

A CASE OF CHOCOLATE CREAMS.

Mr. George Wilson was a rich man, who possessed the gift of giving to an unusual extent. One year, shortly before Christmas, his generosity took the direction of presenting diamond ornaments to several of his female relatives. His wife did not object; she had as many diamonds as any one woman could conveniently wear, and sense enough to think a taste for giving handsome presents, if solely confined to female relatives, very harmless in the husband who could well afford to indulge it. The Wilsons were a couple who had already given marriage a four years' trial, and found it a complete success.

Mrs. Wilson took no credit to herself for being complaisant regarding the new phase of her husband's generosity. "I am only too glad to have George amuse himself so innocently," she said, in answer to a suggestion of her friend, Miss Julia Brooke, "think what men are! Lady Upshire has to look on while the family diamonds are worn on the stake. Mrs. Elliot knows quite well where the pretty Mrs. Fame's new diamond star comes from. None of my husband's gifts cause me even a moment's uneasiness."

"For all that, most women would object to having such valuable presents given to their neices by marriage," said Miss Brooke. "I should have far more cause to object to the present George is giving his neice," Mrs. Wilson smiled placidly as she spoke. "You don't mean to say he is giving diamonds to Mrs. Raymond?"

"Why, I can't send wedding gifts to Newcastle," exclaimed Miss Brooke. "He is giving Maria the sweetest thing in diamond necklaces you ever saw! But don't you know that she has no diamonds? There were none in the Raymond house when her late husband's principles prevented him buying any."

"But she could, if she cared for them, buy whole barrels of diamonds for herself and never miss the money." "Yes, but it is a matter of principle with her to adhere to Charles Raymond's principles. Nothing would induce her to buy even the tiniest piece of jewelry for herself. George is only with the jewelry about as she would like to have it. He is giving her diamonds like other women; so he is giving her a present from him, she will feel herself bound to wear. I wish you could see it. Such a beauty! So abnormally unique. George bought it from Smart, who warrants it to be the only one of the pattern in the Kingdom, or, possibly, in the world, so peculiar are the stones and the settings. I only saw it by the merest accident."

Mrs. Wilson explained that her husband had a weakness for making his presents "surprises." He had seen an opportunity for producing a great sensation and "surprise" in the family by his gift to his sister. He had bought and accidentally carried to his wife's house, by going unexpectedly into her husband's study at a late hour on the previous night. The carefully-guarded secret had been revealed—she had found Mr. Wilson bent over an open jewelry case, in which, under the lamp light, lay this curiously beautiful necklace.

"George got as great a start as if I had been a burglar, or as if he himself had been caught in felonious possession of the diamonds." He had thought that she, his wife, including him, were in bed, and fancied himself quite safe from intrusion.

"I wonder if Mrs. Raymond will wear the necklace," said Mrs. Brooke. "George seems quite confident about it. She has 'waxed' about gifts which he puts his trust in. He says, as a gift from him she will wear the necklace, and, I add, laughed Mrs. Wilson, "like the necessity for so doing."

In the afternoon Mrs. Wilson was anxious to accompany her husband to the sister's.

"I would give anything to see Maria's face when the box is opened," she said, "Do let me go with you."

But Mr. Wilson would not hear of it, so fearful was he that anything might spoil the prepared effect of his "surprise."

"Well, mind you tell me all about the presentation this evening—every detail," Mrs. Wilson said as he was setting out.

Mrs. Wilson was again disappointed, however; Mr. Wilson returned looking somewhat disconcerted, and had very little to tell. Mrs. Raymond, it appeared, had not opened the box while he was with her. Shortly after his arrival her friends had come in, they had stayed so long that Mr. Wilson was obliged to leave before them.

"Did you tell Maria, or give any hint of what was in the box?" Mrs. Wilson inquired. "To tell you the truth, I did not," Mr. Wilson acknowledged, rather shamefacedly. "It was stupid of me, I suppose; especially as I will have no opportunity of seeing her again until my return from Monte Carlo."

"I cannot help you either in the way of a visit. My start northward is only a few hours later than yours."

"Oh, well, it does not matter. There is always the post for communication."

The subject of the necklace was dismissed, Mrs. Wilson being just content that her husband—naturally enough under the circumstances—seemed a little put out about the way in which he had managed the affair.

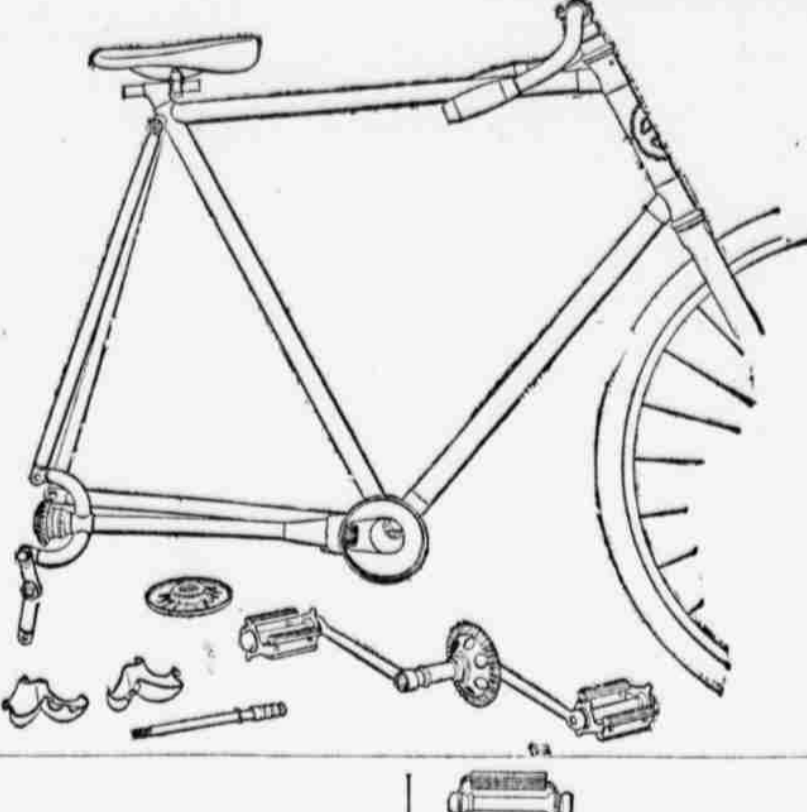
It was the Wilsons' habit to spend Christmas apart, Mr. Wilson going abroad with a party of men, and Mrs. Wilson to her parents in Yorkshire. Neither of them heard from Mrs. Raymond before leaving town. A week later Mrs. Wilson received a letter of Christmas greeting from her sister-in-law; but it contained not a single word about the necklace. Mr. Wilson, a few days afterward, wrote that he also had received a letter, in which the same silence was observed. "I was evidently wrong about Maria," he added. "My diamonds have wounded her feelings and offended her modesty. She means to improve me by her silence on the subject of the ill-judged present. We must accept the reproach by remaining equally silent."

Mrs. Wilson, with an old-fashioned belief in manly wisdom, received her husband's dictum unquestioningly, though it struck her that Mrs. Raymond, in the case of such a munificent gift, was allowing wounded feelings and prejudices to carry her very far.

The Duke of Broughton's hall was the great social event of the season in Yorkshire. A large party attended it from Mrs. Wilson's old home, she shining pre-eminent amongst them in a perfect toilet and profusion of diamonds. As she swept from the cloakroom across the great hall, a sudden cloud crossed her radiant face. Her eyes had unexpectedly encountered those of the one woman in the world of whom she was jealous, though she would not herself have owned to this feeling. A pretty, graceful girl still enveloped in her wraps. The ladies exchanged distant bows in passing. Gladys Spencer had been a friend of George Wilson all her life. The husband's girl friends, especially when those of the wife, Mrs. Wilson's acquaintance with Miss Spencer had been deliberately slight since her marriage; a fact of which George Wilson was well aware.

The peck of irritation which she never saw Miss Spencer had passed away before Mrs. Wilson reached the ballroom. What matter if the girl was there, since George was not with her? Mrs. Wilson, however, was not with her. She had soon left her, both of them in a slight, amidst the spacious splendours of the dual residence. It was already late in the evening; Mrs. Wilson was sitting out after supper with her cousin Gilbert Ives, when he suddenly inquired: "Have you seen Miss Gladys Spencer tonight, Edith?" "I think so. What about her? You seem to think her a most interesting sight, to judge by the way in which you ask the question." "So she is tonight," Mrs. Wilson raised her eye brows. "My dear Gilbert isn't this enthusiasm something quite new on your part?" "Well, so is its cause."

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The 1898 Columbia Chainless Bicycle made its first appearance in Scranton on the evening of Oct. 22, and since that time it has been examined and inspected by thousands of bicycle riders and mechanical experts.

Messrs. Kellum & Conrad, who represent the Columbia in this city, have given the wheel a very thorough test and are more than pleased with its appearance and mechanical construction.

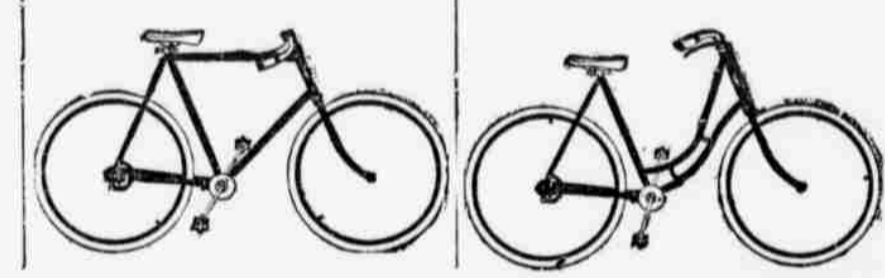
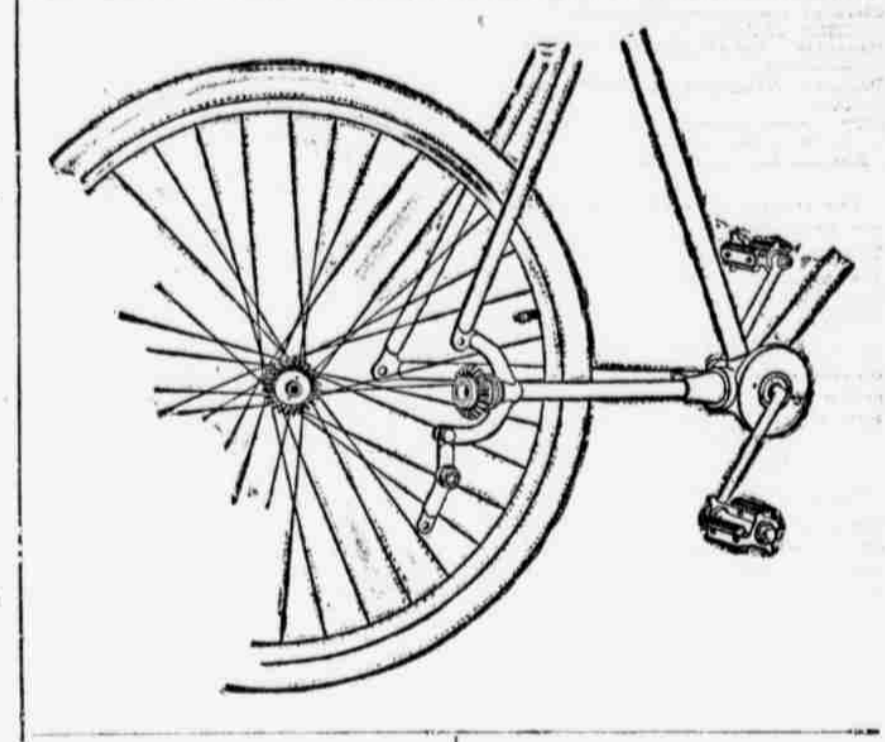
Several prominent riders of the city have ridden the machine and all pronounce it a marvelous wheel. For several years the Pope Manufacturing company have been experimenting with chainless bicycles and have spent nearly a half million dollars to bring Mr. Wilson's flight, however, had extended no further than his sister's house, where he precipitated himself into Mrs. Raymond's room, without greeting of any kind.

"What did you do with the chocolate cream?" "I did not know you were in town. Have you seen Edith?" "Yes, yes, but that box? What did you do with it?" "I gave it to my sister, I am afraid."

"Good gracious, George!" she gasped in amazement, "how you have alarmed me! What do you mean? Where have you come from? I did not know you were in town. Have you seen Edith?" "Yes, yes, but that box? What did you do with it?" "I gave it to my sister, I am afraid."

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about the desired results, and as in former years no Columbia bicycle was placed on exhibition until all parts were thoroughly tested and inspected and that in purchasing one of the 1898 Columbia Chainless Bicycles no rider needs to fear as to the result, and that in the Columbia Chainless the Pope Manufacturing Company have produced a practically perfect wheel. The Columbia Chainless is the last and highest form of bicycle development. It marks the utmost possibility of excellence and completeness under present conditions that are likely to arise. Some of its points of superiority over a chain driven wheel: It will go faster and further with less effort. It is much easier to keep clean. Every motion is positive—no back lash. It has no links or teeth to catch things. Its driving mechanism is always thoroughly lubricated. Its motive parts are not affected by the weather by rain, sleet, mud or dust.



"I can't say that I was not surprised, but I don't know you were in town. Have you seen Edith?" "Yes, yes, but that box? What did you do with it?" "I gave it to my sister, I am afraid."

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Not Quite As Simple as the Tub of the Late Diogenes.

ON TO VICTORY.

Every indication points to a rousing Republican victory for the entire ticket next Tuesday.

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