

312 BEAR IN MIND 314

20,000 FEET OF FLOOR ROOM.

Eight Floors, 25x100, filled with Goodies, Sweets, Chocolates and Fine Hard Candies, of which we manufacture 40,000 pounds on the premises this month, and expect to place among our customers 150,000 pounds before the Holidays close. Think of this,

SEVENTY-FIVE (75) TONS OF CANDY

Our 10 and 20 Cent Retail Counters cannot be matched anywhere in the United States. All Goods on these counters are Fresh and strictly pure. In Catering to Popular Prices we have not sacrificed our line of Forty, Sixty and Eighty-Cent Boxes of Fine Confectionery. We furnish these goods in boxes from one-half to five pounds. In X-Tree Boxes and Packages for Sunday-Schools our line was never so complete.

We have also strung candy to take the place of Popcorn strings, formerly used in trimming Christmas Trees. They give a better effect, save trouble and worry, are cleaner, and are better eating for the children.

OUR DOLLS

Are in sight. Look at the window; it will please you. The line embraces Bis-cut, China and Patent Heads. No greater variety has ever been displayed in this state. Our jointed line is complete, ranging in price from 5 cents to \$16.50. We received last week an invoice of Jointed Kid Bodies direct from Germany, our importation. Will you inspect them? They are decidedly finer than anything we have ever offered before.

TOYS

It would be impossible to give you a description of the thousandth part of them. We have everything that the market produces in Tin, Iron and Wood, yet we do want you to see our SEWING MACHINES that will do all the work of a regular Wilcox & Gibbs. This is more than a toy, and they range in price from \$2.00 to \$5.00.

GAMES

Everything that has been brought forward during the last year we have secured, still we hold on to some of the old ones because they are good.

BUILDING BLOCKS

In Wood and Stone. Nothing charms or so educates the children as these.

SLEIGHS

The Patent Flexible Flyer is in great demand. We have Knee Sleighs in Steel, Iron and Wood. Clippers, Alligators and Box Sleighs for Babies. We can furnish you with Steel Runners for Baby Carriages so that you can instantly convert it into a handsome sleigh.

DOLL CARRIAGES

Were never so handsome as this season. They have all the features of a baby carriage and are a duplicate in miniature.

BICYCLES

Can you give a better present? Our leaders are the Victor, Gendrons and Relays. If these do not suit we can supply any other make.

DON'T WAIT until the last day; the 24th of December, but come now, come every day. It will please us and we can suit you better.

J. D. WILLIAMS & BRO.,

312 and 314 LACKAWANNA AVENUE.

Branch Stores: 301 Washington Avenue and 112 South Main Avenue, Scranton.

THIRTEEN AT TABLE

By MRS. BURTON HARRISON.

(Copyright, 1895, by Bachelor, Johnson and Bachelor.)

If anyone had told Felicia Charlton, the year before, that she would be spending this summer at Newport as a dweller in one of the most famous of the new houses that are the glory of that favored resort, she would have laughed in the face of the recounter of such a fairy tale—that merry, heart some laugh of hers—for Felicia well deserved her name.

Summer had come around again, and the prospect of spending it in a pipin-hot flat, in the temperature of Baltimore, between June and October, and in the company of Mrs. Ballantyne and



Just then a little Victoria had driven close to the sidewalk.

But the event least expected had occurred. The gay, party-stricken southern girl, the daughter of an ancient line, who during her 19 years of life had never known any but the hard rubs of fortune; who had grown up to womanhood under the wing of a widowed mother scarcely 18 years her senior, as lovely to look at as was Felicia herself, but for the traces left on her face and form by care and by thought how to make a subsistence for the two and to provide an education for Felicia that should enable her to be self-supporting.

Latterly things had gone from bad to worse with the Charltons. They had spent one year in the desolation of a poor country neighborhood, their lives, glad of theittance their board afforded; and at the end of it Mrs. Charlton had to accept an offer, from a friend of early days who was about to open a boarding school, to act as her housekeeper. At the same time, Felicia entered upon the exhilarating career of assistant to a decayed gentleman in Baltimore, who made and sold the pickles and preserves so renowned in old-time Maryland cook books. And all this while the girl's high spirits had never flagged. She had laughed and prattled and won smiles from the little mother in her hours of darkest despondency. She had even coaxed into moments of cheerfulness the broken-spirited lady who manufactured pickles and preserves; and, while carrying on her unbecoming work, lost no opportunity of looking for something better. In this stress, to Felicia's credit be it inscribed, it did not occur to her to write verses or a story, and offer them for acceptance to a first-class magazine.

her gas stove, was all that presented itself to Felicia's mental gaze. But in her heart a little bird kept singing, over and over, the blithe tidings that her mother's employer was to take her old friend on a visit of two months to the mountains of Virginia, where Miss Kennard was wont to return in her vacations to the household of parents who could give her food and drink and a shelter, at least. How much better was this than Felicia had dared to hope! Fresh air, fresh milk, shade trees on a lawn, the Blue Ridge mountains encompassing their daily horizon—what matter if the Kennards' poor old plantation house were falling to rack and ruin, so that there was a roof to cover Felicia's dear little mother, to whom all these luxuries were promised?

It had not been without a fierce maternal struggle in the little widow's breast that this invitation had been accepted. That she should be taken and packed her mother's trunk, had gone with her to the station, had parted with her, to all appearances, joyfully, and then, to save car fare, had set out to walk over the burning bricks of the pavement on her return to Mrs. Ballantyne's.

Just then a little Victoria had driven close to the sidewalk near her, and pulled up. A young woman, charmingly dressed, had leaned forward and hailed her by name, Felicia, with a start of pleasant surprise, recognized an old schoolmate, a western heiress, who had recently married and taken up her abode here in her husband's city.

Mrs. Ballantyne's flat, where, later, whilst adjusting their modest tea table, Felicia tried to entertain her employer with the new budget of gossip. But the dame, who had a touch of toothache, and was not much in sympathy with the holiday side of life, of which so little had fallen to her share, responded sparsely, and Felicia, after washing the tea things, had retired to the back window to get a breath of air while meditating upon the exciting events of the day.

More than on anything Maud Branhams had shown her, Felicia dwelt upon a hint Maud had left of helping her to better her fortunes.

"I have a cousin, Mrs. Dwight Caldwell, who goes to Newport every summer, from New York," the bride observed, "and I think, though I am not sure, I had her say she wishes to engage a secretary to take there with her this year. I can easily ask, Felicia, and I'm sure, if you got it you'd be in luck. Such a splendid establishment hers is—this of mine would be swallowed up in it, and they entertain everybody and to everywhere. She is one of the people one reads about in the society columns of the Sunday newspapers. Her husband is a nice fellow, but he spends most of his time at the club. Sally Caldwell certainly goes at full speed in society, but she has always been a good-natured thing when I've seen her, and I don't doubt you'd be good friends. I shall write this very night and ask Sally, and how awfully joyful it will be if I succeed."

Felicia, in her calmer mood, recalling Maud at school as a kind, chattering, but somewhat dense creature, had a moment's hesitation about trusting to the judgment of her friend. But a night's long her dreams were posseate. A situation as secretary, with a salary that she could lay by for her mother's use next winter! As friend and patron, a brilliant, cultured woman of the world who would inspire in her a thousand new ideas, as well as open the door for her into a wonder-world of luxurious beauty; above all, opportunity to see something beyond her accustomed horizon, to breathe a fresh, delicious atmosphere, to see every where sights of refined loveliness. Oh! it was too good to be true.

A few days later a note arrived from Maud Branhams, asking Felicia to luncheon the next day; and when Felicia presented herself as desired, no time was lost by the young matron in communicating her great news. Sally Caldwell was already at Newport; Sally Caldwell had just sent away a girl she had taken there who had turned out to be absurdly stupid and inefficient, and Sally, too; and Sally Caldwell was prepared to accept Maud's friend upon Maud's recommendation, provided she would "come right away," naming a salary that seemed to Felicia's limited experience a king's ransom in amount!

The girl's head swam—a mist came before her eyes. When she recovered her self-possession enough to speak, it was, woman-like, to ask Maud's advice about the clothes she possessed, and the clothes she would require. Maud, also a true daughter of Eve, was here quite in her element. Not only did she generously offer to lend Maud money for her journey, but, after luncheon, took her to her room, and there produced two of three frocks and jackets and bonnets, of which Felicia was requested to make her choice.

suit me anyhow. If you can't take these as a present from an old schoolmate, why, I shall never speak to you again as long as I live."

"Felicia's laugh rang out. Here was Maud's old familiar threat of school days. Just now Maud seemed to be an irresistible fairy godmother who had only to wave her stick to be obeyed.



Felicia Was Requested to Make Her Choice.

ter as she was. After she had perused the epistle for the second time, she took it out upon what Mrs. Kennard called the "front porch." This was a rickety vehicle which grew a vine of custard-honey-suckle; and here old Mr. Kennard sat, tilted upon his chair, under a shelf supporting the water bucket and a gourd, conning a weekly newspaper. Near at hand, sitting also in a split-bottom chair, with her knitting, the old lady listened with admiration to the occasional oracles of information transmitted to her from the columns before him through her husband's eyes. After long practice in receiving her news and literature thus at second hand, she had grown to esteem him personally responsible for the well-rounded sentences. Coming around the corner of the house, Miss Kennard, in a sunbonnet was carrying in a wooden bowl a brood of motherless chicks. Upon the threshold of the door, and on both steps of the porch, dogs were dozing. "How trivial everything else will seem," thought the little widow, as she gazed proudly among them with her letter, "when they hear what my child thinks of Newport."

Whilst these things were occurring in far, tranquil Virginia, Felicia was looking daily upon the passing show of Newport. What a thrilling effect upon her imagination had been created by the first view of the sumptuous part of the town, as she approached it in the little trap that had been sent to meet her on her arrival. It happened to be at an hour when the gay world was on wheels; and while our little girl was gazing with all her eyes upon the kaleidoscope of vehicles and people she observed the groom who was driving her touch his hat to a handsome, haughty lady, whose gaze just then fell upon them from her approaching victoria. Felicia saw that she was the object of this lady's thoroughly and perfectly frigid scrutiny, and, to her surprise, became aware that the survey was followed by an infinitesimal nod in her direction.

When the carriages had passed each

other, the groom, leaning back, said, in rather too jocular a fashion for Felicia's sense of propriety:

"That's her. That's the madame gone out for her drive."

Felicia, answering him with a cold look, asked no questions. (To be continued.)

Always "On Top."

Readers of newspapers during the past year or more could hardly fail to notice the published statements of leading druggists in various parts of the country concerning their sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It was a matter of general comment among dealers when Hood's Sarsaparilla was first placed upon the market and rapidly pushed itself to the front among medicines. It is even more noteworthy that it has steadily maintained its position "on top," and that its sales continue to be the largest in the world. It is especially significant when a great body of men like the druggists and pharmacists of this country, mutually testify from their personal knowledge that the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are larger than those of any other similar preparation, and that customers return, time after time, and call for Hood's Sarsaparilla, refusing to take anything that may be offered in its place. It shows that the people have found Hood's Sarsaparilla to be an honest and a meritorious article.

But it is not upon reports of the great sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla that the proprietors base their claims for its superiority. The same facts that bring in the statements of druggists that Hood's Sarsaparilla is out-selling all other blood medicines, are also laden with testimonials from people who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and have found in it a cure for their diseases and permanent relief from suffering.

The great sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla are due to its great cures, and the great cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are accomplished in a perfectly natural and thoroughly simple way. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures disease because it makes pure, rich, healthy blood. It cures a great variety of diseases because it completely and permanently cures the disease of dyspepsia and nervous prostration, which are the cause of the trouble so that there no longer remains any reason for the suffering. It cures scrofula, rheumatism, catarrh, dyspepsia, biliousness, kidney complaint, and other ailments because these diseases have their origin in the blood. Thousands of people who once suffered from such troubles are alive and well today, and say that they cannot help praising Hood's Sarsaparilla because it has given them good health, lengthened their lives and afforded them new opportunities for happiness and usefulness. It is a beneficent work that Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing. It helps poor tired mothers by giving them appetite and strength. It builds up broken down constitutions, relieves the pangs of rheumatism and neuralgia, dispels the horrors of dyspepsia and nervous prostration, overcomes the symptoms of catarrh, eradicates scrofula, salt rheum and all blood diseases, and makes the weak and debilitated feel strong and vigorous. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true blood purifier. It is the friend of the sufferer and the foe of disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla sells because Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

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Cures positively, quickly, (not merely checks) Gonorrhea of many varieties. Avoid dangerous and costly remedies. Avoid mercury. (Will cure gonorrhea) does not produce any of the usual effects of mercury. It is a safe and reliable remedy. It is a French Preparation. It is a French Preparation. It is a French Preparation.

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