THE SCRANTON TRIBUNE-

MONDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1899.

NOTHER DIVORCE

Recently heard in our courts attracted a great deal of attention owing to the fact of the principal cause being the lady's husband's refusal to buy her a piano. We are sure that if he had known at what reasonable prices and on what easy terms we sell Pianos and Organs, the daily papers would not have had occasion to record this latest divorce case. The various lines we handle are more popular than ever. The fact that it is so is shown by our increasing business from day to day.

Beautiful Christmas Present

Would be one of our Pianos and you can make your selection from any of the following makes :

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Hardman, James & Holmstrom, Fischer,

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Band Instruments.

Band and Orchestra Music, Sheet Music and Musical Merchandise of Every Description.

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During Your Holiday Shopping Come in. Look Through Our Store, No Matter Whether You Buy or Not. Everybody Welcome.

FINN & PHILLIPS, 138 Wyoming Avenue Piano Tuning

Moving

Lackawanna

Summand water and the state of the state of

Society's Verdict

victim of foul play. There was no

doubt that she had traveled alone and

ing, while all the articles which were

"I suppose there wasn't any little tiff

or misunderstanding between you?"

"Not a bit of it." he said, heartily,

asked suggestively.

ALBOT came blundering into my Talbot had inquired of the guard. room with the news just as I was That intelligent functionary remem sitting down to dinner. The old bered the young lady quite well, but boy was clearly out of his mind had not seen her get out.

with excitement, and wouldn't where the dickens is she?" roared stop for a drink, or, what was worse. Talbot. The guard tooked under the let me have one, but dragged me down- seat and referred him to the station stairs and bundled me into a cab. master.

The rest of the night was spent in driving about London to hunt up police out getting any tidings except that agencies. Finally, at \$ o'clock in the she had certainly entered the train, morning, we landed at his flat in Earl's Talbot concluded that she was the court, thoroughly dead beat.

it the realist the last the

interdenting interdenting in

NAV NAV NAV NAV

And the papers bristled with it, I suppose it came as a godsend in the that she had her little jewel case with slack time, for most of them gave us her. The jewel case was now missa couple of columns.

The journalists had done it thoroughpractically valueless were undisturbed. ly. They gave a highly decorated ac-There was no sign of a struggle. So count of Talbot's private career and Talbot drove down to my place. an analysis of his character and dis- dragged me away from dinner and then position. They did the same for his went to the police. vanished wife, with a precise account when and where she disappeared. Then they speculated as to the reason. Was it murder, robbery, suicide or an elopement?

'We were never so thoroughly united It seems that Talbot ararnged to as we were last Thursday when I saw meet his wife at Waterloo at 4 o'clock her off. In fact, old man, I don't mind the previous afternoon, on her return telling you that it's only during the from a country visit. When the train last month or two that we have begun came in the compartment in which she | to understand one another. You haven't had traveled contained a magazine with any idea what a good little woman her initials inscribed on it, a novel, "Society's Verdict." a small handbag be a triffe vain-and-frivolous, but at and an umbrella-but not Lady Dolly.] heart she's as true as steel. She wasn't



Fine Umbrellas

Endless variety of Handles, Tied Oaks, Natural Crooks, Sterling Silver, Etc., in Taffeta, Puritan, Gloria and Fine Twill Silk. Great variety of

> Pocket Books, Card Cases, Shopping Bags, Boston Bags in Seal Alligator, Morocco, Russia Leather, Etc., Etc.

very fond of me when we first mar- prove that "Society's Verdict" belonges ied-1 admit it-but I'm certain it's all to the most mischlevous class of literight now." "I suppose there were no money roubles?" I said carelessly.

of suicide. It was the silly season, and "Nothing more than usual,' he said the editorial mind appeared to have with a faint smile. "As you know, my run amuck, for the following morning ncome is small, but I won't let her a "leader" was published, in which frop out of the set she has been used one of the Paragraph's spirited young o, because I don't think it would be men wrote seventeen different instanise, consequently it's a bit of a pinch ces of young people having been led by sensational romances into acts of

for years."

and equally insume reply.

in it than a milliner's bill,

what it meant.

mored smile.

about.

gant. Am ashamed to tell my debts

Dolly." Here was the money question

cropping up again. I asked Talbot

"Nothing," he said, with a good hu-

milliner's bill. It certainly is rather

a warm one, but nothing to worry If that's the cause

trouble I'll set her dear little mind at

rest." He wrote out an advertisement for the Standard and looked happler

In the meantime an enterprising

One morning I went around to Tal-

"It appears she owes :

o keep afloat." I guessed as much. "But that hasn't anything to do with so-called "society fiction." Next morn-

t," he said warmly. "That little wo- ing a letter signed "Fair Play" man has been decoyed away and peared, in which the writer laid himrobbed. I hope no harm has come to self out to prove that "A Sturdy Briher. By George: Cliff, I give you my word I'd sacrifice my life to save her's." that moment the fun became fast and "Ther snew he meant it literally, and was furious and the "horrors of fiction" herather sorry to see him so much in came the topic of the day and was disarnest, for 1 believed that within the cussed wherever two or three lovely next few days he would have a nasty people gathered together. Talbot was After wiring in every direction with shock. "Why man," ne went on, "at furious. He was unpardonably rude the very moment it happened she was to interviewers, and was not even dereading my own novel."

cently grateful when they describe i "Your novel?" I said. "What on him as a "handsome and rising young arth do you mean? You don't mean | barrister.' I was quite annoyed with him. "Will to say that you have written a novel?" He blushed like a school boy. "She nothing satisfy you?" I asked. "Here

nade me do it," he said. "She said are a number of young fellows telling than waiting for briefs. But don't teil [photograph is in the Daily Graphic and yet you growl. Pul yourself toverybody. I have published it under an assumed name for fear it would gether man, and tackle your briefs, Many a man with less luck than this lamage me, and between ourselves. ahs reached the woolsack and slept it's shocking rot." here

A copy of "Society's Verdict" was Suddenly the case took a new turn. ying on the table, and I picked it up, Mysterious messages began to appear feeling in a vague way that it had in the "agony" column of the Stan-dard, the first of which ran: Talbot something to do with Lady Dolly's disappearance. "What is it all about?" of course insisted on reply and adver-I asked. tised: "Know of nothing to forgive, Come back, dearest, T." Two days "Oh, don't ask me," he said, bash "It's nothing but sentimental fully. later, one ran: "I am broken hearted

twaddle. The usual business, you and long to see you. Your own Dolly." And Talbot advertised an affectionate know-a woman who hovers on the brink of the unspeakable." "And what becomes of her?" Then this message appeared: "I have been very wicked and extrava-

"She bolts-runs away from It all to temptation, and begin life scape again in an obscure country village." "I suppose Lady Dolly suggested it, more or less?" I asked.

"We talked it over together." said Talbot. "I told her that if I wrote a story it would be all about her, as she is the only woman I know anything

"And Lady Dolly is practically the heroine," I suggested. "The characteristics are the same. than he had done for weeks, though I felt confident that there was more but the incidents are purely fictitious."

he replied, sulkily. "But why do you ask these absurd questions about a rotten novel when I'm nearly out of my mind with anxiety?" "Because, you silly old juggins," I

journalist had been watching the agony column, and, putting two and two together in his mind, guessed it said, "don't you understand that what was the celebrated "Lady Dolly" case, is fiction to you is fact to Lady Dolly? She has dramatized your story in real and published a long and speculative account of H. senroducing all the adlife-and disappeared. vertisements and giving his readers

Talbot raved at me for suggesting to understand all the trouble had arissuch a thing, but the coincidence was en about a milliner's blil, too striking to be disregarded. in. fact, two days later-no news of Lady Dolly having been received in the meantime-a smart journalist, who had taken the trouble to look through the book, pointed out that her disappear-ance coincided with the action of the "heroine," and hinted that her ladyship had been carried away by a hysterical desire to imitate her. Al-though this was precisely my own view, I was sorry to see it made public, on Talbot's account.

dividual signing himself "A Sturdy Briton" felt called upon to send a long MEARS & HAGEN, 415-417 L3ck wanna Ave. Interface the bally Paragraph, headed "Is Novel Reading Dangerous?" in which he kindly assumed the truth of the "hysteria" theory, and went on to

"Who is going to tell him?" asked Talbot. ature. He concluded by showing that "You tell him," said Lady Dolly novel reading was only a mild form

ap-

but, of course, it is in strict confidence You won't tell anybody, will you?" 1 pledged my word and begged her to proceed, because I knew she in-tended to tell the story herself. "You see, dear old Taibot has writ-

Nobody would know I was the wife o

the author, and I did not dare to tell

Talbot, for fear he'd object. The dear

old goose hasn't any head for business,

you know. Of course I was awfully cut

when I thought how worried he would

doesn't matter much, does it? Fancy.

they have sold fifty thousand copies

"Fifty thousand copies!" I echoed.

"Yes, and wasn't it a good idea writ-

ing that latter signed 'A Sturdy Briton'

and counteracting it next day by one

signed 'Fair Play?' Of course advertis-

ing in the agony column kept the inter-est up and comforted Talbot, too."

"It's a queer thing, Cliff," said Tal-

ot, "but I've had more briefs in the

last three weeks than I've ever had in

my life. I do believe this mad escapade

of Dolly's has been the making of me.

And so it had, for they are living in

smart little house near Park lane

and Talbot has taken silk, and Lady

Dolly gives the neatest dinner par-

tics in London. And society's verdict is that she is "quite the nicest woman

Caught the Czar.

Peter the Great, says the Colum-

bian was once very reatly caught in

a trap by a jester attached to the

court. The jester was noted for his

cloverness in getting himself and his

friends out of difficulties. It happened

one day that a courin of his had in-

curred the czar's displeasure and was

about to he executed. The jester therefore presented himself before his

imperial muster to beg for a reprieve

On seeing him approach, the exar

divining his errand, cried: "It is good to come here: I swear I will n

grant what you are going to ask

Immediately the jester went down on his knees, saying: "I beseech your

imperial highness to put that scamp

exar, thus caught in his own trap,

could only laugh and pardon the con-

LOST.

cousin of mine to death." Th

in the world, you know."-Truth.

weakly, looking at her pretty baby

already. Isn't it splendid?"

face in amazement.

about it, but, after all, a little worry

ten a book," she began, with a proud glance at the brainy man, who looke half inclined to crawl under the table "and it struck me that if I disappeare just as the girl in the book does, at left it lying open, so that everybod should know why I disappeared, would be a lovely advertisement for



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had happened, and asked me to join them, which I did in slient wonder. "When did you arrive?" I managed But that was not the worst. An inure. "Quite late last night." she said.

[Dedicated to Eather and Jessie Craig, by a little friend, ten years old.] bot's place to breakfast, and was startled to hear volces in the dialng room. I pushed the door open and On a cold and dismal, dreary day walked in. There was Taibot scated at breakfast with a look of radiant bashin a city far and far away, Was a terrible knock at the door of fulness on his face and opposite him-Death, And the shock of the blow did still our his wife, Lady Dolly. She received me as calmly and naturally as if nothing

01 1

demned man.

th

O, sad Thanksgiving Day! They shall in a happier country dwell Though never once we could say fare to say at last, with telerable composwell

To wait for that last tomorrow. Since they have gone from our

away, Oh, sadiy we think of each sweet friend. The life so brief with the pitiful end. O, dark Thanksgiving Day. Guitell Harris