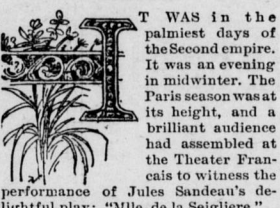


THE COUNTESS' EARRINGS.



IT WAS in the palmiest days of the second empire...

The empress was present, graceful and beautiful; the emperor at her side...

The curtain fell after the first act. The emperor and empress withdrew...

The countess glanced through the letter. The countess glanced through the letter...

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Is that M. Dumont?

"Is that M. Dumont?" exclaimed the countess...

"Dumont! Impossible! I was talking to him the whole time I was absent...

"Nevertheless, mon ami, he has been here, and has taken my earring. See! it is gone."

"Effectively," agreed the count, with a grim smile...

"Impossible!" cried the countess, in her turn...

The countess was duly commiserated by sympathizing friends...

A servant entering announced that an officer in plain clothes asks permission...



THE COUNTESS GLANCED THROUGH THE LETTER.

officer in plain clothes asks permission to speak with Mme. la Comtesse...

"Certainly," said Madame, graciously; "let the officer be shown into the boudoir."

The countess glanced through the letter, and, ringing the bell, desired that her maid might be told to bring the remaining earring immediately...

The countess descended to her sleigh and drove to the club, to call for her husband en route for the Bois...

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SOME PET NAMES.

Wives Inaptly Bestow Them Upon Their Husbands.

The little god of love betrays even dignified people into the most ingeniously incongruous terms of endearment sometimes...

So sweetly melodious are our own "darling," "dearest," "sweetheart," that one is fain to pity him or her who has never heard them tenderly uttered...

I know a well-built, well-groomed man of the world, with a strong, masculine face, a splendid athletic figure...

Then there is a fat man with pudgy face and protruding figure. Nothing seems to satisfy the soul of his dotting wife but Birdie. Birdie he is, Birdie he must be though all the world would blush for it.

Then I cannot forget one of my dear friends whose husband, 20 years her senior, is a hard-headed business man...

Another tall, gaunt, raw-boned, ill-favored friend is also worthy of passing mention. His hair is carrot-colored and scraggly...

There is a well-known editor of one of this country's great papers, a man of stalwart frame, keen countenance, brilliant intellect...

It is surprising that a delicate, refined, high-bred woman could best express her ardor for her husband in the words "Snooks" and "Shopsy"...

These are by no means the vagaries of youth and inexperience. I was once traveling in one of the western states, when a groom of about 70 came aboard with a blushing bride of perhaps 65...

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It Annoyed Her.

"I never was so mortified in all my life!" she exclaimed.

"What was the matter?" asked her dearest friend.

"My maid told me that my fiancé was in the reception-room."

"Well, g'pos'n I did," was the somewhat sulky reply.

"What yer gwine to-night?" "An' gwine nowhah in p'hticker."

"Don't do it, mother dear," said Johnnie, "or he may pound you as papa did me yesterday when I stuck my tongue out at him."

"You have left out an important statement in this rescue story," said a professor in the school of journalism to one of his students.

"Indeed, sir?" "Yes, you neglect to say that the boy was rescued just as he was going down for the third time."

"Kate—What does he lie about now?" "Cawker—He has less regard for the truth now than ever."

"Kate—I went to a stereopticon entertainment the other night with young De Spooner."

"Kate—Did you enjoy the views?" "Kate—Very much indeed. It was just like going through a tunnel."

"Here is a fly in my soup, waiter." "Yes, sah; werry sorry, sah; but you can't see it."

"I reckon so; you didn't expect me to throw away the soup and eat the fly, did you?"

"When she refused to marry me, she promised she would be my sister; yet she was mad as mad could be, when, with fraternal haste, I kissed her."

"Mr. Youngman (after long thought)—Is there any way to find out what a woman thinks of you, without proposing?"

"Mr. Benedict (absently)—Yes; make her mad."

THE FAD OF FASHION.

Jeweled Censers Which Actually Burn a Dainty Perfume.

The modern woman has taken to burning incense at her own shrine. The latest thing in jeweled smelling-bottles is a veritable censer that swings from milady's chateleine and when lighted diffuses a delicate perfume and a tiny cloud of incense.

At an operatic matinee the other day a very elegant young woman in a tailor-made gown and a fetching millinery getup produced her whilom smelling salts at the most affecting moment of the performance.

This new perfume burner, as it is called, has displaced the vinaigrette and tiny bottles of aromatic salts so dear to the heart of the swooning maidens of half a century ago.

The perfume burners are also appearing in New York, and are to be found in the shops which make a specialty of imported novelties of the toilet, both in sizes for the chateleine and for the dressing-table.

The little chateleine censer comes in cut glass and silver in very dainty designs. Its inner mechanism has a nice little device for automatic lighting; extinguishing is accomplished by merely excluding the air by putting on the silver top.

The perfume burner is in reality a tiny lamp, burning in lieu of a wick, a prepared stick of incense as fragrant as the frankincense and myrrh of Biblical days.

In a short time the woman who formerly affected musk and attar of roses will float into drawing-rooms, theater boxes and church pews in a cloud of oriental incense; and she of the violet sachets in silken interlinings of every frock will burn violet-essence in clouds or spring odors.

And who shall not say that the boudoir incense chats may not rival the club smoke talks of the masculines on social occasions among women fair when the season of luteal solemnity settles down upon the world of fashion?

One of the trying things a careful woman has to undergo is the accumulation of skirts whose bindings about the hem are muddled and frayed. The old binding may be tipped off and a new one put in place, and the skirt neatly prepared for more wear.

But there comes a time when the skirt will be entirely too short should another binding be attempted, but the skirt is a nice one, a little soiled, perhaps, but too short for mending.

What is a well-proportioned waist? Lady Haberton says: "The true proportion is a difference of ten inches between the circumference of the bust and that of the waist."

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Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance.

Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children.

The Contour Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

RAILROAD TIMETABLES.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect December 15, 1895. Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Roan and Hazelton Junction at 5:30 a.m., 8:15 p.m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a.m., 2:38 p.m., Sunday.



ANDERSON'S VEGETABLE-MINERAL COMPOUND. Manufactured by ANDERSON MEDICINE CO., Phila. Pa.

MAKING OVER SKIRTS.

An Effective Remedy for One That is Good But Too Short.

One of the trying things a careful woman has to undergo is the accumulation of skirts whose bindings about the hem are muddled and frayed.

LEIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

Arrive at Freeland. 7:30, 9:27, 10:58, 11:54 a.m., 12:58, 2:13, 4:34, 5:53, 6:58, 8:47 p.m., from Hazelton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said court on Saturday, March 21, 1896, at 10 a.m., under the act of assembly...

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