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1997

accused of egotism, eh?"—Exchange.

the school house steps has been laid with

**2007-08**

and Foreman to make an investigation; | **Next Week!**

work entails and without which it would break down.—*Brooklyn Eagle*











## The Union County Standard.

WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

WESTFIELD, N. J., MAR. 10, 1892.

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J. L. COLLINS, Printing Department.  
C. E. PEARSON, Business Manager.

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### Pen Points.

OUT on a lark—Feathers.

OLD as the hills—The valleys.

PETTY larceny—Stealing a kiss.

A RASH act—Catching the measles.

CALLED down—The fuzz on a dude's lip.

TAKEN for better or worse—Eggs.

If there is anything in a name a justice of the peace ought to be a guardian angel.

TITLE deaf-mute is never at a loss for words; he always has them at his finger ends.

It would not hurt some of the strapping big fellows if they would buckle down to work.

EVERY little helps in politics; if you can't carry conviction you can carry a torch.

Who is Doherty Rice, anyhow?

The First National Bank of Westfield, fellow citizens! Take stock in it; well you may. Bank stock is safe and sure. But as to this more anon.

The young people's societies of the various Westfield churches have taken hold of the Free Reading Room in good earnest; but it remains for our citizens at large to second their efforts by contributions. Don't let us turn a deaf ear to these brave, hopeful, helpful young people.

It is coming. What is coming? The recognition of the inalienable rights of women to direct representation. The Methodist Conference in Philadelphia refused to admit women to participate in their proceedings, by a vote of 101 yeas to 105 nays. This shows that half the members of the conference appreciate the work of women in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Town Committeeman Gardner has asked for a recital of the laws that give his Committee power to do things. We show the powers in the extracts here below. Lawyer Peckham being our authority, and suggest that the burden is on the Town Committee if they do not exercise the power. It is suggested, also, that Town Counsel Marsh in Plainfield has always found the law for the powers which Plainfield has used in making its considerable improvements. Westfield Town Councils have frequently not been as progressive as Mr. Marsh, or as such lawyers as Mr. Lindabury.

Laws of 1870, p. 220, authorizes the Town Committee to appoint a Fire Patrol, who may act as constables at fires.

Laws of 1880, p. 197—The so-called Peckham Act—This act empowers the Town Committee to "prevent and suppress breaches of the peace, and disorderly assemblages, and disorderly houses," "to enter upon lands, to make and open gutters, drains and ditches, and exercise all other powers given to Road Overseers, and to assess taxes for all the above," "to abate and remove nuisances," "to compel the abutters to keep the sidewalks free from snow, to keep sidewalks in a safe, convenient, and passable condition at all seasons," "to cause to be opened and made safe any highway or bridge," "to erect and enforce ordinances, and prosecute offenders."

Laws of 1880, Chap. 43—Enlarge powers of Township Committee as to building sewers.

Laws of 1881, p. 21, gives power as to cattle in streets.

Laws of 1881, p. 137, further powers as to sewers.

Laws of 1882, p. 163—An Act to authorize the construction and repair of sidewalks in townships.

Laws of 1882, p. 35, further powers as to sewers.

Laws of 1882, p. 11, empowers the inhabitants to raise money for a lock up.

Laws of 1882, p. 212, to establish a grade of roads.

Chap. 154, Laws of 1880, authorize the Town Committee to appoint a police force for each township.

Chap. 263, Laws of 1886, p. 380, authorizes the Township Committee to light the town "with gas or otherwise," with out asking the people's consent, and to make a contract for the same, and to direct the assessor to levy the tax.

Laws of 1886, p. 335, gives further powers as to sewers.

The Town Committee also have powers as to water works, as to suppression,

the nuisance of dogs running in the streets, power to form and support a fire department, etc. etc.

The later books of statutes seem with acts increasing and amplifying the above powers. Some of the above acts have been modified, but almost invariably in the line of giving further powers, rather than lesser powers.

Evidently the people of Vineland, down in Cumberland County don't want saloons in their town. At the Spring election the vote on the license question stood 864 votes for "no license" and only 8 votes "for license."

Of course, if Westfield, as rich as mud, is yet without sufficient inherent enterprise to build its own water system, let us, then, cook our porridge on our neighbor's stove; let us warm our fingers over our neighbor's chimney; let us carry our basin to our neighbor's trough; our bucket to our neighbor's well; let us pocket our local pride and patriotism—what there is of it—and hear it rattle like shot in a bladder among the penny-wise-pound-foolish coppers of "conservatism" that have so long crowded out Eagles of Gold. Enterprise is the only bird that lays the eggs of true prosperity! But if we have no enterprise let us at least have humanity; let us at least buy water from an outside company—enough to save the town of Westfield from the further reproach of neglecting the lives and safety of its women and children, to say nothing of its property. It is enough to take the blood out of a man's cheek to contemplate the awful possibilities of another fire in Westfield. Yet Westfield is said to have a government, and there is some talk of "leading men."

We call upon the alleged government of Westfield to arrange for a public meeting on the subject of a watersystem for Westfield. If no law requires it, still no law forbids it.

The other night the STANDARD was serenaded by the Westfield Band, a compliment greatly enjoyed and appreciated. We told the Westfield band so at the time and passed around bolivers and lemonade to prove our gratitude. When the meeting let out the band had the best of us and we had the best of the band; it was, therefore, a very successful occasion. And speaking of bands and things we are contemplating the interesting fact that with our last issue the STANDARD began its eighth year; and with our right ear at the photograph of memory (our other ear being carefully folded up) we still hear the triumphant strains of "The STANDARD March" as played by the Westfield band, with a refrain of encouragement from our increasing constituency of readers; yet all we can promise for our new year is that we will make lots of mistakes while trying to make none at all. When you catch us going wrong don't tell anybody else about it—come and tell us. We don't know it all. Moreover it may come your way sometime, with little or no trouble or cost to yourself, to throw something in our direction. Do that. It may be your own subscription, or the printing of a milk ticket, or the printing of a dictionary. Think it over.

With this issue of the STANDARD we conclude Major Callhoun's great story "A Prisoner of War." Next week we will commence as its successor our new serial "John Brent." The name of "John Brent" will come as the echo of a half forgotten memory to readers who were conversant with events a generation ago. Its author, Theodore Winthrop, hit the dust thirty years since. He was one of the first conspicuous victims of that civil strife that sacrificed so many illustrious men. His death created something of a sensation and the manuscript of "John Brent," which was found among his effects, was immediately published and received with great favor.

This happened so long ago that the story, republished now, will find many new and appreciative readers among the younger generation. Old readers, too, will relish it, for it has a flavor of bygone days that is delicious. It depicts scenes distinctly American—scenes which, have passed away forever, but which should never be forgotten. The story opens in the gold fields of California in the 'fifties. John Brent and Richard Wade start for home overland. As the author says: "It is a grand old journey. Two thousand miles or so on horseback. Mountains, deserts, prairies, rivers, Mormons, Indians, buffalo—adventures without number in prospect." \* \* \*

That was long before the days of ranches. A trip across the plain without escort or caravan had still an element of heroism. The excursions of those knights errant of the plains were fully realized. The encountered adventures enough to satisfy even their romantic instincts. They fell in with the Mormons, rescued an imperiled maiden and finally journeyed to Old England on a love chase which ended happily.

### FUN FROM OUR OWN FACTORY.

Now doth the little blizzard blizz. Blizz, blizz, and blizz so hard. 'Til what was once a big snow-storm becomes a big blizz-ard. An' when it's blizzed and blizzed and blizzed, it's grown the blizz-ard strong. It only goes to show that time times out of ten the United States Signal Service forecasts are wrong.

Wild First: Woolley Afterwards. When March comes roaring on the scene, Like a great leonine boss, 'T will retire with mild lamb like taste. And a savor of mint sauce.

Monopolistic. "Hello Dryer, do you know that old General Absorb has brought the Keeley cure right for the State of New Jersey?" "No! Is that so? What does he propose to do, sublet, or establish cures?" "I think that he intends to keep the entire thing for himself."

He Didn't Say "Hats".

Teacher—Boys, you will stand in a line and in rotation name some place in the United States, giving the County and State in which it is located. William commence.

William—Watertown, Jefferson County, New York.

Teacher—Correct. Next!

George—Jingtown, Catawba County, North Carolina.

Teacher—Now, Roswell.

Roswell, very tired—Oh, Roswell town, DeKalb County, Alabama.

Bill Peaseley Still Talking.

Bill Peaseley told Hiram Fink that the noisiest wagon does not always have the longest tongue.

Bill Peaseley says even if David B. Hill does get the nomination for the Presidency he can't expect the Prohibition support; it is natural for water to run down hill.

Bill Peaseley says that Johnny Marsh had a wet towel on his head all Tuesday night and kept calling out in his sleep "Doherty-Rice, Doherty-Rice, Doherty-Rice, Doherty-Rice."

Bill Peaseley says what's the use of paying seventy five cents to see the circus when you can go early and get a front seat at a Westfield school meeting for nothing.

Bill Peaseley dropped in at the STANDARD office the other day and told our business manager to cut off some of the dead wood from our subscription list and set it outside in the sun to grow.

Bill Peaseley says that there is money in buying up all the eggs in the country and holding them until the Chicago Fair when they can be sold as original Christopher Columbus, their odor vouching for their authenticity.

Bill Peaseley dropped in at the STANDARD office a few days ago and unfolded his newly conceived real estate scheme. He proposes to form a syndicate and purchase a few acres of land around Cranford, divide these into village lots and take them over to Summit and sell them while the boom is on. He is sanguine of success.

Bill Peaseley and the snow drifted in the STANDARD barracks, the other day when the wind was whistling through the town and, observing that all the STANDARD's force were working with hot bricks under their feet, he remarked that setting type in a shed wasn't what it was cracked up to be.

TOWN NOTES.

The annual election of trustees of the Methodist church was held last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Wheelock expect to start for the Bermudas next Thursday. They had made plans to leave several weeks ago but business matters had come up unexpectedly detained Mr. Wheelock.

An interesting sermon was preached Tuesday evening in Holy Trinity church by the Rev. Father Chancy of St. Bridget's church, Jersey City. The topic was "The Vicious Habit of Swearing."

The regular meeting of H. & L. Co. No. 1 was held Monday evening with a good attendance of members.

Adolph Gangel has been in Baltimore during the week.

Mr. Probusco is building a new house on Sussex street.

John Pfeiffer Jr. holds the position of messenger at the Station.

There are still a number of boys in town who persist in risking their limbs and lives by jumping on and off of passing car trains.

Miss Susie Marsh returned last Monday from a week's visit in Somerville, N. J.

The "Lemon Entertainment" is indefinitely postponed.

Geo. F. Sandt, of Brooklyn, will occupy J. H. Vail's new house, near Clark avenue, April 1st.

Do you know of any house that can be secured for a Children's Home?

The Town Committee met and organized on Friday evening of last week as follows: Chairman, Addison S. Clark; Treasurer, C. E. Conant. The following newly elected officers were sworn in: Chas. H. Clark, Town Clerk; J. M. C. Marsh, Assessor; H. L. Fink and J. W. Cary, Commissioners of Appeals; J. W. Lacey Cox, Overseer of the poor. The Town Committee met again last evening.

Oranges in tissue wrappers bearing the name of E. J. Whitehead, Melrose Fla. are being voraciously devoured by Westfield citizens who have discovered them on sale at Gilby & Pierson's store this Winter.

Next Sunday there will be a grand rally in the New York Avenue Baptist church for the purpose of raising money to pay off the last \$75 of the church debt. Rev. J. W. Mitchell of Plainfield will preach at the eleven o'clock service. Rev. F. G. Marwick, of Plainfield, will preach at 3:30 in the afternoon. Rev. Wm. Perry of Montclair, will speak in the evening at 8 o'clock.

J. S. Burhans Jr. presided at the organ in the Methodist church last Sunday.

Dr. John Phenix, of Brooklyn, was entertained last Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Terry, of Orchard St.

Fred Decker Jr. has about concluded his special course of study in New York on tailoring and will soon occupy a place in his father's establishment as cutter.

The Reading Room is being thoroughly cleaned and renovated preparatory to its opening to the public on March 21st.

Letters remaining uncalled for at Post Office Westfield N. J. Persons calling for the same please mention advertised. Mrs. Mary W. Smith, Mrs. G. F. Jackson, Miss Anna Vail, Louis Vogt, Fred Preston, John Jones.

L. M. Whitaker, P. M.

Joseph Clark, an old resident of this place and formerly a member of the firm of Clark & Irving was in town last Wednesday.

Norman Sweet and family have removed from Graceland to Bakersfield, Kern Co., California. They left on Wednesday for their new home.

The next rehearsal of the Musical Society will be held as usual on Tuesday evening.

Messrs. Charles and William Burtis, of Orange, are visiting friends in town.

The ground for the new station at Garwood has been marked off. It lies nearly midway between Westfield and Cranford.

If A. A. Drake's turn-out is not the handsomest in town, whose is?

The booming of the guns in the low bay in honor of the arrival of Secretary Foster Thursday morning could plainly be heard in Westfield.

Gatemens Stamets can write poetry by the yard. He says he has been putting verses together ever since he was a boy.

The North American Endowment Association met last Monday evening in the Library Rooms. They contemplate securing lodge rooms in Etta Hall.

Mulford Scudder was the subject of an article in the Elizabeth Herald last Thursday evening. A picture of the new freeholder adorned the top of the sketch.

"A friend of the happy couple" had better guess again.

Sociable and entertainment in Free Reading Room Monday evening March 21 instead of Thursday evening March 24.

Rev. Mr. Martin will conduct the communion services in the Methodist church next Sunday morning.

Rev. Dr. Ballard is expected to speak in the afternoon and also preach in the evening.

Mrs. N. W. Caldwell is visiting her sister, who is very ill, in Shippensburg, Pa.

A large number of the firemen attended the services at the Presbyterian church last Sunday evening to listen to an address especially prepared and adapted to them.

Considerable religious interest is being felt at the Locust Grove Union School.

Rev. Dr. Ballard preaches in the Presbyterian church next Sunday morning in the interest of church temperance work and the race track question.

The young people should not fail to hear Dr. Rice and Rev. C. H. Patton Monday evening in the Reading Room.

The trustees of the Free Reading Room announce that the entertainment and sociable which was given out for Thursday evening March 24 will be held on next Monday evening March 21, from which time on the room will be open to the public. The trustees endeavored to have the sociable come on some evening when no entertainment was on the boards, but social Westfield has been in such a state of activity for several weeks past and promises to be so for some time to come that it was difficult to determine on a suitable evening for opening the room. Finding that the lemon squeeze had been postponed the trustees immediately decided to hold the sociable on Monday evening instead of Thursday as on the latter night a lecture will be given in the Presbyterian church by a native Esquimaux woman to which doubtless most of the young people in town wish to go. Dr. Rice and Rev. C. H. Patton will speak Monday evening and there will be other entertainment.

Frank J. Bell, of New York has rented the Stitt homestead on Mountain avenue and will move in about April 15th.

Subscriptions to the Free Reading Room may be handed to the following lady trustees: Miss Anna Terry, Miss Bloodgood, Miss Grace Gilby; or to Messrs. Ramsey, A. L. Alpers, Irving Love.

As Chris W. Harden was quietly meditating on Thursday evening over the lapse of time and the honor of having been born on St. Patrick's day, a party of friends invaded his house and gave him a genuine surprise in memory of the day. The leader presented him with a mammoth bouquet measuring some fifteen inches in diameter and profusely decorated with yards of green ribbon. Mr. Harden was completely non-plussed for a moment but soon recovered and received the offering in a most little speech of welcome. A most pleasant evening was then spent, during which little grace. Harden entertained the company by adroitly playing a difficult march on the piano which she had studied and learned all by herself on purpose to surprise her father on his birth day.

Geo. Baker is about to start a steam laundry adjoining his house on Broad St. He says that strictly first class work will be his motto.

Willie Hotchkiss, of Dudley avenue, squats a mounted game in his way. He has erected a large wind mill in his back yard and now contemplates fitting up some appliances for making the chisel run machinery. Willie is also something of a weather prophet and has kept his neighbors informed all Winter as to the probable future turn of the weather by a system of flags, a la U. S. Signal Service.

Notes.

"I'm sorry I don't want the earth," was the remark of a baldheaded, gray whiskered man in a Broadway restaurant a few days ago as he sent back a potato boiled in its skin and part of the soil in which it grew.—New York Recorder.

### THINGS SAID BY OUR NEIGHBORS.

Plainfield Courier:—There is a big strike of sausage girls in Kansas City. That is just the place to look for the missing link.

Bergen County Democrat:—Don't overestimate people who are as deep as a well: wells are frequently dry.

Elizabeth Journal:—In the name of economy what has this legislature done that is worth \$12,000 to the people of New Jersey?

Plainfield News:—A pigeon blood Oriental ruby is the most costly gem in the world. A five-carat ruby of this kind is worth ten times as much as a five-carat first water Brazilian diamond, which is the most precious species of diamond in the world.

Temperance Gazette:—The Christian church is coming up to its duty in the declaration of principles and the adoption of resolutions on the extermination of the liquor traffic. Now if the acts of the Apostles will measure up to their resolutions, we shall be content.

Cradle songs of Many Nations.

The lecture room of the Congregational church was crowded Thursday night, when the cradle songs of thirteen different nations were rendered by the young ladies of the church. The following nations were represented: Indian, Breton, English, Scotch, French, German, Norwegian, Dutch, Japanese, Spanish, Italian, French and American.

The scenery and costumes were appropriate to each nation, and furnished delightful pictures as well as pretty music. The hit of the evening was the Breton scene, when a peasant's house was revealed with the mother in homely costume, including wooden shoes, was making bread, while the little daughter rocked a rude cradle and sang a lullaby to the baby. Carrie Davies was the lit tle girl and she was much applauded. Other unique scenes were the Indian, with the baby bound to a board and hanging on a tree; and the Norwegian, where the cradle hung from a clothes line. But all were beautiful, and showed much study and hard work. The entertainment closed with a tableau in which all the mothers and children appeared and sang America, holding the babies, who behaved remarkably well, not one of them even crying.

They Make Regular Trips.

The United Tea and Coffee Grower's Association of Plainfield who deliver goods here twice weekly, have an interesting advertisement in this week's STANDARD. Read it.

Ten Families of Drinkers, and Ten of Sober Members.

We are indebted to Dr. F. A. Kinch for the following extract from the Herald of Health.

Dennie studied ten families of drinkers and ten families of temperate persons. The direct posterity of the ten families of drinkers included fifty-seven children. Of these twenty-five died in the first weeks and months of their life, six were idiots, in five children a striking backwardness of their longitudinal growth was observed, five were afflicted with epilepsy, five with inborn diseases. One boy was taken with cholera (St. Vitus dance) and became idiotic. Thus of the fifty-seven children of drinkers only ten, or 17.5 per cent, showed a normal constitution. The ten sober families had sixty-one children, five only dying in the first weeks; four were affected with curable diseases of the nervous system; two only presented inborn defects. The remaining fifty, 81.9 per cent, were normal in their constitution and development. From this series of investigations we derive the sad truth that among children of drinkers the prevailing mortality is fearful, that the survivors represent a pitiful crowd afflicted with unsoundness of mind, idiosyncrasy and other disturbances of their nervous system, and that only a very small proportion of the descendants grow up as useful members of society.—Herald of Health.

The School Board Organizes.

The School Board met Wednesday evening and organized as follows: Geo. H. Brown, President; S. W. Reese, D. C.

COMMITTEES.

Teachers and general interest of scholars.—Rice, Doherty.

Buildings and grounds.—Brown, Reese.

Legal Business.—Pierson, Reese.

Supplies.—Doherty, Reese.

Under this distribution of responsibility each member has a specific duty to perform for which he ought to be held accountable to the full board—or, rather, each member will know what he is expected to do as assessor may require, and when there is a "click"—there will be no occasion to kick each and every individual member—but the derelict can be pointed out, after the manner of the scriptural quotations: "Thou art the man."

Warrants for bills will be drawn as usual immediately after the monthly meetings, first Tuesday after the first Monday in each month; and the same will be paid out at the Reese mansion on Elmwood hill almost any evening between 7 and eight o'clock.

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his Stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Spoker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Geo. A. Bayard.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Geo. A. Bayard.

### Encomiums.

If the Life Insurance laws of the commonwealth of Massachusetts were as well known as her political history, another Daniel Webster might say as did the only and original Daniel.

I will enter upon no encomium for Massachusetts; there she is, behold her and judge for yourself.

But as they are not I have started in the encomium business in the columns of this paper for the sake of Westfield's insurable citizens.

This much will suffice for this week; Massachusetts Life Insurance Laws protect the insured as those of no other State. That's a fact, and by the way, I shall deal in nothing but facts in talking to you. If you get hungry for more facts between meals, don't hesitate to send or come to 189 Broadway for them. C. W. Anderson, General Agent of the Standard Mutual Life Assurance Company of Worcester, Mass. If you send don't fail to give your age.

**MISS OLOF KRARER,**  
**THE LITTLE ESQUIMAUX WOMAN**  
IN THE  
**Presbyterian Church,**  
**Thursday Evening, March 24th**  
AT EIGHT O'CLOCK.  
TICKETS OF ADMISSION, 50 CTS  
Children Under 15 Years of Age, Twenty-five Cents.

**The Right Hand of Fellowship.**  
EDITOR STANDARD:—  
Nobody is more righteously esteemed in this town than Town Committee-man Conant. He is one of our very best fellows. But, just as it is the custom with clergymen on an ordination to mix a little advice in with the right hand of fellowship, so a free American is always loaded with advice or criticism for the public dignitaries. Will you allow me to say that Brother Conant was elected not only because he is a good fellow—we have elected good fellows before and in office they did not prove to be worth a rope's end,—but he is elected in the hope that he will fill out the bill of a Town Committee, and do something for his suffering fellow citizens. He was elected by our progressive element, and they showed up in a big majority.

Mr. Town Committeeman: We hope you are big enough to get us a water system through the town, to give us our money's worth out of our road taxes, and, generally, to help us to sing the song of the times. If you cannot do this on a large scale, dearly beloved brother, why then fill out the Loren's program in small matters. Attend to rotten sidewalks, give us no more roads that win us in cost and yawn with holes fit for overseers' graves (see Dudley Ave.), attend to the present plague of stray mongrel dogs that infest our streets worse than Constantinople, see that our sidewalks are not only in repair, but are clean of snow after storms. But if you can do big things, the writer authorizes the editor to put him down for a subscription to your monument. If you can do big things, read the town laws printed in the STANDARD, and do what the laws permit you to do.

Brother Tim Scudder is also a great favorite with the younger generation of this town. Say to him, Mr. STANDARD, please, that he is expected to continue the success of his predecessor in procuring county roads for Westfield. Another county road is needed to connect Westfield with Summit and New Providence, and to make our mountain lands thrive as do the Oranges and Montclair and other spots not so high and beautiful as ours. If bridge stone is quarried in Westfield and can be had for nothing then make your bridges of Westfield stone. Mr. Freeholder, for the only cost, the cutting will go into our teamster's pockets. Bid both of these gentlemen to speed. Mr. STANDARD, but tell them that our town is in a crisis of possible improvements, that have hitherto been regarded by our reluctant office holders. Tell them that for a public officer to oppose the spirit of age is as foolish as fooling with a buzz saw.

WESTFIELD.

**REMOVAL!**  
On or about  
**Jan. 1, 1892.**  
We will remove from 61 and 63 Murray st. to large and spacious storerooms  
**263 and 265 Canal st.**  
and 24 Howard st., 200 feet east of Broadway, where we will keep  
Hundreds of Carriages, Sulkies, Phaetons, Buggies and all Wagons run on wheels.  
We offer all vehicles on hand from now until removal at great bargains.

**To Farmers and Contractors**  
We will sell Farm and Contractors' Wares from direct at special low prices.

**Studebaker Bros.**  
MANUFACTURERS, N. Y.

**STEAM :: MILL**  
AND  
**ELEVATOR,**  
WESTFIELD, N. J.

**I. H. LAMBER**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
Feed, Flour, Meal, Bran, Shorts,  
clings and Grain of all kinds.

**ALSO Baled Hay & Straw**  
Grinding at short notice. All kinds grain mixed and ground according to order.</









## THE BLESSEDNESS OF WOMAN.

Her Place in the World and in Christianity is Full of Opportunity.  
"Blessed art thou among women."  
Luke 1, 28.

"And they worshiped him."—Matthew 21, 11.

"The infant, not the mother; and thus the supreme note of the gospel is struck."

"To live, to suffer and to be forgotten; that is woman's song," says a great poet; and that is the noble summary of Mary's life.

Now, to put the truth in this way may seem to teach the inherent inferiority of woman; in reality it teaches nothing of the kind. The difference between man and woman is not a difference of degree, but of order.

There are other qualities which go to the making of perfect human life besides strength. Just as there are other qualities besides the untimely wealth of sunlight to make the springtide and the summer. Perfect human life needs sweetness as well as strength, the element of tenderness as well as of force. Life is not all lived in the arena and on the street, and behind the victories of the market place lies the fact of the home. When a man steps out into the glare of public life he is already what the home has made him. It is the eternal and inalienable heritage of woman to mold man; to nurture his body into strength and his mind into soundness; to equip him for the warfare of life and to inspire him for its victories; to breathe through him the wishes of her soul, and teach him how to gain the ideals which her purity reveals, her ambition craves, her love demands.

What higher dignity can we conceive than the dignity of shaping in silence and patience the forces that modify and guide the world? Can that sphere be called narrow from which such potent influences stream?

Now when we come to ask wherein the blessedness of Mary's womanhood consisted, the first answer is in its exquisite purity.

How the pure woman carries an ennobling atmosphere with her. She enters a room where bad men or light and foolish women are; where the talk has been perfunctory, or where the talk has been vulgar, or where the talk has been mean and spiteful; and it is as though a garden of lilies had blossomed in the room.

How magically that bad laugh is stilled! How instantly the current of conversation is changed! She has brought light, sweetness and fragrance with her. She has made all that crowd of foolish, worldly people suddenly think on their dead mothers, their little children, of the flowers that filled the woods when they were young, of the angels they seemed to see in the bright day dreams of childhood, of all sorts of tender and pathetic passages in past life; yet she has not said a word, her purity has interpreted her.

And this very instinct of man which clothes woman with reverence and makes her the ideal of virtue confers on you an awful power. According as the ideal is high, so is the shock of disappointment when it is overthrown. When we find in you neither the meekness of faith nor the obedience of service; when so serious purpose fills your life; when life for you appears to be a thing of mean and trivial aims, a vain and restless search after amusement, full of wasted hours and idle hopes, then, whether you know it or not, you are inflicting an infinite damage on the world.

The second element in the blessed womanhood of Mary was her tenderness and meekness.

Tenderness and meekness—the chain of tenderness you allow, do you resent the charge of meekness? Does it seem a signal of inferiority to confess that the heritage of woman is obedience and meekness? Recall that these are the highest and rarest of all Christian virtues. Recall that in intellectual pursuits humility has always been a note of all great minds. Recall that Christ did not praise power, but submissiveness, and did not say "Blessed are the strong," but "Blessed are the meek." When I want to interpret meekness, I think of my mother and of all that motherhood means.

Oh, that is the very distillation of the purest spirit of Christianity; the very essence of the law of Christ. And it is for you to keep alive the fires of human pity. You do so when you teach the little children to kiss their prayers at night, and when you fill the household with the serenity of your trust in the day of sorrow.

Many of you will tell all your life for bread; many of you will be condemned to something worse than that—the inactivity of a life which is removed from the strenuous need for work. Some of you may never know what it is to have a home of your own, and life may seem to you to spell defeat. But whosoever you may be, whosoever your lot, you can be blessed among women by your helpful sympathy in great causes, and your example of perfect and compassionate purity. "They also serve who only stand and wait."

Oh, you have a great heritage; a unique and noble legacy is yours. It is yours to be the purifiers and saviors of human life, and this is the blessedness of woman.

This, at least, is certain—that what ever rights you have Christianity has given you. The debt of woman to Jesus Christ is simply incalculable. It is from Christianity that all future emancipations of womanhood must come, and the return of womanhood to Christ has been always instituted faith and love. She has broken the box of frankincense upon his head, and has washed his feet with tears. Have you done that?—Condensed from the Matriculation discourse preached before the students of the Woman's college, of Baltimore, by the Rev. W. J. Dawson, A. M., of Glasgow, Scotland.

## THE DRINK CURSE.

It Plays a Part in All the World's Great Disasters.

It is a notable and significant fact that the drink curse has been acknowledged as one of the chief factors in two great evils which now overshadow the civilized world, and that it was also one of the moving causes in a recent event which threatened at one time to plunge two Christian nations into the horrors of war. We refer to the famine in Russia, the ruin and degradation of the natives of Africa, and the quarrel with Chili. In a recent interview with Count Tolstoi published in The World of this city, the Russian philanthropist distinctly mentions drunkenness as one of three things which have led to the present distress. The other two things are improvidence and despair.

The Russian correspondent of the New York Times and others who have investigated the famine districts bear testimony to the same fact. The terrible vodka, the Russian drink, is at the bottom of a large part of the misery. As for what ruin is doing for the natives of Africa, all the world knows the shameful story. We are rightfully indignant at the heinous cruelties practiced by the Arab slave dealers in carrying on their traffic among the poor negroes of the Dark Continent, but it may be doubted whether the ruin imported from Christian nations, and largely from our own country, has not been, in recent years, as heavy a curse upon these heathen people as the Arab slave trade.

Slavery may have affected a much larger number of people, but it is not an evil that takes hold of the blood. Rum not only causes those who drink today, but it reaches out with deadly and paralyzing grasp upon future generations. We may put an end to slavery by force, but bayonets and cannon will not eliminate the ruin which we have put into the veins of the African negro. And then as to the Chilian quarrel, it is a generally conceded fact that the riot in Valparaiso, which started all the trouble, had its occasion partly if not chiefly in the drunken antics of some American sailors.

And so it is all around. Whether we turn in our efforts to ameliorate the condition of mankind, whether it be in its social, political or industrial status, we find this drink curse in the way.—Christian at Work.

### "In Liquor."

A mouse fell into a beer vat, poor thing, and a cat passing by saw the struggling little creature. The mouse said to the cat:

"Help me out of my difficulty."

"If I do I shall eat you," said the cat. "Very well," replied the mouse; "I would rather be eaten by a decent cat than drowned in such a horribleness of stuff as this."

It was a sensible cat and said, "I certainly shall eat you, and you must promise me on your word and honor that I may do so."

"Very well, I give you the promise, I promise."

So the cat fished the mouse out, and trusting to the promise, she dropped it for an instant to clean her own mouth of the abomination of the vat, thinking that she had better do so before she took a meal off the mouse. The mouse instantly darted away and crept into a hole in the corner where the cat could not get him.

"But didn't you promise me I might eat you?" said puss.

"Yes, I did," replied the mouse, "but don't you know that when I made that promise I was in liquor?"

And how many promises made in liquor are broken.—Exchange.

### The Country's Drink Bill.

The best estimates place the drink bill of the United States for the year 1891 at about \$1,200,000,000 00.

The total expenses of the United States government for the fiscal year 1891, including war, navy, post office, interior, agriculture and state departments, Indian and pension bureaus, interest on the public debt, salaries of officials at home and abroad, congress, public buildings, etc., etc., \$45,133,321 44.

(The liquor traffic) costs every year more than our whole civil service, our army, our navy, our congress (including the river and harbor and the pension bills), our wasteful local governments, and all national, state, county and local debts, besides all the schools in the country. In fact, this country pays more for liquor than for every function of every kind of government.—New York Tribune.

### Rum in the World's Biggest City.

London has 8,325 miles of streets and a population of 5,847,000—more than the whole of Scotland or of Ireland. It has only 429 church buildings. It has about 8,500 people to the square mile; 145,000 paupers, one-third of whom are children. London has over 36,000 registered habitual criminals. There are over 14,000 policemen, which cost the city over \$7,000,000 a year. London has also 14,000 grogshops. How much these cost nobody can figure up. Never will there be any way out of "darkness" London, or the bottomless miseries and degradation of any other city, so long as the grogshop curse is tolerated.—Advocate.

### Rum Makes Trouble.

Rum makes trouble everywhere. There is great agitation in England because the government proposes to compensate liquor dealers for pecuniary loss in retiring from the business. But there is no talk of compensating families for the losses which the liquor traffic has inflicted upon them. Texas Siftings.

### A Professorship of Total Abstinence.

It is proposed by Frances E. Willard to found, by subscription, a John B. Gough professorship of total abstinence in the new American university to be established in Washington.

### They Are Safe Men to Trust.

There are 10,000 bootleggers in the railway service of Great Britain and 12,000 among the sailors in the naval service.



## How to Remove Mildew from Cloths.

Mix soft soap with powdered starch, add half as much salt and the juice of a lemon; lay it on the part with a brush, then lay the article on the grass day and night till the stain comes out.

## How to Make an Introduction.

Introductions, except on rare occasions and when there are good reasons, should not be made on the streets. The only warrants for such breaches of etiquette are when some business is to be accomplished then and there, or that the introducer is so intimate with both of the strangers that he feels privileged to take a liberty with each. In introducing a gentleman to a lady, say, "Miss Brown, permit me to introduce (or present) the better form Mr. Smith," and he should bow to each as his or her name is pronounced, and the names should be pronounced with entire distinctness, as nothing is more embarrassing than not to catch the correct name of a new acquaintance. The lady meeting a gentleman by such an introduction may smile and say nothing, or she may say, "I am happy to meet you, Mr. Smith," or anything else which is pleasant and complimentary. But Mr. Smith will be forward to begin a conversation until the lady has in some way taken the initiative. When men are introduced to one another the elder or more distinguished should have the other presented to him.

## How to Avoid Morbid Self-Consciousness.

Keep the fact firmly fixed in your mind that every man is thinking more about himself than about you. So long as you do not dress, or walk, or talk in an utterly ridiculous way people will bother themselves very little about your appearances.

## How to Tell the Time by the Sun.

Any method of telling the time by the sun without the use of instruments and mathematical calculations is necessarily crude, but farmers and woodmen become quite expert in it. A man knows, for instance, that on the 21st of March and the 21st of September we have days of twelve hours in length. From the 21st of March to the 23rd of June the days lengthen, and on that day the sun rises at about 4:30 and sets at about 7:30. Then from the 21st of September till the 23rd of December the days shorten until they are only about nine hours long, the sun rising at about 7:30 and setting at about 4:30. Bearing these facts in mind and remembering that the sun is always directly overhead at 12 o'clock noon, one can come pretty close, by observing the approach to the meridian and the departure therefrom, to telling what time it is by the sun. The convenient almanac will help any one trying to do this, but in this day of cheap watches people do not generally spend much time in acquiring a not very useful skill.

## How to Give Castor Oil to Children.

As in various diseases of children there is to medicine so beneficial as castor oil, it is well to know how to give it without aggravating the malady by forcing the child to take the disagreeable dose. A tablespoonful of castor oil can be given in a glass of sugarplum or ginger ale without the child's knowledge. The soda or ginger ale or root beer should be freshly drawn, and poured in such a way as to diffuse the oil all through it, and it will be drunk with pleasure. The carbonic acid gas completely disguises the taste of the oil, and it is not visible in the foam.

## How to Polish Shirt Buttons.

Take half an ounce each of white wax, isinglass and gum arabic and half a teaspoonful of alcohol; put them in a gill of boiling water, shake well and bottle. To each quart of starch add a teaspoonful of the mixture.

## How to Put Two Things at Once in Our Places.

A simple trick, easily performed, will puzzle any one who has not seen it. Take a common tumbler and pour water, carefully into it until it will not hold another drop without overflowing. Ask the witnesses if anything more can be put into the glass without removing or spilling the water, and the chances are that all will say no. You can, however, add (if you do it carefully) a very considerable quantity of salt, and when no more salt will go in you can add sugar without increasing the bulk of the water or spilling any. You may do something still more surprising. Instead of salt and sugar, you can put a great many pins or needles into the water without making it overflow. Philosophers declare that the particles of water rearrange themselves around the pins.

## How the Term "Pie Money" Originated.

This means a lady's allowance of money for her own personal expenditures. Long after the invention of pins, in the Fourteenth century, they were very costly, and the maker was allowed to sell them in open shop only on the 1st and 2d of January. It was then that the ladies of the court and city dames flocked to the stores to buy them, having been first provided with the requisite money by their husbands. When pins became common and cheap the ladies spent their allowance on other fancies, but the term pin money remained in vogue.

## How to Sharpen Edge Tools.

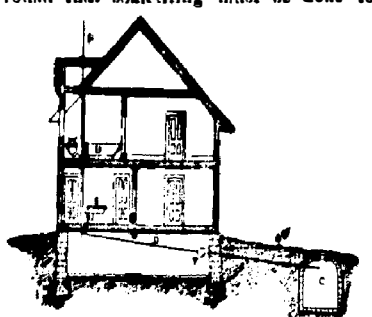
Add to water one-twentieth of its weight in sulphuric or muriatic acid. Place the tool in it and leave it for half an hour, after which take it out and wipe it dry. Three or four hours afterward finish the edge on a hone. The dilute acid cuts the steel away and does the work of a grindstone, making the honing all that is necessary to put the edge on the tool. This process will actually improve blades that have been badly hardened, although the reason for the improvement is not known.

## DRAINAGE OF A COUNTRY HOUSE.

Some Hints on Theory and Practice by D. W. KING.

(Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.)  
The proper drainage of a country house is often more difficult than it might at first appear. For example, if the building stands on wet or springy soil or on a side hill where the water may pass through the rocks, the cellar in all probability will be wet. A damp cellar is a serious matter to the occupants of the house, as it is likely to cause fever, rheumatism and other ills.

Building operations, especially in the country, are usually commenced in the summer, when the ground is comparatively dry, and little notice is taken of possible dampness at the time when excavations for the foundations are made. When the fall rains set in, however, it is soon found that something must be done to

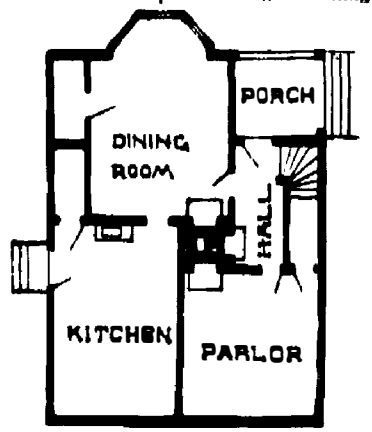


SECTIONAL VIEW.

carry off the water. It is always safest, if there is any danger of the accumulation of water under the foundation, to dig a trench two or three feet below the top of the cellar floor and place porous drainpipes in the bottom. These should be carried to the lowest point of the grounds so that the water may be drained off. The trenches should be filled with small cobblestones well pounded down, so as to give a firm bed to the footing stones of the foundation walls. The walls should be thoroughly plastered on the outside with good cement, and the trenches made wide enough to let the walls be exposed to the air and become thoroughly dry. A good coating of hot coal tar will be an advantage.

After the walls and mortar are thoroughly dried out the earth may be rammed and packed tightly against the walls, and should be graded so as to carry away all surface water. If the house is located on level ground, where it is not possible to grade the drainage so as to take away the water, a tight cellar can be secured by covering the outside of the walls and the cellar bottom with asphaltum. But this is a very expensive method, and is rarely done except in important buildings. It is always well in such cases to keep the foundations as high as possible. Sometimes a deep cesspool can be made in close proximity to the building which will take away the water from the cellar.

As regards the plumbing of a house, the drain within should be of cast iron, and the pipes should be carried along the side of the walls or suspended from the ceiling.



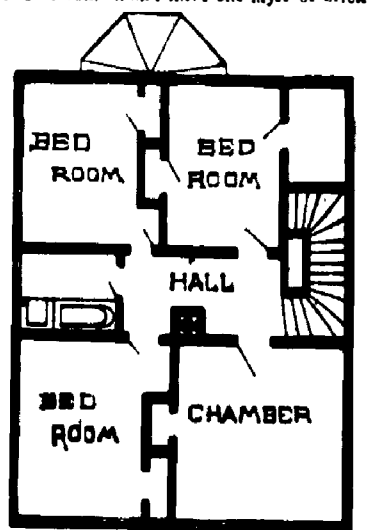
FIRST STORY.

In full view. The iron pipe should extend outside the wall at least six feet. It is even better to carry it clear to the cesspool, if possible, as the earthen pipes used for the purpose are brittle and liable to be broken. The only thing to be said in favor of earthen drainpipes is that they are cheap.

Unless a drain is laid with a proper fall it is not possible to make the joints secure, as the ends of the lengths of pipe will not fit. In laying drains so as to secure the proper fall first measure the distance from the cesspool to the point where the soil pipe is to join the drainpipe. Then calculate the depth of the cesspool inlet. A fall of one-eighth of an inch in a foot is the best grade allowable, and the more fall the better.

In putting down the pipes the workman should commence at the cesspool and work toward the house. A running trap should be placed close to the front wall, inclosed in a brick box with a wooden cover, so as to be easy of access. The trap should have a clearing out hole and a branch for fresh air ventilation. In cases where the soil is very wet it is difficult to construct a cesspool which will be water tight, and one which fills with water is liable to set back in the pipes and force sewer gas into the house.

The best way to make a cesspool water tight is to cover the exterior and interior walls with a heavy coating of asphaltum. The bottom should have one layer of brick



SECOND STORY.

first, laid in a bed of good cement with the joints left open, upon which the first coat of asphaltum is put. Then another layer of brick is placed and a second coat of asphaltum is applied. Sometimes it is not possible to get the asphaltum, especially in country districts. A friend of mine who had a great deal of trouble in making a brick cesspool water tight lost patience after having spent a great deal of money without success, and finally abandoned the brick cesspool and sunk a large oak barrel in the ground. This he covered with board timbers and planks and said he had no further trouble.

D. W. KING.

A Cleopatra niche is arranged by shutting off the dark end of the parlor with portiers. A low table holds a tazza de Nilo. This niche is lighted by a black-silk lantern with huge bullseyes.—Decorative and Furnishings.

## GEMS IN VERSE.

### Bessie's Opinion.

Bessie went to church that morning; She had never been before;  
"But she's old enough," said mamma;  
"Three years old, and almost four."

She had promised to be quiet;  
"No, indeed, she wouldn't cry."  
Holding tight to papa's finger,  
Off she went with sparkling eye.

Wonderfully she saw the people,  
Saw the flowers and the vest;  
Gazed up at the lofty arches,  
But the music pleased her best.

When it ceased and came the sermon,  
Bessie frowned and fidgeted;  
"She's quiet, best," said mamma,  
But she shook her little head.

Stood upon the red pew cushion,  
Waved her hand in queerly way  
Toward the preacher, toward the organ—  
"Mum, be quiet! Hand, you play!"  
—Helen Fraser Lovett.

### To the Influenza Germ.

By the shivering fits that chill us,  
By the feverish heats which grill us,  
By the aches which maul and maul us,  
By the sneaks which draft and fill us,  
By the hydropaths who will us,  
By the allopaths who bill us,  
By the nervous fevers which kill us—  
Tell us, tell us, wee Baillies,  
What and why and wherefore you are!

Say, are you a germ atom?  
Have you uses economy?  
Are you truly misanthropic?  
Are you solid or lymphatic?  
Frankly, is your cause zymotic?  
Are you native or exotic?  
When your business is transacted  
Is your stay to be protracted?  
And do you intend, Baillies,  
To return again and kill us?  
Do make answer, if you please!

Tell us briefly, tiny mystery,  
What's your source and what's your history.

Clear the clouds of obfuscation  
That surround your incognito,  
Furnish, without more abstraction,  
Your belated introduction.  
Let us know your why and wherefore,  
What it is you're in the air for,  
And meanwhile, D wee Baillies,  
Smoo with morbid dread you fill us.  
Fritter, take your leave at once.  
—London World.

### Indian Courage.

The annals of no country can show any savor so formidable for his numbers to trained regular troops of the white race as the American Indian. The tales of the sepy rebellion, replete as they are with heroic achievements of British soldiers, read like absurd fairy tales to Indian fighters of our army. The spectacle, repeated again and again, of a score or so of these Englishmen riding through as many thousands of opposing sepyes, disciplined and thoroughly supplied with the best of fire-arms, would be a very novel one to those accustomed to the temper of the savage of our own continent.

Had Captain Jack, or Joseph, or Geronimo, with such warriors as they led, been the sort of does to attack the English power in India, the history of Delhi and Lucknow would have been written in far darker characters on the pages of English history. Self-reliant, intelligent, fierce in battle, imitable horsemen, armed with the modern rifle, our own Indians have often waged successful battle with regular troops unsurpassed in quality and far outnumbering them. It is doubtful if even the Cossack or Arab can be compared with them in partisan warfare.—Harper's Weekly.

### How Blood Was Secured.

An anecdote is going the rounds concerning the manner in which a well-known leading actor supplied the accidental absence of a necessary item of "makeup." He was playing Macbeth, and when he came to the murder scene he asked in vain for the blood with which he had intended to imbue his hands. After abusing the property man roundly for his neglect, the actor, struck with a happy thought, suddenly hit that functionary on the nose, so that a good supply of crimson fluid was obtained, and in this the actor bathed his palms.

It is said that after the performance there was a "realistic" conflict between the "pro," and the property man in which more "elaborate" was "tripped"—this time not for stage purposes.—London Tit-Bits.

### Every Animal is Fond of Bananas.

The leaves of the banana, often six feet long and two feet wide, are tender, and the strong winds of the tropics soon wear them in strips, thereby adding to their grace and beauty. The banana is a fruit that beast and bird, as well as man, are fond of, and the owner, when he lives in a sparsely settled country, must protect his plantation by a fence of some thorny plant.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

### Helped by His Wife.

Lamarine, the great French poet, was happily married and received great aid from his wife in all his undertakings.—Writer.

### A Regular Falling Off.

Gilhooley—I can't possibly make out what's going to become of our boarding house. I wanted ham and poached eggs the other day and couldn't get 'em.  
Gus De Smith—Ah! and I wanted credit there the other day and couldn't get that.—Texas Siftings.

The words Hebrew and Jew are used almost interchangeably, but the true distinction is this: Hebrew is the race name, Jew or Benelite the religious name. Between Jew and Israelite there is practically no distinction.

Sir Jazam Puzet says that he once heard Mlle. Jatezka render a presto by Mendelssohn in which she had to play 5,355 notes in four minutes and thirty seconds!

Novadays paper is almost entirely made from wood, although, as a manufacturer aptly put it, paper can be made from everything except stone or iron.

Rubber was imported into England, but it was little used except by artists until 1860, nearly 300 years after its first introduction to civilization.

Buckland said that it was millions of years since the world was created, and the only question was how many millions.



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ANNA VERNON DORSEY.  
A Southern Girl Who Has Made Reputation as a Writer.  
A slim, elegant figure clad in faultless Paris gown, a black feather collar and black hat trimmed with deep crimson roses; an oval face, with strong, intellectual expression, dark blue eyes and brown hair—this is Miss Anna Vernon Dorsey, a young southern woman, whose work in literature has made her well known in New York and Washington, her home.

Miss Dorsey belongs to an old Maryland family of Irish and Quaker ancestry. Her education was received from widely different sources—a Baptist boarding school, a convent and an Episcopal boarding school in Baltimore.



ANNA VERNON DORSEY.

She is one of the youngest of American writers, her first published article appearing in 1888. It was called "Tennyson's Idyls: Their Source and Significance." This was followed by "Betty," a last century love story, in The Cosmopolitan for December, 1889, which was also issued in book form. From time to time other sketches and stories have appeared in different periodicals. Society Women in Fiction, in the woman's number of The Cosmopolitan, being from her pen. Modestly disclaiming the title of poet, she has written verses that are sweet and natural.

An ardent lover of outdoor life, her summers are spent in the country towns of Maryland, especially at the old family plantation on the Eastern Shore. She is a good horsewoman, spending much time in the saddle when in the country. Her home is on a quiet street in the fashionable northwest of Washington. The house where she lives with her father and mother she is the only daughter; evidence her taste in its air of comfort and prettiness. SUSAN A. RICE.

Three Baltimore Novelists.

Miss Lizette W. Reese, Miss Katharine Pearson Woods and Mrs. Laurence Turnbull are the three ladies of Baltimore who have aspired to a seat in the literary pantheon. The last named about two years ago made her debut as an author with "A Catholic Man," a novel that received the favorable notice of the critics. She has also written numerous articles and special "papers" for reading before literary circles. Rumor states that her ambition is far from being satisfied, and that she intends producing more earnest work. Her social duties for she is a leader of society—and the care of her three pretty children have, however, engrossed most of her time, though she virtually established the Woman's Literary Club of Baltimore, of which she is president, and some monthly meetings of which have been held in her lovely home at 1513 Park avenue, fronting Beethoven terrace. Her husband is a lawyer.

Miss Woods, who comes from an honored ancestry, is at present engaged upon a work which depicts the abuses under which the laboring class suffer, though it cannot be regarded as one of socialistic theories, as were her first novel, "Metzerott, Shoemaker," and its immediate successor, "The Mark of the Beast." Her last volume, "A Web of Gold," received much attention.

Miss Woods was for several years a teacher in the schools of Wheeling, and the ample opportunities afforded her to study the methods, the ways and the lives of the workingmen and women in the great rail shops, rolling mills and furnaces of that wide awake city led her to investigate and then write upon a theme that inspires her whole being.

Miss Reese is locally well known as one of the most efficient primary teachers in the public schools of Baltimore. She was born just outside the present limits. She has been making rhymes since babyhood. The announcement was recently made by the Boston publishers of "Handful of Lavender," poems by Lizette Woodworth Reese. The book contains about seventy poems. This volume includes the old poems in her first book, "A Branch of May," which was a noted success, and some forty odd new ones.

She expects in the near future to write and issue under one cover a half dozen stories dealing with western Maryland, a region peculiarly rich in historical and poetical legends. Some of these stories have lately been finished. The collected sketches will be published under the title of "Green Meadows."

ALBERT P. SOUTHWICK.

Important, It True.

And now the girls are heading their intellects to displaying their individuality in their stockings. The moneyed girl has the dollar sign wrought upon her hose. The musical girl indulges in sharps and flats; the artist shows the brush and palette; the poet, the quill, the bright red hearts. Geographical location, too, is not neglected. It is said that the Cincinnati girl proudly displays, on her stockings, upon her stockings, the Chicago girl has a motto, "We've captured the bun," or "The World's fair is ours," while the Boston girl, true to her heart's affection, displays a row of tiny brown beans around her ankle.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

KATE FIELD'S POSITIVE IDEAS CONCERNING WOMAN'S DUTIES.

The Co-operative Home Association—Addresses in Newspaper Offices—Southern Women—A Teacher's Presence of Mind. Items of Interest for Housekeepers.

Miss Kate Field, the author, lecturer and traveler, is a very positive woman. If you ask her a question she replies to it very frankly, yes or no. But if she doesn't understand the matter she promptly asks why. Talking to her the other day about what women are doing in the various fields of labor, I asked her if she noticed that women were really making progress. Frankly she answered: "I know nothing about it. But I do know this, that mothers and wives are singularly remiss in one important department of life. The percentage of women who know how to cook, how to dress properly and how to educate their children is very small. They begin wrong. They have never studied the chemistry of foods, for example. Some of them cannot tell to save their lives when food is properly prepared. They use no judgment in the foods they select for themselves and their families, and they know little about cooking. It is the same with dress. They follow the fashion, regardless of all hygienic laws, simply because it is the fashion, and they are ignorant of the laws of health.

One of the greatest necessities of our day, I think, is that more attention shall be paid to physical culture. Mothers should learn to understand the importance of this most important of all things in life. They should begin by instructing their children properly, so they may become healthy and strong. Then they should see that they are properly dressed and have a sufficient amount of nutritious food to sustain the body. It is easy enough for the women of America to make the next generation the most splendid one in our history if they will only pay some attention to themselves. When they have done this it will be time enough to begin to talk about women's progress."—Foster Coates in New York Mail and Express.

The Co-operative Home Association.

There is no greater public need at the present time than for a plan for co-operative housekeeping, which shall provide in large cities refined homes within the reach of people of moderate means, and at the same time do away with the burdens of individual housekeeping.

An association which aims to answer all of these requirements is about to be formed in this city. Its main object is to band together people who wish to share in co-operative housekeeping.

The general plan is to hire large houses in different locations to suit the various tastes and means, and to rent the rooms in these houses to members at a little above actual cost of rent and running expenses, the percentage above cost to be used as a sinking fund. The cost of the public parlors, reception and other public rooms, and of general attendance, will be shared equally by residents.

It is expected to supply each house with telephones, district messenger call and every convenience, and as the association grows it is hoped that reading rooms and gymnasiums may be opened in large houses. It is proposed also to form reading circles and to have lectures and musical entertainments given occasionally in the parlors.

If the residents of any house so decide, the large parlors may be rented once or twice a week to societies and the proceeds applied to the payment of general expenses. Vacant rooms may be rented in the same way to parties who are not members.

It is hoped the membership will be large enough to warrant opening one house on April 1.—New York Business Woman's Journal.

Actresses in Newspaper Offices.

Mrs. A. M. Palmer, Miss Georgia Cayvan, Mrs. Agnes Booth-Scheffel and Mrs. Edward E. Kidder, the executive officers of the women's committee for the Actors' fund fair, are working very hard. On Wednesday these four ladies started out for breakfast, under escort of Mr. Daniel Frohman, to secure the aid of the newspapers in giving publicity to their amiable plans. They courageously climbed long flights of dusty stairs and ventured into dingy elevators in order to reach the editorial dens. During their peregrinations these ladies learned a good deal about newspaper life, and were astonished to see rooms and desks littered with torn paper and exchanges. Mrs. Scheffel now knows that a "stickful" is twenty-four lines of type, and she understands how news is collected and edited. Miss Cayvan proved her capability as a secretary by clearly presenting the scope of work laid down by her committee. Mrs. Palmer, as president, knew what the committee wanted published, and suggested an outline in a very delightful way, while Mrs. Kidder added her charming influence.

These ladies did not conclude their tour until 6 p. m., when Agnes Booth and Georgia Cayvan had to hasten home for a hurried dinner, as they had to be in costume at Palmer's theater and the Lyceum before the curtains rose at 8 o'clock. That the Actors' fund fair will be a success is assured when four delicately bred women undertake such a task as these ladies performed on Wednesday. New York Advertiser.

Southern Women.

The women of the south are yet in that transition stage which must come between a more dignified and interest and the full acceptance of the new methods and opportunities for women. They are naturally anxious to know of their increased privileges, and to see the open doors, but there is no aggressiveness. On the contrary, the typical southern woman, though active and capable, always prefers to feel and to have the world believe that the men of the family are the leaders, fully able to take care

of all affairs save those in the home. She may in truth work herself to death, and take all sorts of shifts and turns in private, but this is her creed, inherited from grandmothers' grandmothers of the long ago. She believes, as old Uncle Harvey on the plantation puts it, "De head in de family ought ter allus hab some money in his pocket."

The progress of development in the woman's world therefore lies much in social lines—literary clubs, art clubs, afternoon teas, etc. No explosive questions are proposed; the trend of thought follows a mental current with no underflow of reform in any way; questions of art, of literature, of travel are all discussed at the delightful afternoon fortnightly, held in the different parlors, with astonishing clearness and closeness. One might venture to say that the greatest readers and deepest students are usually found among women away from the centers. They get from reading what their sisters in the whirl gain by absorption.—Harper's Bazar.

A Teacher with Presence of Mind.

The fourteenth district school building at the corner of Freeman and Poplar streets was the scene of what might have been a terrible panic recently. Only a plucky little teacher's prompt action and true heroism prevented a mad rush of more than 100 little children down two flights of stairs and the almost unavoidable crushing and mangling of dozens of little forms. The children had just assembled in the third grade room, and the teacher, Miss Jessie Williams, had given several permission to dry their clothes before the stove. One of these, little Mamie Sites, aged eight years, it seems, got too near the open door, and her dress was drawn in.

The clothing blazed up immediately, and with a scream the little one made a wild rush for the door leading down stairs. A second later every pupil in the room was out of its seat and running toward the stairway. Miss Williams, however, reached the door first, and bracing herself against it, caught the burning figure and beat out the fire with her hands. By this time nearly all the children and teachers in the building were on the scene, but quiet was soon restored.

The unfortunate child was not badly burned, but was allowed to go home. Miss Williams' hands were severely blistered and badly burned in several places, but she kept nobly at her desk and taught the class through the day.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

A Woman Rancher.

Among the most successful "ranchers" in the west is Mrs. Emma Perry, who for four years has conducted a cattle ranch near Marana, in the western part of Kansas. Instead of being the typical farm manager, masculine in appearance, Mrs. Perry is small in stature, refined in manner, fair of face, with blond hair and expressive gray eyes. She is less than thirty years of age, though how much less she will not state. She is an intellectual woman, a clever conversationalist, and during the last campaign was able to give her neighbors much information about current events.

In the spring of 1887 Mrs. Perry was left a widow after less than a year of married life. During her husband's illness she intrusted his business to others, the result being that the ranch affairs were found to be in a most deplorable condition, and bankruptcy stared her in the face when she took possession of the property. Partly to save something from the impending wreck and partly to occupy her mind after her great loss she assumed control of the estate and became its active manager. Owning a section of land, seventy-five head of cattle and a few ponies, Mrs. Perry commenced her new life, bearing in mind the many wrecks all about her. Rising early and retiring late, much of her time in the saddle, she soon had order restored and her business affairs well in hand.—Chicago Tribune.

Time to Start Pansies.

It is not too early to start pansies for blossoming outdoors. The seed should be sown in a window box, set in a sunny window in a cold room, but where it does not freeze. Pansies love a cool, moist atmosphere. The soil of the window box should be kept rather wet till the seeds begin to germinate. When they are well up, thin them out, fertilize them a little with a teaspoonful of guano dissolved in a quart of water and protect them from the sun in the middle of the day, but do not give them any more heat. As soon as the ground thaws they will be all the better for being planted outdoors, if they are protected at night. There is no spring flower that will give such fragrance and variety of color as the pansy. These "little stepmothers" as the Germans lovingly call them, show their full beauty and bloom only in the moist early spring. The great velvety blossoms diminish in size as soon as the summer comes and no care will preserve their size and beauty. They are essentially a spring flower and their beds should be refilled by June 1 with summer flowers, and a fresh supply of pansies should be sown in the late autumn or winter for the succeeding spring.—New York Tribune.

Womanliness and Royalty.

All women will appreciate the womanliness of the English queen, who with her own hands made the superb wreath which she sent to lay upon the bier of her grandson, the late Duke of Clarence as "a mark of tender affection and love from his most devoted, loving and sorrowful grandmother, Victoria R. L." And few women will withhold a thrill of sisterly sympathy as they read of the touching little incident which occurred after the benediction at the close of the services in St. George's chapel, when the "Duke of Teck handed the Prince of Wales a small wreath, which the prince tenderly laid on the coffin. It was her bridal wreath of orange blossoms which, by Princess Mary's wish, was placed on the coffin of her beloved one."—London Letter.

Poison in Wall Paper.

The report of the Massachusetts state board of health relative to arsenic in wall paper has been submitted to the legisla-

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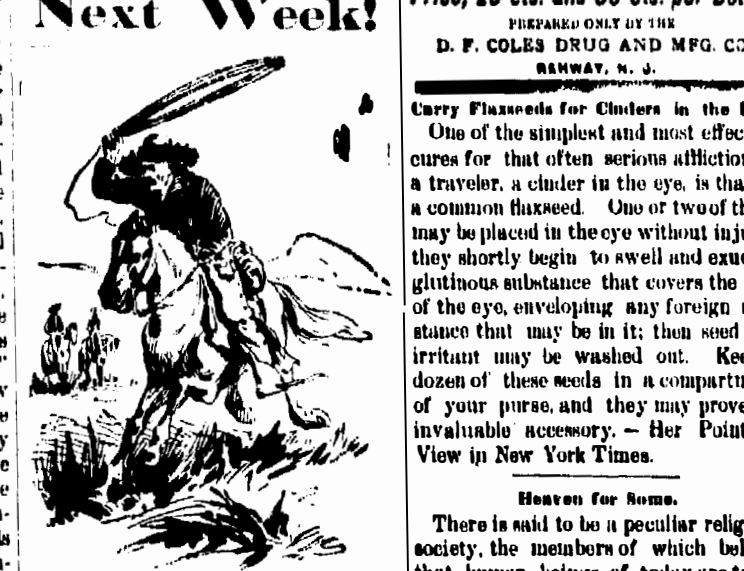
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Tight Lacing Too Prevalent.  
No doubt many deaths from tight lacing occur, but are not reported. Tight lacing appears to be carried on, both by girls and women, entirely too frequently.  
—Medical Bulletin.



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