

And now comes the turn of the second line. Seeking shelter from the snowstorm, warriors, women and children were for the most part within the tepees as the line crashed in. Some few were with the miserable captives, but at the first sound of danger every warrior had seized his rifle and rushed for the open air. Some few, throwing themselves upon their faces, fired wild shots at the foremost troops as they came bounding through, but as a rule only a few opposed their passage, so sudden was the shock.

Then came the realization that the herds were being driven, and that not an instant must be lost in mounting such ponies as were still tethered about the villages, and dashing away in a wide circle—away from the troops—yet concentrating again beyond them and regaining the lead. And six, where the first line met an apparently sleeping village, the second came charging, charging, firing, thundering through a warning mob of yelling braves and screaming squaws.

Farrar, for most in the charge, with the civilian guardsman close at his side, shouts warning to the women, even as he empties his pistol at the howling men. Close at his back come Amory and his serried troops, cheering like mad, battering over Indians too slow to jump aside and driving their horses head at every warrior in their path. And still the colonel shouts, "This way!" and the cavalry and the adjutant ride at his heels, and the serried ranks follow his lead, and, dashing through a labyrinth of lodges, they run up clearing about two grizzly tepees, at which the Indians are shouting the names of loved relatives and listening eagerly for answer, and thrilling voices within are crying, "Here! Here!" and stalwart men, swinging from saddle, are rushing in, pistol in hand, and tearing aside the flimsy barriers that hide the rescued captives from the eyes of their deliverers, and the other troops re-enclosed again by strong squads from Leale's rallied line, are dashing to and fro



Leale's order. through the village, firing at the Indians who are scurrying away. Just as Amory and the adjutant charge at a little knot of scowling Redskins, whose rifles are blazing at them not a dozen yards distance, just as the good old colonel, at foot now, is clapping the hand of some poor woman whose last hope was gone but a moment before, and even while listening to her frantic blessings finds time to shout again to his half-maddened men: "Don't hurt the women, kids. Look out for the children!" a jaggle, blank to fury of a Bruie squaw springs from behind the shelter of a pile of robes, levels her revolver, and pulling trigger at the instant, leaps screaming down into the creek bottom, leaving Farrar sinking slowly into the snow.

An hour later, with strong skirmish lines out on every side of the captured village, with a score of Indian warriors sent to their last account and the others scattered over the face of the earth, the little battalion of the Twelfth is wondering if, after all, the fight was worth winning, for here in their midst, his head on Leale's arm, his fading sight fixed on the bearded eyes of his faithful comrade, here lies their beloved old colonel, his last messages murmured in that listening ear: "Leale—old friend—find—and that poor girl—my—my son robbed and ruined and deserted—and be the friend to her—you've been to me—and mine. God bless!"

And this while the regiment, obeying its stern duty, goes on in pursuit—this is the news Jack Ormsby has to break to the loving, breaking hearts at Payne.

CHAPTER III. All this was but part and parcel of the story of the old Wyoming fort. Long years had it served as a refuge and resting place for the emigrants in the days before the Union Pacific was built, when the overland stage route followed the Platte to the Sweetwater and then past the Devil's Gate and Independence Rock, old landmarks of the Mormons, and on to the backbone of the continent, where the mountain streams, springing from rocky beds not long since shot apart, flowed tripping away, the one to the Missouri and the Gulf of Mexico, the other to the Colorado and that of California. Frayne was but a huge stockade in the early days of the civil war, but the government found it important from a strategic point of view even after the railway spanned the Rockies and the emigrant and the

settler no longer trudged the weary trail that, bordering the Sioux country, became speedily a road of fire and blood second only in its terrors to the Smoky Hill route through "Bloody Kansas."

Once it was the heart of the Dakotas, as it has been for generations of their enemies, the Absarokas, or Crows, that they had never shed the blood of a white man. Soldiers of the old days used to tell how the Sioux had followed them for long, long marches, not to murder and pillage, but to restore to them items lost along the trail or animals strayed from their little herds. But there came an end to all this when, resisting an unjust demand, the Sioux being fired upon, retaliated. From the day of the Grattan massacre beyond old Laramie, there had been no real peace with the lords of the northwest. They are quiet only when subdued by force. They have broken the crust of their environment time and again, and burst forth in the seething flame of a volcano that is ever bubbling and boiling beneath the feet of the frontiersman to this day.

And so Frayne was maintained as a military post for years, first as a stockade, then as a sub-post of supplies, garrisoned by four companies of infantry and four of cavalry, the former to hold the fort, the latter to scour the neighboring country. Then, as time wore on and other posts were built farther up in the Big Horn, Frayne's garrison dwindled, but to restore it upon its commanding bluff the low rows of wooden barracks, the parallel rows of double sets of broad piazzas where men dwelt in the officers, the long, low log riveted walls of the corral and cavalry stables on the flat below. Here, oddly enough, the Twelfth had spent a lively year or two before it went to Arizona. Here it learned the Sioux country and the Sioux so well that when, a few years back, the ghost dance craze swept over the plains and mountains like the plague, the old regiment was hurried from its sunny stations in the south and mustered once again, four troops at least, within the very walls that long before had echoed to its trumpets. Here we found them in the midst of the Christmas preparations that were turned so suddenly into summons to the field, and here again, three years later still, the proud old regiment is still at Payne, and Fenton, "vice Farrar, in action with hostile Indians," holds the command.

A good soldier is Fenton, a brave fellow, a trifle rough at times, like the simple plains bred dragoon he is, but a gentleman with a gentle heart in his breast for all the stern exterior. Women said of him that all he needed to make him perfect was polish, and all he needed to give him polish was a wife, for at 54 the grizzled colonel was a bachelor. But Fenton had had his romance in early youth. He had loved with all his big heart, so said tradition, a New York belle and beauty whom he knew in his cadet days, and who, so rumor said, preferred another, whom she married before the war, and many a garrison belle had since set her cap for Fenton and found him faithful to his early love. But, though the ladies often speculated as to the identity of the woman who had held the colonel's heart in bondage, all these years and blocked the way for all successors, no one of them had ever heard her name, or ever knew the truth. One officer there was in the Twelfth who, like Fenton himself, was a confirmed bachelor, and who was said to be possessed of the whole story, but there was no use asking Madam Leale to tell anybody's secrets, and when Fenton came to Frayne, promoted to the command so recently held by a man they all loved and honored, it was patent to everybody that he felt sorely, as though he were an usurper. Fenton was many long miles away with another battalion of the Twelfth the day of the tragic battle on the Mtn. Peak, and it was long months thereafter before he appeared at regimental headquarters, and then he brought with him as his house-keeper his maiden sister, Lucretia, and in Lucretia Fenton—the dressiest, dowdiest, kindest, quaintest middle-aged patroller that ever lived, moved and had her being in the army—the ladies of the Twelfth found so much to make merry over that they well might forget and forgive the unflattering indifference to feminine fascinations of her brother, the colonel.

When Fenton came, the Farrars, widowed mother and devoted daughter, had been gone some weeks. The shock of her husband's death had well nigh shaken Mrs. Farrar's reason, and for months her condition was indeed deplorable. The next summer the Farrars spent at West Point. It was Will's first class camp, and Will was cadet captain of the color company, and a capital young officer despite a boyish face and manner, and then Jack Ormsby, who never before had "taken much stock in West Point"—the battalion looked so small beside the Seventh, and the band was such a miserable little affair after Cappa and his superb array—Jack not only concluded that he must go up there every few days to pick up points on guard and s duty duty and things of that kind, but Jack decided that Kitty, his precious sister, might as well go, too, and spend a fortnight, and she did, under the wing of a matron from Gotham with daughters of her own, and Kitty Ormsby, only 16 and as full of vivac-

ity, grace, sprightliness and winning ways as girl could be, pretty as a peach and brimming over with fun, equanimity and sweetness combined, played havoc in the corps of cadets, and—could any thing have been more fortunate?—the victim met her fate, happily, hopelessly, utterly gone was Cadet Captain Will Farrar. To the consternation of the widowed mother she saw her handsome soldier boy led day after day more deeply into the meshes—led like a slave or like the piggy in the nursery rhyme, with the ring to the end of his nose—by this bewitching, imperious, fascinating little creature, and there was absolutely no help for it. Anywhere else almost she could have whined her boy under her wing and borne him away beyond range, but not at West Point. She had to learn the lesson so many mothers learn with such low lament, often with such ill grace, that the boy was no longer hers to do with as she would, but Uncle Sam's, and Uncle Sam unfortunately said, "Stick to your camp duty with its drills and parade, roll calls, practical engineering, penmanship and spouting in school half hours, no matter what the consequences!"

Mrs. Farrar couldn't carry Will away and couldn't order Kitty. About all she saw of her boy was drilling with the battalion at a distance or dancing with Miss Ormsby close at hand, and, on the principle that misery loves company, she soon was comforted by a fellow sufferer, for just in proportion as the mother's heart was mangled by the sight of her boy's infatuation for this pretty child, so was Jack Ormsby made miserable by seeing the attentions lavished by officers and cadets alike on Ellis Farrar.

And yet the little blind god was doing Jack far better work than he ever dared to dream. The mother longed for Will, and no one else could quite take his place. "The lover longest for Ellis, and what earthly chance has a 'wit' lover at West Point, even though he be a swell and a sergeant in the Seventh?" It resulted that in the hours when the mother and Jack had to sit and look on they were brought constantly together, and then in these hours of companionship Mrs. Farrar began to see more and more how manifold, honest, self-reliant was the gallant fellow who had fought by her husband's side. Little by little she learned to lean upon him, appeal to him, defer to him and to see in him, after all, a man in whom she could perhaps confide even so previous a trust as her daughter's heart, and that summer at West Point went the mother even if it did not win the lady of his love.

All that winter Ellis had continued his course at school, but was to come out in May, and during the long months from September she was comforted in the company that had been chosen for her, a gentle, refined and evidently well-bred woman, who came upon the recommendation of their mother, and who was introduced as Mrs. Dauntless—Helen Dauntless, a woman with a sad history, as the grave old pastor frankly told them, but through no fault or failure of her own. She had been married, but her husband was unworthy of her, had deserted her some years before, leaving her to struggle for herself. Dr. Morgan vouched for her integrity, and that was enough.

By the time Ellis was to return to her mother's roof Helen Dauntless was so thoroughly established there, so necessary to her mother, so devoted to her in every way, that for the first time in her life, even while glad to mark the steps of improvement in the beloved invalid's health and appearance, Ellis Farrar felt the pang of jealousy.

And this was Will's graduation summer, and they had a lovely time at the seashore. Kitty was there, and Kitty was an accepted fact—and more so now. Will would be content nowhere without her and would have married her then and there but for his mother's gentle admonition and Kitty's positive refusal. She had been reared from girlhood by a doting aunt, had been petted and spoiled at home and at school and



yet had not a little fund of shrewd good sense in her bewilderingly pretty head. She wouldn't wear an engagement ring, wouldn't consent to call it an engagement. She owned, under pressure, that she meant to marry Will some day, but not in any hurry, and therefore, but for one thing, the mother's gentle heart would have been content.

coln Leale. What more could I ask of you ask? What captain in all the line can match him? And Kitty's uncle in command of the Regiment and post! Just think of it, madre, dear, and you'll all come out, and we'll have grand Christmas times at Payne, and we'll hang father's picture over the mantel and father's sword. I'll wire Leale this very minute and write my respects to Fenton. What's he like anyway, mother? I can't remember him at all, nor can Kitty."

But Mrs. Farrar could not tell. It was years, too, since she had seen him, "but he was always a faithful friend of your father, Will, and he wrote me a beautiful, beautiful letter when we came away."

And so, late in September, the boy lieutenant left his mother's arms and, followed by her prayers and tears and his songs, was borne away westward to revisit scenes that were once familiar at the old barracks walls at West Point. Then it required long days of travel over rough mountain roads to reach the railway far south of the Medicine Bow. Now, the swift express train landed him at the station of the frontier town that had grown up on the site of the prairie dog village he and his pony had often "stamped" in the old days. Here at the station, came to meet the son of their old commander, ignoring the fact that the new comers was but the plucky lieutenant of the Twelfth, were the ruddy faced old colonel and Will's own troop leader, Captain Leale, both heartily, cordially hailing him welcome and commenting not a little on his stalwart build and trying hard not to forget to the very downy mustache that adorned his boyish lip. And other and younger officers were there to welcome the lad to his new station, and huge was Will's comfort when he caught sight of Sergeant Stem, the veteran standard bearer of the regiment, and that superbly punctured old soldier straightened up like a Norway pine and saluted with rigid precision and "bowed the lieutenant was well and his lady mother and Miss Farrar. "There's nothing," thought Will, "like the discipline of the old regiment, after all," as the orderly came to ask for the checks for the lieutenant's baggage, and all went well until the luckless moment when the colonel and Leale, with some of the elders, turned aside to look at a batch of recruits sent by the same train, and Farrar, chatting with some of his fellow youngsters, was stowing his bags in the waiting ambulance, and there in the driver Will recognized Saddle Donavan's frocked footed Macky, with whom he had had many a hunt for rabbits in the old, old days, and there in the unassuming Irish voice fairly blubbered out, "Haven't you if it isn't really Master Will?" and there, corporal's chevrons on his heavy arms, was old Terry Butler, looking wild to embrace him, and even as Will, half ashamed of his own shyness, was shaking hands with this faithful old remnant of his father's household in years gone by, the squad of recruits came marching past.

The third man in the front, heavily bearded, with a bleared, ill-groomed face and restless glancing eyes, gave a quick, furtive look at the new lieutenant as he passed, then stumbled and plunged forward against his lieutenant. The squad was thrown into momentary disarray. The sergeant, angered at the mishap at such a time, strode quickly up to the offender and savagely muttered, "Keep your eyes to the front, Gracie, and you won't be stumbling up decent men's backs." And the little detachment went briskly on.

"I thought I'd seen that man before," said Leale an instant later, "and now I know it, and I know who."

(To be continued.)

Bad Meat Made Good. The subject of tuberculous meat is one of the greatest importance to the community at large in view of the fact, which has been scientifically demonstrated, that it is possible for that disease to be propagated by the consumption of meat so tainted.

Various projects have from time to time been suggested for the treatment of meat to make it harmless to the community at large. The safest plan is, of course, the destruction of such diseased meat.

A famous German scientist has, however, proposed that tuberculous meat should be divided into at least two classes, and only that deeply impregnated with the germs of disease should be condemned absolutely and irrevocably to cremation by the sanitary authorities. Now, however, a proposal has been made, based on more accurate observation, that the diseased meat should not be thrown away at all, but should be potted.

This operation is to be performed at a very high temperature and under steam pressure, which would have the effect of completely killing these hardy germs. In this way much meat which would be wasted can be rendered fit for human food, and it may be taken with impunity. Sentiment will no doubt declare against the use of diseased meat in spite of the assurance of science.—Pearson's Weekly.

THE NEW SPRING WRAPS.

Dressy Belongings in Many Materials—Russian Coats and French Jackets. There are a sufficient number of the new spring wraps in sight to establish the fact that accordion plaiting is to figure largely in their make up. The most dressy little capes or peleries, which is the more suitable name since they are shaped in at the waist, are a



succession of accordion plaited frills of children, edged possibly with a row of black satin or velvet baby ribbon. These form the entire portion over the arms, and the main part of the garment is of accordion plaited green and black changeable silk or of velvet or moire silk. The wraper of the foregoing explains in the New York Sun that there are all sorts and shapes in this little wrap, so that every figure can be suited, and it would seem from one glance at the new models that any sort of material and any combination of materials is quite permissible here. One rather unique arrangement is a wrap of cream linen in rather a coarse open and heavy quality, checked all over with jet embroidery, and lined with black taffeta, and the sleeve portion is of black lace and pinked taffeta silk frills of petunia and black.

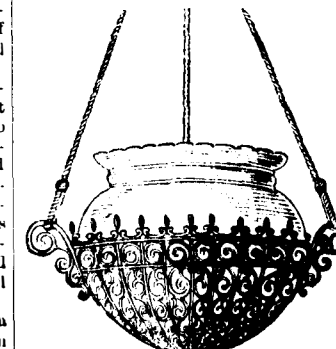
The length of spring wraps can be anything you desire, between the front of the shoulder and the waist line. Black and white lace combined form some of the dressiest capes, and there is usually a mixture of jet and sometimes a touch of color. Two novel garments are a combination of black and cape, and velvet moire, chiffon and jet are the materials employed. A jacket for theater wear in Frodoed gray silk, has cuffs and an old collar of black, with an edging of silver cord and rhinestone embroidery.

Spring jackets are as varied as the wraps and come in three different lengths, with both high and low collars, so it is impossible to decide yet which will be the leading style. They are made of ladies' cloth, serge and melton in both dark and light shades, and the palette of yellow, cream lined with some delicate shade of satin is considered very elegant. The Russian style of coat has a place on the list, and the French jackets display quite a little decoration besides buttons and stitching, according to the authority quoted.

Egg Cooking. A boiled egg should be either soft-boiled or hard enough for the yolk to crumble to be easily digested. An authority upon egg cooking says that boiled eggs to be at their best should not be boiled at all. If desired hard, they should be kept in water just below the boiling point for 20 minutes. For soft eggs, put them in cold water, and when the water reaches the boiling point the egg should be taken out, and it will be found creamy and delicate.

When peaching eggs, to make them into a ball shape but one egg should be cooked at a time. After the water begins to boil rapidly stir it around until a small circle is formed in the water, drop the egg into the middle, and the motion of the boiling water will form a circular covering of white around the unbroken yolk.—Exchange.

Ornamental Ironwork. The Decorator and Furnisher sketches for the benefit of amateurs in ironwork a very artistic method of decorating a plain bowl of glass, which will go far toward making this common article an



A HANGING PLANT BOWL. object of beauty. The article in question may be either a fish or flower bowl, and one can readily see what a difference this simple work makes in the matter of ornamentation. For the two circles use one-quarter inch iron rod. This will make it strong and carry the weight of the bowl. For the three handles use three-eighths by one-eighth inch iron rod. This last is important, and for the scroll work use three-sixteenth inch or one-quarter inch ribbon. This last point must be left to your own judgment, as it depends largely upon the size and weight of the bowl.

Chestnut Compote. The chestnut compote below in order. An exchange tells how to make it: Shell 25 chestnuts and simmer them gently in a pint of milk and water until they are cooked and floury. Then drain them on a sieve and boil 6 ounces of sugar with half a pint of water until it makes purely thick on the surface. When the sirup is ready, put in the chestnuts and bruise them in it. Flavor with vanilla and mix all well together. Rub the mixture through a coarse wire sieve on to a dish into the form of a pyramid and serve surrounded with whipped cream flavored with sherry.

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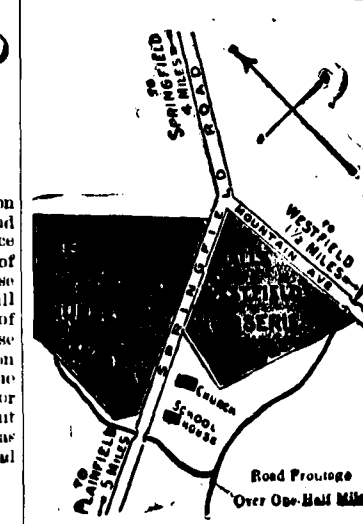
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IF I KNEW.

If I knew the box where the smiles are kept, No matter how large the key Or strong the bolt, I would try so hard...

A LOVER'S JEALOUSY.

"Robert," said Mr. Vyse, slowly, gazing fixedly at the young clerk, "I have no doubt that it is you who have robbed me."

The hot blood flooded Robert's face, and he looked in the full meaning of the words. "I swear to you, sir," he cried passionately, "that you wrong me. I swear it by my soul!"

"I wish I could believe you, Robert," Mr. Vyse replied, "for I like you; but unfortunately, appearances are too much against you. What, may I ask, were you doing at ten o'clock yesterday evening in my private room? You had no right or business there?"

"Nor was I," returned the young fellow indignantly, "I never been in this room in my life except when you have sent me. Has any one told you that I was here last evening, sir?"

"Yes, Robert, your comrade, Richard Starkie, assured me of it not ten minutes ago."

"Richard Starkie!" exclaimed Aeland, in great indignation. "Why, he must be mad. What can have possessed him to tell so wicked a falsehood? We have always been good friends, he and I. Why should he thus try to ruin me, I wonder?"

"The words, the tone, were those of an innocent man. Mr. Vyse began to waver in his opinion as to Aeland's guilt."

"Robert," he said more kindly, "will you swear to me before God that you are innocent?"

Raising aloft his right hand, he said: "I call the God before whose judgment throne we both shall one day stand to witness that I am guiltless," he declared solemnly. "Surely, sir, you will believe me now?"

Mr. Vyse held out his hand. "Yes, Robert, I believe you," he said, "and I beg your pardon for having doubted you. But what Starkie's motive in traducing you has been I am at a loss to understand."

"So am I, sir," answered Aeland. "His conduct is quite incomprehensible."

Well, Robert," wound up the old gentleman, as he dismissed his clerk, "you must promise me one thing, that you will never tell Starkie just the same as if nothing unusual had occurred. It is my wish."

"I will try, sir. But it will be a hard task," Aeland replied as he quitted the room.

Left alone, Mr. Vyse, a hale, reticent man, sixty-five, lay back in his chair and gave himself up to thought. But the more he puzzled over the alleged robbery of his cash box the further he was from a solution of the mystery. He was gone, but by whose hand it was a doubt to say.

In order to retrieve his position he bet still more heavily, and again lost. His luck turned him from day to day. At last, unable to meet the demands made upon him, exposure stared him in the face, and exposure, he knew, meant prompt dismissal from Mr. Vyse's service. In this dilemma he staid the cash-box, and it was only when gloating over its contents that the idea of saddling Aeland with the theft occurred to him.

It was Mr. Vyse's custom to go for a walk, unless the day was very wet, between the hours of twelve and one. He usually went down the high road straight out of the town for a mile, returning home over the fields, and through a small plantation. A few days after the loss of the cash-box he took the accustomed path. But, his favorite dog, half pointer, half retriever, accompanied him. In the middle of the plantation he suddenly sniffed the air, then bounded in among the brushwood and pointed.

"Dot! Dot!" called his master. "Here, good dog, come back!"

But Dot had evidently found something and refused to be shouted off. Mr. Vyse made his way to where the dog was standing. Up sprang a fine rabbit and dashed away. Yet he had pursued. But Mr. Vyse heeded neither rabbit nor dog. His gaze was riveted on the place from which the rabbit had jumped. Thus for a moment or two he stood, then, with a peculiar smile on his face, he wheeled round and walked briskly home.

Some three days later Richard Starkie was summoned to his chief's presence. He went, trembling, fearing he knew not what.

"Starkie," said Mr. Vyse, "you have been in my employ longer than any other of my clerks; therefore I think it only right to make you my spokesman to them. I wish you, then, to tell them on my behalf that I attribute the disappearance of my cash box to none of them; that I am quite convinced of their innocence."

Richard Starkie paled slightly. Had his scheme to ruin young Aeland failed miserably after all? It seemed so. But he replied with apparent frankness.

"I am very pleased to hear that Robert Aeland has cleared himself, sir."

"He has done so most completely," rejoined Mr. Vyse. "I have a very high opinion of Aeland, Starkie."

"So have I, sir," he returned glibly, while he inwardly cursed the man of whom he spoke thus laudingly. "It has caused me great pain to think that he could possibly be a thief."

"Is it possible, that this man is innocent after all?" wondered Mr. Vyse. "If not, his hypocrisy is simply astounding. But I shall soon know the truth."

"Just one thing more," continued Mr. Vyse, looking straight into his clerk's eyes, which met his own unflinchingly, "and this is for your own sake, Starkie. In the theft of my cash-box I've sustained a far greater loss than any one but myself is aware of. It is a box of peculiar construction. In fact, it had a false bottom, and in that false bottom, Starkie, there were notes to the value of seven hundred pounds. I had placed them there only two days before I was robbed."

"Of course, you have the numbers, sir?"

"Why, yes, I have the numbers, Starkie, but an expert thief and I imagine 10 on the cunning and audacity of the robbery that I have been the victim of, it finds no difficulty in changing stolen paper. He knows where to take it and obtain a good price."

When Richard Starkie went back to his old colleagues to give them their employer's message, his breast was torn by two emotions, hatred and greed of further gold.

"I will destroy him yet," he thought of Bob Aeland. "He's escaped me for a while, but it shall not be for long. Elsie Venner shall never be his wife."

HIS REVENGE.

Mary of a Dramatic Critic, Some Passes, and Twenty-four Ancient Eggs.

The theatrical agent who goes off ahead of a show always has many funny experiences, and especially with the seeker after free passes in the rural cities. Ramsay Morris, who is advance man for May Irwin's company, tells a funny story about his last trip to Pittsburg. He lingered over to see the show open Monday night, and while standing in the box-office of the theatre in the afternoon he heard the ticket-seller having an argument over the telephone with some one. Finally the ticket-seller hung up the receiver with an oath. Mr. Morris inquired what was the matter. The ticket-seller said:

"That is from M., the dramatic critic; he never fails to work every advance man for four passes to the show."

"Gently," said Mr. Morris, "I gave him four, but what's the trouble?"

"Well," said the ticket-seller, "that fellow pays his board with those passes and buys groceries and does other things. He has just called up here to tell me to take up two passes to-night and refuse admittance to the holder. He says that he gave them to his grocer for two dozen eggs, and that the eggs were bad, and he wants to get even." New York Tribune.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Jones: "Is your wife devoted to her wheel?"

Snayth: "Well I should think so. You ought to see my children?"

"You're a nice little boy, Tommy," said Mr. Newman.

"That's what they all say when they first meet sister," Tommy remarked.

"Why do you pick pockets?"

"For the same reason that you do, judge."

"What do you mean, man?"

"Because there's money in it."—Life.

"Teacher, is this ruler straight?"

"No, Mary; I bent it a little this morning on Bob Timbers. But I'll hammer it straight pretty soon on Tommy Greenwell."—Boxbury Gazette.

Dolly Swift has Mrs. Pullington any ground for claiming to be a daughter of the Revolution?

AN UNUSUAL CALL.

Incident in a Country Doctor's Life—His Trust Not Betrayed.

"The life of a country doctor is not one of ease and luxury," commented an old practitioner. "A call at night and then a drive, perhaps of five or six miles, uphill and down hill in the darkness of the forest. One night I received a call from a distant farm house. Upon arriving there I found a lad of about eighteen with a bullet wound in his shoulder. I dressed the wound with much care, and then the lad with much anxiety observed:

"You won't say anything about this, doctor?"

"Why not, my lad? I pitied him in a way, for his eyes had a hunted look, and he appeared half-finished and half-dead."

"Because I reasoned this would be scripping from the Sheriff?"

"You wouldn't tell me?"

"I must. I couldn't get work, sir, and not able to resist temptation, I stole. It was for the first time. I thought you might speak of dressing a wound and then they would know where to find me. If you say nothing I may be able to leave the country. You have been kind to me, doctor. Do this and I'll give you one condition, my lad."

"And that is?"

"You won't steal again."

"Would you believe a—a thief?"

"I will believe you."

"I promise."

"Many years afterward I received a box of good things for Christmas from California. The next year another box came, and so for many years. The only one I ever had to the sender were a few words in the first box: 'I have kept the promise I made you, doctor.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Opposed to Schools.

"Have you good schools in this neighborhood?" I asked a farmer with whom I stopped in West Virginia.

"Good as any, I reckon," was the reply. "They air all friends."

CLEVELAND



The Keen Buyer

Always compares the price of an article with its honest value as he understands it; but it is not always easy to determine the value of a BICYCLE, as beneath the gaudily finished exterior of a cheap machine there lurks defective material and inferior workmanship.

Our '07 catalog tells how to invest \$100 or \$75 in a bicycle and get the VALUE of YOUR MONEY. Write for it; a postal will do.

H. A. Lozier & Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

Send 4c. postage for our booklet, "Shakespeare and the Bicycle," 12 special designs in colors by F. Oppen of Puck. Mention this paper.

THE FRANK L. C. MARTIN CYCLE CO., Agents, Broad Street, Westfield, N. J.

The Standard Publishing Concern

Best Equipped Office in the County WESTFIELD, N. J.

Latest and Most Approved Modern Appliances for the speedy execution of Printing in the best manner.

DON'T PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

PRINTING

UNTIL YOU SEE OUR STOCK AND GET OUR PRICES.

THE BEST OF WORK GUARANTEED.

LETTER HEADS, PACKET NOTE HEADS, BILL HEADS, STATEMENTS, ENVELOPES, CARDS, TAGS, ETC., ETC.

Wedding Invitations and Visiting Cards, White and Colored Flats, Linens, Book Cover, Poster and News Paper.

C. E. PEARSALL, Manager.



WOODRUFF'S Storage Warehouse (Over) Buildings for the storage of Furniture, Pianos and Baggage in separate compartments.

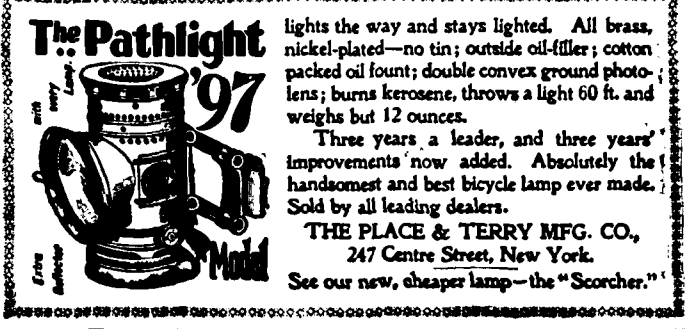
R. WOODRUFF, Prop.

MOUNT ARARAT CREAMERY

CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH FRESH MILK, CREAM, SKIM MILK and BUTTER MILK.

Our own raising, from the best breeds of cattle. Aerated, cooled and bottled in less than 15 minutes. Sterilized if trade will warrant it. Early delivery. Please order cream the day before using, especially if needed on Sunday. Box 290.

IRA C. LAMBERT, Prop.



The Pathlight '97 lights the way and stays lighted. All brass, nickel-plated—no tin; outside oil-fitter; cotton packed oil fount; double convex ground photo-lens; burns kerosene, throws a light 60 ft. and weighs but 12 ounces.

Three years a leader, and three years' improvements now added. Absolutely the handsomest and best bicycle lamp ever made. Sold by all leading dealers.

THE PLACE & TERRY MFG. CO., 247 Centre Street, New York.

See our new, cheaper lamp—the "Scorcher."

JOHN INGRAM, Practical Plumber, Steam, Hot Water, Hot Air Heating, TINSING, ROOFING, ETC., HARDWARE, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, AND ALL KINDS OF GARDEN TOOLS, STOVES AND RANGES, BROAD STREET, WESTFIELD, N. J.

COUNTY STANDARD
 SEMI-WEEKLY.
 Published Every Tuesday and Friday.
 Standard Publishing Concern.
 E. J. WHITEHEAD, President.
 A. E. PEARSON, Vice-President.
 G. E. PEARSON, Secretary-Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION. - - \$2 Per Year
 STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Office - STANDARD Building.
 Advertising Rates Furnished on Application.
 WESTFIELD, N. J., APR. 6, 1897.



If a man fails not, he must steal, however he may mean his stealing.—Carlyle.

Bill Peaseley says: It is foolish to run up hill to a spring. Arrange to have the water run down to you.

The Westfield man who expected his hens to lay double as soon as McKinley was elected has hens for sale.

Not everybody thinks the STANDARD has made a mistake in going on the semi-weekly basis—the manager for example; he knows better.

Walter Irving Clarke, the all-around hustling manager of the Hartford (Conn.) Globe sends us a token which reads:

My dear young friend Standard of Mt. Ararat, I'm glad you're increasing the size of your hat.

Each week you present such a bonny cap that I'm right glad to know you have gone and doubled up.

Walter Irving Clark

When you hear a man denounce the Supreme Court for its recent decision against railroad discrimination, take his measure, and in nine cases out of ten he will be the fellow whose chest measure increased twenty-five per cent in his throbs of patriotism last fall, and in denouncing the Bryanites for their disrespect for Supreme Court decisions. The ox is gored in favor of the people now—before it was all right because in favor of the millionaire.

A lady writes the editor, wishing him to unpire a question which might more properly have been sent to the editor of our Woman's Sphere Column. However, here is the case in a nutshell; many a woman has been bothered with it, doubtless, so we are glad of a chance to settle it:—

"I wanted by a fine plush cloak last winter, but fearing that I would be exposed to the charge of trying to palm it off as a seal-skin, I bought something that did not suit me so well. Did I do right?"

As a first class unpire on such a question our decision is that you did plumb wrong. The sooner you and the rest of the world learn to do as you like, so long as what you do does not interfere with the rights of others, the better for all hands.

"If you want to save your bulbs you'd better get out here!" shouted one neighbor to another the other day. When the flower lover reached the scene fourteen dogs were in sight—eight of them on his premises. And yet had he protected his property with a shot gun he would have been subject to a law suit with the law and the risk of a prejudiced jury decision both against him. It cost a member of the STANDARD's force fifty two dollars and some odd cents to find this out. We are pleased to learn that our town committee have taken steps to give the flower grower—always a blessing to any community—a chance that the dogs must respect regardless of the carelessness or cupidity of their owners. This is only one side of it. The Westfield dog nuisance manifests itself in many ways, as many a horse owner, and many a pedestrian and many a school child very well know. We will look with interest as to what the town officers will accomplish, as to the Westfield dog nuisance.

A prescription for dull times—keep a good article and advertise.

Victoria's great diamond Jubilee will be a spectacle for a world's wonder, with thousands of her subjects starving and plague stricken.

Plattism dead! So say the New York papers. They have had Plattism dead twenty times before. By the way, Tammany makes a pretty lively corpse.

For God's sake! for the sake of humanity and in the name of civilization let the United States take heed of Spain's tyranny and Cuba's magnificent struggle for freedom! For nearly a year and a half Cuba has maintained a Capital and her people will never submit to Spanish despotism. These men are not out-laws, but patriots; and only plead for a neck-and-neck chance in their revolution for self-government!

How would it do for some of the fellows who think we can't make a "go" of the semi-weekly STANDARD, to change their own publications to semi-annuals. This would save 'em an endless amount of bother and they could turn over on the other side and take a good long sleep between issues. The thing that most bothers us is that we can't see our way clear to go immediately upon the daily basis. See you later.

One of the signs of Westfield's growth is the higher order of entertainments attracted to the place. It is not often, however, that such an opportunity comes to our doors as that offered by the Edisona Co., (Orange, N. J.) in the Projectoscope Exhibition of thirty pictures, the same thing that is delighting great audiences at Keith's and other metropolitan theatres. We are always glad to learn that such high class ventures have met with the encouragement they deserve and are accustomed to receive in wide-awake places that are only Westfield's peer in point of population.

That will be a magnificent and worthy payment of Grant's final entitlement, April 25th, by the storied Hudson, where he can sleep no longer than the history of his brilliant career as a soldier and a patriot and of his triumph under the Appomattox apple trees will endure. We only regret that the vast sum of money spent upon his monument had not taken a more practical direction. We have always felt that a Grant Memorial Home for Soldiers would have been at once a fitting tribute to the dead hero and a worthy expression of the intelligence and goodness of a great people.

"It is a curious fact," remarked Johnny Guff, as he paused in stripping the sweet india rubber off from one of the rollers of our semi-weekly STANDARD 19 cylinder half-tone press, "that Uncle Bill Peaseley was named after his grandfather, Ebenezer Peaseley."

"How could that be?" inquired Walsingham, "when his name is William and his grandfather's was Ebenezer?"

"The old gentleman was baptised first," retorted Johnny as he snatched Walsingham over the head with the sinuous coating of the old roller and fled up three flights of stairs to the STANDARD's drying room.

Theodore McGarrath, who very often disagrees with the STANDARD, but always in a straightforward, manly, American fashion, at least agrees with us on one point; for he says that the first number of the semi-weekly STANDARD was our best issue for a long time. We agree with Bro. McGarrath, thank him for saying so, and hope to-day's increase to "six column eight pages," which will be our regular form hereafter, will commend itself to him in proportion. The amount of advertising which we already carry or have in sight forces us to make this change earlier than we had expected. By the way, we are glad to report that Captain King's "Fort Frayne," now running in the STANDARD (commenced March 30th) is making a hit.



WOMAN'S SPHERE.

EDITED BY CELIA B. WHITEHEAD.
 Westfield, N. J., April 6th, 1897.

The Will be Done.
 Not in dumb resignation
 We lift our hands on high;
 Not like the nerveless fatalist—
 Content to trust and die.
 Our faith springs like the eagle
 That soars to meet the sun
 And cries exulting unto Thee
 O Lord, Thy will be done.
 When tyrant feet are trampling
 Upon the common weal,
 Thou dost not bid us cringe and
 writhe
 Beneath the iron heel.
 In Thy name we assert our rights,
 With sword and tongue and pen,
 And 'e'en the headsman's axe may
 flash
 Thy message unto men.
 Thy will it bids the weak be strong,
 It bids the strong be just,
 No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,
 No brow to seek the dust.
 Wherever man oppresses man
 Beneath thy liberal sun
 O Lord, be there Thine arm made
 bare,
 Thy righteous will be done.
John Hay.

The Atlantic Monthly, among other specimens of Boston culture, gives the following from a school-boy's synopsis of a history lesson:

"King Charles did not realize that anything important had taken place until he was executed."

I do not know much about King Charles, but it really seems as if nothing short of execution would bring some people to a realization of the crisis which is upon us.

"We are living, we are dwelling,
 In a grand and awful time;
 In an age on ages telling,
 To be living is sublime."

Yet there are those who fail to discern the signs of the times and talk as if "all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." To suppose that the use of steam and electricity does not call for a readjustment of the human working force of the world is a sad mistake.

Gerald Massey writes for the working people in this wise:

"For our fathers are working for pauper pay.
 Our mothers in death's kiss are white,
 Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day
 And our daughters his slaves at night."
 This cannot go on forever.

To the Editor of Woman's Sphere:

I am very sorry to learn that "Woman's Sphere" considers a purely political subject of more importance than the protection of the young from evil influences—that it will war only upon reputable newspapers that differ with it only upon a question of policy. I wish to call your attention to the fact that an outrageously offending the decent public, the one which stands for the gold standard, is doing vastly more harm than its would be "silver" rival, because the latter never had, or never will have any large reputable clientele. It is but a question of time with either, and were it not for the millions behind them both, they would have already met the fate of the Recorder whose ghost but "twinkles" in the Sunday supplement of the otherwise respectable Tribune.

I will add that I did not save the "denial," which I read the day after the story was published, I think in the Times.

Let me urge Woman's Sphere to rise to lovely woman's duty, which, in the vast majority of cases, is her greatest pleasure, and let us cease straining at gnats and swallowing camels!"

X RAYS.

If "X Rays" has not seen ere this that what he is pleased to call "a purely political subject" has an immense influence on "the protection of the young from evil" it is probable that anything I can say on the subject would not convict him; so I forbear, except to re-assert what Woman's Sphere has so often tried to make plain—that extremes of poverty and wealth are parents of vice and crime, and that the "reputable newspapers" advocate the continuation of systems which breed millionaires and paupers.

TOWN COMMITTEE MEETS.

BUT THEY ARE NOT ALL IN A HARMONIOUS FRAME OF MIND.

On the Road Question, the Town Attorney Question, and the Question Mr. Cohen Asks, They Differ Materially.

The health board having adjourned the town committee were called to order at 8:20. On Mr. Hudson's motion the reading of the minutes of the last meeting was omitted.

Chas. Thomas Ryan appeared before the committee to ask if he couldn't get the \$150 due him from Stratford & Hawkes, out of the money in the hands of the committee due the firm. It was explained to him that the firm had assigned that the money in their hands had been attached by the firm's creditors, and that they could therefore do nothing in the premises. Mr. Ryan had presented a bill rendered for as correct by Stratford & Hawkes. He was assured that he would certainly get his money some time, but couldn't seem to understand why the committee shouldn't pay him immediately.

I. C. Lambert complained that people were dumping tomato cans, garbage ashes, etc. on Broad street, near his place. Mr. Endicott assured him the committee would see what they could do about it.

The clerk read the opinion of Frank Bergen as to the laws under which the committee could act on the dog question agitated by Geo. Peck. The committee seemed to argue that nothing they had authority to do under the law would help Mr. Peck out much, as the muzzling and registering of a dog would hardly prevent its covorting about over his lawn and flower beds, and doing as much damage as if unmuzzled and untaxed. Mr. Peck should load his shotgun with rock salt. There is an ordinance on the town records requiring the registration and taxing of dogs, which covers all the ground the law allows. Action on the matter was laid over on motion of Mr. Harden.

The clerk next read a petition for two more fire hydrants at Garwood at specified locations. The clerk was instructed to notify the petitioners that the committee were without money to pay for any more hydrants. If the town owned the water system now, Garwood could have the hydrants required without any trouble.

E. W. Bailey, a Pennsylvania man who furnished the castings for manholes in the sewers, through his attorneys, wrote asking why he couldn't get from the committee the money due him from Stratford & Hawkes. The clerk was instructed to reply, telling him "just how it is."

An invitation, addressed to the Mayor of Westfield, was read, inviting him to attend the opening of the House and Home exhibition of Greater New York. It was placed on file.

A New York man wrote asking if the town had a directory, and a lot of other questions concerning directories. His communication was filed in the waste basket.

I. C. Lambert wanted to know if the committee couldn't build a sidewalk, or order one built on Broad street, between Union avenue and the old Scotch Plains road. He declared that a lady living beyond that point couldn't possibly get down town without getting her feet wet, generally having to wade ankle deep in water or slush, during the winter and spring months. He detailed his efforts for the last year or more to get a sidewalk built, and how finally, after many protests from Mrs. Lambert, he had taken up two boards from a three-board walk in front of some property he owned on Cumberland street, and put down one board walk for a hundred feet or more over the worst spot in the stretch of 850 feet on Broad street of which he complained. Asked if he couldn't get the signatures of a majority of the property owners on that part of Broad street to a petition asking for a sidewalk, he replied that he hardly thought so unless the committee would sign for about seven lots in there on which no taxes have been paid for years, and which should really be considered township property. If the committee would do that he would try to get the additional signatures necessary to empower the committee to build the walk and charge it to abutting owners.

H. Woodruff asked the committee if they could give him the grade of Broad street in front of his property. Mr. Endicott told him the grade had been established at the corner of Prospect, but not in front of his store. Mr. Woodruff then explained how he had asked for the grade at the time he moved there and since, but had never been able to get it. He explained how, in order to dispose of the water coming down Prospect street, he and his neighbors had built a stone-walled trench two feet deep along the Broad street curb in front of their property to the brook, which they had covered with planks. His part of the work had cost \$30. Since that time, though the matter had been called to their attention more than once, nothing had been done by the township committee. The planking over the trench had now become rotten and worn to such an extent that it was beginning to be dangerous, and he announced that he would assume no further responsibility in the matter, but, if no provision was made by the town committee for taking care of the street he would fill up the

A WONDERFUL ENTERTAINMENT: EDISON'S

Projectoscope!

at the
Westfield Club Hall,
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 12th,
 Under the personal management of MR. A. O. PETIT, for the Edisona Co., of Orange, N. J.

Among the wonderful life pictures shown are Mounted Police, Feeding Doves, Hurdle Race, Fighting Fire, Morning Bath, Niagara Falls, McKinley Parade, Empire State Express, Guard Mount, Bathing at Rockaway, and dozens of other interesting scenes upon an immense canvass and showing the life motion in every case.

It is seldom that Westfield has an opportunity of witnessing such a wonderfully interesting and instructive entertainment as that given by Mr. Petit and the PROJECTOSCOPE.

Monday Eve'g, April 12th, at 8 o'clock.
 General Admission, 25c. Reserved Seats, 35c.
 Reserved Seats at Dorvall's and Trenchard's.

LADIES' OXFORD TIES

.. \$1.25.

Finest Oxford Ties on the market.

Bicycle Boots and Leggings.

LATEST STYLES.

H. C. PIKER, BROAD ST.

Westfield's Busiest Shoe Store.

THE NEW ROCHESTER LAMP
THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD
 Other lamps may be "like" or "as good" as the ROCHESTER in appearance, but like all imitations, lack the peculiar merit of the genuine. Look for the NEW ROCHESTER stamp. No Smoke, No Soot, No Broken Chimneys.
 Made in every conceivable design and finish, for all lighting or heating purposes, and at prices to compete with any.
WHY BE CONTENT WITH ANY BUT THE BEST?
 This No. 3105 RANGE T LAMP, bright 30 inches, complete with fine shade, burn color desired, base and handle, all well and holder finished in bright gold, figure in bronze, silver or gilt, sent anywhere on receipt of price, \$6.00.
 This No. 3101 OIL WATER LAMP, bright 25 inches, complete with fine shade, burn color desired, base and handle, all well and holder finished in bright gold, figure in bronze, silver or gilt, sent anywhere on receipt of price, \$4.00.
 96-Page Art Catalogue Free.
 42 Park Place and 37 Barclay Street, New York City

trench and so secure himself against suits for damages in case of accident. He also appealed to the committee to have the job in the sidewalk in front of Gale's drug store fixed, bringing the walk out to the curb line. (He explained that he had fallen and hurt himself seriously at that point a year or two ago.) The committee assumed responsibility for the covered trench.

The clerk submitted the final report of ex collector A. K. Gale to the committee, action on which was deferred until the committee were a little more clear in their minds as to Gale's duty regarding the school money, and as to when Collector A. H. Clark should assume the duties of his office. L. G. Cohen who was present, volunteered the required information as to the school moneys, pointing out the law on that point: a volume found among the townships books in the room. The law makes it plain that Gale must handle the school money until the end of the school year, which in Westfield is July 1. The committee were not clear in their minds as to the township money. (Mr. Gale says the new collector should "take hold" as soon as his (Gale's) report has been made and accepted.) The report was tabled until the next meeting.

Treasurer Morehouse then reported that township sewer notes for \$10,000, \$3,478.28, \$1,500, \$15,000, \$2,082.32, \$1,500, and \$1,214.46, came due between that date and April 15. He was authorized to renew all those notes.

Bills were then presented for the committee's consideration as follows:

Ann. Supply Mtg. Co.	\$ 76 25
Suburban Electric Co.	196 00
H. W. Johns Mtg. Co.	18 27
M. H. Pickell	3 00
J. S. Irving	2 20
Andy LaRosa	3 00
Robert Woodruff	8 00
Sherman Cooper	2 25
M. H. Pickell	8 00
Christian Fritz	9 00
Elmer E. Love	17 00
Fred C. Decker	23 00
Burdick & Cox	2 50
E. A. Dunham	24 33
Carlton, sewer maps	100 00
Jas. M. French	23 88

The bills accepted as correct and ordered paid, together with bank discounts and interest, amounted to \$1,019.33, for which amount the treas-

urer was instructed to make a new note. The subject of new street lights then came up. Mr. Embree suggesting that this year's appropriation would admit of putting in some needed additional lights. Mr. Harden suggested that they needn't be in a hurry to take up all the appropriation, and could think of but one place in town where, to his knowledge, another lamp was really needed. Embree suggested another area light at Broad and Prospect, but Harden hardly thought it needed. They finally agreed on three additional incandescent lamps at different points in town, and also that the place where the road crosses under the railroad from North to South avenue half a mile or more west of the station, should be lighted if the Suburban Electric company could be persuaded to extend the wires that far.

L. G. Cohen then took the floor to say that he had heard of one more reason why the case against the assessor and collector should be taken out of Frank Bergen's hands and placed in the hands of special counsel who would push it. The reason was that Bergen had expressed himself as of opinion that the two officials were legally entitled to all the fees charged in their bills for a few years past. In view of that he thought Bergen was certainly not the right man to push a case against them for illegal charges. He detailed his interviews with the two officials at the time his attention was first called to the matter, his advice to Gale (to return the money) and how they both repented the offence the following year. He was clear, at definite and positive in his statements, was moderate in tone, and seemed to be actuated solely by desire for the public welfare.

Mr. Harden finally remarked that he thought the committee understood the situation, and proceeded to discuss the matter with the other two committee men, urging that action be taken. Mr. Endicott said that he also was in favor of pushing the case, thinking it should be decided for their future guidance if for no other reason. But he wanted Berge consulted about it before taking the case out of his hands. He asked Harden if he wouldn't see Bergen and

(Continued on 8th page.)

UNION COUNTY STANDARD
WESTFIELD, N. J., APR. 6, 1897.

Plants and Orchs.

Three or four rooms on Cumberland street. Fred Miller.

Beautiful lot on Kimball avenue for sale. C. E. Pearsall & Co.

SALE at a bargain. New sewing machine, standard make. Lock Box 448.

SALE CHEAP—Horse, harness and buggy. Apply to Jasper C. Hunt, Grant street.

AGENTS—Chick's lot on the Boulevard for sale on the easiest of terms. C. E. Pearsall & Co., Agents.

FOR SALE—Model 25 Cleveland bicycle. Good condition. \$50 cash. Address P. O. Box 102, Westfield.

FOR SALE—Elegant lot on the Boulevard. Bargain. Address C. E. Pearsall & Co., Westfield, N. J.

FURNISHED house wanted, July and August. At least five sleeping rooms, shade, good location. P. O. Box 102, Westfield, N. J.

FOR SALE—Single burner kerosene lamp. Good condition. P. O. Box 102, Westfield, N. J.

WANTED—New subscribers to the Standard. Weekly subscription, \$2.00 per year in advance. C. E. Pearsall, Manager.

FOR SALE—Cheap—10 room house on Clark street. Improvements, large lot, \$300 cash. Address C. E. Pearsall & Co.

FOR SALE—House corner Prospect and Broad streets. Terms easy. Apply to James H. Ferriss or C. E. Pearsall & Co.

WANTED—Small house, 7 or 8 rooms. Improvements necessary. Price must be low. Terms easy. C. E. Pearsall & Co.

TO RENT—11 room house with improvements for the board of two adults. Terms could have full control of 9 rooms. Address C. E. Pearsall & Co.

CHEAPEST HOUSE in town to rent. 7 rooms, front porch, 4 rooms 1st floor, 4 rooms second floor and small sewing room. Rent \$18. C. E. Pearsall & Co., Agents.

FOR SALE—In easy terms, shingled organ. Perfect condition. Cymbal attachment. Priced at \$400. Sale price \$250. Can be seen at the residence of Miss Lullia Bennett on a street.

WANTED—\$200 and 1000 home and address. We will see that you get the Standard. C. E. Pearsall, Manager.

EXAMINE—Fidelity Yarns. \$100 Reward will be paid on the Public Prosecutor's certificate of the date completion of the thieves who stole forges and buttons and ten pairs of white shirt.

WANTED—Family of four, part of a house. Add. 4.5 for 6 rooms will do, but at least 5. Rent must be on one floor. Gross and net. Rent must not exceed \$15. Address D. Standard office.

James Moffett,
Carpenter & Builder,
Prospect St.,
WESTFIELD, N. J., NEW JERSEY.
Estimate and work furnished.

THE KEATING

Bearings resist wear as Gibraltar resists the wash of the ocean's fury.

TEMPERED, TESTED and is F.D.

And this is not all. The non-swaying frame; the wonderful friction-reducing roller chain, all help to make the World's Lightest Bicycle, The KEATING.

365 Days Ahead of Them All.

FOR SALE BY
Bard Cycle Co.,
WESTFIELD, N. J.

BUSINESS NOTES.

Your orders at Geo. Sheen's dry for hot creases.

E. A. Kirch & Co., furniture dealers, Newark have a very attractive "couch" going. See their adv. in another column.

Too Much of It About. Plumber—How is it, Angie, will your friends in the ma-onic frate say that you don't join the order?

Angie—And run the risk of having my friend you meet give you the tip?

Buy the Friday edition of the Standard. Up-to-date in everything. Copy.

TOWN NOTES.

—Mrs. A. E. B. Bogert is visiting in Brooklyn.

—Miss Helen M. Gomes, of Brooklyn, is visiting relatives in town.

—A. H. Barnett is slowly improving after a week's severe illness.

—Geo. N. Williams has moved from Park street to Mr. Brutton's house.

—Miss Bertie Mason returned to her school at Middletown, Conn., yesterday.

—Twelve new members were elected at the Westfield club last Saturday evening.

—Three cents pays for a copy of the semi-weekly STANDARD, out Tuesdays and Fridays.

—Austin A. Rice, who has been visiting Edgar Davidson, has returned to Centerville, N. Y.

—An inquest was begun yesterday in the case of the man killed by the Scotch Plains explosion.

—L. L. Lawrence and daughter, of New York city, and Appleton Morgan spent Sunday in town.

—The Misses Annie and Katie McCormick are at Michigan City, Mich., on a visit to their sister, Mrs. Coombs.

—Miss Lizzie Jourish, of Scranton, Penn., who had been the guest of Mrs. E. N. Brown for a week, returned to her home last Friday.

—R. G. W. Denison and family of Elm street will remove to Camden. Mr. Denison is to be in the cable (telegraph) office there.

—The New York Journal of Saturday contained a notice that three out of five factories in Garwood had shut down indefinitely. The only truth in the report is that the C & C has shut down for a month.

—The annual meeting of the Westfield Club will be held on Tuesday evening, April 8th, at the club house, for the election of officers and for the transaction of any other business which may come before the meeting.

—Fred J. Kestner, the tenor in "The Great Light," Thursday evening at the Presbyterian church, has just accepted a position with St. John's church, New York. He was selected from among fifty applicants for the place.

—The Baptist church elected as deacons last week C. A. Lecker, B. A. Chamberlain and C. F. Conant. A recognition meeting will be held to-morrow evening, at which they will be installed, so to speak.

—Fred Siebenmorgen, who has been boarding with Mrs. McQuoid on Elm street, has gone to New York and will sail next week for Germany. He was a draughtsman at the C & C Co., Garwood, now shut down for a month.

—The Woman's Club meets next Monday afternoon. Meetings are held on the second and fourth Mondays of each month—not fortnightly—so that when there are five Mondays in a month there is a three weeks' interval between meetings.

—A. O. Petit, manager of The Edison Co., of Orange, N. J., will give a Projectoscope entertainment in the Westfield Club hall on Monday, April 12th. It is rarely that a town the size of Westfield is favored with such an exhibition as the given by Mr. Petit and the projectoscope.

—The Annual Meeting of the Children's Country League association will be held in the Baptist church this evening at 8 o'clock for the election of managers and other business as may properly come before the meeting. Full and interesting reports of the year's work will be presented with an address by Dr. Annie S. Daniel of the N. Y. Hospital for women and children.

—Elizabeth papers continue to settle at frequent intervals, that it is likely settled that the trolley line will be built from Elizabeth to Westfield, using North avenue as the route all the way. The reporters seem to take no thought of the fact that the town committees of Cranford and Westfield are still to be dealt with. Do they consider that settled too?

—The Epworth League orchestra failed to put in an appearance at the church last Thursday night. They were booked to furnish a prelude to Miss Gertrude McGowan's "Evening with Whittier." Miss McGowan furnished a very delightful evening's entertainment, nevertheless, which was fully appreciated. It consisted of the reading of sundry extracts from Whittier's works, incidents and anecdotes of his life, etc. It was given under the auspices of the Literary department of the Epworth League, and the collection at the close counted up a satisfactory sum.

—There are two tickets in the field for the election of trustees to the Westfield club. The one nominated by the regularly chosen nominating committee are J. D. Stevens, Nelson Coryell, G. R. Brown and A. L. Alpers. The other ticket, nominated since, may perhaps be called the "conservative" ticket. Its backers preferred to make up a ticket composed of men who have been members of the club for a longer term than some of those on the regular ticket—Stevens and Brown, for instance. The conservative ticket is composed of A. L. Alpers, Wm. J. Bogert, John F. Dorvall and Jas. A. Simpson. There seems to be no question of principle in the matter, and there is no issue up for settlement that we can hear of.

Literary Notes.

The April Philistine is upon us with a motto on the cover to the effect that fools are more numerous than ever before. We understand the Philistine's subscription list is growing. Wm. McIntosh comes forward with a good natured preaching on evolution, and Elbert Hubbard follows with an essay on the Book of Job. The "Side Talks," conducted by the East Aurora School of Philosophy, take up a little over one-half of the magazine. They are very full of pepper-sauce.

—Mrs. W. B. Hurst is visiting relatives in New York City.

—Miss Annie E. Weeks is visiting relatives in Ridgefield, N. J.

—Miss Eva Kelley is visiting friends at Greenpoint, Long Island.

—Mrs. Lines Groo, of Highland avenue, is entertaining her sister from Lehighton, Penn.

—Joe Vought has the management of the F. L. C. Martin Cycle Co's business during Mr. Barnett's sickness.

—Don't forget the annual meeting of the Children's Country Home association at the Baptist church parlors to-night.

—Messrs. Ben Jennings and Frederick and Louis Quad, of New Brunswick, came over on their wheels Sunday, and called on Mr. S. Packer.

—Mr. and Mrs. Horace T. Ide, who have been visiting at the home of L. R. LeClear, on Ross place, have returned to their home at Paquetts, R. L.

—There is another case of diphtheria in town, in the family of a man named "Sis," on North avenue. The child was very sick last night but is better to-day.

—A regular meeting of the board of trustees of the Fairview Cemetery association will be held on Monday evening, April 12, in the hall of the Westfield Public Library on Broad street, beginning at 8.

—The Scotch Plains correspondent of the Plainfield Press says the entertainment given there by Miss Anna D. Cooper and her class "deserves more than a passing notice," and then proceeds to give it a very complimentary one.

—At the annual meeting of the Presbyterian church last night Col. Starr was elected chairman and H. S. Waldron secretary. Mr. Geo. E. Condit and Mr. Charles McDougal were elected for terms of three years, and Arthur N. Pierson to fill the unexpired term of R. G. Taylor, who resigned after two years service.

Only Forty-eight Deaths.

The record of vital statistics of Westfield township for the year ending Mar. 31, 1897, shows 48 deaths from the following causes: Entritis 6, asthma 1, heart disease 4, accident 1, edema of lung 1, consumption 3, meningitis 2, hydrocephalus 1, dysentery 2, malnutrition 2, cholera infantum 1, typhoid fever 1, tetanus 1, marasmus 1, congestion of the brain 1, pneumonia 3, unknown 1, Bright's disease 2, nephritis 2, diphtheria 1, hemorrhage 2, guthitis 1, carcinoma 2, premature birth 2, measles 1, uraemia 1, old age 1, apoplexy 1. Of the following ages, under 5 years 17, between 5 and 10 years 2, between 10 and 20 years 2, between 20 and 30 years 3, between 30 and 40 years 2, between 40 and 50 years 1, between 50 and 60 years 6, between 60 and 70 years 3, between 70 and 80 years 3, between 80 and 90 years 4, over 90 years 1.

Total number of marriages 26.
Total number of births 91, 27 male, 34 female.

Mrs. Ellis on Temperance.

Mrs. J. T. Ellis, national president of the legislative department of the W. C. T. U., interesting as always, spoke in the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening. Ps XCIV, 16—"Who will rise up for me against the evil doers; or who will stand up for me against the workers of iniquity," was the subject of her address.

People are divided into three classes: those who work against the liquor traffic, those who work for it and those who are indifferent; the last named class being by far the largest—so large and influential that if they chose they could sweep the liquor traffic away to be found no more at all.

The warden of the prison at Trenton said 9 out of 11 men were there because of drink.

N. J. leads all the states in petitions to Congress not to have liquor sold in the National capital. The bill passed the house but was delayed in the Senate by David B. Hill.

A very pathetic story was told of a man who came to himself in a jail and asked to have word sent to his wife because she would be uneasy at not knowing his whereabouts. The keeper said "You fool; don't you know you are here because you killed her?" The last he remembered was stopping at a saloon three blocks from his home. The man was hung but the saloon goes right on crazing other men.

The diversion of opinion among temperance workers was much to be deplored. The liquor interests are organized; could not the forces opposed to it unite and organize, at least here in Westfield?

A most earnest appeal was made for workers to rise up against the evildoers, which resulted in at least one addition to the W. C. T. U.

AT GILDERSLEEVE'S

IN WASH FABRICS we are showing a line of printed Nainsooks in lace effects which are very pretty. This is one of the most popular of the new fabrics and will be largely used both for Shirt Waists and full costumes the coming season.

Our selections have been made with great care, and we commend them to the consideration of the ladies of Westfield and vicinity.

A full line of Shirt Waists to be opened to-morrow.

M. J. GILDERSLEEVE
DRY GOODS,
AND
FANCY GOODS.

BROAD ST., WESTFIELD.

AT GILDERSLEEVE'S

LEADING SHOE STORE OF W

OUR MOTTO—Good goods at popular.

ENAMEL AND RUBBER SHOES

LADIES AND GENTS
Fine Foot-Wear
RUBBERS.
TRAVELING BAGS & TRUNKS

O'BLENIS & DILTS, Broad Street,
Westfield.

ANOTHER CRACKER DAY

THURSDAY, APRIL 8th.

PRICES SAME AS LAST WEEK

More Reductions,

One 4 lb. box Duryeans starch 15c.
Duryeans corn starch 6c package.
People's corn starch 5c package.
Black Pepper (pure) reduced from 40c to 18c lb.
All spices same price.
Coleman's mustard, loose, 25c lb.
Arbuckle's famous coffee 16c lb.
Choice matico coffee 25c lb.
India and Ceylon teas 50c all reduced from 70c.
Babbitts soap 4c. Kirkman's Borax soap 4c.
Lenox soap 3c cake.
Hebron Early Rose White Star potatoes for seed \$1.75 bbl. Red top lawn seed. Lawn and clover seed. All new garden seeds 2c package. Peas and beans by peck or bushel.

Everything reduced from 10 to 40 per cent.

TURRILL'S Cash Grocery,
BROAD STREET.

BICYCLES!

365 Days Ahead of Them All!



KEATING.

(SEE THAT CURVE)

The teachings of science as regards strains and shocks, has been applied by the builders of the lightest reliable Road Bicycles in the World, in the formation of the Keating frame, the curved portion resisting the side strain and doing away with all tendency to side sway. This means no binding of bearings by the ends or joints of the frame.

THE RESULT:

That wonderfully smooth gliding motion, so pleasant to the veteran rider.

NOTE—The Keating Double Roller Chain marks an epoch in wheel building.

Our Prices.

KEATING \$100.

KEATING SPECIAL \$75.

ORIENT \$100.

U. S. \$85.

APOLLO \$75.

ERIE \$65.

ECLIPSE \$60.

STORMER \$50.

MASCOT \$40.

JUVENILES \$30, \$40, \$50

TANDEMS \$75, \$90, \$125, \$150.

COMPANION "Bicycle built for two." \$125.

Call and see the finest line of wheels in Westfield.

Persons desiring to purchase wheels on instalments will find our terms of payment easy and satisfactory.

All wheels sold by us are guaranteed for one year.

Bard Cycle Co.
ELM ST., WESTFIELD.

AT GILDERSLEEVE'S

LEADING SHOE STORE OF W

OUR MOTTO—Good goods at popular.

ENAMEL AND RUBBER SHOES

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Everything reduced from 10 to 40 per cent.

TURRILL'S Cash Grocery,
BROAD STREET.

Carpets! Carpets! Carpets!

This is the season for them and ours the place to get them.

We have a tremendous assortment and they are new and wonderfully cheap.

Good Ingrains, full width, 25c yd.

Better Grade Ingrains, part wool, 35c "

All Wool Ingrains, beautiful designs, 45c "

Best Extra Supers, " " 50c "

Full Line Tapestry Brussels, 39c "

Best 8 wire " " 59c "

Stinson's Tapestries, best made, 85c "

Best Velvets, Elegant Colorings, 89c "

Best Moquettes, 1897 styles, 97c "

Large assortment of Stair Carpets, Oil-Cloths, Linoleums, Shades, Poles, Fixtures, etc.

New Matting, 10c, 12 1-2c, 15c, 17 1-2c, 19c and 25c. Cocoa Matting, Plain and Stripe. Art Squares, all sizes, all colors. Cocoa Mats 35c upwards.

All goods delivered free of charge. Car fare refunded on purchases of \$5.00 or more.

WOODHULL & MARTIN.

Babcock Building, PLAINFIELD, N. J.
FORMERLY EDSALL'S.

FIRE!

If you haven't a Grate Fire or an Open Fire-place you ought to have one—for you are missing one of the comforts of life.

SPECIAL—If you have an Open Fire perhaps you need a Spark Guard. The safest kind is the "Perless" 24 inches wide by 30 high. \$1.25, \$1.50. Send your order by mail. Goods delivered promptly by express.

"Everthing for the Fireplace."

CURTIS M. THORPE,

310-312 PARK AVE., PLAINFIELD, N. J.

A MYSTERY SOLVED.

"Oh, Max! I found my arms round his neck and kissed him! What shall I do?"

"How could you make such a mistake?"

"In the dusk he looked exactly like you. Of course, the moment he spoke my horrible blunder flashed upon me and I fled. I simply cannot face him at dinner, to-night."

"Oh, nonsense, Ray. I will see him and explain the matter. If he is so much like me, to doubt he is a very decent fellow."

This conversation took place between a charming girl and her brother, who were staying at a certain hotel in a well known seaside resort. To this hotel I came in search of health to restore a nervous system which had been failing lately, and, indeed, had never quite recovered from a shock caused by a horrible incident which had happened to me several years ago.

I had been lured by a madman into his house under pretence of playing a game of billiards, to find myself a prisoner with an armed lunatic, who forced me to play the game for the highest possible stake—life itself. Fortunately I won, but my opponent, although he fulfilled the conditions of our game by shooting himself, with reluctance of cruelty put me in a painful condition to the billiard table so that I might witness his death. Indeed, his vindictiveness went further than this, for he branded my leg with a hot iron, and wrote a paper in which he accused me of taking his life.

I was charged with the murder, but acquitted, as the fact of my being discovered, and the strange appearance of the body attired in the costume of Mephistopheles a character the madman endeavored to assume was sufficient to prove my side of the story. Naturally, I was anxious to solve the mystery of this most extraordinary affair.

I needed no proofs to convince me that the man was mad. But there was a method in his madness. Until I met him in a public billiard saloon, whence he took me to his house, I had never set eyes on him before. Then what was the reason for the cruel hatred he evidently felt towards me? Two clues I possessed, but each had proved useless to the detectives, it was not likely that they would lead me to a solution of the affair.

First I discovered that in branding my leg the wretch had traced the letters R A C H E L. That these letters represented the German word "revenge," I was perfectly aware, but what was I to learn from that? Then the man was a German? I think not.

My other clue was a note which I found, during a subsequent visit to the fatal room, hidden under the carpet. Although it bore no address, I suppose it was meant for me, as in spite of the writer being avenged at last after a chase half round the world of one who had stolen his money, murdered his intended wife, and attempted to murder him.

On reaching the hotel another shock awaited me, though of a somewhat pleasant kind. As I entered the hall, a charming girl ran up to me, flung her arms around my neck, kissed me, and murmured:

"You darling, I'm so glad you've come!"

In my embarrassment I said something, but the fair damsel had flown like a startled bird.

"A little thing like that makes one feel at home directly," I said to myself with a smile. I looked forward to dinner that night with much eagerness, and longed to see the lady who distributed her kisses so rashly.

In the drawing-room, before the gong sounded, my wish was gratified. A man of about my own age, who bore a striking resemblance to myself, came towards me with the charming girl blushing at his side. He explained that the kiss was intended for himself, and introduced his sister, who apologized for her mistake in the sweetest manner. I sat next to Miss Carstairs at dinner, and in course of conversation remarked that once before I had been mistaken for another man with nearly a fatal result to myself.

"Oh, do tell me all about it," she said.

I was about to do so when she added: "But, no, please wait until after dinner; then Max can hear the story too."

We three took our coffee in the garden that warm September night.

said: "Let us hope it will be fine to-morrow."

I finished the evening in Max Carstairs' room, and while we smoked he told his story.

"Mark Mallbrain was the man's name," he continued, "and I met him at a hydro-pathic establishment in the north, where my sister and I were staying one summer seven or eight years ago. My sister was then about seventeen, and Mallbrain, much to her disgust, fell wildly in love with her."

"During the evening Rachel (yes, that is her name) Ray is only a family pet name) complained to me of Mallbrain's conduct. It seems he had continued to follow her round the room begging for a dance, and his manner became threatening when she firmly refused. I at once went to him and said plainly that Miss Carstairs wished to have nothing more to do with him, and, therefore, I must request him not to speak to her again.

"From the manner of his reply I gathered that he did not know Rachel was my sister, but innocently we were lovers; and I did not think it worth while to undeceive him. I decided to send Rachel home in the morning; but remained myself for a few days longer. Mallbrain was furious when he heard that my sister had gone, but he said nothing to me.

"One evening after dinner we met in the billiard room. To my surprise he challenged me to a game, suggesting that we should play for a ten-pound note. I agreed, and the stakes were handed to one of the men present. We played a hundred up, and, strange to say, lost at ninety. Mallbrain seemed very excited, and offered to double the stakes, throwing another ten-pound note on the table. I agreed, for I felt cool and in good form. We played on, and you may imagine the sensation when again we tied at ninety-eight! It was my turn now, and I am afraid my temper was rising, when I sarcastically asked Mallbrain if he felt inclined to double again.

"Yes," he shouted, pale with passion. "Fifty—a hundred, if you like!"

"One hundred pounds," I said, taking out my cheque-book.

"It was my turn to play. I tried for a cannon, and missed. Mallbrain seized his cue, trembling like the proverbial aspen leaf. He went to pocket the red, but he missed the ball entirely, giving a point to me. Of course, I won by my next stroke.

"I hope you are satisfied," he said, hoarsely.

"I am sorry," I replied, "if the stakes were too high; but later on you will have your revenge."

"Revenge?" he shouted, losing his self-control. "I'll have my revenge! We'll play again, and you'll find the stakes still higher—too high for you!"

"I had good reason to remember these words when I awoke one night, to find Mallbrain in my room dressed in his fantastic costume of Mephistopheles."

"Come," he said, "one of us must die to-night. Through you I lost the girl who would have been my wife. My money, too! But come to the billiard-room; we will play to-night. Did you not promise me my revenge? And the stakes! You will find them high enough. Come! we will play for our lives, you and I! Ha, ha! one of us shall die to-night!"

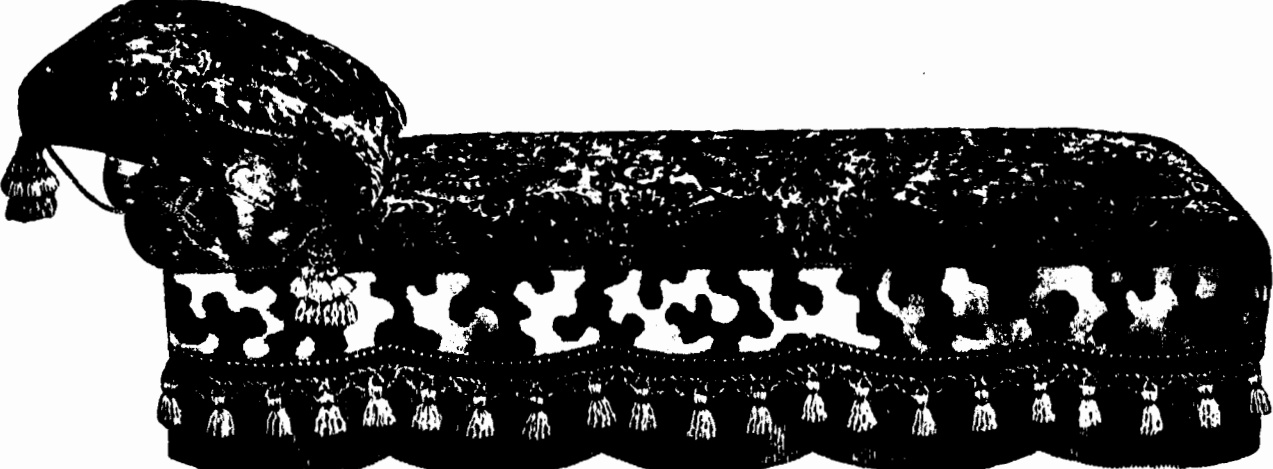
"I knew as I sprang from my bed that the man was mad! We grappled together, the candle fell from his hand, and we struggled in darkness. Down we went on the floor, and I felt the cold steel of a revolver, which exploded, and a sharp pain came in my arm. Then I heard doors opening and voices, so I held on till some of the fellows came in with lights. Mephistopheles was carried off to his own room, raving and struggling. The slight wound in my arm was dressed by the doctor connected with the establishment, who also took the unfortunate lunatic under his care.

"Yes," I said, musing on the strange account I had heard. "But I wonder why he charged you with murdering Miss Carstairs? And he also repeated the accusation in the paper I found. I suppose it was some idea he had got hold of in his mad jealousy of you."

"Yes," said Carstairs. "You see, he thought we were rivals, and knew I was the cause of Ray's disappearance."

"Then there is another thing that puzzles me. Why did the madman brand my leg with the word 'Rachel'?"

SPECIAL SALE OF COUCHES!



Like Cut. in Corduroy, \$4.98
Extra fine tufted best Velour, 8.08
Special size, tufted best Embossed Plush, 10.00
Genuine Leather, tufted, regular 18.00, 12.00

Remember, this is not idle talk. Come in and look them over and you will find just what we advertise. N. B.—Everything in the way of Housekeeping Goods!

EASY TERMS
A Special Bed Room Suit, 8 pieces, solid oak, large mirror, for \$15.00, worth \$20.00, easy.

EDWIN A. KIRCH AND CO.,

105-107 Market Street, cor. Washington, Newark, N. J.

BONNETS AND GOWNS.

THE STYLES DISCLOSED BY MODISTES AND IMPORTERS.

Trimmed Skirts Have Come to Stay. Shoulder Seams Are Gradually Lengthening. Accordion Plating Revised. Novel Shirt Waists and Blouses. Millinery.

As the season advances the incoming fashions for late spring and summer are disclosed and doubts set at rest concerning some of the graver problems that vex women's souls earlier in the season. It is certain now that trimmed skirts will prevail, especially in thin materials. While the new dress shirts show differences in cut and decoration, the changes are not so radical as to greatly distress provident women with old gowns to make over. Many will be glad to learn that the popular bell-slope, falling full at the back and close fitting over the hips, is retained on the list for the spring of 1897.

All sensible women do not any turn in fashion's wheel which brings to the top sloping shoulder effects. In the verdict has gone forth, and an effort is being made to lengthen the shoulder seams. Sleeves are smaller, and many are made ornate with shirring and tuck.



IMPORTED HATS AND GOWNS.

A small puff or pouf still appears as a finish for the top of the sleeves.

Shirt waists and blouses remain, and a genuine lacing the same, the one bringing comfort on hot days and the other a drossy effect in conjunction with a black satin skirt. The modern blouse may be as simple as a shirt waist or as elaborate as the bodice of an evening gown. It may be well to explain in this connection that many of the shirt waists now preparing for the summer campaign are decidedly fanciful, being frilled, shirred and lace edged until they are many removes from the original article with its stiff linen collar.

A pleasing rival is that of accordion plating, which appears in gowns, wraps and hat trimmings.

In illustration of the new styles may be described two imported costumes. One, in electric green china silk, has a bodice, epaulet and collar in coarse black gauze, harmonizing with the trimming on the lower part of the skirt. The bodice opens over a full front in white muslin. The draped belt is in black satin mercerized, shot with red. The second dress has a skirt in cream colored canvas. The blouse bodice is a good representation of the up-to-date blouse. It is made of flowered veiling and is set off with a bolero vest in black velvet tulle work. The belt is of black velvet. Jeweled buckles adorn the collar and belt. This style of bodice would look well in a variety of materials and colors and is very fashionable.

Many of the new tailor made gowns are decidedly smart. Indeed, the prospect is that plain tailor gowns will be in the minority. The ubiquitous bolero has invaded this department. A charming example is in violet tinted cloth. The short bolero bodice is fastened by a jeweled button over a full yoke and vest of marquisette silk and swathed at the waist by folds of a dark violet colored satin. The marquisette is again employed as a groundwork to a

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The hats now in evidence are marked by conspicuous colors, reds and greens leading, and a jumble of flowers, feathers, tulle and chiffon. In addition to the foregoing are all kinds of hat ornaments in gold, jet, steel and jeweled objects. Aigrets are also in favor, as are glass gauze and moire ribbons. The tendency is to mass the trimming to one side, though there are exceptions to this rule. The shapes are as varied as the trimmings. There are small hats and large hats and toques without number. There are also sailor hats with medium low crowns.

Bicycle in African War.

One would scarcely expect to find bicycles and a bicycle club in the heart of Africa and 600 miles from any railroad. One club in Bulawayo, Matatieleland, South Africa, is in a flourishing condition, having 25 members out of a population of 2,500.

During the late war in Matatieleland these bicycles all rendered valuable service to the English. By them scouts were often able to "locate the enemy" or to deliver a message where a man on horseback would not have dared to go, for a Kaffir can outrun a horse every time—that is, such horses as they have in Africa.

In one instance a bicyclist put to rout a whole tupa (a camp) of Kaffirs, who evidently never had seen a bicycle before, and this man, who came nearer to the camp than he had had any intention of doing, and who was much alarmed where he was, took heart again when he saw these Kaffirs throw up their hands as if in consternation, and, uttering savage sounds and noises, jump to their feet and run for their lives. They evidently thought the devil was after them.—New York Press.

For Domestic Wear.

One of the guides at the capitol had an amusing experience. A countryman was shown the wonders of the whispering gallery and the stone which deadens all sound.

After the usual experiment was completed, he astonished the guide by saying: "Mister, kin a body git a stone like that thar hyar in Washington? Yo' see, my wife gits cantankerous at times, an' she kin talk pow'ful hard when she gits started. If I could git one of them things to stan on out in our kitchen, I'd be willin ter pay well for it."—Washington Star.

C. E. PEARSALL & CO.

REAL ESTATE

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Place Your Property on Our Lists. C. E. PEARSALL & Co., Standard Building, Westfield.

R. F. HOHENSTEIN.

FLOUR, FEED, HAY AND GRAIN. PEET MOSS FOR BEDDING. PRATT'S HORSE FOOD. WE SELL FIRST CLASS GOODS ONLY. ALL POULTRY SUPPLIES. Store, Prospect St., Opposite Standard Building.

J. S. IRVING,

DEALER IN Coal, Lumber, Building Materials, Mouldings and Kindling Wood. Fertilizers For Lawn, Garden and Field. Office and Yard—Central Ave., near R. R. Crossing, Westfield. Orders by Mail Will Receive Prompt Attention.

GEORGE SHEELAN . . .

(SUCCESSOR TO E. ECKEL) BAKER & CONFECTIONER. FINEST QUALITY AND FULL LINE OF BREAD, CAKES, PIES, PASTRY, ETC. HORTON'S ICE CREAM. Orders called for and delivered. BROAD STREET, WESTFIELD.

BAYARD DRUG STORE,

J. F. DORVALL, Proprietor. Broad and Elm Streets, Westfield. Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Fancy Cut Glass Bottles of Perfumery, Sponges, etc. PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED. Agent for STEARNS AND VICTOR BICYCLES. "BEST ON EARTH!"

C. SCHEERRER,

Elm Street. Elegant Spring Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings. SUITS TO ORDER \$14.00 UP—All latest styles. C. SCHEERRER.

NOVEL FANCY WORK.

ARTICLES WHICH ARE BOTH USEFUL AND DECORATIVE.

Fancy Case For the Safe Keeping of Darning Needles and Darning Cotton.

Articles which represent original ideas wrought out in the hands of the giver have largely taken the place of Easter cards as Easter offerings.



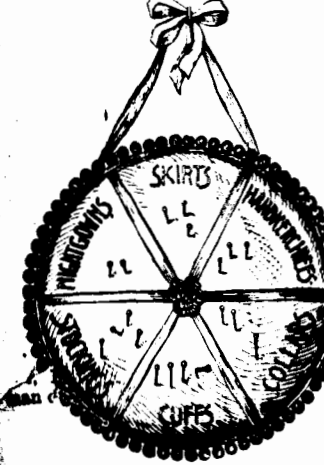
As things may well be, but they suggest a novel and at the same time a practical darning case which all women given to domestic affairs will appreciate.

The laundry pin ball is something comparatively new and takes up much less space than the satin covered ball.

This is a large small according to the list of things the maker intends to put on it.

Divide off the linen into as many compartments as there are articles by drawing a light pencil line which the ribbon will hide afterward.

Cover the cardboard on one side with horsehair thick enough to permit pins to be thrust into it.



Ribbon across to hold the pencil marks and fasten them in the middle with a small rosette.

The size of one's card is a matter of taste. One authority in such matters tells that the card most used at present is 3 1/2 inches long and 2 3/4 inches wide.

A MAN WHO DRIVES TEN-IN-HAND.

The Leader is Thirty-Six Feet from the Holder of the Reins.

The bespangled riders who guide a score or more of horses at terrific speed about the city streets rings have been considered for generations the most skillful and picturesque horsemen in the world.

This remarkable team was devised by William Wesner, of Vienna, and by him driven repeatedly. He has performed several feats in fancy driving with his team before the Emperor of Germany and the Emperor of Austria.

At the Matches. As I drove up to the cabin where I expected to remain all night there were sounds of crying, and upon entering I found a woman weeping bitterly.

Old Zimmerman's Observations. A stern reality—A ship's rudder.

The biggest fool is he who fools himself, and he does that who attempts to fool others.

Mrs. Bancroft's Shave. Mrs. Bancroft, the wife of the historian, when staying in London, went one day to an afternoon musicale at Mayfair.

The Hardships of Labor. Pat—Ye'll have to get a new night watchman, sorr. O'H he havin' yez Saturday.

A Keen Observer. "A medical journal says there are from 40,000 to 50,000 germs in an ordinary oyster."

Furnishing the Example. "Who is that young woman near the other end of the table who has been talking about correct taste in art?"

Holding Men. A lake of boiling mud two miles in circumference, exists in the Island of Java near Solo.

Fountain Pens. Fountain pens are rather older than most people imagine.

Why, no my son, you wouldn't go to a collar factory to get cholera any more than you would go to a vestry to get a vest or a pastry to get pants.

Ben Hogan, the redoubt pugilist, proves himself a handy man in relaying the distress prevailing among the unemployed in Chicago.

WHY WILLIAM HAYES THE GREEK.

The Emperor Objected to His Sister Joining the Greek Church.

The former Princess Sophia of Prussia, now Crown Princess of the Hellenes and Duchess of Sparta, has not been on good terms with her Imperial and Imperial brother from the day, three or four years ago, when she first declared her intention to join the Greek Church.

Liege, Belgium, has a grand opera, of which a correspondent of the Musical Courier gives this amusing account: The prices are low, ranging from \$1.25 down to 10 cents.

As a matter of curiosity, the United States Consul, at Ghent, reports to the State Department that the most expensive product in the world is the charcoal thread employed for incandescent lamps.

A Remarkable Cat. A gentleman of Mount Vernon sitting in his library one evening heard a curious sound in the parlor below.

The Old Lady in "American Notes." Mrs. Mary Ann Reed, who died at the Hartford Retreat for the Insane the other day, at the age of ninety-two, had been in the institution for fifty-two years.

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BATH IN THE DEAD SEA.

The Water is Remarkably Buoyant, but Not Good to Taste.

A tourist who visited the Holy Land a few years ago writes as follows: "Bathing at last this most remarkable aid of all the seas and lakes on the globe (the Dead Sea) we prepared to take a bath, such as I can hardly ever expect to take again."

Lost Her Diamond Teeth. Mrs. Calvin, whose husband is engaged by the commission business in San Francisco, went to Portland, Oregon, to visit her sister some time ago.

Costly Charcoal Thread. As a matter of curiosity, the United States Consul, at Ghent, reports to the State Department that the most expensive product in the world is the charcoal thread employed for incandescent lamps.

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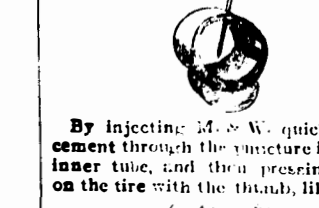
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THE SEMI-WEEKLY STANDARD IS ON SALE EVERY TUESDAY AND FRIDAY AFTERNOON AT THE NEWS CO. Stand, Trenchard's, Wittke's and Gale's. 3c. Per Copy.

A SIMPLE TIRE REPAIR.

Punctures in the well known Morgan & Wright tire are mended about as easily as a man would close a hole in his finger with a bit of court plaster.



Very simple, but now every rider should remember these two "butts," or he will fail.

Before injecting cement, pump up the tire. If you don't, the inner tube will be flabby, like this.

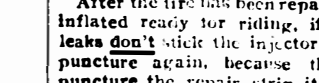


and the cement will not get inside of it, where the repair strip lies.

After the tire has been repaired, and inflated ready for riding, if it still leaks don't stick the injector into the puncture again, because that will puncture the repair strip itself, like this.



and you will have to pull out the inner tube and make an old-fashioned repair by putting a patch of rubber on the outside of the inner tube.



THE N. J. B. C. The New Jersey Business College No. 764 and 766 Broad St. Newark, N. J. (Opp. the "Prudential") Write for Catalogue. T. C. MILLER, Prin. N. B.—Open all the year.

NOTE AND LETTER PAPER. The Latest Shape in Fashionable Stationery—The Monogram Paper For Men.

RENT, SELL or SWAP Property.

TO TURN A \$. C. E. Pearsall & Co. Standard Building, WESTFIELD, NEW JERSEY.

ANNOUNCEMENT. The undersigned can furnish highly flowering and ornamental shrubs, and roses of all kinds and varieties for Spring planting.

W. D. BUSSY & Co. Park St., Westfield.

BURDICK & MILLER, WESTFIELD, N. J. Manufacture and Dealers in Sash, Blinds, Mouldings and Doors.

ALL KINDS OF MILL WORK. Turning and Scroll Sawing. Window Glass, Ornamental and Plate Glass.

VENEERED DOORS A SPECIALTY.

CRANFORD.

The Standard is on sale Tuesday and Friday at the Union News Co's stand.

All communications for Cranford Department should be sent to F. K. Clynna, Cranford, N. J.

POST OFFICE DIRECTORY.

Table with columns for Eastward, Westward, and Closing times for Cranford Post Office.

Mrs. L. V. P. Bryner is very ill with the grip.

The town committee will meet next Monday evening.

Miss Bennett has returned from a visit to Lexington, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sperry have come back to Cranford to live.

C. C. Hoffmeier is building a 7 room house on Union avenue, south side.

Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Adams have begun housekeeping in the old Adams homestead.

S. Porcella is building two houses on Holly street. Burns, of Elizabeth is the contractor.

Miss Florence Purcell is at home from Wilson college, near Pittsburg, Penn., for the Easter vacation.

The Epworth League will meet to-morrow evening at the residence of Wm. Howell, on Union avenue.

Geo. G. Teller will build a fine house on Orchard street. Michael Burns, of Elizabeth has the contract, and C. C. Hoffmeier will do the plumbing.

The Rev. W. J. Judd assisted at the Friday evening meeting at the Presbyterian chapel. He also made the prayer at the communion service on Sunday.

Posters are out announcing the Union Ice Company's entertainment for Thursday, April 22. The show will consist of first class variety artists, under the management of Harry S. Sander son.

Miss Agusta Shirley Hughes, daughter of Wm. Hughes, and the Rev. Wm. Botsford Judd, pastor of Trinity M. E. church, Paterson, are to be married this evening at 8 o'clock in the Methodist church, Cranford. The Rev. W. J. Judd, the groom's father, will officiate. Admission to the church will be by card.

A. D. Godown, who works for John Watson the carpenter left a heavy chisel on the top of a step ladder yesterday while he got down to look for something else he wanted. As he put his foot on the first step of the ladder to ascend, the chisel fell off the ladder, edge down, and striking his wrist cut a bad gash, which will prevent his working for awhile.

The Union Paper Co. will set up one of their machines this week in the building owned by Wm. Hughes and formerly used as a sash and blind factory. It will not be finished, but will be set up preparatory to making the numerous small changes and adjustments always necessary in the case of new machinery, especially machinery designed for a new process of manufacture. The company are already receiving inquiries for samples and prices of the paper they expect to manufacture.

The suit of Contractor Waters against the township of Cranford for \$22,000, default payments on sewer contract, goes on trial in Elizabeth before a referee to-day. The difference arose through the contractor's refusal to accept the engineer's estimates. The township has offered him about \$8,000, the amount called for by the estimates, which he refuses to accept. The starting point of the trouble was a change of route in building the sewer, which he agreed to, for which he was to be paid a specified sum per yard for excavation, and specified prices for other kinds of work, making the engineer who measured his work the arbiter of his fortunes, as it were. The referee should be able to get at the equity in the case, and decide it on its merits.

The Country Club is to have a smoker on Tuesday, the 13th.

Mr. and Mrs. Outhart have returned to Cranford after a winter spent in the city.

Wire for the fire alarm system is expected to-morrow, and it will be put up immediately.

Ernest Stauber, a brother of Mrs. F. E. C. Winckler is to erect a fine residence on Fairview Manor.

Miss Annie Huston of New York is spending a few days at the residence of her parents in Cranford.

P. D. Van Sanna's father was buried last Monday at Pompton, N. J. He lived to be 93 years old.

Mrs. Elliott Ballantier is convalescent after a severe illness. She is a guest at the residence of Kenyon Messick.

The officers of the Presbyterian Sunday School were to be elected last night at the residence of Dr. McConnell.

Rehearsals are progressing nicely for the minstrel show to be given by members of the Country Club some time in May.

The trustees of the Presbyterian church held a meeting last night. The annual parish meeting is to be held this evening.

On Friday evening after the prayer meeting at the Presbyterian church two elders are to be elected and all the various church societies are to report.

Jas. W. Ferguson is on his feet again and will be ready for business shortly. School matters will probably begin to move forward when he arrives on deck.

The Rev. Dr. Greene's sermon on "The Public Schools from a Christian Point of View" is spoken of as something particularly good. He thinks the public school system is the bulwark of the church as well as of the republic.

The following named are the new members of the Presbyterian church admitted last Sunday: Mr. and Mrs. Blauvelt, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Day, Mr. and Mrs. Bartow, Mr. and Mrs. Beebe, Mrs. Schweigler, Miss Josephine, Mrs. Stevens and Miss Mamie Littlell.

The road board held a meeting last night. Messrs Edward Everett, Dordrich Kreis and Judson Voorhis being present. Bills to the amount of \$92 were audited and ordered paid. Some sidewalks and crosswalks were ordered built and the condition of the sidewalks and streets was discussed. After adjournment J. A. Hilson appeared to make a vigorous kick about the condition of the board walks in the vicinity of his residence. It was agreed that the worst offenders among the abutting property owners should be notified to repair the walks immediately, and on their failure to do so a petition in the usual form would authorize the road board to build or repair and assess the cost on the property owners.

The local authorities who have charge of the roads in Cranford and Westfield should put in a particularly busy month's work during the next thirty days. Spring is here, the roads are in bad shape, and April and May are the two months in the year when road repairs are easiest, cheapest, and most effective for the balance of the driving season. The tendency always is to start slow and make slow progress until the work begins to be hurried by complaints, so that the work is not finished until the ground begins to harden and a June sun turns to fine dust much of the fresh earth used in repairs, instead of allowing it to pack and harden smoothly, as would be the case if the repairs were made in April or May. It seems safe to say that repairs completed during those two months are worth at least thirty per cent more than when the same amount of work is done in June or July. Less labor is required for a given stretch of roadway, and hence less expense is incurred, and the work when finished gives better results. It is more satisfactory and much more permanent. The economy is apparent from any point of view, and should enter into all the calculations of those who have charge of road repairs.

TOWN COMMITTEE MEETS.

Continued from page 1.

get his report on the situation, etc. Harden replied very emphatically that he would have nothing to do with Bergen in the matter under any circumstances. He then moved, in order as he said, to place the matter fairly before them and go on record, that Paul Q. Oliver be given the case, and Bergen instructed to turn the papers over to him. The motion was not seconded.

When the question came up as to when they should meet again there was a little some. Harden thought it hardly worth while to meet any often than the law required, declaring that the other two committeemen were holding private conferences and deciding in advance what action should be taken at committee meetings, and that it hardly seemed worth while for him to pretend to participate in the town's business.

The other two committeemen objected to his statement of the case, and he said he'd been informed that they had a private or direct telephone wire between their residences, and could consult as often and for as long as they wished without anyone's knowing anything about it. At that Endicott flared up a little and said, "I deny it." Embrose tried to demonstrate to Harden that that could not be true, and before they got through talking the atmosphere cooled considerably. On Embrose's motion the committee adjourned to Friday night of this week at 7:30.

The board of health convened at 7:30 all members being present. The satisfactory progress of the diphtheria cases was reported, and the methods used to prevent the spread of the disease detailed. Dr. Sherman Cooper's bill for \$8 for services in this connection was referred to the township committee for payment.

Dr. Harrison reported that the sanitary condition of the public schools was very satisfactory.

Orders were given for a thorough inspection of several cesspools in town. People who throw sink water and slops into the gutters are to be ordered to stop it, and the gutters are to be disinfected with lime.

Dr. Harrison brought up the question of having bacteriological examinations made of matter from the throats of the diphtheria cases which seemed to be well to determine whether it were safe to allow the children to go to school, or mingle with other children. These examinations have heretofore been made at the state laboratory, free of expense to the local authorities. But the Legislature made no appropriation this year to keep the state laboratory going, and it is now closed. The question was whether the work should be ordered done at some private laboratory, at a probable cost of from three to five dollars for each examination. When the doctor had explained that there was no known way to decide when the danger of infection ceased except by these examinations, and that two or three examinations might prove necessary in a given case, the town committeemen were appalled, and Mr. Harden made a little speech on economy. Mr. Embrose wanted to leave it to the physician to decide whether the circumstances would justify incurring the expense, but the doctor wouldn't have it so. It was finally decided to order examinations at the town's expense in the cases of the two children last to be taken sick. The amusing feature of the meeting was the way the secretary and the reporters struggled with the word "bacteriological." The secretary, in reading the motion finally adopted, fell over the word three times and then gave it up.

King Menckel.

M. Vande-rhym, a well known journalist of Paris, who spent some time at the court of Emperor Menckel of Abyssinia, says that the feet and hands of the dusky monarch are of an unusual size. He adds that the negus was a great admirer of President Carnot and sent a wreath to be placed upon his grave.

When some of the native priests saw a photograph of their ruler, taken by the correspondent, they upbraided him for allowing a European to reproduce his features by means of an instrument invented by the devil. "Idiot!" replied Menckel. "On the contrary, it is God who has created the materials which make the work possible. Don't tell me such nonsense again, or I'll have you beheaded."

A Noble Acquaintance.

She was very proud of her husband's titled friends.

Two of his old college chums were dining there one evening, and one of them chanced to mention Baron Munchausen.

She looked up brightly.

"Oh," she said, "Charley knows Baron Munchausen?"

And silence fell.—Exchange.

WHAT MY LOVE IS LIKE.

My love is like a lily in a room. Kissed by the morning dew, yet never faded summer knows so fair, my love, as you. And when the winter withers the leaf and the pink petals come to grief, stay, love, and share the rose.

My love hath blossoms like the snow, less cold and doubly fair. But when a earth's winter breeze must go, when spring has blown in the air, and flowers-spring to life—the sight, love ruins the heart with added night. Stay, love, and share the snow.

My love's charit' eye shines like a star when the ruddy day has fled. Aye, fairer far, thy avatar. Being all-sung on my heart, the star, that in my heart is set, to shirk from rising the eye—stay, love, and share the star.—J. L. Hudson in "The Quinine Bee."

A SMOKESTACK PROBLEM.

Many Schemes That Failed Before the High Chimney Was Painted.

At the recent works on the west shore of Hempstead harbor there is a smokestack 124 feet high and 3 feet in diameter which has long needed painting. The manager thought the time had come to dispose of the job. Two of the foremen, the shovel engineer and a young carpenter set their wits to work to contrive a way of getting a rope up through the pipe's interior and down on the outside so that an apparatus could be rigged to hoist the painter.

One of the Italians suggested letting a pigeon loose to fly up inside of the stack, but this solved only half the problem. Another workman suggested a small balloon. The first one to formulate what seemed a feasible plan was the head foreman, who fastened 10 feet of small brass chain to a rocker, and to that a cord, and then sent them skyward through the pipe. As a spectacle it was fine, but the heat from the powder burned off the chain, and the string was left at its starting point. Then the younger foreman tried. He had made a kite having two strings, one of which went through a pulley attached near the kite, which had a small iron weight fastened to its upper end, the intention being to fly the kite until it was directly over the smokestack, and then lower the weight down into the interior.

The kite worked beautifully until it was time for it to be useful, when it turned a somersault, tangling itself in the pulley tackle, and the whole thing came to grief. Then the carpenter began to talk. He, too, remembered boyish pastimes and believed they could be turned to account. His idea was to ascend the cable tower, 90 feet distant and 130 feet high, and from this position throw into the smokestack a weight tied to a string. The wind was blowing a gale, but this did not discourage the man, and he, with the two foremen, ascended the tower for performance No. 3.

To throw a two pound weight fastened to a string was no easy matter, and it was exceedingly difficult to keep a foothold on the tower. After three trials, however, the weight fell as planned, save that the string broke. Later the carpenter tried again, casting the weight four times before it entered the stack.

When the rigging to hoist the painter was in order, there was a call for volunteers, but only one man responded. He was the shovel engineer, Will Snyder, from Chicago. He has had an experience in work in high places, for whenever the steel cable, 140 feet above the ground, needs tarring Snyder gets a paint pot, swings himself astride the framework of the traveler and paints the cable as the traveler goes back and forth on its regular business.

Several of the men employed at the cement works seem to be born acrobats, and they work far up in the air as easily as on the ground, so that when repairs are needed on the towers or cables and cool, level headed men must be had there has never been any necessity to go outside of the regular force.—New York Sun.

Napoleon's Lack of Delicacy.

Apocryph of Napoleon's lack of delicacy, it is said that once in the Tuileries the emperor addressed one of his court ladies, not renowned for purity, with the words, "You are fond of men, I understand." "Yes. When they are polite," was the rejoinder. At Erfurt Talleyrand gave the same explanation of his master's vagaries. "We French are more civilized than our monarch," he said to Montglas, the Bavarian minister of state. "His is only the civilization of Roman history."—Life of Napoleon.—By Professor W. M. Sloane, in Century.

Deviled Clams.

Drain 25 clams free from their liquor, which will be more easily done by pouring a cup of cold water over them. Chop very fine. Scald a cup of milk. Rub together a table-spoonful of butter and 2 of flour until smooth; add to the milk, and stir until it thickens. Then add 2 table-spoonfuls of dry bread crumbs, the yolks of 2 raw eggs and a table-spoonful of chopped parsley. Take from the fire, mix well together, stir in the clams, then add salt and pepper to taste. The clams may furnish all the salt necessary. Fill shells, brush the clam mixture with the beaten yolk of an egg, sprinkle with bread crumbs and brown in a hot oven. Serve on beds of water-cress.

Inexpensive Shopping Bag.

A new inexpensive shopping bag illustrated in The Sun is of ample proportions and is made of black satin. It is



Children Are Quick to catch disease. An ailment which would hardly put a grown person to bed would make them seriously ill. Looks in pipes can't be attended to too quickly. No one knows better than a plumber the evil consequences of procrastination. It will save in health, money and labor if you have him when you need him.

M. H. FERRIS, Sanitary Plumbing. WESTFIELD, N. J.

TONSORIAL PARLORS. KURZHAL BLOCK, ELVA STREET. SAMUEL PACKER, Proprietor.

HAIR CUTTING, SHAVING. SHAMPOOING, etc. Ladies' Shampooing a specialty. Razors honed and ground.

HOW TO PRACTICE.

An Eminent Music Teacher's Views on This Important Subject.

Numbered with practical points by eminent teachers in The Etude is the following on how to practice:

Practice means to some merely the employment of a certain number of minutes or hours listlessly going through exercises and pieces with the satisfied feeling that one has done his duty. To others it means the hard practice of exercises and pieces with the discouraged feeling that the goal is as far off as ever. What one needs to feel after practice is the glow of conscious progress permeating his whole being, looking forward with longing to the next day's practice, instead of with the listlessness or loathing that accompanies any but progressive practice.

What one needs in practice is to have a distinct object or aim in view. It may be precision, brilliancy, velocity, evenness or lightness. It would be well if each student were to make out for himself a study plan, with the finger exercises and portions of pieces to be practiced each day, with the object aimed at in each day's practice.

If one were to practice a study the first day with the sole idea of memorizing the notes, the second day to secure correctness of touch, time, fingering and dynamic signs, the next day aiming at velocity forte, the next day velocity piano, and soon, including the different aims to be embodied in the study, the progress made in each day's practice would be far more satisfactory than if one divided the attention on the different points which together constitute perfection.

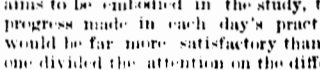
In the beginning of practice on any passage aim at one thing at a time. Later the practice may take in two or more aims, till at last the fingers automatically perform their duty, leaving the mind free to conceive the interpretation.

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BLACK SATIN, WITH SPANGLES, decorated with a hawthorn design in gold cord and violet colored spangles and finished with two chic black satin ribbons bows on either side. It is carried by ribbons or worn at the side.

At Lofoten fisheries last year final returns were 38,000,000 codfish, 11,000 hectoliters of liver, 42,000 hectoliters of fish roe and 12,300 hectoliters of medicinal steam refined cod liver oil.

Fatality of Measles.

Measles differs from most other specific fevers in being highly infectious at every stage of the attack, especially during the periods of "sickenings" and of "invasion" that precede the eruption; hence it spreads like wildfire through households, schools, hospitals and all places where young folk are thrown together. It sometimes seizes upon whole communities, and cases are on record where native tribes have been almost exterminated by the introduction of this scourge. Nevertheless measles is commonly regarded as a harmless complaint, wanting little or no treatment. That belief is so far founded on fact that the disease does little actual harm among the families of the well-to-do. The matter, however, assumes a very different aspect when measles gets a foothold in a bad environment.

As a proof of the last statement we have the estimate of various authorities—among them Dr. Louis Parkes—that in overcrowded and poor neighborhoods the mortality amounts to the alarming ratio of 20 to 30 per cent of the total number attacked. The latter of these two figures, 30 per cent, does not fall far short of the average mortality caused by such deadly diseases as cholera or yellow fever. Yet measles is not compulsionarily notifiable, nor is it deemed worthy of special hospital accommodation.—Nineteenth Century.

FRANK L. C. MARTIN CYCLE CO.

Established 1889. THE OLDEST BICYCLE HOUSE IN NEW JERSEY. Incorporated 1895.

Branch Store: Broad St., next P. O., Westfield. A. H. BARNETT, Manager. 333 PARK AVENUE, PLAINFIELD, N. J. Sales Stores: KEER & MARTIN CYCLE CO., 876 Broad St., Newark. 593 Main St., East Orange.

Advertisement for bicycles with images of Cleveland, Dayton, Westfield, Silver, Crescents, Barnes, King and Queen models. Prices: \$25 to \$100. All wheels sold by us are backed by a strong, liberal Guarantee.

Our business is run on strictly business principles, the instalment feature having received special consideration, and is as liberal as good business judgment will allow. Terms on application. We cordially invite you to call and inspect our 1897 Models.

A. H. BARNETT, Manager. Broad Street, next Post Office.