about Sir Thomas Peach's young wife-with any special interest, that is.

and therefore that no further pity need

evening, when we had just come home from a big dinner at the Peaches"; "depend upon it that Lady Peach was

good match happens to come along they accept it thankfully and never know the higher glory." I looked at Rosey in an admiration which was almost speechless. I ad-mired her always—she was so versatile and so original in acceptions that day

wested on her. "My dear Joe," she remarked, one

that is. "By the by," Rosev said to me that very night, "did you see Joe, what a lovely diamond star she was wearing? Sir Thomas gave it to her for the first anniversary of the day on which they mut th is a heavier"

anniversary of the day on which they met. It is a beauty!" I had noticed the star, as it was the only ornament that she had worn, and I had seen that, girl-like, she had glanced at it every now and then as it sparkled and scintillated on the left side of her bodice. I did not won-der at the pride with which she looked at it, for it was a beautiful thing, and would have turned the head of many a would have turned the head of many a woman much older than she was. But we never saw Lady Peach's diamond star again, and what became of it was a mystery which remained a mystery in Northtowers for many day's after this It happened not many days after this that we met the Peaches at another dinner, a big civic affair at the mayor's house. I noticed that Lady Peach wore a pink dress, and it was the first time that I had seen her in the evening dressed in anything but white. 1 dressed in anything but white. I thought, too, that she was looking a little absent, even worried, and I saw her look along the table in her hus-band's direction as if she were uneasy

about him. However, as the evening passed on she seemed to have recovered her spir-its again, and when we men went to join the ladies I found that she and



"DON T-DON STAR, MRS. DALLAG. Rosey were sitting together. I went straight across the room toward them and sat down near them, just in time to hear Rosey say: "Yes, I like in bink, but why have you not put in bink, but why have you not put that kind. Has that been troubling her?" to her! Yes, Mr. Dallas, far

SHE SAT DOWN ON THE ARM OF MY CHAIR.

22 nines give 198, or seventy-seven nines make 603. But even then the except on not often troubled by fears of that kind. He turned and led the way upstairs, and I followed him. make 603. But even then the except on is only apparent, for adding 1 and 9 and 8 gives 18, and 1 and 8 gives 9; and 6 and 3 and 0 make 9. The process of reversing and sub-tracting cause our intepressible 9 to bob up sciencely, and thus arises a simil-trick. The willy operator asks bis sub-ject to put down sciencely three figures, then invert there and subt act the ess-er from the greater. If he will then di-vulge the first figure of the result the correct answer can be stated, for it is known that the insolent little figure 9 always usurps the place in the mid-die, and moreover insists that his sup-

As a matter of strict etiquette, I ought, of course, to have had permis-sion from the rector of the parish; as it was, 1 felt that to tell him afterward would, under the circumstances, be sufficient. 1 saw at a glance that Sir Thomas'

fears were well founded. Lady Peach was evidently desperately ill. She did not know me, but lay rambling feebly, her poor hands stretched out helpless-ly over the sheet which was spread over the bed. She was quite quiet while I performed my office, and as I rose from

my knees she began to talk again. "Yes, he was so good about it—some men would have killed me—a star like that—ad I hadn't had lt—I hadn't had Here are examples: 821 123 it a day-a year, a week-how long was it, nurse?" 198 "Two weeks, my dear," replied the

nurse. "So you told me yesterday." Perhaps a more puzzling trick pro-"Ah, yes-and you took it, you took it.—He never said a word—he is so good—I told him you said—" and then Bir Thomas, his face working and his eyes blind with tears, drew me away out of the new parts of the ne

out of the room. "Come in here," he said, as we reached the door of his own little room. "You heard what she said; always on about the star, curse it. Oh. 1 beg your pardon, I shouldn't have said that! But I feel savage with the thing, for it has worried her, and it is there on her poor mind yet, taking away what little chance she has." "If that did not worry her something else would," I said, by way of consola-

tion. He seemed to catch at the iden. "You think so; you really do? I wish I could. You see I know how she has troubled over it-far more than the thing was

on your beautiful star?" I never shall forget the start Lady Peach rave when she heard the words, She flushed a vivid scarlet and caught her breath with what was almost a sob. "Don't-don't speak about my star, Mrs. Dallas," she said, with a nervous little stammer. "!--at least I mean-well, the fact is I've lost it, and-Sir Thomas is so vexed about it -he-" "And I dont' wonder at it," Rosey cried, impulsively. "I, too, should be vexed-furious-if I had lost such a that kind. Has that, been troubling her?" "Trouble her! Yes, Mr. Dallas, far more than ever the thing was worth," Sir Thomas rejoined. "Look here." he continued, as if moved by some special impulse to tell me all about it. "You're a good fellow and a gentleman, and she has always liked you; I'll tell you how it was. My wife is a lady-you don't need a rough old fellow like me to tell you that. She came of good old stock, and if there wasn't very much money, well, there was everything else that people are proud of. She mar-

thus: A..... 90,548 A ...7.632,146

1x6-9

My wife, two children, the and perplexing as with those time-hon-ored confederates of conjurors—a pack of playing cards. In most of these the the waiter and the porter. 'I should think you would get some

cooks

You are the only guest, so I didn't get breakfast ready.' He went out into the kitchen, and in half an hour served

a very good meal for me. I found that my customer was out of town# so had nothing to do but stay around the hotel

one lse. figure 9 is the important factor. There are some peculiarities about that ittle bullet-headed gentleman which size really startling. He has a phoenix-like They are all afraid of the smallpox. I'm teh only one who hasn't got it, and I'm ten only one who hash t got R, and I feel the symptoms. I'll be in bed to-morrow, but I think the porter will be well enough to run the hotel by that time. He is sitting up today.' "I paid my bill very suddenly and put

really starting. He has a prenty-take power of railing him effram his bales. Smother him up as you will, multiply him by any group of his follow figures until his identity is competely lost, and he will bob up again, if not in shape, of the in social and an obstance of the myself under medical treatment when I reached the next town. at least in spirit and substance, as the



will obey common sense rules of health, and be sure that the organs that 0P CAP hood are always healthy and strong, she will be a capable and healthy wife and mother. The best medicine for the treatment of weakness and disease of the organs dis-tinetly feminine is Dr. Pierce's Favorite

porters together shall sum up nine Thus with a knowledge of the first figure, the other two are easily told. Prescription. It is the discovery of a regularly gradu-ated physician — an eminent and skillful specialist, Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consult-ing physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. There are on file at that institution letters of over on even mean testifying to the invaryclous 19 are on the at that institution fetters of over go,coo women testifying to the murvelous merits of the "Favorite Prescription." It nots directly on the organs that make wife-hood and motherhood possible. It makes them strong and healthy. It cures all weakness and disease. It smoothes the way to almost paragless maternity. It insures healthy children. All good druggists sell it.

sult. Now he may cross out iny one figure and tell the trickster the others. It is easy, by meatally adding them, to discover the value of the figure neariny cinidren. All good druggists sell it. Mrs. H. F. Reynolds, of North Fenton. Proonte Co., N. Y., writes: "I thought I would write you a few lines as I have been taking your medicine and using it in my family. I have just taken an-other boths of your Favorite Prescription" and it has done me lots of good. I think 2 is a grand medicine." crossed out, as this is the one needed to make up the result to the nearest multiple of 9. Thus: 136-10 23,104-11 7,623,458-33 19 or 14 or 35

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then, (some three or four months), Mr. Hub-bell has not felt a single trace of rheumatism, and is now on his fourth box of the pills. He cannot explain how his marvelous relief and richness to the blood and restore was effected, but feels sure it was the pills which did it, and is now as enthresistic in their endorsement as was his nephew, Mr.



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