





# PRISONER WAR

BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION. 1891.

"banned" some one asked.

"We didn't get no such things in Milton as I ever heard of," said the guard. We had come to a halt, and meanwhile the others had gone on twenty or thirty yards, and the dim light from the swaying lanterns was not sufficient to enable us to see each other's forms. Since leaving the station Bell and I had walked, holding each other's hands as we were able to communicate without speaking when the time for action came. Bell pressed my hand and drew me away in the direction of the line, but before we had gone five paces he turned suddenly to the right, for in the distant left there were a few lights burning that indicated habitations. A steady east wind and the swish of the rain prevented our being heard. If indeed the guard took any notice of our departure, which is doubtful. We crossed a ditch, knee deep with water, and were in the act of climbing a fence that rose above it, when the old man to the rear shouted out:

"Officer of the guard! Officer of the guard!"

"What's up back there?" came from the front.

"A prisoner's done give out back heah," was the reply.

"Bell!" came a shout from the advance. Then followed a torrent of oaths, both loud and fierce, as the man with the best lantern made his way back through the crowd.

Without waiting to see or hear more Bell and myself started off on a line at right angles to the approaching light. The wind and rain favored us, as well as the loud talking of the men at the rear of the line and the angry imprecations of the officer. In a minute we came to another fence, over which we clambered, and looking back we could see that the lanterns were still stationary. Of the points of the compass we had only the faintest notion, but we inferred from the position of the train, which was headed west when we left it, and the direction taken since that we were traveling "high 'bout north," as Bell put it.

We were in no condition to decide on a plan. If not already misled from the line, our escape would certainly be deterred when the prisoners were counted again, as they invariably were every time they entered the prison, and then pursuit would be made. Our one object was to put as great a distance as possible between ourselves and Millen as the few hours left before daylight. With this understanding, we started off again after a few minutes' halt, but all hope of rapid progress was checked by finding ourselves in a dense wood with a particularly thick and stubborn undergrowth.

Soon the faint glow of the lanterns died out behind us, and it was only by keeping our hands extended that we could make any headway. The woods were as dark as the bottomless pit in the Mammoth cave, and the opposing trees compelled so many detours from what was intended to be a straight line that we soon lost all idea of direction and were not at all sure that we were not drifting back on our own trail. Yet the intense impulse to be moving, the overwhelming desire to get out of reach and our determination to die rather than be recaptured gave us a fictitious strength and a tireless energy.

At length the woods fell away about us and the undergrowth was less annoying. We were evidently in a clearing, and the deep baying of a dog in the distance suggested that we were near a human habitation. On this trip I learned how deceptive the ears are and how difficult it is to tell of the direction from which sound comes if we are not expecting it from a certain quarter, or if the eyes cannot supplement the hearing.

"We uns ain't got no use for no dog; we uns ain't lost any," was Bell's comment as the barking continued, without at all indicating the direction from which it came. After some minutes we decided that the dog was off to the left—what we supposed was the west—so we kept straight ahead, crossing a fenceless field and coming to another wood, which we entered at once.

By this time the rain had ceased, but as we were thoroughly soaked and the trees still dripped and the undergrowth put us in a constant shower bath, this did not make much difference. The daylight, for which our eyes had been hungering, at length came, enabling us to avoid the trees, and revealing to each the lean, anxious face of the other. Like all the Tennessee mountaineers whom I have met, Bell had much of the stolidism, or it may be philosophy, which we attribute to the Indian. In the most trying situations he never became excited, though after an actual danger was over he would become nervous in speaking of it, and go back to it again and again like a child who has had an unusual experience.

As we stood there in the woods, and, hungry, weary and undecided on everything but one, Bell drew a long breath and delivered himself something after this fashion:

"We uns planned an escape, and an escape it is, but we ain't got no use for no dog; we uns ain't lost any," was Bell's comment as the barking continued, without at all indicating the direction from which it came. After some minutes we decided that the dog was off to the left—what we supposed was the west—so we kept straight ahead, crossing a fenceless field and coming to another wood, which we entered at once.

a lobbed encourage, but hit's the very best thing could 'a' happened to us uns, cos hit won't gin the dogs no show." On my expressing surprise, he explained: "The wet ground won't hold scent, and hit's been party much 'bout like wadin' through a creek since we uns it out, so ther'll be no dogs out 'till mornin', as hit's a comfort to think o' that."

I understood his allusion to blood-hounds and instinctively I looked about for a cub. The light on the clouds gave us the compass point, and told us that we had been traveling east instead of north. We pushed on again, and kept on till the sun began to cast shadows, and we were brought to a halt on the banks of a swollen creek that flowed south to the Tennessee, as we subsequently learned. We kept up the creek till we came to a phosphate quarry on the edge of a marsh, and the corduroy road leading out of this place told that it had been recently worked.

While we were debating what to do next we heard the rumble of wheels in the distance, accompanied by the crackling of a whip and the continued shouting which the drivers of army mules and farm oxen consider so essential to progress. There was no telling by the voice whether the man was white or black, for the accent of the uneducated southern whites is much like that of the negro. Indeed, my friend Bell, who had all the characteristic pride of the mountaineer and very naturally looked upon himself as vastly superior to the slave or the cracker, spoke much the same dialect, and with the same intonation and contempt for the final r's.

As the team was approaching us, we drew back into the swampy woods and waited. Soon we found that there were two men, for in the intervals of shouting at the oxen the driver was addressing a companion in about the same stentorian tones. At length, and to our great relief, the oxen, drawing a heavy two wheeled cart on which were seated two colored men, came in view. The cart was turned at the opening to the pit and was loaded with picks, bars and shovels that had been housed in a little structure near by.

Although we listened intently, it was impossible to learn anything as to our whereabouts from the talk of these two men. "Tom's gal, she ain't a doin' right," was the burden of their conversation, and as they were evidently of one mind on this subject, it was curious to hear them agreeing with the force of affirmation that distinguishes a legislative debate.

Waiting till the wagon was loaded, we came out from our hiding place and confronted the negroes. The phrase "struck dumb" exactly expresses their state of mind on seeing us. Their eyes seemed actually to turn all white as they looked at us. At length I relieved their anxiety by calling out:

"Don't be afraid, boys, we are friends."

"Wha—whar did yeh come from, an who is yeh?" asked the man with the whip.

It assumed me very often to hear the vigor with which Bell proclaimed himself "a Yankee," meaning, of course, a Union man. To the negro's question he replied:

"We uns is scapin' Yankee soldiers, and we uns want you uns to help."

"Good Lor!" exclaimed the second man. "If you's Yankees, whar's yer run?"

"We were prisoners and escaped from Millen last night," I replied. Then, determined to leap into their good graces at a bound, I added: "Our people will soon be along with guns, and you will all be free. Now we are tired and hungry, and we want you to help us."

The fear and doubt vanished from the faces of the men, and they at once expressed a willingness to do everything in their power. They told us that Millen, ten miles to the west, was in Burke county, and that we were now on the Lamar place, in Scriven county, and about eighteen miles from Sylva, the county seat, and "a right smart long day's drive from de Savannah ribbun 'bout east." Their master "had done gone to de wash, but young Masson Burt was home sick," and there were four white ladies at the house.

Like the man with the whip, and evidently the man with the head, finally laid down this programme: There was no danger that any white man would come out to the "gypsum pit," as he called the quarry, so he advised that we spend the day there, and he promised to send us on provisions as soon as it could be done with safety. "We can't do nuffin else two night," he said, "and twi' dat time comes I'll put in some powerful ficks a-prayin'. But trust in de Lor of Hosts, nustahs, dat de strong-est holt you uns got now."

"An you'll send we uns some grub," suggested Bell, adding as an incentive, "I'm as doggone hungry I could eat a snail and chase the ribbun."

Like promised to do so, then he arranged the boards on the toolhouse door, and spread over them the blanket from the cart seat. This done he shook hands with us, and, after another invocation to put our trust "in de Lor of Hosts," he drove away.

Bell and I took off our boots, washed our stockings in a pool near by and hung them up to dry inside the hut, with most of our clothes. The day proved to be very hot and the mosquitoes particularly active, but we closed the door, sat on the inside and lying down on the blanket were soon fast asleep.

There was plenty of ventilation through the cracks, but as there was not a breath of air stirring outside, it was as damp and hot inside that little toolhouse as a Russian bath. But despite the discomfort, we might have slept on till dark, had we not been aroused by a pounding on the door, accompanied by a piping negro voice:

"It's me, ole Jim, nustah! Iks he done tole me to come out heah wid suffin to eat."

In an instant we were on our feet, and throwing open the door we saw an old, white-headed negro, with a stout black hand, who

long over his shoulder. We invited him in and shook hands with him. As we had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours and our recent exertions were well calculated to produce hunger, we took out the contents of the bag while the old man was regretting that the food was not better and explaining why he had not come to us before.

"It ain't wat we'd like to gin Yankee soldiers," said the ebony angel of mercy as Bell handed out the fried bacon, the golden pones of corn bread and the sweet potatoes, the scumms distorted in the roasting. In addition to these luxuries there were two bottles of buttermilk, with little nodules of better floating through it.

"Nustah, nustah, you's right smart hungry," said the old man, as, with wonder in his eyes, he watched us attacking the food. He got no reply, nor was there need of one; our appetites spoke for themselves.

"Pease powahful like's you uns didn't done hab enough," said the man, after we had devoured the last scrap, except the potato skins, and drained the last drop from the bottles. We assured him that we had had enough, perhaps more than was good for us, and we regretted our inability to reward him. He replied, with pious fervor:

"I don't want nuffin, nustah, but I does pray dat de Yankees may come wid de guns, an dat old Jim'll die a free man, an dat de chillen an de chillen's chillen will all be free. Bress de Lor!" He informed us that Ike, who was his son and the overseer on the place, had sent him to us and told him to remain "twel 'bout an hour's aftah dark," when he was to guide us to "de quatahs."

It was now about 4 in the afternoon, so that we had a chance to dry our clothes thoroughly before we put them on.

So anxious was the old man to carry out his orders not to move till an hour after dark that it seemed to us to be fully three hours before he thought it safe to start. We traveled along a road quite dry, considering the recent rain. At length lights were visible ahead, and our guide took us out of the road and along a path that led to a cluster of log cabins, the lights in the upper stories a few hundred yards away telling the whereabouts of "de white folks' house."

We were conducted into a cabin and the door was closed behind us. As there was no light outside we came to a stop, but a low, frightened whispering told us that there were others present. Hands were reached out and we were led to a bench, then somebody said:

"Nustah, de lile, es you's seed today evah by de pit. We's done talked it all evah, an we 'lows it'd be mo' powahful dangous job for you's to hang round heah. You's got to be a movin' fo' shuah. Now, de question am, which way is you's a-headin' fo'?"

"The Savannah river," replied Bell. "Once I can see that, I'll feel as if I was lookin' plum into the eyes of an old friend. W'y, I know every spring up thar in the Blue Ridge, whar hit has hita rise."

My own hope was to strike our forces, known to be operating at this time between Atlanta and Chattanooga, but as the river might serve as a guide without taking us much out of our way, I offered no objection. Again Bell's shrewdness showed itself. He asked if there was a Confederate or a citizen's coat about the place which he might have for his own blue one. One, the recent property of "Maus Bert," was brought him, and he took it, although it was several sizes too small. Ben Wilkins, a slave from an adjoining plantation, was present in the darkened hut, and he told us that this man would guide us "out Sylvan's way, twel nigh 'bout sun up," when he would leave us in the hands of friends.

This arrangement was perfectly satisfactory. We reached out in darkness and clasped the generous black hands. The door creaked open and we followed Ben Wilkins out, accompanied by the blessings and prayers of our lowly but generous entertainers. We found here, as on subsequent occasions, a line of pickets had been established from the white folks' house to the cabins, so as to guard against detection.

And so, with the hunger gone and our hope strengthened, we began the second night of our escape.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

First Presentation of "The Messiah." Apropos of "The Messiah," it is interesting to learn that when Handel went to Dublin, in the autumn of 1741, he took with him the score of this oratorio, which he completed in the incredibly short space of twenty-three days, namely, between Aug. 22 and Sept. 14 of that year. This great work was first heard in Dublin, where it was given for the benefit of various local charities—among other for the relief of the prisoners in the Dublin jail.

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Where is the man who would like to marry a woman who chews tobacco, drinks whisky or uses profane or vulgar language? And yet many a man who indulges in all of these badnesses and evils will impose himself upon a pure and lovable woman as proper material for a decent husband. Does he not thereby commit a felony like that of obtaining goods under false pretences, and ought he not to be arrested and punished as a fraud?—Better Times.

in by bovine or some other non-fermenting and enriching thing, as carbonates, sulfates, come usually from an impoverished condition of the blood.

nee—Not quite. I am half way.  
 nee—Oh, indeed, and how many are  
 in your class?  
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With this issue of THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD, Alfred E. Pearsall, John L. Collins and C. E. Pearsall become equal partners to do business under the firm name of the STANDARD PUBLISHING CONCERN. Alfred E. Pearsall will be in charge of the literary side of the establishment, John L. Collins will have charge of the printing department and C. E. Pearsall will be the general business manager. With this trinity of forces, and assisted by a number of young men, tried and true, and with an improved mechanical equipment, still to be improved, we put out our new shingle and are ready for business.

We have plans and purposes; but it is better to do than talk of doing. If the reader can send any business our way we will try and take care of it; but we ask for no favors on the poor-me basis; we propose to deliver so much for so much, and we have sense enough to know that we must take good care of our business. Since leaving the station, we have been holding each other up to be able to communicate when the time for these parts may see a real ball game and giving this concern an opinion of the day to estimate on printing and we have gone five pages per column, and it is not to the right, for in this job to serve us off; smaller ones will receive as much attention. And here's to the new concern, if we do any it ourselves!

The STANDARD is laughing all over at the way new subscribers are coming in and old ones are paying up arrears, or paying in advance. This is enough to make any newspaper laugh, especially if it has had plenty of healthy exercise in the way of paying out money for yellow paint, new machinery and such like.

E. R. Collins has severed his active connection with Texas Sittings Publishing Co., but will continue as a contributor to the columns of Texas Sittings. He has taken charge of the humorous department, in the publications of the Phelps Pub. Co., of Springfield, Mass., who publish the American Agriculturist, The Farm and Home, the Springfield Homestead and the New England Homestead. We bespeak for the Judge all success in his new relations.

## NOTES ABOUT TOWN.

The Westfield Band talks of giving a concert in the early spring for the purpose of raising money to buy uniforms.

On Christmas night the railroad company ordered a man on each section of the road to patrol the track at night until spring.

The switch inspector from Somerville spent Tuesday at Westfield. He had all the switches put in first class order for winter use.

The special train which left Jersey City Tuesday for Washington D. C. and returned Thursday night to Jersey City, was composed of eight B. & O. coaches and was drawn by engine No. 381.

Engine No. 331 drawing a long coal train collided with another coal train at Greenbrook water tank on Tuesday. The caboose was burned.

Judge Collins went to Springfield, Mass., on a business trip in the early part of the week.

W. B. Woodruff entertained his Sunday School class of young men Wednesday evening at his home on Westfield avenue.

Miss May Sherman is entertaining Miss May Wicks of Brooklyn.

Many new voices will be heard at the next Musical Society concert.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Decker of Rutland, N. Y., Miss Ella Wright of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., and Miss Lillie E. Van Ness of Brooklyn were entertained on Christmas by Mrs. C. H. Haight.

Miss Fannie Pearsall of Brooklyn, was the guest of the Misses Fitch last week.

Mrs. David Phoenix, Mrs. B. J. McMillen and daughter, and Dr. Wm. J. Phoenix of Brooklyn spent Christmas with Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Perry.

Mrs. James White and Masters Embree and Rollin White, of Shelburne, Vt. are visiting at Embree Crescent.

Ground has been broken for T. A. Ball's new house on Summit avenue. J. N. Wilcox has the contract.

J. Wallace Cox has the new cottage of C. H. Bent well under way at Greeland.

B. & E. Co. will hold their monthly meeting next Monday evening. Empire Engine Co. meeting the following evening.

Rev. Wm. A. Rice occupied the pulpit of the Congregational church last Sunday, both morning and evening.

Mr. Elijah Bell, who has been living with the family of Mr. Brittingham on Elmer street, has gone to his former home in Berlin, Md. for a few months rest.

A young cotton broker arrived at Mr. Shields, Tuesday, and likes Westfield so well that he has concluded to stay, especially as he is getting pretty good treatment here he is.

The three week old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Swentzel died last Wednesday afternoon of pneumonia. The funeral services were held Friday morning, Rev. Wesley Martin officiating.

Wray Bentley, the Misses Nellie and Meta Bentley, Miss Mabel Malison, Master Theodore Malison and Percy Rigby, of Brooklyn, and Mr. Morhouse and Wellington Francisco, of Fairfield, spent New Year's day at Embree Crescent.

Miss Mabel L. Darling, of Plainfield, is visiting her cousin, Miss May Moffett.

Miss Blanche Lynde, of New York, has been spending the holidays with Miss May Taylor.

So many townspeople are again afflicted with that distressing malady, the grip, that to mention them all would require more space than we can give. It is safe to say that quite one half the population is suffering with it in one form or another. No serious cases have as yet been reported but all the physicians are on the go night and day.

Watch night services were held in the Methodist and New York Avenue Baptist church Thursday night. Many private families stayed up and bid good bye to the old year and made iron clad resolutions for the New Year.

There will be a Sunday evening responsive service in the Methodist church to-morrow evening, with printed programs, including special singing, solos, duets, etc. A brief address will be made by the pastor and the service will close with a short prayer meeting. The exercises promise to be of unusual interest all through and the prayer meeting will be one of the good old-fashioned Methodist sort. The seats are free and a welcome is extended to all.

A surprise party was tendered Gilbert Foster on New Year's eve.

Bessie—"Jack's" manners, Helen, are very engaging."

"Yes, dear, very engaging. He has already become engaged to five girls this season. The knowledge of this will, I hope, save you from becoming number six."

Algermon—"I love you Angelina, and although I cannot offer you gold, I tender you all that I have. My deeds have shown."

"Are they secured by a title guarantee company, dear?"

Rev. and Mrs. C. H. Patton were in Washington, D. C. last Sunday.

Rev. S. D. Hillman, of Newark, formerly a professor in Dickinson's College, preached in the Methodist church last Sunday morning.

A concert is to be given by the Elizabeth Male Quartette on the evening of Washington's Birthday for the benefit of the Y. P. S. C. E. of the Presbyterian church. This quartette, which is favorably known to the people of Westfield, having appeared here a number of times, is composed as follows:—F. S. Rogers, first tenor; E. W. Rogers, second tenor; W. H. Martin, first bass; H. Poultney, second bass.

Thos. H. Love and the poor children of the town had a little Christmas ren of the town Friday afternoon in all to themselves. Candy, presents, etc., were distributed to the little ones. Mr. Love gets more solid enjoyment in giving these children an annual jubilee than he does in any other of his Christmas festivities.

At the last meeting of the Westfield Lodge No. 109 I. O. O. F. the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—N. G., E. J. Wilcox; V. G., John Sutor; R. S., Irving I. Ross; T. S., Chas. Sutor; Treasurer, B. J. Crosby; three trustees, J. Perry, Irving I. Ross and Chas. Sutor.

A social and literary pleasure is in store for Westfield on Monday Jan. 11th when Mrs. Elizabeth Custer, widow of General Custer will give a reading on "Garrison Life on the Plains." Full particulars next week.

All members of the W. A. C. who wish to participate in the inter-club tournament will please be present at the club house next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock sharp.

Ladies night at the W. A. C. will commence next Monday evening.

Consecration meeting at Temperance Hall Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. All are welcome.

S. W. Reese is suffering from an attack of the grippe.

Each member of the Westfield Wheelmen is going in for some great riding this year to secure as many of the thousand mile medals offered by the club as possible.

Robert French has moved into his new store on Elm street, near the Depot.

Mrs. L. N. Whitaker has an attack of pneumonia.

Harry Harbison spent New Year's Day with his uncle, Jas. M. French.

Miss Susie Spaulding, of Sioux City, Mo. is visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Whitehead.

Rufus Whitehead has been spending the holidays in New Haven, Conn.

The entertainment Monday evening in Etna Hall by the Peek Sisters gave plenty of amusement to the good sized audience which had gathered. All the parts were well brought out, many of the ladies giving evidences of considerable dramatic ability. The sisters were represented by Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Collins, Miss Barton, Miss Crane, Mrs. Mosher, Miss Jacques, Miss Clark, Miss Cronch, Daisy MacFarland and Miss Mabel Rice. Part two consisted of vocal and piano solos by Mrs. Waldorf, Mrs. Waldorf and Mrs. Hart.

The offices of Architect Lent on Prospect street in the Love Block are in the hands of Welch Bros. for decoration. Mr. Lent is getting ready to begin his third year's work in Westfield in very artistic quarters. He is already engaged on several sets of drawings for new buildings for 1893.

An Afternoon Tea.

Mrs. John T. Lawrence, of Dudley avenue, gave a reception and afternoon tea on Thursday from four to seven o'clock. Mrs. C. G. Endicott and Mrs. N. W. Caldwell assisted in receiving the company. The tea table was presided over by Mrs. A. M. Ruggles, Mrs. Edwin Ruggles, and Mrs. George Schueker. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Sinclair, Dr. and Mrs. T. V. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Endicott, Col. and Mrs. Geo. Starr, Mr. and Mrs. Douglass, Mr. and Mrs. J. Warren Brown, Mrs. S. W. Reese, Mr. Franklin Reese, Mr. and Mrs. Anson F. Grant, Mrs. Benedict of Salt Lake City, Mrs. E. Francis, Miss Francis, Mrs. Sherman Cooper, Miss Anna and Mary Cooper, Mr. Geo. W. Osborn, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Vail, Miss Kathryn Vail, Mrs. W. G. Bogert, Miss Nellie Bogert, Mrs. J. D. Harrison, Mrs. C. B. Poddie, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Rice, Miss Nellie Rice, Mr. Strother Rice, Mrs. Geo. Rice, Mrs. Bridges, Mrs. Emma Bridges, Mrs. Delamater, Mrs. Morrow, Miss June Morrow, Rev. and Mrs. N. W. Caldwell, Mrs. Stanton, of Fanwood, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Ruggles, Mr. Milton Ruggles, Mrs. B. E. Hensley, Miss Beebe, Miss Bessie Evans, Mrs. Schueker.

A Tug of War.

Tragedy.

He—Why are you so sad, darling?

She—I was just thinking, dearest, that this was the last evening we could be together till tomorrow.—Life.

The Remains.

Mother—Nellie, if I should give Ellie half of that pudding, and give the other half to Eddie, what would be left?

Nellie—I'd be left.—Truth.

Newsighted Stranger—What is this, my friend, a test of strength between that man and the horse?

Wildcat Kit—No, pard. That's only Consumptive Charley sheddin his porous plaster.—Life.

A Mother's Foolish Act.

Mrs. Ada McHott, of Grand Rapids, Mich., took her seventeen-year-old son to a dime museum, where one of the attractions is a William Tell act. On the following day she playfully put a potato on her head, remarking to the boy he couldn't shoot it off. The boy found a revolver, and aiming it, pulled the trigger. The revolver was not empty. The bullet lodged in the woman's neck, and she will die.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A correspondent tells that quince cuttings, especially of the older wood, grow readily.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S.

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An Aching Void.



Doctor—There, Patrick, is something that will give you an appetite for your dinner.

Pat—Faith, an it's not that I want. The great need is a dinner for me appetite.—Lippincott's Magazine.



"What're yer goin ter do, Mr. Painter?"

"I'm ter whitewash."

"Oh! What color is whitewash?"—Judy.

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Make the most of the holiday.







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## OVERREACHING WOMEN.

**Kate Upson Clark's Opinion on Certain Matters.**

"I wish that you could give some work to that poor woman up at the corner," said a good lady to her neighbor. "She is struggling away at finishing boys' trousers for twelve cents a pair, and she cannot finish more than six in a day, she says, even by working till midnight."

"I have tried to help her," said her friend quietly. "I employed her to line two of my boys' overcoats. I asked her to set her own price, and she stated that she would do the work for two dollars. I repeated the words after her, and made her indorse them again, so as to be sure that I understood her. But when the coats were finished she charged me three dollars. Her manner was distinctly shamefaced. I reminded her of the original bargain, but she insisted that it was for three dollars, and not for two. She sniveled a little about her poverty, but I saw why that was done. Of course I paid her her price without discussion, but I cannot employ her again. I wish I could; but poor women who are dishonest and overreaching must suffer. It is only the rich who can afford such luxuries as cheating and double dealing."

Her friend laughed at the sarcasm, and regretted the occurrence, but she saw that the foolish woman "up at the corner," had irrevocably forfeited a useful friend. She wondered if women were worse than men in this regard, and she recalled what Blackmore said into John Riddle's mouth, "It has always appeared to me that stern and demanding honesty upon every matters is a thing not understood by women, but any good as good can be."

A woman who kept a small millinery and thread and needle shop was employed to do laundry all through the winter for a certain family, and for her salary, inefficient but not more than the usual and did various odd jobs for them. There had once been employment here and there to remain steady with the woman for changing her exorbitant price for a good and work, but she always denied herself plainly. After enlarging her impositions for a period of two years, a member of the family happened to overhear the woman telling her husband as he was setting forth to do some work for them, "Now be sure that you charge them a good round price for it."

It is needless to say that the relations between the parties were strained from that day, and presently ceased altogether. The unfortunate woman and her family were desperately poor after this, but their former patrons, who were very numerous and well disposed, but who had been cheated alike, to be removed upon their marital sufferings. It was impossible to sympathize with people who had so ignobly thrown away their chances and played upon their friends.

A third case, which has just occurred, involved a widow with four children and no means of support except her needle. She was employed, out of charity, by a neighbor but little better off than herself, who asked her to set her price as low as she could. The widow whined that she would be very moderate—she was glad to get the work at any price. In the end she charged 50 per cent. higher than the regular price of an equally poor but honest woman not far away, who was never out of work, because she dealt honestly with her fellow beings and tried to follow the golden rule in all her bargains.

There is no doubt that a very large part of the biting poverty among the sober, decent working women comes from this failure to deal squarely and impartially with those who can help them or who do not think it right to help them except by giving them work. However much one may be willing to give for charity, there is nothing which one resents more than being deliberately singled out to pay a higher price than another for the same thing. Besides being absolutely dishonest, it is disgustingly presumptuous and unbecoming.


KATE UPSON CLARK.

### How to Get Into a Carriage.

When one steps into a carriage let the foot advance which is farthest from the seat she is to take. The necessity for turning around is thus avoided. This is a good thing, seeing that the average woman requires a radius of at least ten feet in which to "hoist face." Watch a woman and a man walking up and down a piazza of a railway platform. When they reach one end of the promenade the man plants his off heel on the floor, raises the other foot and swings easily around. Then he begins to look for his companion. She is floundering wildly on two sides of him at once, like a puzzle-stricken ostrich. He untangles her by degrees and sets her going again. At the other end the performance is repeated, until at last he asks her tenderly if she isn't tired enough to sit down.

### For the Baby.

This is a simple and safe toy, the only materials needed being a little wooden hoop four or five inches in diameter,




A SIMPLE, SAFE TOY.

enough good ribbon to wind it with, and a dozen small brass bells shaped like sleigh bells. The ribbon may be red or blue and of a fine quality in order that the color may not run when the small possessor puts it in his mouth. Wind it tightly around the hoop until the wood is covered. Even cut pieces of ribbon, and on each of these saw five or six of the bells. The whole makes the gayest sort of a rattle.


[illegible][illegible]

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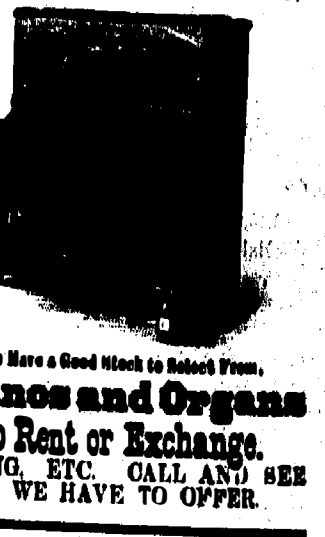
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## WESTFIELD'S EDUCATIONAL NEEDS.

Continued from page 1.

The very practical question arises at this point, how are we to bring about an enlarged scope of education and the new methods involving these changes mentioned? It is very easy to listen to ourselves on the subject, and to construct, improved courses on paper; but how can we get them introduced into the schools? The answer is very simple. The trustees are the ones to suggest and introduce changes. If you want to see improvements in the schools of Westfield, you have the remedy in your own hands. All that is needed is that the people have the courage of their convictions as far as circumstances will allow.

You will not understand me as criticizing the citizens of Westfield who have generously given their time and talents to the supervision of our schools in the past, or those who are doing so in the present. I imagine that those who have never filled the position of School Trustee, have little idea of what a laborious and thankless office it is. I certainly do not wish to add to the hardships of those who are now in this responsible position. But it is simply stating the truth to say that our trustees have been noted more for their business capacity than for their knowledge of strictly educational matters. This has been so necessarily, for the reason given at the outset that educational sentiment in Westfield has thus far gone out mainly in the direction of providing school buildings. This has required men in the Board of managers, men who could manage the finances incident upon the raising and expenditure of the large sums of money needed for the buildings, and who could have a practical oversight in respect to the building operations themselves. But now that the field is clear for more attention to the scope and methods of instruction, it is proper to introduce new elements into the Board of Trustees.

The trustees have not been behind in this matter so much as the people. We are about fifty years behind the times in Westfield, as to what oversight of the schools means. Mr. Boone, the historian of education in the United States, in tracing the history of this matter says: "The early supervision was chiefly prudential and economical. It regarded the expenditure of moneys and the erection of houses; levying of taxes, making repairs, fixing the school terms, and salaries; and in general had to do with the administration, the business, as opposed to the professional side of education. It was the infancy of control, necessary but incidental to the real work of the school. It was a care for the scaffolding rather than the structure. The oversight of methods and courses of study, of teachers and their selection; of individuals and grades and classes, of discipline and sanitation is a matter of half a century's growth."

My friends, to be very candid, has Westfield ever outgrown of that early kind of supervision, which Mr. Boone calls the infancy of supervision? If not, is not the time ripe for a change?

Our School Board consists of five persons. Of these two of them at least should be women, and if possible mothers. Of the other three two might well be practical business men, and the other a professional man; but all should be broad and liberal minded, with a reputation not only for having learned something in the past, but also with a capacity for learning something in the future. And if they are good fathers, so much the better.

All of the Board should be practical and possessed of common sense. They should not be persons with hobbies on the subject of education, or liable to extravagance with the people's money. But at the same time they should be anxious above all things to improve the character of the instruction given, to give the youth of this place the best possible training for life and citizenship, which the circumstances of the case will allow.

They should have knowledge of improved methods, and should always have these in mind, with the purpose of introducing them just as fast as the means at their command permit. Moreover they should be leaders of the people in the matter of education, and should keep before the community the desirability of our having whatever is best under our circumstances.

Do you think we have no such people in Westfield? We have them in abundance. And a good lively sentiment here on the subject, will induce such persons to take office for the good of the town. I cannot believe that ability is so lacking in Westfield, and public sentiment so dead that this sacred office of School Trustee cannot be filled properly. The making of our schools all that we can desire in our own hands. There are enough people here in this church to-night to accomplish all that has been suggested. You have

but to turn out at the School Meetings, to bring your friends who are interested in educational progress, and these meetings will soon be lifted above the strife of classes, and the personalities which are so apt to creep into them. The meeting will then become expressive of the best educational sentiment of this community, and will place our broadest minded men and women in charge of our public schools. I beg of you all to consider this one of the most sacred duties of citizenship. And I particularly urge the women and the young women to avail themselves of the privilege offered them by the law to vote at school meetings. When this privilege is yours, it is not right for you to stay at home; and especially when to you is being committed more and more the home culture of the children your should stand forth as the most prominent of our citizens in the management of educational affairs.

But in discussing the educational needs of Westfield, we should consider the influences which bear upon the culture of the entire community, and not restrict our attention to the education of the children. And so I trust you will bear with me as I conclude with a brief consideration of this broader aspect of the question.

Every community should have certain institutions working for the culture of the entire people, such as libraries, reading rooms, societies with intellectual aims, and lecture courses. We are deficient in all these respects. We have a library brought together by most earnest and self-sacrificing work on the part of a band of women; but their support is so limited that they cannot open the library frequently nor can they make it free. We have a reading room, but it is very poorly supported financially and consequently cannot do a large work. I am not aware that there is a single society in Westfield with a serious intellectual purpose. And as for lectures, we do have a funny one once in a while, but it seems to be understood that unless the lecturer is funny, which generally means insipid, he will not draw.

It is five years lacking two months since my acquaintance with Westfield began, and during that time, I can recall no lectures on serious subjects, lectures to educate, except the course by Miss Ward on Literature and Art, the one by Mr. Towle on Victor Hugo, occasional talks on travels furnished by the Reading Room and on health by the W. C. T. U. I may have overlooked a few others, very likely I have; but even then it is plain that we have lacked intellectual stimulus in this direction.

One institution we have of which the town ought to be proud; and that is the Musical Society. For several years this organization with no little self-sacrifice has sought to advance the musical interests of the people. It has worked to cultivate musical talent, and to raise the standard of taste. Each year the work of the society has improved, so that it has been possible to attempt better and better music. The society certainly should be commended for their own work in this important educational line, and for the fact that in their zeal they have secured as a leader one who ranks with the best conductors of the Metropolis. There are musical societies about us in towns five times our size who wonder at these things, and it ought not to escape the attention of Westfield people that our society needs liberal support. If this is granted it will soon be evident that even a small town like our own can have musical advantages of no mean kind.

In regard to the remaining spheres of community education, as in school matters I will seek to give utterance simply to what is in the minds of all.

Our Library and Reading Room ought to be combined. This would unite kindred objects, and be a great saving of expense. It would also be a vast benefit to each institution in the way of increasing its beneficiaries. These two institutions combined, with separate managements if it be desired, should receive the hearty support of all our people, as having a very direct bearing upon intellectual culture. This support should be sufficient to make not only the Reading Room but also the Library free. Then the poorest child would have access to the best literature, and the Library would become vastly more efficient than at present.

As for societies as public educators, the field is open here for any and every kind of organization which ever brings together kindred spirits for intellectual improvement. And it does seem a pity that in a village as large as this, and containing so many people with intellectual tastes, that we do not have such pleasant associations as historical, scientific and literary clubs of a popular nature. Even a lecture in the midst of so much intellectual barrenness. Not only would such groups of students be an intellectual stimulus; but they would be a delight in personal ways, for our social natures are fairly crying out for such gatherings. The deadness of the social atmosphere, and the narrow range of conversation reflect the absence of such institutions. I trust you will not imagine that I make these remarks in a fault finding spirit. On the contrary I speak as one of the unfortunate; and I frankly confess to a share in these shortcomings.

Lectures as intellectual treats fortunately are more easily obtained than some of those other improvements. The idea prevails that Westfield people go to New York for their lectures. If it was true to any considerable extent, the willingness to spend the money in-

volved in such devotion, would be a most encouraging sign. But as a matter of fact very few of us here have either the money or the time to enjoy the intellectual gains of the Metropolis. But the inclination toward such treats is present here to an extent seldom apparent. Now if we could only combine these forces, and enter in a co-operative plan, providing first class lectures and courses, the life of this village would be enriched in these directions. What we want is a committee representing the citizens, who will provide a course of lectures, entertainment of the first class; and who will undertake the matter not for the sake of making money, but for the public good. With this plan the money which under ordinary circumstances would go to profit in the pursuit of change, would be turned in the direction of improving the character of the entertainment.

This co-operative plan has worked successfully in other places; and has never failed to draw out the hearty support of the people. As soon as the new hall is ready (and the effort to build a suitable hall here deserves the hearty financial support of all our people as having a very direct bearing upon the prosperity of our village), will not the community be ready for a forward movement under the plan suggested or some other, in the direction of a larger intellectual life?

These, brethren, are a few of the interests whose cultivation is within the easy reach of this community. They are all practicable, and they are all important. Educational advance through our schools is of course of prime importance. That is worthy of our highest enthusiasm and our greatest labors. The schools now are not deficient by any means; they are good schools as far as they go. But they have before them magnificent opportunities for larger work, and the entering into these large opportunities depends not upon the principal or the teachers, but upon the people.

A strong public sentiment for education here will accomplish everything needed. Our village has already so many attractions that we ought to claim that which is the best of all, and in fact the source of nearly all others; devotion to learning. Through improvements in public education, and institutions for community culture, may it soon be true of Westfield, that "He who seeketh Wisdom early shall have no great travail, for he shall find her sitting at his doors."

## TWO STORES.

A handsome place, and in a busy street; A store filled up with well selected stock; A dozen clerks all looking trim and neat, And only one store like it on the block.

A rank of people, but all passing by; A well dressed crowd with latest styles; Gold painted signs, made to attract the eye, But silence deep is reigning all the while.

Why is it that the sound of busy trade Is heard in a store so great in size? Because, my friend, a great mistake was made: The merchant thought he need not advertise.

A store just opposite, not half so fine, Not near as big as others, too, quite near it; No death of clerks, but each one has no time To loiter around; he quick discharge would fear it.

A rank of customers, the store well filled; Men fringed with coats and with busy feet; Outside a banner that attracts the eye, By stating plainly what inside you'll meet.

Why is it that there is no rush you see, That each clerk in haste his neighbor tries? Because, my friend, the fact you'll plainly see: The merchant thought he need not advertise!

## MORALS.

If you would sell your goods, and do it quick, Don't think fine stores and many clerks will do it. But advertise, that always does the trick; The man who don't will have a chance to rue it.

—E. D. Gibbs in Printers' Ink.

## It Spells Success.

The distinguishing feature of the present age in a business sense is the close and inseparable connection between printer's ink and success. Dr. Faustus is the patron saint of every Nineteenth century enterprise. Advertising is the business motto of the times, publicity its foundation principle. The advertising columns of a great newspaper form a mirror of the period, in which are faithfully reflected all its characteristics, its tendencies, its ambitions, its aspirations, its needs and its achievements. The press has thus become not only the herald of all undertakings, great and little, but the oracle to which the world looks for authoritative information on all the business questions in which it is interested. All the civilized countries of the earth are converted by it into one vast exchange, in which all their millions of readers are brought together. Advertising has therefore become a necessity. — Baltimore Sun.

## How Men Make Millions.

The man who observed that "the large rivers generally happened to run close to large cities" has now discovered that men who do the largest amount of business generally happen to have the largest advertisements in the paper. Some merchants try circulars, signs, etc., but the best advertisement in the world is the newspaper; this has been conceded by the most successful business men of the age. We could cite examples of successful advertisers—Wanamaker, Stewart, Mabley and others, men who have spent thousands of dollars with the daily newspapers, and who have consequently made millions of dollars. — Rome (N. Y.) Tribune.

## Attract and Convince.

There are two things a successful advertisement must do—attract and convince. In other words, it must be read and leave a good impression. In order to attract attention it must not be simply noticeable, for that might be on account of its shocking and ridiculous appearance. It should look new to the reader—like something he has not read before.

## Tricks of the Trade.

When everybody is rushed it is no trick to secure custom; it is when his neighbors are idle that the man who has kept his name and goods before the public finds himself so well known that he gets his full share of what patronage is to be had. — Clark and Salt Review.

## The Criterion of Value.

Good advertising is the kind that makes its influence felt upon the advertiser's pocketbook. — Printers' Ink.

## BOOKS AT HOME.

The value of a good library at home, as an educating and refining force, can hardly be over estimated. When I was a boy at school, one of my schoolmates, the son of a distinguished judge, who lived a short distance from town, had acquired a wide knowledge of the best ancient and modern classics that was marvellous in one so young. His father had a fine library at home, and the boy had grown up among and lived with the books. There was in that city a public subscription library of about 50,000 well selected volumes of which the citizens were justly proud, but the treasures were not a part of any individual life, except the librarian's and his assistants. It was like a great treasury preserve, any scholar could find a game plan from its waters and yet remain ignorant of the precious things left behind. Once I listened to a spirited debate in its board of managers over a proposition to secure the library committee for buying at \$50 the early royal octavo edition of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's "Reading and Bookmen" and thought, the price extravagant, an opinion I held five years and only abandoned on seeing the same book bring \$125 at auction after lively bidding from half a dozen contestants.

A library is a growth. More money will not buy it. Time, taste and patient search are necessary factors in its formation. Wealth is undoubtedly a great advantage to a book-collector, after he has learned how to collect, but collectors manage to get on without it. Mr. George Vanderbilt, whose tastes incline to books, and who buys when he can his volumes in the sheets to bind to his liking, had after much search got together a large number of the "Household" Dickens—a set of some 55 small volumes in green vellum cloth, with steel plates by Darley, that are now very scarce—and having been unable to complete the set, tired of the chase. One day, hearing a Nansen street dealer say he lacked two volumes to complete his set and had offered \$10 for them, Mr. Vanderbilt said he would sell him the two for that price, and the bookseller promptly took them. A few months later he purchased the complete set from the same bookseller at \$60 advance on the price for which he had been offered the set lacking those two volumes. At that very time I had some of the volumes Mr. Vanderbilt wanted, although I regret to say that I have not yet completed my set.

It is nearly a score of years since I began to buy books more or less systematically, and my collection is still a very modest one containing few rarities, while I am still a "snapper up of unconsidered trifles" to add to it. During all that time I have had great pleasure in the pursuit of such games, and have perhaps learned some lessons likely to be of use to others beginning a like career.

To one purposing to gather a library I would say, at the outset, settle first on what you want and consider how you can accommodate it after getting it, then follow your principle along broad lines only deviating but slightly from them, but doing so as often as may be necessary. Few houses afford room for a large library, if you have not space for the Encyclopedia Britannica with its partly 94 volumes, get Chamber's in 10 volumes instead of, if you can (for it is out of print) Appleton's Condensed, in 4. As he progresses the collector learns what is best for his needs and culture.

In the city of Brooklyn, amid many good things, there is a cozy chop house, where the hungry or thirsty customer can get the tenderest steaks, mellowest liquor, and wondrously rare that are perfect paragon of toothsome. Its walls are covered with paintings of high artistic merit, and one of them represents two figures standing in a field of waving grain; one, clothed in corduroy and leather, decorated with fringes galore, a huge cartridge belt, nearly empty and a great game bag wholly so, is exhibiting to the companion a first class double barreled brush loader hammerless shot gun. The other looks at the weapon with a don't-know-how-to-account-for-it expression on his otherwise unintelligent face. He has on a frayed clothing long since outgrown, and holds with drooping muscle under his arm, a single barreled shot gun two yards long and fired by a means of percussion cap; but dangling over his shoulder there is a dozen dead birds like unto those Dulmonico serves at \$4 apiece. This last figure has been my model in hunting for books.

When I began, my sole idea was self culture. I wanted to own only standard books, and strange to say, I wanted them actually to read—the very last object of book collecting. Of course, I have not wholly held to this idea, I have not had the time, but I have not strayed very far, and really my little collection is likely to serve those who follow me when I have no further use for it. Looking back over the past, I note and would have others avoid the many mistakes I made without any guide through the vast wilderness of literature and the jungle of innumerable editions. At the outset any standard work, in any condition, that was cheap and entitled to be called classic, I bought. In this way there was gathered many books that I could not be induced to accept now as gifts; books that as Charles Lamb says are no books, but such as no gentleman's library should be without, that crowded out their betters; and large quartos and big octavos fit only to make baby's chair higher at the table; books printed on bad paper, in small type, double columns, with ink that offends from one page to the next, and with pages so inaccurately registered that one reads two at a time one on the back between the lines of the other. It took but a short time to learn to avoid the "plugs" but it has taken years to get rid of them, and they are not wholly a rare yet.

## More of the Same.

Little Nell—I caught Sister Maud engaging herself to another young man last night and she hasn't sent off the first one yet.

Little Kitty—Ain't that nice! Did you tell on her?

"No; she buyed me off."

"What did she do?"

"She said if I'd keep quiet she'd give me one of 'em soon as I got a little bigger." — Texas Siffrins.

A Spring in Korea That Cures Disease. Korea has a hot mineral spring near Kim-Shantao, the healing properties of which are believed by the people to be marvellous. No matter what disease may afflict the patient, a dip in the water proves efficacious.—North China Herald.

## FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

## GRAPES OLD AND NEW.

Varieties Tested in the Grape Region of Western New York.

There is not, perhaps, another region in the United States where so large a number of kinds appear so admirably on in the grape region of western New York, and yet of the recently introduced kinds how few there are that are likely to be retained for cultivation. Mr. W.



THE WORDEN GRAPE.

C. Barry reported before the Western New York Horticultural society that, notwithstanding the many recent additions, the old and popular Concord still heads the list and is unequalled for general purposes. The Hartford Prolific, too, has not been displaced by any of the new claimants for popular favor.

Among recent acquisitions the Worden is one of the most important. It is the nearest approach to the Concord, and in some localities will supersede that variety. Barry, one of Rogers' hybrids, is especially valuable as a market grape on account of its size, appearance and good quality. Herbert is of better quality, but not so large or so uniform. Early Victor is not large enough. Moore's Early is a large and showy grape, but not very productive.

The Winchell is the most promising among the new early grapes. Uster Prolific is a handsome red grape of medium size. The Vergennes is a new grape of good quality and an excellent shipper. Woodruff Red has size, good color, vigor and productiveness, but is poor in quality. The Brighton is of superior quality, but fails in some localities. The Catawba is a superb grape, but it will not ripen everywhere. Iona, a delicious grape, fails for the same reason. Delaware appears to possess every requisite quality except size.

Jefferson is one of the best of the Rickett hybrid grapes. Empire State is one of the most promising of the many kinds yet introduced by Mr. Rickett. Moore's Diamond is considered an important addition among white grapes by those who have grown it. Dutchess is a white grape of fine quality, but can hardly be recommended for market. The Gaertner gains in estimation as a market grape, being handsome and showy.

The Niagara is a very popular white grape, and justly so, for up to the time of its introduction growers were without a really good white market grape. The Pocklington is growing in popularity from year to year, and where it ripens is much esteemed. Moyer, also known as Jordan, is a red grape of recent introduction and is said to possess two essential qualities—earliness and excellent flavor. Esther White and Rockwood Black are two new grapes originated by Mr. Bull, of Concord fame. Both are described as being pure natives, of large size, handsome and of good quality. Among high flavored grapes the Etanale occupies a foremost place. It is not suitable for market, but the amateur can hardly be without it.

In closing this report of the grapes grown in the locality of Rochester, N. Y., and from which the foregoing is an abstract, Mr. Barry named these six grapes, which have given the best results in the vineyard for market: Lady, Niagara, Barry, Concord, Worden and Gaertner.

## Effect of Frost on Plants.

In regard to the ability of plants to bear more frost when their tops are dry than when wet, it may be set down as applying to all those that are hardy as well as the kinds that are tender, that the more moisture there is hanging about them the more they suffer from being covered. Beyond the injury that occurs to plants that are not hardy when their tops are frozen, there is another way in which even hardy plants that have their roots covered to pots or similar appliances suffer if the soil in which they are growing gets frozen. That is through the expansion common to all bodies that absorb water when the water they contain gets frozen and which, in the case of the roots so placed, crushes them to an extent that often causes their destruction, and which would not occur were they in the open ground where the soil is not so confined. Consequently, when any plant, however hardy it may be, has its roots so confined and is within the reach of frost either out of doors or in unheated pits or frames, the pots should be protected in some way or plunged deep enough to keep the soil within them from being frozen.

## Horticultural Items.

A new strawberry from New York state bears the name of E. P. Roe, the late horticultural writer and fruit grower.

The Bride gladiolus is readily forced in winter, and is also good window garden plant. It requires about the same treatment as do hyacinths.

The old line system of heating green-houses has given place in many localities to steam and hot water pipes.

**F. S. TAYLOR**  
—Pianos, Organs, and Musical Instruments—  
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.  
A full line of CHESBROUGH CASES, BORDERS and COVERINGS.  
For the \$100 organs to be given to the most popular boy, girl or young man.  
I VOTE FOR  
ADDRESS  
IN WILCOX & WHITE OCEAN COASTERS  
Name of voter  
111 Broad Street, Elizabeth, N. J.

EVERY FRIDAY AFTERNOON AND  
**CAREY'S AUCTION**  
—OF—  
New and Second-hand Furniture—  
OF all kinds; also Horses, Wagons, Harness, etc.  
THE LARGEST AUCTION ROOM IN THE CITY.  
76, 78 and 80 West Front Street, Cor. Grove.  
Goods Exhibited Thursday Afternoon.  
**T. J. Carey, Auctioneer and**  
Also 60 separate rooms for storage of furniture, Openly attended to.

**HALLOCK & DAY**  
HATS, FURNISHING GOODS,  
TRUNKS AND BAGS.  
No. 5 West Front Street,  
opp. Somerset, Plainfield.  
(Vermorel's old stand.)

**U. B. CRANE**  
HATTER AND FURNISHER  
HAS TWO STORES FULL OF  
HATS, SHIRTS AND FURNISHING GOODS,  
TRUNKS AND UMBRELLAS.  
EVERYTHING SOLD AT BOTTOM PRICES.  
Nos. 10 and 12 Park Avenue, Plainfield.

**WALL PAPER**  
**C. E. & J. W. BROWN**  
No. 321 CANAL STREET, New York City.  
New Designs for Fall and Spring.  
NOW IN STOCK.  
Gold Papers, Scintillaires, Printed Cartridge Paper, Novelties.  
A few desirable designs of last spring marked down to 50%.

**SHOES** \* \* \* **RUBBER**  
TRY OUR \$2.50 & \$3.00 SHOES  
FOR BOTH MEN AND WOMEN.  
Call and Examine our Stock of Shoes before purchasing elsewhere.  
**Smieton Bros.,**  
J. J. BROAD STREET, Plainfield.

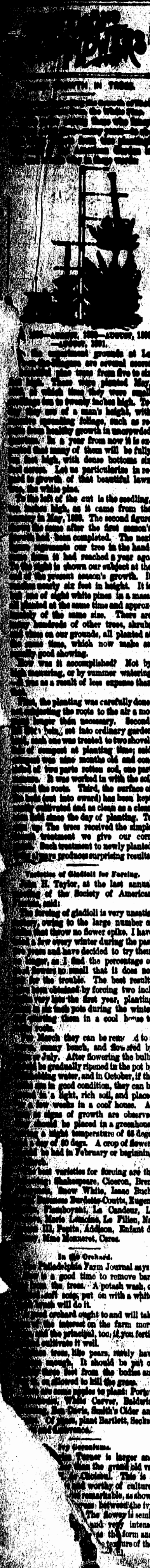
**W. H. BARTON**  
Westfield Livery and Boarding.  
Weddings and Parties a Specialty.  
Horse Clipping properly attended to.  
Horses boarded by the day, week or month. Carriages to let.  
(Opposite Depot,) Westfield, N. J.

**Springy Prices!**  
**First Up—Then Down**  
Though We Keep Ours REASONABLE.  
See if They are Not.  
WE HAVE A FULL LINE OF  
**GROCERIES**  
FRUITS \* AND \* VEGETABLES  
IN THEIR SEASON.  
Flour: PATENT A and CASCADE  
FROM BEST WINTER WHEAT.  
**CROUCH & TOWN**  
Central Avenue.

**NELS NORRIS**  
BLACKSMITH AND HORSE SHOEER.  
Willow Grove, N. J.

**F. P. KELLY**  
CARRIAGE FACTORY  
NORTH AVENUE, WESTFIELD.  
All Kinds of Wagons or Carriages.  
Also WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF  
Wooden and Metal Buggy Bodies.  
But it is  
gives us a  
extra in the





## HERE'S A GOOD HOUSE.

It is simple and beautiful, but it is in the  
 style of the best of American Farm Architecture.

A friend, whose house is very small, and who is a farmer, has been thinking of building a house for himself. He has been looking at the plans of the 'Good House' and has decided to build one like it. He has been thinking of building a house for himself. He has been looking at the plans of the 'Good House' and has decided to build one like it.



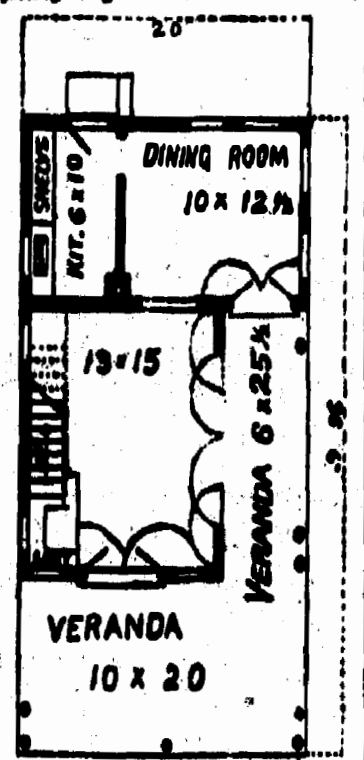
PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

A broad veranda extends across the front and along the side of the house. The veranda is built on a platform and is reached by a set of steps. The veranda is built on a platform and is reached by a set of steps.

The front door is also placed, in order to give an abundance of light. The door is placed in the center of the front wall and is reached by a set of steps. The door is placed in the center of the front wall and is reached by a set of steps.

The kitchen is provided with a portable range, which has reservoir for hot water and a cast iron sink supplied with cold water only. A broad shelf on a level with the drip board of the sink extends the entire length of the kitchen, with the space beneath fitted up with shelves and enclosed by doors. A portion of this space is used as a pot closet, the remainder for storage, etc., with a space reserved behind the kitchen door for a small refrigerator.

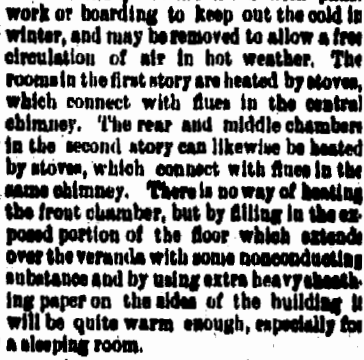
Above the broad shelf the space between the kitchen sink and the rear wall is fitted up with open shelves; the remainder, which is used as a china closet, is fitted up with shelves and enclosed by glass doors. The outside kitchen door is protected by a projecting shingled hood. In the second story



FIRST STORY.

are three good sized chambers, the size of the front and middle rooms being increased by extending the middle chamber over the veranda roof in form of an octagon bay window, which breaks up the large surface and gives a picturesque effect to the exterior.

The front chamber also is extended over the full width of the veranda, and is lighted by one large window in front and a small window on the side. It is true that these rooms take in a portion of the sloping roof and cannot be called a full story in height, but by using good judgment in papering and decorating them they may be made handsome in appearance as well as comfortable. There is no cellar under the house, and the building stands upon cedar posts set 8 ft. 6 in. in the ground. The space between the posts are heated by stoves, which connect with flues in the central chimney. The rear and middle chambers in the second story can likewise be heated by stoves, which connect with flues in the same chimney. There is no way of heating the front chamber, but by filling in the exposed portion of the floor which extends over the veranda with some nonconducting substance and by using extra heavy sheeting paper on the sides of the building it will be quite warm enough, especially for a sleeping room.



SECOND STORY.

The framing timber and rough sheathing lumber used in this cottage are of hemlock; the exterior finishing lumber, veranda posts, doors, window frames, eaves, etc., are of white pine, and the veranda floors of yellow pine. From the sketch it will be seen that the moldings in the corners and the details of the various parts are very simple, yet there is a refinement about the whole which exposes the absence of elaborate features. This house can be built for \$500.

Dr. W. King.

## THE STORY OF A DRUNKARD.

Business, Friends, Everything  
 Full Before the Morning Mists.

This man, of whom I write, Arthur Johnson, "Uncle John" is a familiar figure to those who know him, and they are legion—only a drunkard for forty years. To me his name would not be known, but he has been a drunkard for forty years. To me his name would not be known, but he has been a drunkard for forty years.

"Uncle John" was on his last legs when he was converted a year ago at the Water Street Mission. He was on his last legs when he was converted a year ago at the Water Street Mission. He was on his last legs when he was converted a year ago at the Water Street Mission.

"Every time I changed my employment," said "Uncle John," "it was for the better, and another found me a 'fender' in the presence of a prominent morning newspaper. I was of a social disposition, and soon learned to take a glass of beer now and then with the men on my day. I would also take an occasional glass of gin, but I did not form the drinking habit."

"As my wages increased I drank more frequently, but I never dreamed that I might some day become a slave to the habit. At thirty I married. A few years later I lost my mother and soon afterward my wife died."

"While my wife was living," said the convert, "I would indulge in an occasional glass, but I never got tipsy. I could endure physical suffering, but mental anguish made me a coward. I went to run for a soldier."

"I was one of the six pressmen selected in May, 1855, to take the Hoe pioneer press to London and set it up in the office of Lloyd's Weekly."

"By this time," said "Uncle John," "the drink habit had enslaved me. I drank steadily now. Before long I lost my employment. That was fifteen years ago, and the situation I was forced to give up was the last I held in the printing business."

"In the hope of being cured of the terrible habit I went to an infirmary asylum. There was no reformation or Christianizing influence about the place, and when I left my thirst for liquor was as strong as when I entered. For years I lived the life of a drunkard. I was well known to the printing fraternity. When I came around to the offices where my former mates were at work they knew what I wanted, and without my asking would loan me some. Even when hungry I would spend my last cent for drink."

"Five years ago," he continued, "I went to the Water Street Mission and asked to be taken in. Kindly hands received me and I was made welcome. I managed to keep sober for several days, and was looked upon as a convert, but my appetite for drink overpowered me and I again fell from grace. The day I left the mission I started to live over again my life in the gutter. After a year or so of drunken misery and wretchedness I tried the mission a second time in the hope of reformation, but the effort was unsuccessful and I went back to my old habits."

"The appetite remained strong within me, but I never lost faith in the mission and looked upon it as a harbor that would shelter me if I could only conquer my enemy. A year ago I applied to the mission for a night's lodging. The prayers, the hymns and the addresses so wrought upon me that again I was led to hope that I might be saved. 'I prayed to Jesus to help me,' said John, 'and my prayer was answered. I am a Christian now and the old appetite for drink is gone. The people connected with the mission cannot be honored too much. I was as low as a man can be. I was debased with self-inflicted wretchedness and rum was the factor of it. I have now something that sustains—that satisfies me, and the result is contentment.'—New York Herald.

## A Drunkard's Frightful Crime.

An unusually atrocious and harrowing liquor murder was committed near New Brunswick, N. J., a few days ago. A father and mother, both drunkards, took their two-year-old baby girl into the woods, choked it and stamped upon it until it was dead. The child was sick, and they did not want to be 'troubled with it any more.' The crime came to light through the testimony of an older child who witnessed the deed. The commission of such a heinous act as this is not conceivable by any one except those in whom the drink habit has destroyed all traces of parental affection and human feeling. Yet men support a traffic directly responsible for such fearful deeds of blood.—Christian at Work.

## Drinking Men Make Slaves of Women.

Mr. Blacklock says, 'The female market is overcrowded and wages thereby reduced, largely through the drinking habits of men.' Mr. Charles Booth said, 'Factory girls are frequently daughters of drunkards.' In a workshop in London where twelve women were employed, four of the number were found to be wage earners because of drunken husbands. A gentleman employing 700 women and girls in London said, 'I can claim for a fact that a large number of our female employees have to seek work because of the intemperance of their male relatives.'

## Consumption of Alcohol in France.

The consumption of alcohol in France has been trebled within thirty years, and as much as 88,000,000 gallons have been manufactured out of potatoes for the French market.

## Linnæus on Alcohol.

Linnæus has truly said of alcohol, that 'man sinks gradually by this fall poison; first he favors it, then he worships it, then he buries for it, then he is consumed by it.'

## Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It is a powerful blood purifier and will cure all diseases of the blood. It is a powerful blood purifier and will cure all diseases of the blood.

## A Little Girl's Experience in a Light House.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Trenchard, of the City of New York, have a daughter, Miss Mary, who is now a member of the New York City High School. She is a very bright and accomplished young lady, and she has been a member of the New York City High School for several years.

## GEMS IN VERSE.

A Love Song.  
 Sweetheart, there is no splendor  
 In all God's splendid stars  
 Bright as the love-light tender  
 That dwells in your dear eyes.  
 Sweetheart, there are no blisses  
 Like those that live in thine  
 Of all the world's sweet kisses  
 Thy kiss is sweetest still!  
 Sweetheart, no white dove flying  
 Had e'er so soft a breast  
 As this sweet hand that's lying  
 Clasp'd in my own—at rest.  
 Sweetheart, there is no glory  
 That clusters round my life  
 Bright as this bright, sweet story  
 'My sweetheart and my wife!'  
 —Frank L. Stanton.

## Antony to Cleopatra.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!  
 Ebb'd the crimson life tide fast;  
 And the dark, Platonic shadows  
 Gather on the evening blast.  
 Let things arm, O queen, support me,  
 Lift the veil and let me shine  
 Laid to the great heart's secret  
 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

## Though my scarred and veteran legions

Though my scarred and veteran legions  
 Hear their eagles high no more,  
 Though my wrecked and scattered galleys  
 Strew dark Attium's fatal shore,  
 Though in uttering groans, surround me  
 Prompt to do their master's will,  
 I must perish like a Roman—  
 Die the great Triumvir still!

## Let not Caesar's servile minions

Let not Caesar's servile minions  
 Mock the lion thus laid low;  
 Turn ye Roman's hand that felt him,  
 Turn his own that stretch the blow—  
 His who, pillowed on thy bosom,  
 Turned aside from glory's ray—  
 His who, drunk with thy carousals,  
 Madly through world away.

## Should the base politician rabble

Should the base politician rabble  
 Dare assail my fame at Rome,  
 Where the noble eques, Octavian,  
 Wags within her widowed zone,  
 Such base, say the gods hear witness—  
 Alas, assure, circling wings—  
 That her hand, with mine conjoined,  
 Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

## And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,  
 Goddesses consort of the Nile,  
 Light my path through Egyptian darkness  
 With the splendor of thy smile.  
 Give to Usmar thrones and kingdoms:  
 Let his brow and laurel twine;  
 I can wear all manner triumphs,  
 Triumphant in love like thine.

## I am dying, Egypt, dying!

I am dying, Egypt, dying!  
 Hark! the howling Roman's cry:  
 They are coming—quick, my falchion!  
 Let me from them flee I die.  
 Ah! no more amid the battle  
 Shall my soul exulting swell;  
 I am worn and faint with pain,  
 I am worn and faint with pain.

## Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!

Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!  
 —William Haines Lytle

## "As Home."

When I was dead my spirit turned  
 To seek the much frequented house;  
 I passed the door, and saw my friends  
 Feasting beneath green orange boughs.  
 From hand to hand they passed the wine,  
 They sucked the pulp of plum and peach;  
 They sang, they jested and they laughed,  
 For each was loved by each.

## I listened to their hoarsest chat

I listened to their hoarsest chat  
 Said one, 'Tomorrow we shall be  
 Placed along the funeral mounds,  
 And cooling milk and mint and sea.'  
 Said one, 'Before the turn of tide  
 We will achieve the cyprus nest.'  
 Said one, 'Tomorrow shall be like  
 Today, but much more sweet.'

## "Tomorrow," said they, strong with hope,

"Tomorrow," said they, strong with hope,  
 And dwell upon the pleasant way;  
 "Tomorrow" cried they, one and all,  
 While no one spoke of yesterday.  
 Their life stood full of blessed noon;  
 I, only, had passed away.  
 "Tomorrow and today," they cried,  
 I was of yesterday.

## I shivered comfortless, but cast

I shivered comfortless, but cast  
 No chill across the table cloth;  
 "I, all forgotten, unloved, and  
 To stay and yet to part how loath  
 I passed from the familiar room,  
 I, whom from love had passed away,  
 Like the remembrance of a guest  
 That tarried but a day.

## —Christian U. Remond.

## To the West! To the West!

To the West! To the West! To the land of the  
 Free,  
 Where mighty St. Lawrence rolls down to the  
 sea,  
 Where a man is a man, if he's willing to toil,  
 And the humblest may gather the fruits of the  
 soil;  
 Where children are blessings, and he who hath  
 most,  
 Rich and for his fortune, and riches to boast;  
 Where the young may exult, and the aged may  
 rest,  
 Away, far away, to the Land of the West!

## To the West! To the West!

To the West! To the West! To the land of the  
 free,  
 Where the green waving forests, that echo our  
 song,  
 Are wide as old England, and free to us all,  
 Where the prairie, like some waste the  
 billows have rolled,  
 Are broad as the kingdoms and empires of old,  
 And the laborer like some eagle in storm or in  
 rest,  
 Away, far away, to the Land of the West!

## To the West! To the West!

To the West! To the West! To the land of the  
 free,  
 The forest to clear is the work to be done;  
 We'll try it, we'll do it, and never doubt,  
 While there's light in the sunbeams and breath  
 in the air,  
 The bold independence that labor shall buy,  
 Shall strengthen our hands and forbid us to  
 bow,  
 Away for away! let us hope for the best,  
 And build up new homes in the land of the  
 West!

## —Charles Mackay.

DR. KENNEDY'S  
FAVORITE  
REMEDY

## PURIFIES THE BLOOD.

It is recommended by physicians when all other remedies fail—as the only positive cure for Dropsy, Constipation, Liver and Kidney Disease. Thousands gratefully testify that Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy has saved their lives. It cures all diseases of the blood, and is the only remedy that can be taken without danger. It is the only remedy that can be taken without danger. It is the only remedy that can be taken without danger.

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 25 pieces of Tapestry Brussels Carpet, reg. price per yd. 20c, red. to 15c.  
 25 pieces of Tapestry Brussels Carpet, reg. price per yd. 25c, red. to 20c.  
 25 Parlor Suits in coverings of Frisk, regular price \$45, reduced to \$35.  
 25 Parlor Suits in coverings of Rags, regular price \$45, reduced to \$35.  
 25 Parlor Suits in coverings of Silk Tapestry, regular price \$75, red. to \$65.  
 25 Parlor Suits in coverings of Brocade, regular price \$65, red. to \$55.  
 25 Antique Oak Bedroom Suits, regular price \$35, reduced to \$25.  
 25 Antique Oak Bedroom Suits, regular price \$45, reduced to \$35.  
 25 Antique Oak Bedroom Suits, regular price \$55, reduced to \$45.

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