



The Christmas Rush

is on: Everybody is buying presents for somebody else. We are helping our customers to make their selections.

OURS IS A WHOLESALE TOY STORE

We have carloads of Toys here. Come and see them. Hundreds of clerks to wait on you. Large, roomy aisles to shop in. Quick service and low prices make this THE STORE OF SCRANTON.

A Living Santa Claus is on exhibition in our large show window. Bring the children to see him go down the chimney and trim a real Christmas tree.



We have also a well-known assortment of Hooks and Ladders, Engines, Hose Carts, Ice Wagons, Engines, Trains, etc. Prices run from 25c up to 98c

Easel Black Boards
Strong frame, double silicate board, Only 17c Each
Larger size board, with drawing designs, Only 25c
Combination Black Board and Desk, with revolving designs in music, writing, drawing, etc. Worth \$1.25, 98c

Tool Chests for the Boys
Assorted sizes, each complete, with full set of Tools. Everything that a carpenter uses. Prices, 25c, 49c, 75c, 98c each

"Admiral Dewey" War Vessels
Lithographed in assorted colors, complete with all the paraphernalia for sailing. Our price 34c
Toy Swords and Guns, assorted sizes, 10c, 19c and 25c each

Hill Climbing Friction Power Toys
made of wood and steel, with iron wheels, painted in colors. Locomotives, size 12 1/2x8 in. Automobiles, size 11 1/2x8 in. Dining Chairs, size 14x8 in. All 98c each

Single Rocking Horses
Strong Rockers, upholstered saddle, painted, mane and hair tall. Only 98c

Doll Trunks
Designed, colored and finished in exact copies of regular leather trunks, each with lock and key. Our prices are 25c, 49c, 75c, 98c.

Specials on Fancy Groceries for Christmas

Fancy Sweet Oranges, doz., 25c
3 lbs. Mixed Nuts, 25c
Fancy Figs, per lb., 10c
3 lbs French Cream Candy, 25c
2 lbs Choice Chocolate Drops, 25c
Grenoble Walnuts, per lb., 12 1/2c
Fancy Sicily Filberts, 1 lb., 12 1/2c

Brazil Nuts, per lb., 12 1/2c
Fancy Pecans, lb., 12 1/2c
Taragonia Almonds, lb., 16c
Christmas Candy, Clear Toys, 3 lbs., 25c
Sugar Pop Corn, quart, 5c
Cocoanut Cream Bon-Bons, lb., 12 1/2c
Decorated Honey Wafers, 12 1/2c
Butter Scotch Caramels, 12 1/2c

Toy Phonographs

No mechanism to get out of order. Easy for the smallest child to operate. Five record disks to each. Our price for this novelty. \$1.49

Electric Batteries

Afford lots of amusement. Everything but the price will shock you. Only 98c

Shoo Fly Rocking Horses

Two horses, large seat, strong rockers, etc. Our price 64c each
Same as above, with upholstered seat and back with toy box in front. Our price 84c each
TOYLAND indeed is our Grand Toy Department, containing as it does every toy that can be desired by any child.

Drums Drums

Metal Bodies, good Wood Hoops, Brass Finished and Decorated with Flags, etc. Prices from 10c up to \$1.00.

Our Doll Department

Is worth a visit. We are headquarters for Dolls of all kinds. Quality, style, finish and price combine to make our values second to none. We have the regulation "Dime" Dolls, assorted styles, rare values. 10c each
In the larger sizes more elaborate Dolls our line is choice. We have Jointed, Kid and Bisque bodies, light and dark hair, natural eyes, shoes and stockings, dressed and undressed dolls. Prices are exceptionally low, running from 25c to \$2.00

Games

Complete new line. An assortment of small Games, including Peter Codrille, Old Maid, Authors, etc. Your choice. 5c each

Toy Pianos

Wood frame stained and varnished in imitation rosewood. Each with good musical sound. Our prices are 25c, 49c, 75c, 97c and \$1.59.

Headquarters for Holiday Goods of All Kinds

All the new ones, as well as the old favorites.

Sleds Sleds

Every boy and girl wants one. We have them in all styles, sizes and prices. Well made, fancy painted Sleds, securely framed and glued, 30 inches long, 11 inches wide. Our price for this is only 25c

A larger sled, 36 inches long and 12 inches wide, nicely painted and decorated, made with three frame knees. Is sold At 49c

Another style is our Ash Fender Sled, size 10 1/2x30 inches, well braced and wood highly polished. These Sleds have the oval shoe and will sell as low as 89c

One of the best Sleds is the Scrolled Top, size 12x36 inches, well made and securely braced with three bent knees, top board handsomely decorated in colors. Our price is \$1.49

Complete line of Consters, all good sizes, hard wood, nicely decorated. 25c to \$1.98

All shapes and prices of Blown Glass Christmas Tree Ornaments, also fancy Tinsel and Bead Ornaments to sell at 1c, 3c, 5c and 10c each

Story Books

A complete line of Juveniles, from the paper cover to the high-grade pasteboard cover. Lots for the money," both in size and value. Prices run 5c, 10c, 19c, 25c, 49c each

Large Size Rocking Horse
with stirrups and hair mane and tail. Our price, only \$1.74 each

CLARKE BROTHERS

The Vindication of Crawford

The officers' tent was full of gentlemen in khaki, lounging about in all directions, and in every conceivable attitude suggestive of well-bred idleness. Even the rigid disciplinarian, General Condit, seemed to have unburied a little. He stood with crossed legs, his arm around the central pole, smoking placidly. It was young Lieutenant Gally who was speaking. He was relating a stirring account of how Captain Crawford—one of their number, who was at the moment absent—had captured a Boer battery earlier in the day.

It may have been the fact that the deed had been one of exceptional daring, or perhaps because the officer in question was such a universal favorite, more probably still, a combination of both; at any rate, Gally's enthusiasm became infectious, and three stentorian cheers were up for Captain Crawford, in which every man present joined—save one.

The exception was Colonel Neel. He stood apart with folded arms, and to look on his narrow countenance, that, to say the least of it, was decidedly unpleasant. The circumstances of his subordinate's success was soon apparent to the lynx-eyed general. He turned on Neel with a distinct frown of displeasure.

"I hope," he began, in a cutting tone, "that those boyish methods of showing our appreciation of a gallant action are not distasteful to you?" Neel's lips curled, and the ends of his waxed moustache took a downward trend. "Not at all," he said; "but to my mind the man only did his simple duty. Any one of us would have done the same, given a like chance." "You do not doubt his courage?" "Yes; in one sense I certainly do. I've no particular admiration for the flash-in-the-pan business." "But look at his record, man." "Yes, yes, I know—a series of mad rushes—nothing sustained. No test at all, to my mind." The little knot of listeners gasped. The general knitted his heavy brows. "These are sweeping assertions, Neel," he said. "Perhaps, but I flatter myself I know Captain Crawford better than any man present. Our paths have lain together for years; in fact, we were in the same class at school." He did not add that a bitter enmity had existed between them since that time—the origin of which had been the thrashing of Neel by Crawford on account of the former's brutal treatment of a small boy. Nor did he speak of the stimulus that feeling had received some years later, when Crawford had superseded him in the affections of a certain maiden of exceptional loveliness and charm. But though he spoke not of these things, the circumstances of the moment had whetted his memory, and he gnawed slyly at the amber mouthpiece of his pipe.

those Boer women, didn't he? A regular 'stunner' for looks, I was told, and quite an heiress in a small way." "Your information is correct," replied Neel, between his teeth. "Captain Crawford's main interests are now on the side of the enemy. Things being so, I should imagine it would be as well to keep an eye on him." It was like putting a match to powder. The men were on their feet muttering. "Hang it all Neel!" burst out the general, "this is too much! I've a good mind—"

What he would have said or what would have transpired in consequence it was impossible to say, for at that moment an interruption came. There was an ear-splitting roar, followed by a terrific rush of displaced air, which nearly wrecked the tent. Lieutenant Gally clasped his hand to his ear with a rueful grimace. A fragment of steel had grazed that organ, and the blood was pouring down. Next moment the general's voice bellowed an order, and the men rushed from the tent pell-mell.

"Neel, those devils will have to be driven out," said the general, impatiently. "Quite so—but how?" The two men had reined in their horses on a piece of rising ground, from which an excellent view of the surrounding country could be obtained. The general stamped his riding breeches' heels; the gauntlets he carried in his hand. "If we could only get a battery into Zerbuge's Hollow," he said, slowly. "I think it could be done." Colonel Neel faced round abruptly. In his eyes there gleamed a startled look of inquiry. "Zerbuge's Hollow?" he echoed. "Why it would be simply murder. They wouldn't live to unlimber, much more silence the gun."

He looked away northward, to where a group of farm buildings rose sheer out of the brown expanse of veldt. Even as he did so, a puff of white smoke rose from his vicinity, followed, after a few seconds' interval, by a heavy boom. "The beggars have got the range to a 't,'" fumed the general. "Something will have to be done. Will you lead a battery to Zerbuge's Hollow, Colonel Neel?" That officer's face flushed a dull red at the implied taunt. "What a question to ask a soldier!" he said. "Of course I would, or anywhere else, if necessary. By the way, though," he added, "this ought to be a good opportunity for your brave Captain Crawford." The general frowned and pilled his gloves with even more rapidity and force than hitherto. "We'll settle that question once and for all," he burst out, angrily. "Harnes, come here." The orderly rode up and stood at attention.

"Tell Capt. Crawford to come here at once," said the General. The orderly saluted and rode quickly away. The General sat still in his saddle—sternly silent—waiting. In less than five minutes Capt. Crawford rode up and saluted the commander. "Capt. Crawford," said the General, slowly, "you will take No. 10 battery and proceed at once to Zerbuge's Hollow. You will direct your fire against yonder farmhouse, and you will not retire until the battery there has been silenced."

The captain looked at his commander. The commander looked at his captain. Col. Neel looked straight into his soul. Crawford went white to the lips. "Is—is this absolutely necessary?" he stammered, weakly. "Necessary? Of course it is!" roared the General. "Am I in the habit of issuing orders which are otherwise? Are you a coward, sir? Are—?" He finished his furious tirade to the empty air, for in the midst of it the captain had put spurs to his horse and ridden off.

In an incredibly short space of time the battery, with Crawford at its head, was racing across the zone of fire in the direction of Zerbuge's Hollow. From his position on the eminence the General watched them dismount, unlimber and go into action; then he turned his horse's head and went back to camp. Meanwhile a tragedy was being enacted the like of which was never heard of before in the harrowing history of modern warfare. The moment Crawford's guns began to spit, 12 hitherto, silent pieces from the enemy's battery opened their brazen mouths. The explanation of this was that the range being shorter, the Boers were able to bring the whole of their guns into play.

The havoc was fearful. Within a quarter of an hour every horse belonging to No. 10 was either dead or dying and the guns were being charged and run up by hand. In that vortex of fire and blood all order was forgotten. Their instructions were to load and fire, and they did that well, many dying in the doing—slipping down by the iron-shod wheels to be mangled and crushed beneath them as the gun was returned for discharge. It was sickening, appalling, and for five mortal hours it was kept up, until from the Boer battery there came no answering shot. Their mission was fulfilled; the guns of the enemy were silent.

But what a fearful price had been paid! The slain lay literally in heaps, curled up in postures curiously grotesque, showing how, by the interposition of the "fell hand," their writhings had been mercifully stayed. At the order "cease firing!" considerably less than a score of men—all the ones left of the hundred-odd which had formed the gun's complement—dragged their weary limbs across the veldt in the direction of the English camp.

Meanwhile the general, accompanied by several members of his staff, made his way toward the curiously dismantled position. The place was a perfect wreck, and was burning in many places while around and beneath the dismantled guns the bodies were piled up in heaps, literally breast high. Slowly the little band wended their way in and out among the heaps of dead and dying, pausing every now and then to administer water or a plug

of tobacco to all who clamored for that thing.

The interior of the main building pointed a scene of awful devastation. Shells had evidently exploded in the very rooms, blowing the windows out and smashing the woodwork into splinters. One portion, however, by one of those strange freaks of chance which are continually occurring in warfare, remained practically intact. It was getting dusk, and as they approached it was seen that a light was burning there. The general went first, and after him came the others. Included among the number was Colonel Neel. The sight that met their gaze was one which that officer's conscience never allowed him to forget.

The light they had observed emanated from a dirty piece of tallow candle placed in the neck of a bottle, but it was amply sufficient to reveal the interior, in all its vivid ghastliness. The room had evidently been used as a storage place for coal, for a lump of that commodity lay in one corner. Over part of this a white sheet had been spread, whereon lay the bodies of a woman and a small child, both horribly mutilated, and blackened almost beyond recognition.

Last of all, sitting huddled up in a far corner, with his face toward the dead, was the figure of a man. "Stand forward there!" commanded the general. "Who are you? And who are these?" The man stepped out and saluted. Sweat and powder had effectually concealed his identity. His clothes hung about him in tatters, and from an ugly gash above his right eye the blood was streaming down. He indicated the two ghastly corpses with a grimy hand.

"General," he said, "my wife and child. I am Captain Crawford!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

FILIPINO VILLAGE.

That at Pan-American Will Be of Great Interest to Tourists.

Ground was broken a few days since for the Filipino Village at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo next summer and "Pony" Moore, a well-known newspaper correspondent has started for the Philippines where he will get together material for this feature of the Midway. It is expected that a whole vessel will be required to bring to this side of the Pacific the native Filipinos, the cattle, utensils, tools and various objects which will be used in creating a representation of actual life in this most interesting new possession of the United States. The Filipino Village will occupy eleven acres of land on the Pan-American Midway, and the population of the village will be about 100, ranging from old folks to babies in arms. On the right of the entrance will be an adobe tower with thatched roof, a representation of the Spanish Watch Tower which marked the water batteries at the entrance to Manila harbor. The left will be a facsimile of the signal tower that loomed above Fort Cavite and which was wrecked by shells from Dewey's fleet. Between these points will be nipa-covered buildings and bamboo fences. Canvas and lathen sail boats will be set upon a placid lake fed by a cataract with a fall of 45 feet. There will be a market square, a Filipino church and many dwellings for the natives in which they will live just as they do in the Philippine Islands.

the village and the scene will be most picturesque.

In front of the village will be a military guard of United States soldiers to give a military glamor to the scene. There will be a theatre with a capacity for seating 1,000 people. Performances will be given daily by the natives. Every visitor will want to see this Filipino Village and thus witness scenes true to life in the islands which have now become an important part of the possessions of the United States.

ARIZONA'S INDIAN SCHOOL.

Some Achievements in Making Red-men Good Citizens.

The Indian school at Phoenix, Ari., has grown to be one of the most important in the country. It now has an enrollment of 700 pupils. The school was established in 1891, and has earned an enviable reputation for its good results. The literary, commercial, and manual-training departments are filled with students. The following trades are taught: Agriculture, baking, blacksmithing, cabinetmaking, carpentry, dairying, engineering, gardening, harness and shoe making, masonry, onyx manufacture and stonemasonry, painting, printing, sewing, tailoring, wagon making, and cooking. An important industry in which full instruction is given is that of domestic science, which teaches the theory and practice of cooking and housekeeping. Regular courses are established in this work, and it is obligatory upon every girl to graduate from the course, and also from that of sewing, before diplomas are given to them from the literary department.

A school paper called the Native American has been established, and is a source of much profit to the students in various ways, besides being an educational factor of great importance in bringing the whites to a realizing sense of the real Indian, his abilities and ambitions. The student body represents some 50 different tribes, from all the western states and territories, and there have been applications from Indians of Alaska to enter the school. There exists very little difference in the natural mental ability of the various tribes, but a very considerable difference in energy, industry, and ambition. The river Indians (those living along the river bottom lands) are better natured, more docile, and less ambitious to excel than the mountain Indians. The Apaches compare very favorably with other tribes, and will, when educated, make good citizens.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. West & Traux, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wadding, Kinnear & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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