

GALLEN'S.

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"WE CLOTHE YOU FROM HEAD TO FOOT."

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GREAT SALE OF BLACK & MEYER STOCK Of Rochester, N. Y.

# A Stupendous Offer

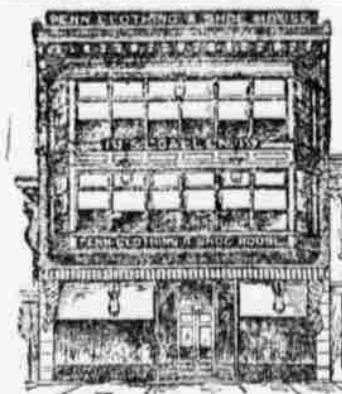
GREAT SALE OF BLACK & MEYER STOCK Of Rochester, N. Y.

TODAY WE START THE GREATEST SALE OF MEN'S FINE CLOTHING ever held in Northeastern Pennsylvania—the balance of the entire Spring Stock of Messrs. Black & Meyer, of 124, 126, 128 and 130 N. Paul street, Rochester, N. Y., manufacturers of High Grade Clothing only. Rochester today stands at the head of the Clothing Markets of the world, chiefly on account of the Fine Clothing it produces and the system of

## UNION-MADE CLOTHING INSTEAD OF SWEAT-SHOP GOODS

as is used in a great many other cities. Therefore, this sale will give you a rare opportunity of purchasing High Grade Clothing at the prices you pay ordinarily for goods made in sweat shops.



<p><b>\$10 Suits</b> <b>\$4.85</b></p>	<p><b>\$3.15 to \$5.15 Saved Here.</b> Men's Suits sold elsewhere for \$8. to \$10. Many of them all wool, every one of them of desirable fabric, made in an improved manner, and a very desirable line of patterns. <b>\$4.85</b></p>	<p><b>\$12 Suits</b> <b>\$6.85</b></p>		<p><b>\$5.15 Saved Here.</b> Men's Suits sold elsewhere for \$12. A most beautiful line Fancy Chevriots, Cassimeres and all the latest fabrics. Hundreds of elegant business suits, hundreds of beautiful dress suits <b>\$6.85</b></p>	<p><b>\$15 Suits</b> <b>\$8.85</b></p>	<p><b>\$6.15 Saved Here.</b> Men's Suits sold elsewhere for \$15. This line comprises all of those fine qualities of fabrics in worsteds, chevriots and cassimeres that are sold by all stores at \$15. <b>\$8.85</b></p>
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## Great Sale of Black & Meyer Stock.

<p><b>\$22 Suits</b> <b>\$13.85</b></p>	<p><b>\$8.15 Saved Here.</b> Men's Suits sold elsewhere for \$22. Hundreds of them with coats lined throughout with silk, vest backs of silk, the fabrics of the very finest worsteds and rich cassimeres, the kind of goods that tailors make to order for \$25, and which, ordinarily would be sold ready-made at \$22. <b>\$13.85</b></p>	<p><b>Penn Clothing AND Shoe House,</b> 137 AND 139 PENN AVENUE.</p>	<p><b>\$7.15 Saved Here.</b> Men's Suits sold elsewhere for \$18. Elegantly tailored, elegantly trimmed, just the thing for men who want something especially nice, and had made up their minds to pay about \$18 for a suit. Here they can take their pick of a grand array of real \$18 suits. <b>\$10.85</b></p>	<p><b>\$18 Suits</b> <b>\$10.85</b></p>
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### GLIMPSE AT THE VERDE ISLANDS

An Important, But Not Inviting, Group Off Africa.

BROUGHT TO NOTICE BY SPAIN'S USE OF THEM AS A BASE OF NAVAL OPERATIONS—A WATERLESS, SUN-SCORCHED CALLING PLACE FOR THE WORLD'S COMMERCE—MR. MILLER'S HOME THERE.

From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

One hears a good deal of St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, these days, but few people have anything but a very vague idea as to what manner of place it may be. To speak the truth, the island certainly has few attractions. At the other hand, it has peculiarities which at times make it seem a part of Dante's Inferno.

Long before one reaches the Cape Verde Islands, in fact, from half a day's steam distant, the high mountain peaks away off on the horizon appear misty and vague and announce the near approach to land and the proximity of the Portuguese settlements. In the meantime all around is sweltering heat, dazzling sun, and unwholesome blue, the air clear to the point of a vacuum, and this intensity of light has a most peculiar effect as one gets near the islands—they seem to stand out without any relief in the way of lights and shadows, a flat, dusky yellow picture on blue canvas. Dusky broken rocks and pebbles hard and without relief, standing up against a bright blue background, with a perfectly clear and deep blue sea in front, a sea so clear that as the steamers rest at anchor in the bay the half-breed boys swim from the shore and dive for silver coins in and out under the keels of the largest ocean vessels, and one can see them down to the sandy bottom of the ocean catching the coin and laughing up to the surface on the other side of the ship.

As to the island, in this case surely distance lends enchantment to the view, for though at long range and before landing it is not half bad by way of a study in bizarre effects—vivid ochres, browns, and ultramarine blues—once on shore it is awful. Heat and rocks, rocks and dust, here and there a small patch of tropical shrub or a half-grown tree, but all dried or scorched.

The steamers and warships lie out in the harbor, which is excellent, and in the reason of this terrible heat the mouth becoming one of the mouths pieces to civilization's speaking tubes, for the Eastern Cable company has a station here, and from St. Vincent are the movements of ocean steamers duly chronicled as they regularly come and go to take on coal. But to return to the harbor—it is very large and in shape like a horseshoe, with another and comparatively fertile island, by name San Antonio, lying across the open front and protecting it from the reason of this terrible heat the mouth becoming one of the mouths pieces to civilization's speaking tubes, for the Eastern Cable company has a station here, and from St. Vincent are the movements of ocean steamers duly chronicled as they regularly come and go to take on coal. But to return to the harbor—it is very large and in shape like a horseshoe, with another and comparatively fertile island, by name San Antonio, lying across the open front and protecting it from the

responsible for the coal supplies of St. Vincent, which are bought over from England in coppers and then stored on the island in very large quantities.

#### HEAD OF THE FAMILY.

The head of the Miller family controlling this trade is also the resident British consul; he is married to a Portuguese lady and has lots of brothers and sisters at the old home in Somersetshire, a splendid country seat not far from Bath. About the only other white men on the island are a few diminutive Portuguese officials, brave in uniforms and gold lace, and the employees of the cable company, the latter of whom possess, besides their maddening, clicking instruments, a rickety billiard table, a few sorry horses, which they race up and down the sandy stretches along the shore, and a large stock of good whiskey. Particular mention is made of the spirits, because there is no water in this sequestered isle—it has to be brought across in boats from neighboring San Antonio—and because sometimes no rain falls there for as long as two years at a stretch, then it pours and dries up for another two years. The Eastern Cable company's young men just manage to survive the nine months they live there; fortunately for three months they are allowed a furlough in England or where else they please, and well they need it.

Mr. Miller, however, is a man of millions, and water is therefore no object. Indeed, he has it brought over in boat-loads, and has in consequence quite a luxuriant retreat and house on one of the spurs jutting out along the harbor. The natives do such labor as there is to be done, acting as boatmen, stevedores, and servants—they are half Portuguese, half African, and speak Portuguese as their native tongue, and as their favorite occupation do nothing but their somehow manage to exist on the crumbs gathered from the passing steamers. Of town there is none, just a struggling T-shaped street of low houses, here and there a drinking place or filthy joint, and here and there a ship chandler's, and that is all. The society events of the station are usually confined to entertainments given by the hospitable crew or passengers of some steamer or war boat taking on coal, but there is no diversity: the going of one ship is the coming of the next, and there are always two or three in the harbor. In fact, the monotony and dust are stupendous. One of the company's operators once told the writer with tears of whiskey and loneliness in his eyes, that he thought he would surely go mad, living on under the shadeless blue in the intense heat, with "nothing to breathe but air and nothing to see but sun and nothing to drink" but impure water, and so on through the whole gamut of a disappointed life. Even the very ships stay no longer than they have to, just coal, i. e., make all the dirt and dust they can, and away.

#### BELOING TO PORTUGAL.

Such is St. Vincent at present, the so-called base for Spain's fleet of torpedo boats and warships. Of course, in reality this is not the fact. The islands belong to Portugal, and the coal supplies are the property of an English firm. Cape Verde, however, is not so far from the Grand Canaries. St. Vincent itself could be but the scene of a naval battle, for the only vestiges of life, save excepting the miserable lane or street of houses already described, are the ships riding at anchor

in the offing. Nevertheless, the place, such as it is, plays the part of a half-way house in the world's happenings. Steamers from South Africa, from the River Plate, the Pacific coast of South America, and from Brazil, all call there, and the time-worn, boat-wearied rocks on the African coast are after all a factor in our civilization by virtue of the coal supplies and cable station.

As to the interior of the island, there is none, simply rocks, ever higher and higher, till they become mountains. The neighboring island of San Antonio is equally steep and precipitous, but there is abundance of fresh water, and, as a natural consequence, considerable vegetation. There is, however, absolutely no offing, harbor or anchorage of any kind, and consequently this land is quite useless to the wheels of commerce or monitors of war. The rest of the islands are more or less of the same nature, but smaller, and some of them are more fertile than San Antonio, hence their name.

Poetically, the harbor, or gulfing station, of St. Vincent, Cape Verde Islands, gives one the impression of some cave of winds whence issue from the empty rocks, in panting gusts, the storms that rend the Atlantic, west, south and north, but where itself there is a comparative but portentous calm. The ships that pass by day and night appear as small birds along the steep sides of the two islands, and the sizzling heat, with the perpetual puffs of hot air and accompanying dust, make it a veritable entrance to hades. Curiously enough, at very nearly the same latitude and right across the Atlantic, on the coast of Brazil, lies Pernambuco, meaning hell's mouth, but of the two places the name most certainly aptly fits St. Vincent, Cape Verde.

#### A STORY OF DEWEY.

One Encounter in Which He Got Badly Worsted.

Letter in New York Sun.

The following anecdote of Commodore Dewey may be interesting at this time:

Early in the fifties, when Dewey was a boy, Major Z. K. Pangborn, now a resident of New Jersey and for thirty years editor of the Evening Journal of Jersey City, being then fresh from college, undertook the management of a district school at Montpelier, Vt. The school had been in rebellion for a long time, and the boy Dewey was the leader of the anti-teacher brigade. Several previous teachers had been "moved," one had been stood upon his head in a snowbank, and it was generally said at Montpelier that nobody could govern that school.

When Mr. Pangborn appeared at school the first day of the session he noticed Dewey up a tree throwing stones at small boys. He told him quietly that he must stop that. The reply was that the teacher could "go to" the place reserved for a certain class of departed mortals, and Dewey did not come down. School went very smoothly that day, but there were indications that showed the teacher that trouble was coming. So he provided himself with a nice rawhide whip, which he tucked away over the door, and then placed several pieces of good hickory on top of the pile in the old woodbox.

Next day the fun began. Another boy who was disorderly was told to take his seat. He did so, and seven of the big boys fished him on his bench. Then Dewey stepped up and

coolly informed the teacher that they were "going to give him the best licking that he had ever had."

"Go to your seat!" commanded the teacher, who was not so big a "man" physically as either of the boys mentioned.

Dewey struck out, and the next instant the rawhide was playing catch-and-go-all over him. The other "biggest boy" entered the fight, and was promptly laid low with a blow from one of the hickory sticks. Dewey was, by this time, lying upon the floor, howling for "quits," and the other boy lay near him unconscious. The rebellion was over, and Mr. Pangborn had no further trouble with that school.

He took Dewey home to his father, and reported that he had brought him his son, "some what the worse for wear, but ready for school work."

"Thank you," replied Dr. Dewey. "I guess George will not give you any more trouble. He will be at school tomorrow."

The father of the other boy tried to get a warrant for the arrest of the schoolmaster, but there was not a magistrate in the county who would issue one. They said that if anybody had been found who could govern that school, he was the man for the place.

Young Dewey remained at school. He soon became a good scholar, and under his friend's tuition, fitted for the Annapolis academy. Years after these events he was wont to visit Major Pangborn at his home in Boston, where the former teacher was editor of the old Atlas and Bee. On one of these visits he said to him: "I shall never cease to be grateful to you. You made a man of me. But for that thrashing you gave me I should probably now be in the state prison." Dewey was at this time a young lieutenant in the navy and a chum of Major Pangborn's brother, who was also a young naval officer. The two spent much time at Major Pangborn's home, and he always speaks of Dewey as "one of his boys," and is naturally very proud of him.

This little anecdote shows that it often happens that the worst boy in school may be made the best boy, and that it does not follow because a boy needs a thrashing that he needs more than one, provided it be well done and at the right time. It is not on record that the commodore has ever been beaten since, or that he has ever been known to fight in a bad cause.

#### ALUMINUM AND BRASS.

Indications Seem to Point Toward a Reign of the Lighter Metal.

A reduction in the price of aluminum within the last few weeks has led to a discussion by the technical journals of the possibility of its replacing brass in some of the industries. The various discounts on sheets sold in quantities make the actual price about 22 1/2 cents a pound. At the present time, sheet brass costs from 12 1/2 cents a pound. But the latter metal, if cast, is 3.25 times as heavy as aluminum, and if wrought 3.10. In any given article, the size remaining the same, there would be more than three times as many pounds or ounces, or grains, if it were made of brass than if it were composed of aluminum. Multiplying the price of brass per pound by 3.10 one gets a fraction over 36 cents.

The material going into a brass object, then, costs about 10 per cent. more than that going into an aluminum object of the same size. This fact is

likely to make a good many wide-awake manufacturers ask themselves how far aluminum is suited, in other respect, to take the place of brass. Its tensile strength, electrical conductivity, resistance to the corrosive effects of moisture and acids are all important qualities which are likely to come up for consideration in this connection.

#### IN THE DEPARTMENT STORE

"Where are the linens kept?" she asked. "Downstairs," was the reply. She sweetly smiled and grabbed her train, and quickly hastened by.

Once down, she ventured to inquire, "The linens, are they here?" "Just three rooms over to the right and straight back in the rear."

At last she reached the point proposed, "The linens"—like a crash. The answer came across the shop, "They're six rooms over—Cash!"

Again she jostled through the crowd, and faintly asked the clerk, "The linens, please?" "Upstairs," he said, with tantalizing smirk.

She reached the top, quite out of breath, "The linens, sir?" she said. "In the annex building, five floors up, and then walk straight ahead."

#### AUCTION.

Her temper sorely tried, She sharply asked the man in charge, "With wrath she could not hide: 'Will you tell me where the linens are, or if they're in the store?'"

"We used to keep them, ma'am," he smiled, "But do not any more." —Tit-Bits.

#### TRIBUNE WANT ADS

BRING QUICK RETURNS.

Sales daily at 11 a. m. and 3 and 5 p. m.

THE DICKSON M'FG CO., Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Manufacturers of LOCOMOTIVES, STATIONARY ENGINES, Boilers, Hoisting and Pumping Machinery. General Office, Scranton, Pa.

WOLF & WENZEL, 240 Adams Ave., Opp. Court House.

PRACTICAL TINNERS and PLUMBERS Sole Agents for Richardson-Boynton's Furnaces and Ranges.

Choice Cuts MEAT MARKET, 321 Adams Avenue Everything in the line of fresh and salted Meats, Sausages, Lard, Etc. FUGLEY AND GARDEN SEASON. Telephone No. 6823

AUCTION. Gillette Bros., Auctioneers, Will sell Michaelian Bros. & Co.'s entire stock of Oriental Rugs and Carpets, without limit or reserve at 148 Washington avenue, Mears Building.

Attend to your eyes now. Eye-sight preserved and headaches prevented by having your eyes properly and scientifically examined and fitted. Eyes examined free. The latest styles of Spectacles and eyeglasses at the lowest price.

DR. SHIMBERG, 305 Spruce Street.



EIGHMIE The best fitting shirt made. If you are hard to fit try one.

CONRAD SELLS 'EM 305 Lacka. Ave.

ATTEND TO YOUR EYES NOW. Eye-sight preserved and headaches prevented by having your eyes properly and scientifically examined and fitted. Eyes examined free. The latest styles of Spectacles and eyeglasses at the lowest price.

DR. SHIMBERG, 305 Spruce Street.

## Prices That Draw the Crowds Styles That Please the Nobby Dressers

With pleasure we announce that today (Saturday) will be displayed on our counters some of the nobbiest and most stylish custom-made and high-art garments ever shown in Scranton. Sack Suits in three and four button, cutaway, square cut, single and double-breasted. Qualities are in Clay Serges, Worsted, Chevriots, Homespuns and Cassimeres. These garments are all in the latest spring styles, made and lined in the tailors' highest art; in fact, a rich plum for the public at our well-known prices—one-half to one-third of the original measured cost.

Tailor-made Suits, original price \$30 and \$35. Our Price, \$10 and \$12. \$25 Tailor-made Suits we sell for \$8 and \$10.

Nobby, Fast-Color Serge Suits, skeleton or half-lined, \$7.50, \$8, \$10, \$12 and \$13. Value just double.

The hard to fit, tall, slim or short, stout men—we can fit you better and for lower prices than you have ever before. Try us. Come, see, look over our stock, no compulsion to buy, but pleased to have you call.

200 pairs of nobby Tailor-made Trousers, sizes to fit short or tall men, \$2 to \$3.50. All alterations to insure a perfect fit cheerfully made. All garments pressed and kept in repair one year free of charge.

High Art and Misfit Clothing Parlors 427 Lackawanna Avenue.