

There's Something Doing at Samter Brothers'

We've been doing considerable talking the last few days about a special line of Men's Ready-to-Wear Suits at \$10. We told you the whole transaction in our last "Ad."—how the cloth mill offered us their over-production and our tailors done the rest. If we had marked these suits in the regular way they would be \$15.00. We \$10 bought these cloths to give you a very big special, and we're doing it. Plenty of them. . . . \$10

\$10 Young Men's Long Trousers Suits, \$7.25. Boys' Two-Piece Suits, Regular \$4 Quality, \$2.75

See our Penn Avenue Window for Men's Suits, and Lackawanna Avenue Window for Boys' Suits.

SAMTER BROTHERS,

Complete Outfitters.



His Grandfather's Grandson

DUNHAM GREER sat in the office of the village hotel and looked out through the long windows. He saw wide stretches of farming lands, criss-crossed with rude fences, with blue hills rising in the distance over all the fleecy sky. White farmhouses dotted the landscape here and there, and far away he caught sight of a sunlit steep.

It was a quiet scene, with such a Sabbath-like stillness about it that somehow Dunham felt his spirits droop and a wave of sadness seemed to fill his breast. He felt sorry for the grandfather he had never seen, the grandfather who had come here in his early youth and lived here and died here, and was laid beneath the humble stone in the little hillside cemetery. No wonder Dunham's father had escaped into the bustling world beyond those hills, and no wonder he never cared to talk about his early boyhood in Eagleville.

Dunham looked around at the landlord, who had drawn up a chair beside the stove, through mere force of habit—it was a warm, springy day—and was trying to be agreeable to his only out-of-town guest.

"You never knew Abner Greer, did you?" Dunham presently asked.

"Abner Greer?" the landlord repeated. "No, I never saw him myself. He died when I was a boy. Took a cold on his chest—they call it pneumonia now, I s'pose, an' went off in a twinklin'. You've heard of him, eh?"

"I've heard his name," replied Dunham.

"He was quite a fellow from all accounts," said the landlord. "Rather peculiar, but straight as a string. I've heard my father tell a good deal about him. He used to like to fish an' hunt, an' he knew something about flowers, an' books, an' he talked well, an' father says they thought once of runnin' him for sheriff, but Abner said he didn't care for it an' wouldn't lift his hand to get the nomination. He didn't have any ambition, if he'd been sharp he could have bought up a lot of land 'round here for 'most nothing, but all he owned was the hundred acres he bought when he came. Maybe his wife's dyin' so soon after they were married kind of spoiled his life. He didn't seem to take much interest in anything after that, father said. He had one son and he sent him away before he was full grown. Said Eagleville was no place for a boy that wanted to be somebody. Don't think the boy ever came back but once, and that was to 'tend' his father's funeral. Somebody's got it that he's grown to be quite a fellow. Married into the four hundred, or somethin', and had more money than he could use. Of course stories like that always grow pretty fast."

A vision of his lonely grandfather plodding about the fields or sitting in the silent farmhouse, a forgotten book on his knee, and his sad eyes turned towards the distant hills, arose before Dunham, and the thoughts about his heart suddenly lightened.

"He was honest and clean and stood well with his fellow men?" he presently said.

"He did," replied the landlord. "My father used to say that everybody liked Abner. And when he was quite a young man they were proud of him, too."

"Why was that?" inquired Dunham quickly.

"Father used to say that he was the best runner that ever footed it in this old county. Beat every fellow for miles 'round. N' once a chap came all the way from Springfield to race him, an' Abner beat him, too. Guess he must have been a wonder."

"The door at the side of the office had opened as the landlord spoke, and Dunham heard footsteps on the floor behind him. He looked about casually and saw that several of the village young men had entered.

"What you talkin' about Cy?" one of them asked.

"Somebody you never saw," replied the landlord. "This gentleman was asking me about Old Abner Greer, an' I was tellin' him what a reputation he had as a runner."

One of the young fellows laughed contemptuously.

"They didn't know what runnin' was those days," he said. "I'll bet Bob

maid in all Christendom he stood prepared to prove his claim with lance and battle ax. If he conquered the fallen foe acknowledged the lady's supremacy." Dunham paused and looked around at the open-mouthed group. Again the faint smile crossed his face. "For the fair name of my grandfather, for the upholding of the family pride, I will run with Mr. Slocum myself."

"You!" cried the landlord.

"But the others were too dazed for a moment to speak.

"There is to be but one condition," Dunham continued. "If I beat Mr. Slocum he must agree to acknowledge that my grandfather was the better man."

"Do it, Bob; do it," cried the spokesman, and then there was a wild burst of laughter.

"I'll do it," said the eminent sprinter with a broad smile.

And the two men solemnly shook hands.

"Say, does this really mean a race?" cried the spokesman.

"It's what I mean," said Dunham.

"What distance?"

"I'll leave that to Mr. Slocum."

"His choice is 220 yards."

"Very well."

"When?"

"It must be this afternoon," replied Dunham. "I have a business engagement in Cleveland early in the morning."

"What do you say to 4 o'clock?"

"It suits me," replied Dunham. He looked around. "I will have to ask one of you to lend me a pair of shoes," he said.

"That's all right," cried the landlord.

"I'll fix you out. I've got all of my boy's running togs here, an' you're welcome to 'em."

"Thank you," said Dunham. "That, I think, settles all details."

The spokesman looked him over.

"Ever run before?" he asked.

"Yes, in college."

"Anywhere else?"

"No."

"The spokesman looked him over again and Dunham fancied there was pity in his glance.

"Come, boys," he said: "let's go out and stir up a crowd." He looked back from the open door. "See you later, Mr. Greer," he called.

"I think," laughed Dunham, "that you will see me first."

Whereat they vanished with a gust of noisy laughter.

The landlord looked up at Dunham.

"Say, you've got the spunk all right," he cried admiringly. "Derned if I don't most hope you'll win."

"Thank you again," said Dunham. "And now one other thing. Have you a college man in the village?"

"There's Parson Giddings," said the landlord. "He's a college man. Ain't much older 'n you, either. He's a good deal of an athletic fellow, too. Goes to all the races, and everybody in town swears by him."

"I want to meet him before we run," said Dunham. "I want to explain to him who I am. I don't want them to think I'm a professional singer."

The landlord laughed.

"They ain't afraid of no ringers here," he said.

It was a beautiful afternoon, and it seemed as if all Eagleville had come out to the fair grounds to see the race. No doubt the novelty of the challenge, as well as the desire to see the local champion pitted against a city fellow, and what the village was pleased to call a dude at that, helped to swell the attendance.

Dunham himself standing in the little room beneath the judges' stand, with his racing costume covered by a blanketed, smiled, too.

And then a shadow in the doorway cut short his amusing reflections.

A pleasant faced young man in a suit of sober black was intently regarding him through a pair of shining spectacles.

"I am Mr. Giddings," said the stranger. "Arthur Giddings, Amherst."

"Dunham Greer, Princeton."

And they solemnly shook hands.

"I wanted to have a little talk with you," said Dunham. "I feel that I need somebody to vouch for me. I trust you can do it. I want you to represent me here."

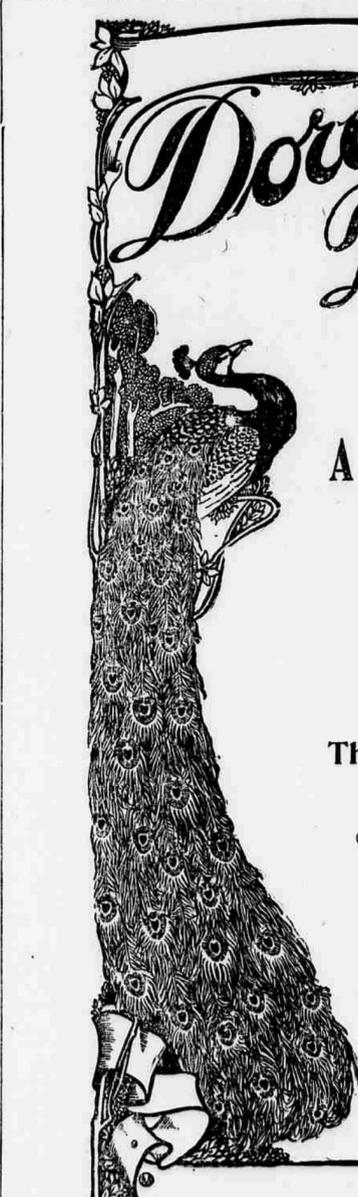
"I will do it with pleasure," said the young pastor. "But you need not be afraid of these people. There will be no trickery. They are as honest as the day."

"It isn't that," said Dunham quickly. "But I want them to understand that I am square, too. Have you ever heard my name before?"

"I have often heard the name of Greer," the young pastor said. "They called him the railroad king, I believe."

"No," said Dunham quickly. "It's the younger Greer this time." He turned and drew his pocketbook and gold watch from the garments that hung on the wall. "Here," he said, "kindly take charge of these. But first look at the inscription on the watch."

The pastor opened the case and read the words aloud: "From his Princeton



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The Faultless Fitting Shoe for Women

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The women are delighted with the "Dorothy Dodd" Shoe.

Such a shoe for three dollars is a revelation. It fits the foot in every spot --it doesn't wrinkle nor does it pinch. It's just right, and besides it has all the lines of beauty that you would expect in a shoe designed for women by a woman of artistic taste and special skill.

The Boots are \$3.00
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(A Few Specials 50 Cents Extra.)

Let us show you the new shoe that is causing the sensation in the shoe trade.

The Brooks & Sanderson Shoe Co

WE GIVE TRADING STAMPS.

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SENTIMENT AT PITTSSTON.

Firemen and Pumpmen Favor Strike. Engineers Divided.

Special to the Scranton Tribune.

Pittston, May 28.—All those firemen, engineers and pumpmen who were on the night shift last week and unable to attend the meeting of those workers held on Saturday evening, were present at another meeting last night in St. Aloysius hall. The result of this meeting was similar to the first meeting, showing a unanimous sentiment among the firemen in favor of striking, while the engineers and pumpmen are divided on the question.

Last night's meeting was attended by one hundred men, and the actual vote polled was as follows: Engineers—for strike 27, against 43; firemen—for strike 22, against 2; pumpmen—for strike 12, against 7. Considering the result of the two meetings it is safe to estimate that 85 per cent. of these workmen will quit work on June 2. The Erie company has a force of men at work erecting an eight-foot board fence around its Nos. 8, 9 and 10 collieries at Hughestown. Today an effigy of Patrick Garden, a returned United States soldier from the Philippines, who is serving as a deputy at one of the collieries, was dangling from a telephone pole on Market street.

PITTSSTON.

Special to the Scranton Tribune.

Pittston, May 28.—James Donahue, of Sebastopol, died at the Pittston hospital yesterday from the effect of injuries received on Monday night, near the

Cork Lane station of the Delaware and Hudson railroad. Donahue was walking along the track and was struck by an empty engine. He leaves seven orphan children.

The chief amusement event in this vicinity on Decoration day will be the matinee races to be held at the West Side fair grounds in the afternoon, under the auspices of the fair association and Elwood Smith, of Wilkes-Barre. Besides the match race between Lucy Hoyer and Major Ross, two fast Wilkes-Barre horses, there will be three races, and some very good horses are entered. Three \$25 purses are offered, and the list of entries is as follows: 2:22 class, purse \$25, half-mile heats, best three in five—Minnie Mills or Jennie Glennon, by Perrin; Fussy Garret, by John Wood, Lackawanna; Thomas W., by M. M. Sherwood, Scranton; Avoca Girl, by Webster Howell, of Avoca; Miss Jennie, by Edward Tatem, Wilkes-Barre. Road race, purse \$25, one-half mile heats, three in five—Mike, by John Filley, Pittston; Poor Richard, by William Davis, Pittston; Kansas Chief, by Delahunty & Co.; Victor, Jr., by Mayor Corcoran; Dan, by Fred Robinson, West Pittston. Free-for-all, \$25, half-mile heats, three in five—Exploit, by Perrin; Kalle K., by Edward Tatem, Wilkes-Barre; Lizzie Lanning, by Andrew Roland, Wilkes-Barre.

T. R. Williams, Pittston's popular tenor singer, will sing the solo for the Mason Glebe club, of Wilkes-Barre, at the entertainment to be held in Scranton on Friday.

B. S. Emory has returned from a trip to Washington, where he attended the funeral of an uncle.

This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine
The remedy that cures a cold in one day.