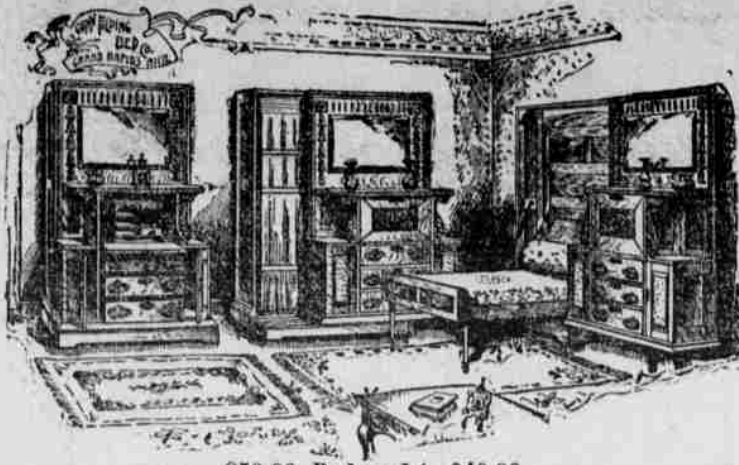




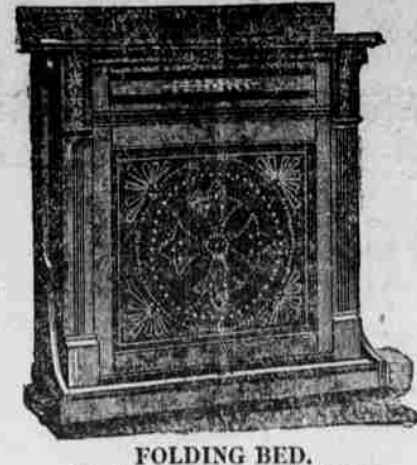
\$10.00, Reduced to \$7.00.



\$1.00, Reduced to 50c.



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FOLDING BED. \$22.00, Reduced to \$17.00.



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The accompanying Cuts and Prices give a Fair Illustration of the Sweeping Reductions we have made for our Removal Sale

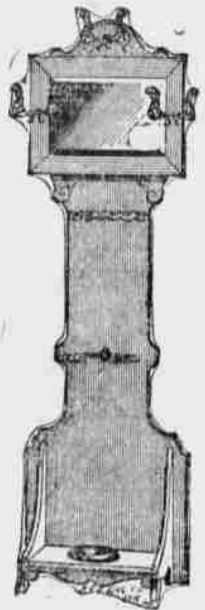
Our stock embraces a Great Variety of Furniture suitable for Christmas Gifts. Remember, this stock must be sold before our removal. This is your opportunity.

HULL & CO.,

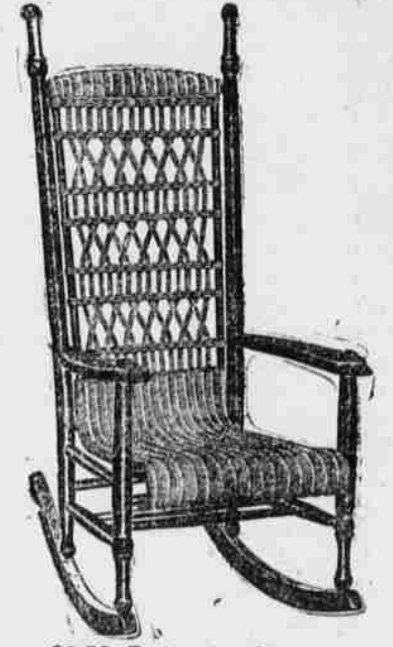
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Wearry Willies at Nighthall

A Tribune Reporter Interviews Specimens of the Tramp Fraternity.

THEY TALK OF BETTER DAYS

Irrepressible Members of Scranton's Chain Gang Discourse Upon the Terrors of Labor. Shocking Experience of a Tramp in Search of Work.

Upon entering the police station one evening a Tribune reporter was hailed with a gruff request to "shut that door quick," and found that the command emanated from one of the tramping fraternity, who explained that every time the door was opened it gave him the chills. The spectacle presented by Chief Simpson's lodgers was unique. On this particular night fifteen dirty and unwashed representatives of the fraternity were lying high-dried-pigged around the cells. Some were snoring in

Wonderful are the experiences of these wandering Willies. One member was exceedingly well-spoken and had evidently seen better days, and alleged that he had practised as a most successful lawyer. His prospects were of the brightest, his rooms were the rendezvous of all the young and gay spirits of his circle and spirits became their chief attraction—not ethereal, but substantial spirits. He neglected his business—there was a lady in the case—and from \$4,000 a year he had descended to a member of the chain gang of the city of Scranton. Another related that he had earned his \$100 a month as a mechanic and had a comfortable and snug little home with a wife whom he adored. She eloped with a cousin—he went on the road. Another who appeared a tough member very candidly remarked that he had never worked, but he did subsequently and on the chain gang. One pale emaciated fellow, whose face retained traces of refinement, attracted the attention of the reporter. There was an indefinable something about him, albeit his nose resembled a wet sunset, which indicated that at one time in his career he had deserved the title gentleman. He was lithe and tall, but pimply in the extreme, indicating a long continued

"Where was I born? Well, I don't know dat it's any of your biz, but I ain't goin' to hold it against you because you wear collars, so just between me and you I don't mind tellin' you dat it was on the Erie canal. "Yes you was," chimed in another tramp. "De next thing you be sayin' dat you slept in Astor's. You're a beautiful liar, Bill. If you'd my face do's no tellin' what you'd be yet." "O, turn off de gas, fresh. I'm talkin' to dis gent what's a friend of mine and if you don't want to be separated from you're breath you'll close dat wheeze. I was born on the Erie canal, I said, and dat goes. Me mother was a bird, a real lady, and don't you forget it. I used to push the pail when we tied up at Syracuse, Buffalo or Troy, 'nd many's the time I'd get touched up because I didn't bring back full measure. The old gal wanted the bucket so you cud float a fly on it. Oh, dese were great days, Rust," he declared, turning to his companion. Why He Didn't Work. "Do I ever work? Naw, I can't. Why it is? Well, you're purty inquisitive, but it was like dis. When the old gal—dat's me mother, you know—was dyin' she called me to her and said, Bill, be good to yourself. You was brought up easy

in the physiognomies of the tourists. Bill had dissipated the hope of finding any. Some of the wanderers are objects of compassion but the majority are born idlers. As an instance, one, who was compelled to join the chain-gang, entered the house of a well known citizen, situated on the upper end of Linden street, and intimated that he had called for his breakfast. The lady of the house was of a charitable yet practical turn of mind and listened to Weary William's tale of woe. He had not eaten for two days; could not get any employment and was willing to work off his finger ends to get a dry crust for his children. The lady thereupon promised him a substantial breakfast and a sum of money if he would clean the stove. The tramp stood aghast, and said nothing; the lady threw down the brushes and told him to set to work, when he made a record in the history of tramps and actually ran. Other instances could be related to show that the only energy they display is at a meal, they are always tired between meal times—they were born tired, and cannot help themselves. It is a Haven of Tramps. Scranton seems to be their haven of refuge and, except when the chain-gang is organized, they manifest their preference of the Electric City. Unduly generous people of the city relieve these fakirs and harm themselves and the community. The question should not be, How to relieve the tramps? but How to keep them entirely out of the city? A visit to the police station will soon put the matter at rest. The men are the filthiest aggregation of humanity that can be found, and are spread around the cells, where women prisoners, and at times fairly respectable citizens are sometimes compelled to pass a night in company with these parasite-carrying wanderers. The question of supplying a place of rest for them should not be discussed, as they are not in search of employment, but merely bent on the prowl for anything they can put their hands upon. The number of honest tramps in search of work and without money to pay for a lodging is so few that their visits would be a rare event. T. Owen Charles.



A Group of Chief Simpson's Lodgers.

basso-profundo on the bunks, which were spread on the floor, some had to be content with the concrete floor as their downy couch, and some had wandered into the cells which happened to be untenanted. The majority alleged that they were tramping from the lakes to New York in search of employment, a modest walk of 500 miles. Others were well known loafers in the city and were too lazy to carry a bunk on which to sleep, and by some physical exertion were able to fall down and stretch themselves on the floor. Some of the wanderers were horrible specimens of unwashed humanity, and one of the fraternity admitted that four months ago he had had a change of linen, when he traded shirts with a pard. He was the man probably who, proud of his cleanliness, averred that he always took a bath once a year whether he required it or not.

diet on pork that was slightly passe. His eyes, large, pale and dewy, were set wide apart, giving his face an odd expression that was heightened by a beard that might be termed a mosaic of the chromatic colors. It Was All a Mistake. Here, thought the reporter, is a miserable hulk of better days; a man with a history that would tell of an inviting home, comfort and luxury before the reverses set in that brought him down to the level of the dregs of society he now made his bosom friends. It was all a mistake, as the reporter discovered, as soon as Willie opened his mouth. "I'm ont'er you, young feller," he said, as soon as he could. "I don't want nuthin' to do wid you, see? You're a party fly duck, so you thinks, but I got me lamps on you all right, all right. I'm over seven, young feller.

and are not strong. Don't work if you can help it." I promised her I wouldn't and I'm goin' to stick to that promise if I never do another thing. Do you blame me? You do? Well, you're a bloke and you got no sense of honor 'all. I'd die before I'd go back on what I said to me mother before she died. "Well, on de level, Bill, you makes me 'dead tired," interpolated Rusty again. "To hear you orate no one 'ad ever believe you'd work a can on de sidewalk in de morning. Dat story about yer mother is a corker. You'll be writin' stories about India or China or some old place like his Kiplings de first thing we know. Oh, your a bunt, Bill, and oughter to be in de senate." Bill at once began to pay his respects to Rusty in language strange but forcible, and the reporter withdrew. He looked for no more signs of better days

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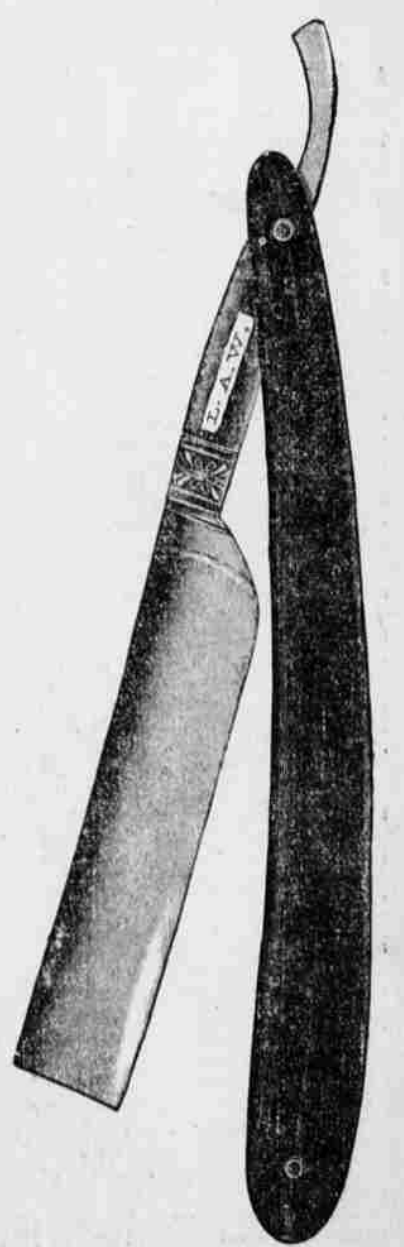
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