

SEMI-WEEKLY THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD.

TUESDAY FRIDAY

OL. XIII. NO. 8. WESTFIELD, UNION COUNTY, N. J., TUESDAY, APRIL 13, 1897. \$2 Per Year. Single Copies 3c.

POST OFFICE BLOCK.

LARGEST DRY AND FANCY GOODS HOUSE IN NEW JERSEY.



Easter Upholstery Offerings

Curtains.	Worth.	At.
Nottingham Lace Curtains.	\$1.50 pr.	1.00
Scotch Lace Curtains.	2.25 pr.	1.63
Scotch Lace Curtains.	3.00 pr.	1.95
Irish Point Curtains.	1.00 pr.	2.00
Irish Point Curtains.	6.50 pr.	4.00
Greenline Cross Stripe Curtains.	1.75 pr.	1.38
India Lace Summer Curtains.	2.25 pr.	1.65
Greenline Cross Stripe Curtains.	2.75 pr.	1.90
Curtain Materials.	Worth.	At.
Novelty Nets, 36 in.	15c yd.	11c
Tambour Embroid. Muslin.	10c yd.	7c
Swiss Curtains, 36 in.	35c yd.	25c
Madras Curtains, 36 in.	35c yd.	25c
Tambour Lace Curtains.	35c yd.	25c
Silk Stripe Greenlines.	6c yd.	4c
Furniture Coverings.	Worth.	At.
Negre Cloths, 50 in. wide.	75c yd.	50c
Tapestry, satin fin., 50 in.	80c yd.	50c

Fig. Armure Striped Velour, 36 in. wide.	80c yd.	60c
Kremlin Damask, 50 in.	2.00 yd.	1.45
MAINSOOKS Fancies in stripes and checks, the regular 10c kind, very cheap.		6c
LAWNS 40 inches wide, with satin bands, good as ever sold at 10c, now 5c of designs, choice.		10c
PERCALES 2.50 yards of 36 in. genuine Sea Islands, best made, all new and in the colors and designs, usually 12c, here.		10c
LAPPETS Scotch make, pure white, charming designs, good quality, any imported at 10c, this lot.		18c
LININGS 1.20 yards of genuine French Hair Cloth, best quality, in gray and black, regular 25c, at.		21c
TRAY COVERS 1.00 extra fine satin finished Damask Covers, hemstitched all around, just like the covers, these.		19c
TABLE DAMASK Very soft finished Damask, regular 40c goods.		35c
EMB. FLANNEL Hemstitched and openwork, fine work, the wool, with rich silk embroidery, value 75c, yard, this at.		49c

Ladies' Neckwear and Capes.

Silk String Ties Plaid, Foulard and other fancy silks, very stylish, 18c, 15c		10c
Emb. Ruffs Also lace trimmed Ribbons and Silk Mull, great assortment of all shades, worth.		25c
Stock Collars Of the Swiss Silks, big bow in front, 15 cheerful shades, worth 45c, at.		25c
Satin Stocks Glove clasp, in all shades and Plaid, like you have seen at 50c		38c
Deep Ruffs OF SILK Mull, silk and linen Battiste and chiffon, richly lace trimmed, worth 45c, at.		48c
Fronts of silk Mull, new plaid, richly lace trimmed, worth 45c, at.		1.48
Feather Boas Real Ostrich, good full plumes, no wool or cotton, all of our boars are feathers and good and long to stand, resulting, see those 54 in. long for \$3.98; 45 in. long at \$2.48, or 36 in. long		4.98
Fine Boas Here is a line of Boas 54 in. long, elegant lustrous black, no better Ostrich feathers can be had in the \$15 kind.		9.98
Fur Collarettes When you buy off your shoulder covering, our line of Fur Collarettes, French seal, Hills of Seal Yoke, Electric Seal, Krimmer, Chin chilla, Stone Marten etc., is most complete. We can satisfy every taste. Prices \$7.48 to		49.50
Ruchings By the yard in an endless variety of shades, widths and plaits, all priced low.		

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Everything from a Pin to a Garment.
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Celebrated for its great leavening strength and healthfulness. Assures the food against all forms of adulteration common to the cheap brands.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

MISS PARLOA ON SOUPS.

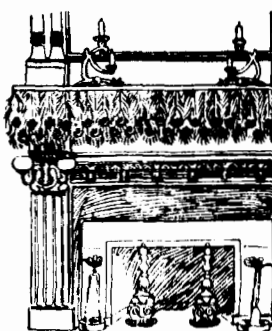
The French Housekeeper's Way of Making Them Described in a Lecture.
"Economy is the watchword of the French people," said Miss Parloa in her talk upon the characteristics of French cookery at the New York Young Woman's Christian association, "and the French housekeeper, no matter how simple the dish, excels in the making of it. The market prices are much higher in France than here, butter and sugar costing more than as much again. One may buy half a pound or part of a carrot, and it is not thought unusual, and only a sufficient quantity is purchased to supply each meal, and an unexpected guest is never provided for."
Miss Parloa added that roasting and broiling are hardly known among the working classes, and pastry is made only in the kitchens of the very wealthy. An American housewife may take the lead in the making of dainty and fancy desserts, but to a Frenchwoman the making of soups and sauces is the most important part of the cookery.

The following simple soup is said to be savory and delicious: Put 3 tablespoonfuls of butter or meat fat in a soup kettle and pour over it 2 quarts of water. Let it cook 10 minutes before adding a pint of potatoes cut into cubes and 8 leeks washed and sliced thin. Add a teaspoonful of salt and one-third of pepper and allow this to cook very slowly one hour. Break 5 slices of stale bread into pieces and put in the soup tureen, and turn the soup over it when cooked the required length of time.

A French vegetable soup is made thus: Cut a large onion into thin slices and put them in a pan with 3 tablespoonfuls of butter. Let them simmer together half an hour and add 2 quarts of water. Have prepared a pint of white turnips cut into cubes, the same amount of potatoes, half a pint of carrots, half a pint of the white part of the leek cut into thin slices. Add a clove of garlic, an eschalon, a teaspoonful of sugar, one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper and salt and cook slowly an hour, adding some chopped parsley 15 minutes before the soup is removed from the fire. This soup may also be used for a vegetable puree by pressing it through a coarse sieve, and to a pint of the thick soup add a pint of boiling milk.

A paste for thickening sauces is kept at hand for constant use. Here is the way to make one that will keep a long time: Cut equal amounts of beef, veal and pork suet in small pieces. Put them in a kettle with very little water and slowly render. Turn off the first fat, and when very hot stir in flour until it forms a thick paste—about a pint of flour to a pint of liquid fat. Put these into a granite ware vessel and place in an oven and cook three to four hours. Keep in glass jars covered.

A Peacock Mantel.
A unique drapery is suggested for a mantel board in The Ladies' Home Journal, along with an illustration of the same: Cover the mantel board with peacock blue velours. Take peacock feathers of equal length and sufficient



in number to go around the edge of the board, placing the quill part of the feathers about an inch apart. Tack them on to the board with straw matting staples and at the ends cover with a jeweled gimp. The feathers may be secured at the center ends by weaving through them some strands of silk of peacock blue color.

Proceedings of the Board of Chosen Freeholders of the County of Union.

[OFFICIAL.]

Regular meeting of the Board of Chosen Freeholders of the county of Union held on Thursday, April 1st, 1897, at 2:30 p. m.

The following members were present, viz:

Director Hubbard and Freeholders Bruchlacher, Burnett, Clark, Ehrlich, Farrell, King, Krouse, Little, Miller, Ogden, Robinson, Swain, Tier, Wahl—15. Absent—Freeholders Hulskamper and Roll—2.

The minutes of the previous meeting, reading of bills being omitted, were on motion approved as read.

No communications, petitions or memorials were presented.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES.

From the committee to settle with the County Collector, as follows:

To the Board of Chosen Freeholders of the county of Union:
GENTLEMEN: Your committee to settle with the County Collector respectfully report that they have examined his books, showing his receipts and disbursements, together with his vouchers, bonds and coupons paid and bank books, and we find the same agree, and are correct in every particular. His total receipts from the beginning of the fiscal year are \$178,835.00 disbursements—\$202,668.80 balance in bank \$65,166.20.
Dated March 25, 1897.

Signed, GEO. W. LITTLE, HENRY KROUSE, BENJAMIN KING, Committee. On motion of Freeholder Clark the report was received and placed on file.

NEW BUSINESS—RESOLUTIONS.

By Freeholder Farrell

Resolved, That the County Road Committee consider the advisability of continuing St. George's avenue as a county road, to meet the said avenue at the line dividing Middlesex and Union counties.

Freeholder Miller moved the adoption of the resolution, which motion was unanimously carried.

The following bills, audited and approved, were read and on motion ordered paid, viz:

Court Account—James Ritchie \$75. Henry J. Snodgrass \$12.50. T. F. McCormick \$201.67. F. C. Marsh \$50. Herbert W. Knight \$10. S. B. 50. W. T. Kirk, Sheriff, \$120.11, \$25.

Jail Account—Henry J. Schmidt \$5. Thomas B. Smith \$3.75. Fred. Hand \$5. J. O. Brokaw \$11.51. J. W. Hildebrandt & Co. \$25.30. W. H. Neefus \$19.02. J. P. Hanlin \$33.14.

Election Account—C. A. Lehmann \$14.20.

School Account—B. Holmes \$200.

Members Pay Account—Jno. H. Tier \$26. Addison S. Clark \$46. W. H. Swain \$36. Henry Krouse \$66. W. H. Hulskamper \$28. John F. Wahl \$16. Frederick Miller \$10.

Committee Expense Account—W. H. Barton \$5. Addison S. Clark \$3.10. John H. Tier \$8.20. Henry Krouse \$17.80. Wm. McCormack \$25.

Salary Account—W. R. Codrington \$75. E. M. Wood \$125. S. Rudling Ryno \$25.

Incidental Account—S. E. Morgan \$35. S. Rudling Ryno \$27.30. Wm. Howard \$191.50. F. L. Graves \$27.50.

County Road Repair Account—Adamo F. Hoffman \$4.50. James W. Fink \$60. Public Building Account—James H. Faulks \$5.39. Elizabeth Hardware Co. \$50c. The Elizabeth Ice Co. \$9.08. Wm. B. Tucker, Attorney \$30.62. Jno. C. Blore \$30. Elizabethtown Gas Light Co. \$31.15. Frederick Bruchlacher \$11.80. Frank C. Ogden \$25.50. Elizabeth Telephone Co. \$18. The Elizabethtown Water Co. \$62.50.

Stationery Account Wm. T. Kirk, Sheriff \$2.75.

Bridge Account—Neils Norsk \$10.75. Wm. R. Ogden \$10. David Busch \$51.17. James Seymour \$40. Wahl & Hatfield \$12.28. J. W. Hope \$75.90. Frank Murphy \$37.10. H. D. Edwards \$15. Wm. Vernon \$8.

Freeholder Swain moved to adjourn, which was carried.

The director declared the board adjourned until Thursday, May 6th, 1897, at 2:30 p. m. S. RUDLING RYNO, Clerk.

A Crow That Ate Clams.

"I knew a man once," said a fisherman, "who had a pet crow that used to come down to meet him when he came in from fishing. The crow's owner was a fisherman. His boat might be among 40 or 50 other boats, all coming in together, but the crow never made any mistake. He always knew his own boat. He liked clams, and when he came aboard his owner would knock a couple of clams together—that would break one—and put the broken clam down for the crow to eat, and then he would go on rowing, and that's the way they always came ashore, the fisherman pulling on the oars and the crow sitting alongside of him eating clams."—New York Sun.

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS.

In Which No Pigments or Colored Washes are Used.

London Times says a private... was given a day or two... of the results obtained by the process of color photography... has been devised by a Cornish... Bennett. The methods and the principle employed, remain... of the inventor, and it is in... that they shall remain so until... more details and applications... the invention have been more fully... out. All that is at present... is that the inventor, who has... occupied with the subject for the... eight years, claims to have discovered the first true and direct system of color photography by which... can be transformed to a photographic negative and thence printed on glass or paper the exact natural colors of the object toward which the camera has been directed. He employs no pigments, his plates have not to be washed with various colored solutions, and it is not necessary to view his pictures through any combinations of tinted glasses. The colors are imprinted on the plate just as are the light and shade in an ordinary monochrome photograph and are directly visible to the eye. It may be mentioned that Mr. Bennett in his earlier experiments could get no effects with a less exposure than three minutes; now he is able to work with exposures of sixteen seconds.

Whatever may have been the methods used, the pictures produced by them attain a high standard of excellence. One of the best specimens shown was a study of a sunrise, taken early one morning in the middle of June, 1895, in which the fiery orange of the dawn and the heavy masses of clouds were admirably represented. The clouds, again, were excellent in a typical picture of Cornish shore scenery, and the tints of the sand and rocks and their reflections in the pools were faithfully reproduced. On the other hand, in some pictures flowers were rather lacking in lustre. Possibly this is a question of exposure. Perhaps the picture which best illustrated the capabilities of the process was one of a champagne bottle standing on a white tablecloth and surrounded with various fruits. Here there were three or four different whites which were all distinguishable, but which it would probably have taxed the powers of any artist to represent by painting. The gold foil on the bottle was exactly rendered, and it was possible to tell that it was full by the prismatic gleam of the liquid. The one unsatisfactory thing in the picture was a spoon, whose sparkle was quite lost; it looked as if it might have been made of cardboard, covered with dull silver paper. The inventor looks forward, among other things, to revolutionizing by this process the illustration of books and magazines, and hopes to show in the future how to flash a picture on a screen so that a permanent copy may be left behind.

Hunting Down South.

The most patient man on earth and the most uncommunicative is the cracker of Florida.

I employed one to go with me and carry my traps on a deer hunt. I had been informed that there were plenty of the animals near a certain swamp. I accosted a native:

"I am informed that there are deer in this section?"

"Yes."

"Are there?"

"Yes."

"Can I hire you to carry my baggage?"

"Yes."

We got ready, and I asked:

"What direction?"

"Don't know."

We tramped all day, cracker carrying the traps and not saying a word. We camped out at night, the cracker building a fire and cooking supper. The next day we found no indication of deer, and still the cracker said nothing. That night I asked:

"How soon do you think we will find any deer?"

"Never."

"I thought you said there were plenty?"

"Not many."

"Well, where are they?"

"Other side swamp."

"Why didn't you say so long ago?"

"I never said so."

"To never said so."

"The next day we reached our camp and I found a note pinned to the door of the swamp without another word from the cracker. We had to go there or before I killed a buck, and he secured four of them."

It was a beautiful hunting and I was surprised to find a note upon a large residence, not understanding how the deer lives there?" I asked the

Simmons."

"He?"

"A man as owns this park and deer."

"I don't want to interview the manager, but paid the cracker and left part of the State.—New York

A Minnener.

Stage manager was thoughtful, and said we'd better cut that line."

"What line?" asked the leading

one that reads 'Apparel off the man.'

"I see why. It has come down without protest from the day the manager wrote it until now."

"I don't see why. Of course right when it was written."

"I don't see why. Of course right when it was written."

A CHEERING COMPANION.

When the Criminal's Watch Stopped Ticking He Went Crazy.

"What a small thing will keep a man from insanity when in solitary confinement," said a prison warden recently. "I read the case of a prisoner who somehow in solitary confinement had managed to keep his silver watch secreted on his person. For a time he kept up very well, and, as his crime was a terrible one, we did not feel like releasing him, but one day he became violent and crazy, and we finally decided to remove him to the hospital. In his cell we found the watch, with the main spring broken."

"It seems that as long as the watch continued to tick in his ear at night he felt as if he had a companion and his dark cell did not seem so solitary. He caressed the watch fondly, talked to it and it talked to him. Hour after hour it spoke and he was enabled to endure the terrible loneliness, with this cheering and gossipy companion. He told me afterward that he put words to that effect and that the watch seemed almost like a thing of life."

"But one night something snapped and his voice ceased. He would sit up anxiously and still it was silent. It was like the death of something beloved, the passing away of the dearest thing on earth. Before it had been minutes and full of life, with a tongue that wagged and wagged. Now it was a bit of dead, lifeless metal. The long hours of the night weighed upon him. He seemed to see strange visions. His loneliness was frightful. And then the next morning they found him raving crazy."—Detroit Free Press.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"Did you strike this man?" asked the court sternly.

"I did, but he made the first assault."

"How was that?"

"Struck me for \$10."

A High Recommendation.—Capitalist: "How rapidly can your new machine be discharged?"

Inventor: "It can be fired, sir, with the rapidity with which the average stage letter is written."—Pearson's Weekly.

Moses Junior: "Fader, a shentleman in de shop wants to know if dat all-wood non-shrinkable shirt will shrink."

Moses Senior: "Does it fit him?"

Moses Junior: "No, it is too big."

Moses Senior: "Yah, it will shrink."

Mr. Upton: "Do you know that it was cold enough in Chicago last week to freeze whiskey?"

Mr. East Side: "Is that so? Well, I'll bet the windy city had more snow men than ever before."—Tannery Times.

"Have you any birdnest soup?" asked the stranger in a drowsy restaurant that made a specialty of novelties.

"No, sir," answered the Irish waiter, "but you can buy some water that the goldfish was swimming in."—Pittsburg News.

Degeneracy of the Times.—"Society is going to the demitition box-works," declared the rapid scion of a wealthy house.

"What's the matter now, Dick?"

"Lawbreaker at the reception this afternoon wearing my diamond pin."—Detroit Free Press.

Teacher: "Now, children, the letters on the blackboard, a-d-e-v-e-r-e-t-r-u-e-m-e-n-t, spell something which always has been, and ever will be published in every newspaper and every magazine in this country. What is it?"

Smart Boy: "Please, ma'am, it's the mother-in-law joke, I think."—Pearson's Weekly.

Jane (the maid)—Here's a letter, madame, addressed "To the Lady of the House."

Mrs. Murray Hillery—Is there no other name on it, Jane?

Jane—No, madame.

Mrs. Murray Hillery—Then take it down to Bridget, the cook. I guess it must be for her.

"An article of some value has been found," said the chairman of the meeting. "Who has lost anything?"

"I," answered several voices.

"That's right," responded the chairman, looking somewhat perplexed. "It's a glass eye, but you couldn't all of you have lost it. Stand up and let me look at you."—Chicago Tribune.

The minister was a great hand-shaker—slamting down like a vice. One day he took a boy's hand and gave it an awful squeeze, as he said:

"My little fellow, I hope you are pretty well today."

With tears in his eyes, the boy answered:

"I was till you shook hands with me."—Tid-Bits.

Mrs. Grace: "They say that men only think of themselves, but it isn't so, I'm sure Charles is the most unselfish of mortals."

Mrs. Blaise: "As for example?"

Mrs. Grace: "Why, he says he is never so happy but when he is with me, and he stays out evening after evening. There isn't that self-denial for you?"—Boston Transcript.

"He is a very enterprising young man," remarked the elderly gentleman; "very pushing and alert. He belongs to the rising generation."

"I shouldn't have dreamed it," answered Miss Cayenne.

"Indeed?"

"No. From his manners I should not have hesitated about concluding that the rising generation belonged to

THE TOMATO IN ITALY.

It is Popular With All Classes in King Humbert's Realm.

In every home and cottage in Italy the preserving of tomatoes is carried on. Tomatoes, balconies, and even the flat roofs of the houses are half covered with plates containing the deep red substance. After gathering, the tomatoes intended for preserving are spread out for some hours in the sun till the skin has somewhat shrunk. They are then passed through a sieve so that they may be freed from both seeds and skins. As they contain a large proportion of water, the substance which has been passed through the sieve must be hung in bags, from which the water exudes, and soon a pool of dirty-looking water is formed beneath each bag. Strange to say, it is in no way tinged with red.

The mixture which remains in the bag has the consistency of a very thick paste. It is then salted, the proportion being a little less than 1 ounce of salt to a pound of preserve. The process now requires that it shall be spread on flat plates, exposed to the sun, and stirred from time to time with a wooden spoon, so that the upper part may not form a crust, while underneath it remains soft. It is a picturesque sight when the women are to be seen sitting about on the roofs and terraces, at tending to the deep red preserve, their colored handkerchiefs flung on their heads to screen them from the rays of the burning sun when it is at its fiercest. In the evening the contents of the vitrious plates are taken in and stirred up together, for if moistened by the night dew the whole would be spoiled. After being exposed to the sun for seven or eight days, the same process being repeated each day, the preserve is finished and placed in jars for winter use.

Ingersoll Can't Get an Office.

One of the characteristic anecdotes told of the genial agnostic, Robert G. Ingersoll, is as follows:

When he was a lawyer at Peoria a friend came into his office one day. Looking over the colonel's library, the visitor came across a copy of Tom Paine's "Age of Reason."

"How much did this cost you?" he inquired.

"The governorship of Illinois," replied the colonel.

Although Colonel Ingersoll is conscientiously gifted with all the qualities that make a man pre-eminently popular, he knows that his utterances on the religious question shut him out of elective offices.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Quick Shorlucking.

One of the big Lynn shoe shops made a pair of ladies' boots for the Paris Exposition of 1889 in twenty-four minutes. A motry public followed the operation, which in hand. For this feat the pair of shoes went through the usual routine of the shop, but at exceptional speed.

Since that time the division of labor upon a pair of shoes has become still greater, and there is a larger number of machines employed, with the result that a pair of ladies' boots can be made complete in this factory inside of twenty minutes.

The Swallow of the Navy.

The United States Navy now possesses the fastest torpedo boat in the world. She has been christened with the glorious name of Farragut.

Thirty knots an hour is the speed which this wonderful little craft reached on one trip on the Potomac. This is equal to over thirty-four miles an hour. If she could maintain such a speed across the Atlantic she would make the trip in less than four days, thereby leaving the fastest liner days behind.—New York Journal.

Italy's Gentle Queen.

Some time ago the Queen of Italy asked a little girl to knit her a pair of silk mittens for her birthday, giving her the money for the material. A pair of beautifully worked mittens arrived on the Queen's birthday. The little girl received in return another pair; one mitten containing lines, the other bonbons. Queen Marguerite included a little note, saying: "Tell me, my dear child, which you like best."

The reply ran as follows: "Dearest Queen Your lovely presents have made me shed many tears. Papa took the mittens with the money; my brother had the bonbons."—Detroit Free Press.

His Wedding Announcement.

A young Englishman was married in Chicago the other day and announced the event to his family, living in Shanghai, China, in a cablegram consisting of the one word: "Hurray!" knowing his relations would understand since he had of course, written them of his engagement. He has money to "burn," and could have cabled a full account of the wedding without creating any financial distress to himself. As it was there was nothing cheap in the message.

It cost \$8.10.—Chicago Times Herald.

The First Man Dressmaker.

As far back as 1730 there was in Paris a man dressmaker, and probably the first of his kind. His name was Blomberg, and he was the son of a Russian peasant from the neighborhood of Munich. He owed his success to his genius for entreating and remedying defects of figure. He drove a beautiful carriage on the boulevard, and had an escort in the shape of a pair of coarsets and an open pair of scissors painted on the panel of each door. He left a large fortune to his heirs.—New York Sun.

Unpardonable.

Margie: "She threatens to sue that paper for publishing the details of her divorce suit."

Madge: "What part does she take exception to?"

Margie: "As soon as she knew they were going to print the story she sent them her photograph, and they left it out. Judge."

A Good Beginning.

Doctor: "What your husband really wants, madam, is complete rest. Now, if you could only—"

Lady: "But he won't listen to me, doctor."

Doctor: "Ah! that's a very good beginning."

A Preslan philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, he answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I am ignorant."—Tid-Bits.

A SHREWD DEVICE.

There Was a Time, When Banking in Arkansas Was Rather Exciting.

Banking in the northern part of Arkansas was a hazardous business in the early days, and in some of the towns where there are no railway connections it is so still.

"When we borrowed money for our bank," said a banker to a representative of the Free Press with whom he was talking over old times, "I used to go to the neighboring town and get the gold. Then I had to carry it by stage over the mountains to our place. Of course, I took mighty good care that no one should know, if I could help it, just when I was to make these trips."

"At first I would take a bag of gold, just as it was given me in the bank, put it on the seat of the stage, place a rug over it, and use it for a pillow, endeavoring to snatch a little sleep during that long night ride. One day somehow I got nervous. I guess it was that mysterious sixth sense some people talk about that worried me. Anyhow, I was just trembling all over when I thought of the journey and the gold. I never felt the least bit apprehensive before. So I went to the grocer's and bought a bag of flour, poured out a portion of the contents, and put the bag of gold well into the center of the bag of flour."

"The stage rattled off, and I used my bag of flour for a pillow. I dozed off a bit, I guess, and was rudely awakened by the horse being jerked up. The next moment we were two other passengers—heard that dreaded: "Hands up!"

"We didn't hesitate, and up went our arms. They went through us all and got several dollars and a couple of watches. Then they examined the grips and looked at the bag. I trembled as they opened it and the flour poured out. To my joy they did not examine the bag further. Finally they departed, and I tied up the bag with feelings of profound gratitude, for had they taken the gold I would have been financially ruined."—Detroit Free Press.

A Mere Matter of Form.

Potomac: "Have you ordered the new warships?"

Prime Minister: "Yes, sir."

"Have you given directions to increase the size of our standing army?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you doubled our usual order for arms and ammunition?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you hurled defiance at our enemies?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you caused the publication of the rumor that we are simply itching for a fight, and don't particularly mind who knocks the chip off of our shoulder?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then fix the stamp of our royal indorsement to the plans of the Universal Peace Congress."—New York Journal.

Italy's Gentle Queen.

Some time ago the Queen of Italy asked a little girl to knit her a pair of silk mittens for her birthday, giving her the money for the material. A pair of beautifully worked mittens arrived on the Queen's birthday. The little girl received in return another pair; one mitten containing lines, the other bonbons. Queen Marguerite included a little note, saying: "Tell me, my dear child, which you like best."

The reply ran as follows: "Dearest Queen Your lovely presents have made me shed many tears. Papa took the mittens with the money; my brother had the bonbons."—Detroit Free Press.

His Wedding Announcement.

A young Englishman was married in Chicago the other day and announced the event to his family, living in Shanghai, China, in a cablegram consisting of the one word: "Hurray!" knowing his relations would understand since he had of course, written them of his engagement. He has money to "burn," and could have cabled a full account of the wedding without creating any financial distress to himself. As it was there was nothing cheap in the message.

It cost \$8.10.—Chicago Times Herald.

The First Man Dressmaker.

As far back as 1730 there was in Paris a man dressmaker, and probably the first of his kind. His name was Blomberg, and he was the son of a Russian peasant from the neighborhood of Munich. He owed his success to his genius for entreating and remedying defects of figure. He drove a beautiful carriage on the boulevard, and had an escort in the shape of a pair of coarsets and an open pair of scissors painted on the panel of each door. He left a large fortune to his heirs.—New York Sun.

Unpardonable.

Margie: "She threatens to sue that paper for publishing the details of her divorce suit."

Madge: "What part does she take exception to?"

Margie: "As soon as she knew they were going to print the story she sent them her photograph, and they left it out. Judge."

A Good Beginning.

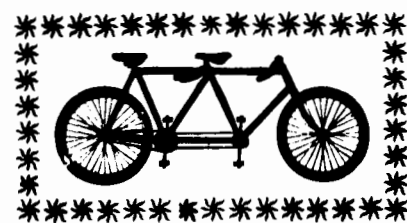
Doctor: "What your husband really wants, madam, is complete rest. Now, if you could only—"

Lady: "But he won't listen to me, doctor."

Doctor: "Ah! that's a very good beginning."

A Preslan philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, he answered: "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I am ignorant."—Tid-Bits.

CLEVELAND BICYCLES



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 '97 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

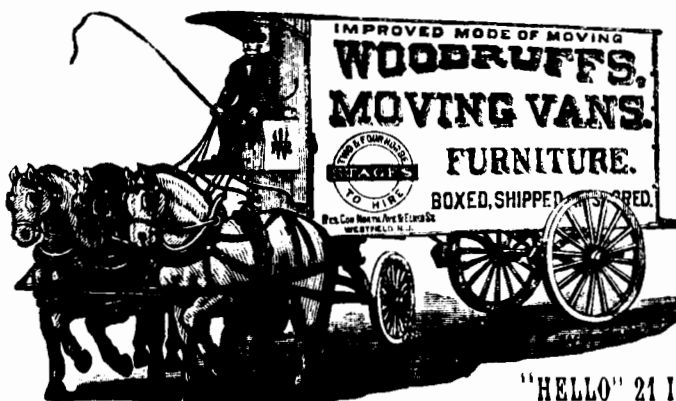
UNTIL YOU SEE OUR STOCK AND GET OUR PRICES.

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 (Brick Building) for the storage of Furniture, Pianos and Luggage 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 350.

IRA C. LAMBERT, Prop.

The Pathlight



lights the way and stays lighted. All brass, nickel-plated—no tin; outside oil-filler; cotton packed oil fount; double convex ground photolens; 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 "Searcher."

JOHN INGRAM,

Practical Plumber, Steam, Hot Water, Hot Air Heating,

TINNING, ROOFING, ETC., HARDWARE, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, AND ALL KINDS OF GARDEN TOOLS, STOVES AND RANGES.

BROAD STREET.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD
 SEMI-WEEKLY.
 Published Every Tuesday and Friday.
 The 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.
 ALFRED E. PEARSON, Editor.
 C. E. PEARSON, Manager.
 WESTFIELD, N. J., APR 13, 1897.



High Praise.
 Bill Penseley says that the semi-weekly form of the STANDARD is not half bad.

Come into the garden Mand.
 To long you've sought your ease.
 You'd better lump and hustle now
 And help Jake bush the peas.

Once more the Cross and Cross-cent!

The Westfield political party machines need to be greased.

Send a warship to Cuba? By all means, and be quick about it.

There are multiplying signs of the unpopularity of bossism in Westfield.

See all christian Europe follow Mahomet's banner—for commercial reasons.

How long is this Cuban martyrdom to last? Let the United States answer or haul down its flag.

Furious and fussy times are just ahead of us unless this legislation in favor of trusts comes to an end.

Don't be sorry for the Semi-Weekly STANDARD any more; advertisers know a good thing when they see it.

Let the United States stop that carnage in Cuba or get out of the Peace on Earth, Good will to Men business.

A desire to muzzle the press follows a recognition of its power, where men in public life wish to conceal their deviltries.

Whether there are seventy-four prisoners in Cuba or 74,000, or whether it is one in the person of Osa Melton, this Arkansas youth, the King of the United States, if it refuses to shelter him, is a disgraceful Rascal. From speech in United States Senate by Mr. Morgan, of Alabama, April 8.

Are the masses really represented at Washington, and the various state capitals? If not, who have they to blame but themselves?

Go to school on the money question, Mr. Business. What you learn in the mean time will stand you in good stead at the next election.

We like to learn that the STANDARD is absorbingly interesting, but regret to hear that the last issue engaged the attention of a Westfield housewife until she let her dinner burn.

Elections held since November have all the earmarks of dissatisfaction with the new administration, if the Democratic successes mean anything.

The Powers seem to be suspecting each other just in the proportion to their acquaintance with each other. They all seem to be concocting schemes at once.

Poverty for the many that the few may be over-rich is not an expression of the American idea, however it may seem to thrive for the time being. There are other days, and they are fast coming.

The independent in politics, as in religion, must expect vituperation and misrepresentation only from people who are too little themselves to amount to anything as ultimate factors.

Always remember in reading the New York Sun, that the New York Sun is owned and controlled by monopolists, with the Gould family uppermost. It is no longer a vehicle of the people, but a tool of the trusts.

We apprehend that the cause of woman's rights will survive the hard blow in the way of the recent declarations and practical desertion of Phoebe Cousins. Comment us to a good, old fashioned, domestic woman. All we ask for her is equal rights with man. That to-day she does not have.

Senator Voorhees, the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," has been levelled by work and years, and his notable career in congress and in the United States senate is ended. He was an advocate of the free coinage of silver, "sixteen to one," legal tender, or any other form of people's money that killed debts; he was opposed to the endless chain of debt imposed upon the people by the bank note system, enabling bankers to issue their bills in the absence of debt killing money, and collect a toll of six per cent. from the people, paid in advance through discounts. Soon after Mr. Voorhees entered the senate he addressed that body in favor of free coinage of silver and the preservation of the greenback currency as full legal tender money. Senator Voorhees is dead. The cause of people's money still lives, as will be found out in the next campaign.

A great stride toward a systematic method of street work was made at the township committee meeting last Friday night. Mr. Harden has done the town a good service by standing out against the old method of dividing the work among the committeemen. The new plan of appointing a road inspector from whom information can be had, to whom orders can be given and who can be held responsible, is *good business*. An economic way of having this work done is to combine the sewer and road inspector in one. One sewer inspector answers the purpose in cities of one hundred thousand to two hundred thousand inhabitants. Our work cannot take all of one man's time; besides, much of the road work can be looked after at the same time the sewer gets attention. If we combine the two we can afford to pay more salary and still get off cheaper than to hire a man for each. Mr. Chamberlain is a stirring man, and could be used to good advantage. Then, too, we will come to our senses some day, and connect the sewer farm with our road system and work tramps for their living, so as to relieve our citizens from some of the annoyance they now experience.

The action of the school board in appointing an advisory committee of five women has caused much discussion, some favorable and some that is not so favorable. We grant that it is an innovation on old methods, but therein lie its merits; for innovations are not made without thought, and thought by an intelligent board such as we have in Westfield, that leads them to make such a change, must carry with it much that is necessary and commendable. The idea that this system introduces detective work, or spying, is a mistake. Even if it did, spying would do no harm if there is nothing to develop, and if there is, the quicker we learn it the better. No, gentlemen, the object is to place our teachers, who have the care of our children, in a position where they can feel free to make the defects in our system, which they are now powerless to remedy, known to the board through a proper channel. Orange is struggling with this question. Other nearby towns see the necessity of some such work, and the ladies have organized a society of their own for the purpose of investigation; but the Westfield school board diagnoses the case and applies the remedy. The patient will surely recover.



WOMAN'S SPHERE.
 EDITED BY CELIA R. WHITEHEAD.

Westfield, N. J., April 13th, 1897.

This is the last of Woman's Sphere for one year under its present management. The women who are to take charge of it will speak for themselves next week. I commend to them the following, the authorship of which I have forgotten:

Speak all thy thoughts, Oh Thinker, however
 They float the speculation of the age.
 Its pet conceits or fantasies; speak on
 The age needs plainness and simplicity.
 To mystify the people is the trick
 Of painted harlequins throughout the land.
 Be true, Oh Thinker to thy nature's law,
 And borrow not another's style, but speak
 Thine own brave thoughts in thine own
 spirit's tongue.
 Call things by their right names, right
 minds shall hear.

Also I bespeak for them the same unflinching courtesy and good nature which the STANDARD'S force has manifested toward the editor of Woman's Sphere for twelve months past.

INGERSOLL DID NOT STRIKE A BEGGAR; DID CODDING KICK A TRAMP?

The comments in Woman's Sphere of March 30th on the newspaper story that Col. Ingersoll had knocked down a beggar brought to me a very spirited denial and protest from Mrs. Farrell, wife of C. P. Farrell alluded to in the story as Col. Ingersoll's manager. Her letter closes as follows:

You see I have known Col. Ingersoll intimately for thirty five years, and am sure of my facts. Is it not strange that the persons who talk about the "Christian spirit," "love your enemies," "when smitten on one cheek turn the other," are the ones who abuse him, people who do not know him at all, while those who do know him invariably love him. "Please read again the account of what you did" and if you have the spirit of the "brave Nazarene," of which I hear so much and see so little among his followers, you will have the justice to correct your misstatements.

Sincerely,
 C. E. FARRELL.
 New York, March 31, '97.

I had made no "misstatements" regarding the matter. I copied a newspaper story, which I had a perfect right to do. Had the story been true my comments were none too severe. Mrs. Farrell sent me a clipping from a Texas paper denying the statement; but if one newspaper story is untrue who knows that another is not equally false? So I wrote her that if she would send me an authoritative denial I would gladly publish it. Shortly after I received the following, with a letter from Mrs. Farrell:

April 4, '97.

MY DEAR MRS. FARRELL,
 The statement published in a Chicago paper, that I had knocked down an impertinent beggar is utterly untrue. No beggar approached me in Chicago—I never struck a beggar in my life. All my sympathies are with the poor and unfortunate.

Yours always,
 R. G. INGERSOLL.

Perhaps I am unreasonable, but this letter did not satisfy me. When a man affiliates politically with the combined monopolists of the country a statement that his sympathies are with the poor and unfortunate is, to my mind, inconclusive. Then, too, there was too much "beggar" in the letter. I thought it possible that if a man "demanded money," as the newspaper account said, Mr. Ingersoll might have struck him and still say "I did not strike a beggar;" because to demand is not to beg.

So I went to see Mrs. Farrell and she assures me that she has the word of both Mr. Farrell and Mr. Ingersoll that the story was made up from whole cloth—not one word of truth in it. There! that's done with. Now hear another story:
 Over two years ago a Plainfield

(Continued on 5th page.)

TOWN COMMITTEE MEETS.

THEY DISCUSS ROADS, AND HARDEN SCORES ONE.

They Attend to Various Small Matters, Pay some Bills, Locate Nine New Street Lights, Have a Warm Session on the Road Question, and Find the Dog Question a Knotty one.

The town committee met last Friday night, all present, and finished up some matters which have been hanging fire for some time past.

The minutes of the last three meetings were read, and approved after Mr. Harden had called attention to the fact that a proposition from Robert Woodruff to move the township safe to the present quarters for \$25, which formed a part of the minutes of the last meeting as read, had not been read at the last meeting. The safe had been moved, at that price.

Ex Collector A. K. Gale was present, and was asked about his report, presented last week. He started in to explain to Mr. Endicott, to whom his explanation didn't seem to explain very much. There seemed to be some confusion in his and Embree's mind over the fact that it was not a final report. It was all Greek to the audience, but Harden, who is a bookkeeper, spent three minutes over the figures with Gale and then announced that he understood it all right, and the report was referred to him and the treasurer as a committee to see that the footings, etc., were correct, before the committee accepted the report.

The first communication was a request from the estate of Margaret B. Mapes for the proper grade, and permission to lay a board walk in front of the property, on Prospect street. The committee ordered a stone sidewalk there in January. The clerk was instructed to remind the estate of the January order, and ask them if they intended to comply. Mr. Harden thought it an injustice to require a stone sidewalk on that street when there were so many dilapidated board walks so much nearer the center of the town—walks it seems impossible to compel the owners to repair. He knew the order had been made, and could not well be rescinded, but felt compelled to call attention to the injustice of it.

A petition was received from residents on Downer street asking that the committee extend the light system on that street.

An insurance policy on house, road scraper, etc., at sewer farm, for \$700, covering a period of three years, was received and placed on file.

M. H. Pickell's bond as constable was received and accepted.

Frank Bergen's opinion as to when township officers should take office was received. He quoted a new law which prescribed the Friday following election as the date.

A. A. Drake telephoned that he would like his communication relative to an overflowing cesspool on Westfield avenue, sent in a week or two ago, called up and acted on. He declared it was in a horrible condition. The clerk was instructed to inform him that the matter had been turned over to the health board for action at the last meeting of the committee, and was in the hands of the secretary and physician for attention.

The following bills were then read and ordered paid:
 F. A. Dunham, sewer maps, etc. \$24.33
 W. H. Grogan, rent 30.00
 J. M. C. Marsh, vital statistics 17.70
 W. W. Gilby, 3 month's rent of rooms 112.50
 Wm. McCarthy, work on roads 4.13

Total \$186.66

Mr. Embree next suggested that something be done about new lights. Mr. Endicott suggested that they ought to look into the matter pretty well before proceeding, and Embree said he had looked into it pretty well; had been around considerable. After considerable discussion the following locations were decided on, mostly on Embree's suggestion: 1 on Downer street, 2 on North avenue near Huber's place in Garwood, and one at the curve near Clark street, 1 on Highland avenue, 1 at the railroad bridge near Willis's, near west township line, 1 on Ross place in front of E. J. Whitehead's, 1 on Central avenue between Sussex and the new street at Wilcox's corner, and 1 on Walnut street at Elm. On Embree's motion the clerk was instructed to order lights at these locations. The clerk said he had received another communication on the subject of street lights, but hadn't it with him.

"Now then," said Mr. Embree, "lets see if we can't do something about roads."

Mr. Harden said Mr. Winter had offered to scrape North avenue free, and also a part of Cumberland street, if allowed the use of the road scraper. Mr. Harden said also that he would like to see a man put in charge of all the roads, to work under the direction of the committee; he could be paid out of the road appropriation. The supplies he thought should be purchased on contract—bids invited, and the contract for furnishing them let to the lowest bidder. Embree asked if he thought they would be justified in doing that with their \$5,000 road appropriation, and Harden replied, sure—or words to that effect. He suggested

(Continued on 5th page.)

MOVING TIMES
 You need a Trunk or a Bag. We have them in all styles and qualities. Prices as always—RIGHT. Come in when in Newark and look them over. We can suit you. We make special sizes and styles to order at close prices.
 Does your Umbrella need recovering or repairing? Bring it to us; we make a specialty of this work at low prices.
 Parasols made to order from your own goods if you like, or recovered.
 Cases for Spring use. Stealing silver trimmed. 50c. up.
GREEN, "The Umbrella Man."
 BROAD ST., northeast corner Market. NEWARK.

LEADING SHOE STORE OF WESTFIELD
 OUR MOTTO—Good goods at popular prices.
 ENAMEL AND RUBSET SHOES
 LADIES AND GENTS
 Fine Foot-Wear
 RUBBERS.
 TRAVELING BAGS & TRUNKS
O'BLENIS & DILTS, Broad Street, Westfield.

A GREAT SPECIAL SALE
 IN OUR
HOUSEFURNISHING DEPARTMENT
ONE WEEK ONLY.

3 boxes writing paper	25c
One quart tin paint	3c
Two " " "	5c
Three " " "	8c
Four " " "	10c
Eight " " "	10c
Dust Pans	each 5c
Mrs. Potts nickel plated and iron	60c set
Tacks, any size	3c each
One dozen sheets shelving paper	3c
Baking tins	3c each
Substantial glass tumblers	15c doz
Universal clothes wringer, solid Rubber rollers	\$2.50
Scrub brushes	3c each
Silver polish	3 box
Drinking cups	2c each
One thousand sheets toilet paper	7c
One 50c tuber lantern	35c
Small tin tea kettles	15c
Large quart dippers	7c each

Cake Sale as usual Thursday. Same prices.
TURRILL'S Cash Grocery,
 BROAD STREET.

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 Smell, No Broken Chimneys.
 Made in every conceivable design and finish, for lighting or heating purposes, and at prices to compete with any.
WHY BE CONTENT WITH ANY BUT THE BEST?
 This No. 11 OIL BURNER, height 20 inches, will heat a room 10 ft. high. Fuel and attraction in its appearance. Warranted to burn perfectly. Sent anywhere on receipt of price, \$4.00.
 94-Page Art Catalogue Free. 42 Park Place and 37 Barclay Street, New York City

COLUMBIA and HARTFORD
Bicycles You can get of
THE ELDRIDGE BICYCLE
 Cor. Park Ave. and 4th St., PLAINFIELD, N. J.
SUNDRIES. RENTALS. REP.
 Good second-hand wheels from \$5.00 to \$10.00.

FINE SPRING CLOTHING.
 Suits to Order a Specialty.
 Absolute Fit Guaranteed.
 Repairing in all its branches.
 Price low for Good Material and Good Workmanship.
JOHN ALBRECHT,
 Broad St., Westfield, N. J.

James M. Carpenter & B.
 Prospect St
 WESTFIELD, N. J.
 Estimates Cheerfully

UNION COUNTY STANDARD
FIELD, N. J., APR. 18, 1897.

Wants and Offers.

For local, county and state news for a year—100 issues. Send the \$2.00 in advance and address to C. E. PEARSON, Editor, Union County Standard, Westfield, N. J.

BEAUTIFUL lot on Kimball avenue for sale. C. E. PEARSON & Co.

AGAIN—Choice lot on the Boulevard for sale on the east of terms. C. E. PEARSON & Co., Agents.

UND—Watch, owner may have same by proving property. A. H. Box 125, Westfield.

FOR SALE—On easy terms, new house, 10 rooms, all improvements, also some desirable building lots. W. S. Welch.

FOR SALE—House corner Prospect and Grand streets. Terms easy. Apply to B. Ferris of C. E. PEARSON & Co.

FOR SALE—Family of business horse, kind and gentle, good roads, also a stout and strong work horse very cheap. Enquire J. M. French.

FOR SALE—Cheap—10 room house on Clark street, improvements, large lot, \$300 cash, balance easy. C. E. PEARSON & Co.

CHEAPEST HOUSE in town to rent, 4 min. from depot, 4 rooms 1st floor, 2nd floor, second floor, small sewing room. Rent \$18. C. E. PEARSON & Co., Agents.

A RESPECTABLE young girl wants a situation as chamber maid and waitress, and would do light housework in small family. Best city references. Address Box 306, Westfield, New Jersey.

WANTED—By a family of four, part of a house in Westfield, 3 to 4 rooms, with a bath at least four of them must be on one floor. Grass and trees very desirable. Rent must not exceed \$15-22 would be better. Address D, Standard office.

LOTS at \$1 per front ft. on Cleveland Court, J. J. Noland after, Greater Cleveland. "HIS FIDELITY AND UNSELFISH AND INTELLIGENT DEVOTION MAKE HIM TWO ADMINISTRATORS' ILLUSTRIATIONS." (Weekly) Cleveland Court, runs from Highland avenue to Lawrence avenue. Any real estate agent.

Legal Notices.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SETTLEMENT. Notice is hereby given that the account of the subscriber, administratrix of William A. Hale, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate and reported for settlement to the Orphan's Court of the County of Union, on Wednesday, the twelfth day of May, next. NELLIE L. HALE.

Dated March 4th, 1897.

EXECUTOR'S SETTLEMENT. Notice is hereby given that the account of the subscriber, Executor of Ebenezer L. Roberts, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate, and reported for settlement to the Orphan's Court of the County of Union, on Wednesday, the twelfth day of May, next. ALEXANDER S. CLARK.

Dated March 4th, 1897.

EXECUTOR'S SETTLEMENT. Notice is hereby given that the account of the subscribers, Executors of Mary Ann Clark, deceased, will be audited and stated by the Surrogate, and reported for settlement to the Orphan's Court of the County of Union, on Wednesday, the twelfth day of May, next. MARY ETNA CLARK, FRANCES A. CLARK, HARRIET M. CLARK, ALEXANDER S. CLARK.

Dated March 5th, 1897.

NOTICE of Application to Confirm Report of Commissioners Appointed to Make Assessments for Sewers in the Township of Westfield.

Notice is hereby given that the report of the commissioners appointed by the Circuit Court of the County of Union to estimate and assess the special benefits derived by land and real estate in the Township of Westfield from the construction of a sewer system in said township, have this day filed their report in the office of the clerk of said Court at the Court House in the City of Elizabeth, New Jersey, and that said Court has appointed SATURDAY, April 23rd, 1897, at half past ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the Court House in said City of Elizabeth, as the time and place when and where application may be made to confirm said report, and that such application will be made at that time and place. All parties interested in said matter may be heard. IRVING I. ROSS, Clerk of said Township.

Dated Westfield, N. J., April 9, 1897.

THE KEATING

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

TEMPERED, TESTED

and TRIED.

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.

The Oak.

The Druids considered the oak as the emblem, or rather the peculiar residence, of the Almighty, and accordingly chaplets of it were worn both by the Druids and people in their religious ceremonies. The fruit of it, the mistletoe, was thought to contain a divine virtue and to be the peculiar gift of heaven.

In the unearthed city of Pompeii, the preservation of which has been the means of revealing many antique customs, there is to be seen a soap manufactory, with all the kettles and other paraphernalia pertaining to the business.

It is asserted by typographical authorities that the first Bible printed in America was "John Eliot's Indian Bible," in 1633. The language into which this Bible was translated is extinct, and it is said only one or two persons are able to read it.

TOWN NOTES.

—Court Providence, I. O. F. met last night.

—Mrs. I. R. Douglas has a slight attack of scarlet fever.

—L. R. LeClear of Carlet in place in entertaining his uncle, Mr. Welles.

—It is reported that Mrs. Martin Coddington is very sick at her home on North avenue.

—Peter Schafer of Brooklyn visited his sister, Mrs. W. H. Ward, on South avenue, Sunday.

—The coroner's jury in the case of the explosion at Scotch Plains are to meet Thursday at 2.30.

—Miss Anna Phillip of Brooklyn has been the guest of Mrs. A. E. B. Bogert for a few days.

—W. H. Chamberlain is wiring James Moffett's new house on Carleton place for electric lights.

—Mrs. J. L. Dewey contemplates building a house on her Central avenue property early this summer.

—W. H. Chamberlain has received his aluminum hat, and it's an ounce heavier than his leather one.

—Mrs. Samuel Chapple of Kingston, N. Y., was visiting her brother, Wm. Clark, on South avenue, recently.

—Mrs. L. G. Baker went home to Tuckahoe, N. J., Saturday. She has been visiting her brother, J. I. Taylor.

—John Lechtenthaler has left M. B. Walker's employ and entered that of the Hercules Seamless Tube company.

—The Methodist church was handsomely decorated last Sunday with palms and lilies from Alfred Berner's Green houses.

—Twenty members of the Walking club took a trip to Washington Rock Sunday, making a walk of about sixteen miles.

—The advance sale of seats for the minstrel show to be given in the Westfield Club hall on April 23 has been very large.

—W. H. Foster of Orange, N. J., has rented Rev. Wesley Martin's house on Park street. Mr. Foster will take possession May 1.

—Invitations are out for a reception by the I. O. S., in honor of their fifth anniversary, at Westfield Club hall April 22, 1897.

—Geo. Peek Jr. and Wm. Winter attended a meeting of the district Federation of Homing Pigeon fanciers last night in Elizabeth.

—The members of Westfield lodge No. 109, I. O. F., expect a visit from the members of Elizabethport lodge, No. 116, in the near future.

—There is to be a match shoot at the Gun club grounds on Monday April 19, at 11 a. m., twenty five birds, for \$25 a side, between George Davis and Wm. H. Terry.

—The Elizabeth Contractor reports slow but sure progress in getting signatures to the petition for a trolley road. The last notice located the objectors as mostly in Cranford.

—Palm Sunday was especially observed by all our local pastors, in that as they ascended the pulpit, they wore crowns on their heads, and carried palms in their hands.

—James Bane, a machinist at the Seamless Tube factory, while out bicycling Sunday was thrown and run over by a friend in the party, so that he is now laid up with a sprained foot.

—Harry Harbison has accepted the management of M. J. Gildersleeve's dry goods store. Mr. Harbison has for some time had charge of a large department in the Woodhull and Martin dry goods store in Plainfield.

—According to the Plainfield Press, trains begun stopping yesterday at Lincoln, the new station at the proposed town of that name, recently planned and surveyed. No lots are offered for sale yet, says the Press.

—D. C. Austin, for eighteen months manager of M. J. Gildersleeve's dry goods store, has resigned his position, to take effect immediately. Mr. Austin has made many friends while in town, and will be missed by a large circle.

—Miss Cooper's class in physical culture gave a very pretty exhibition and entertainment in the High school building Friday afternoon. A more elaborate program will be presented at the Westfield Club hall in the near future.

—The executive committee of the Consolidation association reports, in the Orange Chronicle of last Saturday, that the bill permitting consolidation by vote of the different municipalities was killed by the opposition of five persons, three of them known as bosses of East Orange, the other two local free ablders.

—The Westfield Musical society's second concert will be given in the club hall in the early part of May, and promises to be a most enjoyable affair. The chorus will render six beautiful part songs, which, with the solo work will make up the program. Full details will be published later.

—The town's new landlord has fixed up the new township rooms in good shape, with electric lights having special shades, over the committee table, and shades for the front windows which roll up at the bottom. The walls and ceiling have been freshly varnished also, and a new sign hung over the door corresponding in style with the one over the entrance to the store.

—The Westfield Gun club meets tomorrow evening at the Park hotel.

—Miss J. S. Foster has taken Miss Brewster's place at Lincoln school.

—Arthur Lambertson, a former resident, is visiting friends in Westfield.

—The first meeting of the week's series at the Congregational church was a good one.

—Harold Winsor returned yesterday to Mt. Pleasant Military academy, Sing Sing.

—The dispossession case of Littell vs. Cory was settled by the signing of a lease.

—There is talk of repeating the cantata given last Thursday at the Presbyterian church.

—Miss Etta Moony of Newark spent Sunday with her brother Henry, on Mountain avenue.

—Upchurch lodge A. O. U. M. will initiate a candidate to-night, and there are two more waiting.

—S. B. Myer, who has been boarding at the Westfield hotel, left yesterday for his home at Mansfield, Ohio.

—Wm. Hodge, formerly of Cranford, moved a few days ago from Garwood to the corner of Broad and Clark streets.

—James K. English, an Elizabeth lawyer has been appointed receiver for the book accounts of John J. Schmitt, the Broad street baker.

—John Gilroy, of Bloomburg, N. J., was the guest of Wm. F. Smith on Elm street on Sunday. Mr. Gilroy is a section foreman on the L. V. R. R.

—A. McDede, who kept a butcher shop at the corner of Broad and Clark street for three years, closed the doors a few days ago, and will now only run the wagon over his route.

—Mrs. Wm. W. Moffett of Elmer street was taken with diphtheria Sunday, but is already recovering. Little Harry Tom, so sick last week, may be said to be convalescent. There is another case at the Castle—an 18-month old baby in the Edwards family.

—Edward Baker, having won first prize in the pool tournament among the members of the Westfield club, was presented with the prize, a handsome diamond pin, on Saturday evening. There is but one more game necessary to complete the tournament—that between H. C. Piker and Albert Coombs, to decide who takes second place.

—Dear reader, if you want any more street lights in your neighborhood, it would be well for you to get up a petition for them right away, and send it to the town clerk, before the appropriation is all taken up. Only five more lights can be placed this year, after the ones ordered last Friday are up. If you would like to make some suggestions on the subject, send them to the STANDARD for the committee's information.

—The state board of pardons had Edith Behr's case before them last Friday, and letters from county officials were read to the effect that Edith is untruthful, profane and unworthy of clemency. We see nothing in the newspaper reports or comments on the case to indicate that any consideration is given to the apparent enormity of convicting a girl of assault upon two full grown men, she having used no weapons. Her case was postponed for further consideration until to day.

—St. Paul's Episcopal church will have two services on Good Friday, one at 10.30 and one at 8 p. m., at which the Rev. Nathan A. Seagle of New York city is to preach. On Easter Sunday there will be three services—early communion at 7 a. m., morning service with special music at 11, and children's service at 3.30 p. m. A special offering is to be made that day, which, added to the offering of a year ago, is to be used to provide the congregation with a permanent place of worship. The annual parish meeting will be held at 8 o'clock next Tuesday evening, April 19.

Westfield Club Annual Election To-Night.

The annual election of officers in the Westfield Club will be held to-night at eight o'clock. The regular ticket is as follows: President, J. R. Connolly; vice-president, Richard Devens; recording secretary, H. W. Waldron; corresponding secretary, A. H. Clark; treasurer, F. S. Smith; board of trustees, A. L. Alpers, G. R. Brown, J. D. Stevens and N. L. Coryell. An opposition ticket has been placed in the field for board of trustees consisting of A. L. Alpers, J. A. Simpson, J. F. Dorvall and W. J. Bogert. The younger element of the club seem to be in favor of the regular ticket, and there is expected to be a rather lively time at the meeting.

A Notable Lecture.

A lecture which will interest many Westfield ladies is to be given in the Second Presbyterian church at Rahway, N. J., April the 20th (Easter week). The subject is "The Madonna." Miss Cecelia Gains, the president of the New Jersey state federation of Women's Clubs, is to give the lecture, and the program promises to be a rare treat, musically and artistically. The pictures which will illustrate so beautiful a theme, are from the masters, and the organ and violin numbers will be those immortalized by the composers. The lecture is under the auspices of the Home Reading Club of that city. A large number of ladies from out of town are expected.

A Story of Beaconfield.

Lord Beaconfield was in theory a female suffragist. But his flirtation was of a very platonic character, for, although he had often the power to give practical effect to his pious opinion, he took care never to do so. Once the opposition leaders were very anxious to find out what course he intended to pursue in regard to a certain matter. They turned loose upon him a well known political beauty. She talked and talked, he gazed and gazed. At length she asked him. He pressed her hand, looked unutterable admiration and observed, "Pretty darling!" I remember how my admiration for Lord Beaconfield rose when I first heard this tale.—London Truth.

A Slight Contrast.

"What a stylish dress!" "Yes; it cost me \$30. I had it made to wear to the last charity card party." "What does it cost to go to one of the parties?" "Twenty-five cents."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

INGERBOLL DID NOT STRIKE.

(Continued from 4th page.)

paper—I think it was the Courier-News—said that Mr. Coidling kicked a tramp across his door yard and that afterwards he—the tramp, not Mr. Coidling—tried to force an entrance into the residence of E. J. Whitehead. I knew there was not one word of truth in the latter statement—I hope the former was also untrue—and I went to the office of the paper with a correction. I watched the paper for several days and it never appeared. From the manner in which it was received I feared it would never be seen in print. This story is told to show how much better Woman's Sphere is than that Plainfield paper, against which I have always had a grudge for adding anything to the popular prejudice against tramps by telling a lie and then refusing to make a correction.

The Projectoscope.

The Projectoscope exhibition was given at the Club house last night to a good house. To a person not acquainted with recent advances in photographic art the exhibition appeared little short of magic—the old fashioned magic which involved real miracles. Moving objects on the curtain were depicted in a perfectly lifelike manner, almost, and some interesting and thrilling scenes were witnessed. Among them were: The McKinley inauguration parade, a cavalry charge at West Point, bathing at Rockaway, Niagara Falls, the Haymakers, a runaway in Central Park, a police patrol wagon, the Newark fire engine going to a fire, interrupted lovers, a serpentine dance, a hurdle race, a horse market, firemen at a fire, etc., etc. The entertainment lasted about an hour and forty-five minutes, and many of the pictures had to be shown a second time.

Hahne & Co., Newark furniture dealers, have just issued a very neat little catalogue useful for every home. A 2c stamp and your address is all that is necessary to secure one. Try it.

AT THE THEATRE.

Mr. Hoyt's musical comedy "A Black Sheep" is being greeted with the same popular acclaim at Hoyt's Theatre as was accorded this farcical success on its long run last season. The adventures of Mr. Goodrich Mudd better known as "Hot Stuff" will easily bear seeing many times. This is especially true of any Hoyt productions on account of the fact that this prosperous playwright constantly introduces new songs, new dances and specialties.

"Brian Boru," which ran for nearly three months earlier in the season at the Broadway Theatre, and was only withdrawn because of existing engagements which could not be changed, is being produced again at the Academy of Music N. Y., for one week only. As a stage production, "Brian Boru" won the admiration of both press and public everywhere. With an increased orchestra and on the commodious stage of the Academy which will allow of greater possibilities for a grand production than the piece has ever had before. In all the coming engagement of "Brian Boru" should prove one of the most successful in the history of the house. Matinees both Wednesday and Saturday.

SAID BY OUR NEIGHBORS.

(Bayonne Herald.)

The Perth Amboy Chronicle is a successful semi-weekly; so is the Staten Islander, St. George, N. Y., and the Red Bank Standard. The Union County Standard, at Westfield, is also doing well with its midweek edition.

(Bound Brook Chronicle, Apr. 2.)

The Union County Standard, of Westfield, hitherto one of New Jersey's best weekly newspapers, came out on Tuesday as a semi-weekly. We hope Editor Pearson will be successful in his new venture, for he is making an experiment that has frequently been tried by other newspaper men and usually without success. The editor of THE CHRONICLE lately gave much consideration to a plan for issuing this paper twice a week, but concluded not to try it. The Somerville Gazette was at one time issued as a semi-weekly, but soon returned to its once a week edition. Somehow semi-weeklies don't seem to go, hence it will be greatly to the credit of Brother Pearson if he succeeds in his new undertaking.

TOWN COMMITTEE MEETS.

(Continued from page 4.)

employing the sewer inspector, paying him something additional, to superintend the road work, authorizing him to employ competent assistance and all necessary help; thought they might try the plan for a month, as an experiment. He said this and considerable more being interrupted often by the other committeemen, and by the time he had finished he was getting late on and was talking pretty fast. Both the other committeemen demurred, thinking Chamberlain had enough to do already. Finally Embree said "Why not go on this year as we did last, and get the roads into shape; they are in bad condition."

"I decline positively to consent to any such arrangement. I will not agree to the division of the road appropriation; I'll do my share of the work as a whole, but I won't take any district nor agree to your taking districts; it's not a legal proceeding, and it's not business like. You can't compel me to take a district, or to agree to the division of the road money; you know that as well as I do. I'll get out an injunction to stop you if you attempt to carry out your plan. I was not elected to represent any district, but the whole township, and I propose to represent the whole township."

Mr. Harden was going like an express train now: Embree got in an occasional word edgewise, but by the time he had spoken three words Harden always had laid six out in reply, and the audience were getting thoroughly interested.

Finally Embree turned to Endicott with "Well, what have you got to say?" and Endicott said, "Nothing."

Then Embree moved that the road money be divided into thirds and the township into thirds, as last year, that Endicott and he be given their old districts to look after, and that Mr. Gardner's district be given to Harden.

Harden asked where he got his law for that. Embree replied that he was not a lawyer.

Then Endicott slipped in softly during a momentary lull with, "I don't think we can compel Mr. Harden to take a district." Embree looked at him hard for a moment and then said "Well, that's my motion."

"Well, go ahead if you want to burn your fingers," said Harden. And Embree replied "It's not seconded."

"I move the appointment of a competent man with authority to superintend, and suggest E. W. Chamberlain," said Harden. Then there was more discussion between he and Embree, and he came very near being personal. Then all three discussed whether Chamberlain could manage it all, and Harden called on him (he was present) to say what he thought about it. Chamberlain said, "Well, I could try it. Mr. Harden," both the other committeemen thought it unwise to try it. But Harden's voice took on a softer and more hopeful tone, and he assured them he didn't insist on Chamberlain, but only on the appointment of a man to superintend. Then there were whispered conversations between the three committeemen and it was agreed that they need not appoint a man then and there, but could look around, consult together and make the appointment when they found the right man. The clerk put the motion in writing, with the addition that the new appointee was to serve for a year, or during the pleasure of the committee. Then Embree turned to Endicott with "Well, that's his motion; will you second it?" Endicott shook his head with a quick jerk, and an audible smile ran round the room. Then Embree put his hands in his pockets, slid down in his chair and said, "Well, for the sake of peace and harmony, I'll second that motion." And Endicott put the motion and declared it carried.

"Now," said Embree, "if you're not too tired, let's take up dogs." And everybody laughed.

But the committee found the dog question a knotty one. The clerk read the law as furnished by Frank Bergen, and all sorts of suggestions were made—some of them by men in the audience, at the committee's request. The final conclusion, however, was that they could do no more than to enforce the state law, requiring a license, tagged collars and muzzles. The difficulty is that these things will not prevent dogs from playing on lawns, flower beds or front stoops of other people than their owners. At Embree's suggestion it was decided to let the dogs sleep for awhile.

On Embree's motion it was then decided to rent the present town rooms of Mr. Grogan for eleven more months, or until April 1, 1898, at \$10 a month.

The treasurer was then authorized to renew a sewer note for \$10,000, and the committee adjourned.

AT GILDERSLEEVE'S

Spring Fever

Is already warming your blood and shaping your thoughts. We caught it weeks ago. Symptoms of it are scattered all over this store. It breaks out in bright new wash goods, dainty spring dress goods, organdies and diverse spring fabrics; it shows in the new shirt waists and spring capes. No department is free from its influence. We should like to have every lady in this vicinity see our stock, as we confidently believe it will be to our mutual advantage.

On and after Monday, April 12th Store open evenings until 9 o'clock. Open Saturday until 10 P. M.

M. J. GILDERSLEEVE

DRY GOODS,

AND

FANCY GOODS.

BICYCLES I

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

TANDEM \$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.

THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

Do you wish for kindness? Be kind. Do you long for truth? Be true. What you give of yours, if you need Your world is a reflex of you.

THE EDITOR'S WIFE.

Great was the consternation when the rumor was circulated through the office that Harding was to be married--"actually married to a woman," as Edkins remarked, in a voice of mingled pity and contempt, as he imparted the news to Judkins, the night editor.

Every one was disgusted, for wasn't Harding the exclusive property of the Advocate's men?

And to share him with any woman was beyond all question.

"Fun's all up," dolefully remarked Judkins, as he buried his hands deep in his pockets, and blessed his stars for his own unattached condition.

"Just imagine Harding's rooms with a woman in 'em," in a voice of utter contempt. "No more midnight gatherings there, my boy; no Welsh rarebit no cards, with a seasoning of smoke oh, hang it, no nothing. Tiddles, and ribbon, and bric-a-brac, and goodness knows what, wherever you step. Just a little call, and 'Good evening, Mrs. Harding; no, can't stop, have an assignment,' and off, leaving Harding trying to look happy, with a silk scarf twisted round his neck, and his feet plumb up against some other work of art. Hang it, what is the man thinking of?" and Judkins started up as if he would go to the protection of his misguided fellow editor.

But that same misguided young man seemed in no apparent need of protection, for he laughed and joked with the boys in his old-time manner, and when Judkins's dismal prognostications were related to him his amusement knew no bounds. Then and there he invited them to just come up and see, when he was married, for "I'll warrant you," he said, "that Mrs. H. will prove a strong rival to my box of Arcadian mixture, to which Edkins is so attached, and every blessed one of you will wish you were in my shoes before the first evening is over, for" and here Harding, for the first time in the history of the office, descended to the trite and commonplace. "She isn't like other girls, you know."

But here an explosion of pent-up wrath burst from the group, and Harding was suddenly ejected from the office, and as he stared blankly at the closed doors, behind which came most undignified sounds, he was heard to murmur:

"I wonder what I said," which goes to prove that even a callous editor is sometimes human.

But this was all a year ago. Now Harding was safely married. The boys were sure of that. As a proof of their devotion they had suffered themselves to appear in evening dress at the wedding; had been properly presented to the bride as "the boys, you know," and after paying due attention to the pretty bridesmaids, they had retired to the office, and there held secret convulsive over glasses and pipes, and there early morning had found them, still wondering how any sane man could be so insane as Harding had been.

Now things were different. "She isn't like other women," Judkins had reluctantly admitted after their first call.

"She really isn't, you know; and I guess, after all, it won't be so bad. She's almost one of us, you know, only somehow better and sweeter, and all that, and I shouldn't wonder if we'd better ease up a little on Harding."

And so, to quote Judkins, she was "almost one of them."

Harding's rooms had never seemed so hospitable as now, his big chairs never so tempting, and his nights when the boys couldn't drop in for a moment's chat, at least, were off nights with them.

"I tell you it braces a fellow up," Edkins explained, in apology, the second time Judkins found him there.

"She's so awfully interested in all that we do, you know, and gives a fellow lots of tips. She ought to be on the paper herself, and I told her so, but, bless you, she blushed, and asked if I didn't think that she was better adapted to making chocolate, and handed me a cup, just as I like it, and as no one else on earth can make it but she."

"That finished you, old boy, of course," and Judkins laughed.

"But, honestly, you're right, Harding has improved wonderfully, and your pet column has gone up 50 per cent, and the society stuff isn't half as tame."

"We're almost up to the Vindicator now, and if it wasn't for the confounded scoops they get on us, we'd lead the town; but I say, Ed," and here Judkins passed and glanced down the street, as if he feared the approach of some one "it seems kind of mean to say it, but did you ever think that Harding isn't just square with his wife, but makes deals with that woman on the Vindicator staff?"

"No, I'm not crazy," as his companion stopped short and faced him.

"I've been looking this thing up, and if it wasn't for Mrs. H. I'd give the town the biggest sensation in years."

"It would mean discharge to Harding and promotion to me, and, hang it, if it isn't a temptation. But there is

that wife of his; somehow" and he stole slowly "somehow I don't like to hurt her."

"Oh! yes, I've got facts," as Edkins started to interrupt him. "Mat upset the waste basket on my desk one morning, and didn't pick at the scraps up, and there on my desk was a letter signed 'Daisy.' Though I'd have a chance to guy some of you fellows, so I read it."

"'Twas from the editorial rooms of the Vindicator, and was addressed to Harding and said, 'Meet me at 11 in the park. I must see you, Daisy.'"

"You could have knocked me flat but I followed it up by sending a boy to follow Harding. I knew enough not to follow him myself, and he came back with a full account of Harding meeting a veiled lady in the park, and they stood for a long time in a secluded spot talking very eagerly, and Harding held her hand, and, as the boy expressed it, looked 'sweet' at her."

"Then I put that with the fact that Harding was the only one who could get an interview with the Vindicator on that Maybee affair, and every one knows that the power behind the throne there is a woman. And it strikes me that we have a pretty plain case. Harding is struck on the girl, and she is playing with him for the benefit of the Vindicator."

"See, my boy?" Edkins drew a deep breath. "Yes, I see what you say, and if it's true, by jingo, Judkins, we'll thrash Harding, that is all."

"I'm off," and Edkins departed with an abruptness that was unusual, even to that eccentric individual.

The story grew, as it was whispered from man to man, and there was an uneasiness in the little circle that was wont to gather at the Hardings', for all save Harding and his wife were acutely conscious of what the others were thinking. They alone were bright and cheery.

But the plot deepened as young Foster, who had been simply tolerated as a clever young fellow by the older men, became a frequent caller at the Hardings'.

"The boy is in love," was the verdict of the older men, "and now we're in a mess, and how are we going to get out of it?"

Affairs were in this condition when one night Judkins and Edkins reached the Hardings' earlier than usual to find Harding very ill at ease, and his wife's face flushed and her eyes bright.

There was an awkwardness for a few moments, which even Mrs. Harding, with her quickly-recovered composure, was unable to dispel.

Suddenly, without the least ceremony, the door opened and young Foster walked in.

He hardly noticed the men, but walked straight to where Mrs. Harding sat in her low chair by the table, and, kneeling down beside her, he caught her hand in his and raised it to his lips.

The faces of the men were a puzzled expression, and Judkins burst out, "It's time this thing was cleared up! For heaven's sake, Harding, what is it all about?"

"This is what it's all about," young Foster's manly voice rang out, without giving his superior editor a chance to speak.

"It means that you are an old duffer, Judkins, with your tales and your stories, and all that. Harding here is the only sane man on the paper."

"The nice little story you trumped up is all hush, for here is your Vindicator girl whom Harding is struck on," and he smiled down into the face of Editor Harding's wife.

"Yes, you fellows," he continued, "this is your 'girl' who managed all the scoops, and played with Harding for the information she got."

"She's the smartest newspaper woman in this country, and the best woman in the world."

"Do you know what she has done?" "No, of course you don't; you've been too busy ferreting out your mystery."

"Well, every blessed one of those scoops you thought stolen she worked out for herself, and had it all in copy before you ever dawdled here and gossiped about it."

"And when she might have had the biggest scoop of all, and been known the country over, and had her price for it all, she gave it up, gave up her position on the Vindicator, all because it touched the honor of one of our men. As she told the managing editor, when she absolutely refused to give the names he asked:

"I have been an editor, but, thank God, before I was that, and, despite of it, I have been a woman also, and I am Editor Harding's wife, and I will not betray the good name of one of his men."

The strong voice broke. "It was my father's name," he continued, "and now my father is dead."

There was a silence for a moment. "Then it was broken by the sweet voice of Editor Harding's wife.

"You take two bumps, I believe, Mr. Edkins? You see I remember."

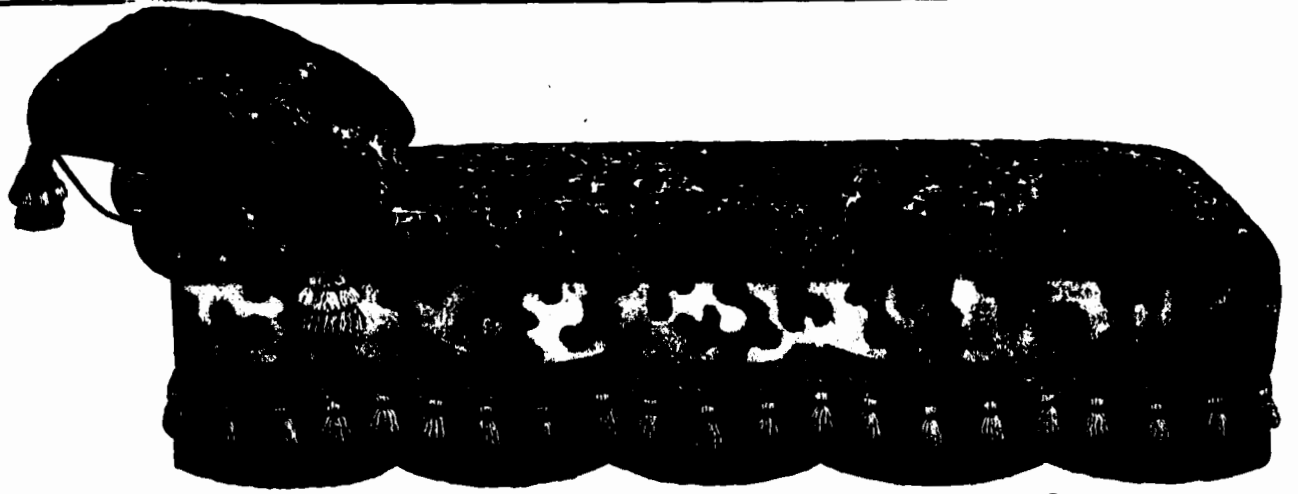
"Which goes to show," said Judkins, as they trudged home an hour later, "that really 'she isn't like other women'."

The Comfort of Job.

Porter returning in a hurry. Beg pardon, sir, but I was a makin' a mistake when I says your train starts from No. 6 platform. I have ascertained that it has previously started from No. 5. In other words, sir, you have lost it. Pick Me-Up.

A French Canadian couple, Louis Darwin and his wife, living in St. Paul, recently celebrated the eightieth anniversary of their marriage. The husband is 107 years old and his wife is 101.

SPECIAL SALE OF COUCHES!



Like Cut. in Corduroy, \$4.98

Extra fine tufted best Velour, 8.98

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:

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.

WIND JAMMING DAYS.

AN OLD MARINER'S TALES OF BRAVERY IN WRECK.

"On My Honor as a Sailor, I Won't Leave You," said the Captain to a Swede Sailor. Bravery and Pathos in the Sea Business of the Old Days.

"Bah!" he said. "You have a lot to learn, young man. You have as much sentiment in your construction as this stick I carry."

"The idea of a youth like you trying to tell me that there is as much bravery and pathos attached to scurrying now as there was when I was master of a wind jammer! You probably believe that you are correct in your statement; but, man alive, you are making a fool of yourself. Here in these days you have lifeboats big and stout enough to carry an army of men. You have steam to manipulate the falls, patent davits to swing clear. No lowering away by hands and no getting them back over the side with every pound of flesh a-pulling. New fangled guns for throwing a life line, rafts that won't go to pieces in the first chop of a sea, cork jackets that need no instruction cards, but which go on like a man's vest; pumps that are ratty for want of use, seamless plates and dozens of other inventions in these days. Where were they in the old times?"

"Let me tell you something. I don't say but that there are many brave and gallant mariners in the business now. But the old shipwreck meant more in the matter of life taking than the shipwreck of today does. Did you ever hear tell of a sailor of the old school trying to get into a boat before the passengers were out of danger? You needn't say you have, because you have not. Why, the only ones who ever attempt anything of that kind are stokers and firemen and rovies who have the impudence to call themselves sailors."

"I remember the case of a shore loafer named Holmes, who tried a shenanigan like that. He was afterward tried in the United States circuit court at Philadelphia and was convicted of manslaughter. He was one of 80 shipwrecked persons who took to the long boat, which was greatly overloaded and constantly in danger of sinking. Well, this beach rat Holmes and some more of Abraham's men threw overboard 16 passengers, two of whom were women, to lighten the boat. The court held that a sailor is bound by law, if necessary, to sacrifice his life to save the life of passengers. Furthermore the court held that while two sailors might struggle with each other for the possession of the same plank which could save but one, if a passenger were on the plank even the law of necessity would not justify the sailors in taking it from him. You do not think much of that law? Well, it is the law of God. It is also the law of duty."

"Did you ever hear of the case of Captain Nutman of the ship Aida? He was a good sailor and a gallant maver and no matter what many may think, it is possible to be both. His ship foundered, but he refused to be taken off. Do you know why he refused to be taken off? There was an injured man on board, and while the old timbers were going to pieces under his very feet he leapt down and said to the man:

"I won't leave you, lad. On my honor as a sailor I won't."

"On his honor as a sailor he would not leave him. Have you ever heard of anything more touchingly honest? Captain Nutman went down with his ship, but managed to hold on to his man and to get to the bottom of an upturned boat, from which they were afterward rescued. It was a month or so after that when a townsman asked Captain Nutman what the name of the rescued man was.

"Why, I never inquired," he said. "He just signed articles in the regular way. I may have heard it then, but I do not know it now. He was a Swede, that's all I know of him."

"The friend shook his head in astonishment as he inquired:

ishment as he inquired: "What! A Swede? Take all that chance for a Swede?"

"Why, yes, even for a Swede. I didn't care whether he was a Swede or a Laplander. He was a good sailor and would have done the same for me had things been reversed."

"Nor is that all, young man. There was a shipwreck about 1845, but the name of the craft has escaped my memory. The crew took to one boat, which was overcrowded. A noble Newfoundland, the pet of the ship, swam alongside the boat. All the men turned their eyes sadly upon him, but they knew there was no room for him in that boat. The captain loved that dog better than he loved his life, and he stood up in the boat as he took off his coat and said:

"I cannot see him die like this. Give him my place in the boat. I can hold on to the plank, and he cannot."

"There was a chorus of dissent, and one of the sailors struck the brute over the head with the blade of an oar, while another pulled his sheath knife.

"Don't hurt him," said the captain kindly, but firmly.

"Order him away, then," growled several of the men. "He will swamp us all."

"The captain hesitated a minute, waved his arm in the air and said, 'Back, Prince!' and the faithful brute swam back in the direction in which the vessel had disappeared beneath the surface. Where do you find such pathos in the sea business now? Give me the old sailor every time."

And he hobbled up Beaver street as the young mariner dived into William street.—New York Mail and Express.

All He Asked.

"And do you really want to be my son?" asked the widow Mullins of young Spiddis, who had asked for her daughter's hand.

"I can't say that I do," replied the truthful sailor. "I want to be Helen's husband."

Juvenile Theology.

"I know," said little Johnny, sidling up to the preacher while dinner was being prepared, "why the wicked folks is the only ones what gets punished in the next world."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the good man. "I am glad to hear that you know this. And will you tell me why it is?"

"Cause," replied little Johnny, "the good people always gets it in the neck here."—Cleveland Leader.

In 1471 a French baron offered a pledge of 10 marks of silver that a copy of "Avicenna," which he desired to read, would be returned, and even with this security, equal in our money to over \$60, his request was refused.

When a Tenor Would Not Sing.

Two years of hard work at Drury Lane satisfied Sims Reeves of his success, and he went off to the continent, bent on having his voice still better cultivated. First he got all he could from Signer B. diogni in Paris; then he started for Milan, where he placed himself under Mazzanato, then director of the conservatory. Here he studied hard and led on to the whole a joyous life. It was in the days of the Austrian tyranny, of which the English tenor soon had a taste. He had secured an engagement at La Scala, the most celebrated opera house in Italy, and one night he had to intimate his inability to sing, owing to a severe throat. The doctor inspected his larynx and declared that he could sing if he liked. He still refused, and a squad of gendarmes accordingly called at his lodgings with a carriage and carried him off to the theater. However, as the old saying goes, you may take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink. The gendarmes led the tenor to the stage, but that was the extent of their powers. They failed to make him sing.—Gentleman's Magazine.

suburban Delinquency.

"Why don't you keep chickens, Cross-lots?"

"My neighbors are lacking in sanitation," said Cross-lots.

"The friend shook his head in astonishment as he inquired:

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FLOUR, FEED, HAY AND GRAIN

PEET MOSS FOR BEDDING.

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Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles, Fancy Cut Glass Bottles of Perfumery, Sponges, etc.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED.

Agent for STEARNS AND VICTOR BICYCLES

LYNCH FOUND HIS MILL.

Had Crown Toller and the Milling Mill Accented. In the Adirondacks, in the winter of 1870, a few years ago, a man of the name of Daniel Lynch lived back in the Adirondack and on the banks of the little stream. Anxious to buy and turn his timber into money, he used as corner posts in building four trees. Dan began the manufacture of lumber and had a mill built up in large quantities all over the country to look at his stock in hand, for the boards were uneven and worthless. After trying in vain to get a few dollars out of his venture, he abandoned the place and moved into town.

Years passed, and one day Dan thought he would visit the scenes of his unfortunate speculations, but on his arrival at the spot was surprised to find that his mill had gone. There in the bed of the stream was the old dam and wheels, but no building. As he stood gazing in wonder on what was left of his old establishment something—a little bird—attracted his attention up in one of the trees, and imagine his surprise on looking up, for about twelve feet in the air above him was his mill. In his absence the four trees that he had used as corner posts had grown and taken the mill up toward heaven.—Union Daily Press.

The Wrong Station.

The train was roaring along at about forty miles an hour, and the conductor was busily punching tickets full of holes when a little thin old man who sat in one of the corner seats plucked his sleeve.

"Mister conductor, you be sure and let me off at Speers station. You see, this is the first time I ever rode on steam cars and I don't know anything about them. You won't forget it, eh?" "All right, sir, I won't forget."

The old man brushed back a stray lock of hair and, straightening himself, gazed with increasing wonder at the flying landscape, every now and then exclaiming, "Gracious!" "By gum!" et cetera.

Suddenly there was a crash, and after a number of gymnastic moves that made him think of his school days, he found himself sitting on the grass of the embankment alongside the track.

Seeing another passenger sitting a short distance away patiently supporting various parts of the splintered car across his legs, he enquired: "Is this Speers crossing?"

The passenger, who was a drummer, and not altogether new to such happenings, replied with a smile in a cordial manner: "No, this is a catastrophe."

"Is that so?" he indignantly exclaimed. "Now I know that conductor would put me off at the wrong place!"—Harper's Round Table.

A Novel Passport.

On one of his journeys to Switzerland, Gustave Dore, the famous artist, found when reaching Lucerne that he had lost his passport. He forthwith made inquiry for the mayor of the town and requested an interview. Having stated his name and profession, he was thus addressed by the worthy functionary: "You state that you are Gustave Dore, and I am willing to believe you. Still—still," he added, pushing across the table a blank sheet of paper and a pencil, "I should like to have further proof."

Dore looked at the paper, then glanced out of the window, and saw a couple of peasants selling potatoes in the street. A few clever strokes of the pencil, and the scene was sketched. He appended his name, and handed it to the mayor.

"This passport is quite sufficient," said the latter; "but perhaps you will allow me to keep it as a souvenir, and will get you another made out in the usual form."

The Place For Him.

The remarkable youthfulness of Mr. Chamberlain's appearance has given rise to many distinctly amusing stories.

In the days when the Colonial Secretary was a member of Mr. Gladstone's administration, he had occasion to cross the Irish Sea on a day when the steamer was overcrowded, and there were not berths for all. He was attended by a private secretary, with a steward, who plucked acquaintance with a Scotchman. The latter made a suggestion for the distribution of the party on the principle of age before age.

"You and I, mon," he said, "will occupy the berths, and the wee laddie"—indicating the distinguished statesman—"shall just lie himself down on the floor."—Answers.

She Knew Her Business.

That there is honor among thieves is an exploded theory, but that they have an appreciation of sharpness is denied.

A nicely-dressed young man called at a fashionable residence one afternoon, and asked if the master of the house was at home.

A bright-looking maid responded that he wasn't. The young man then asked to write a note, and tried to make the maid out of the richly-furnished parlor. She smiled and refused, and, after biting his lip in indignation, the young fellow wrote and the note to the gentleman. This the latter read on his return at home.

The maid is a Jim dandy. Keep your eyes all right. A Burglar.—Answers.

ONE OF THE OLDEST SHIPS.

An American Bark 123 Years Old Still Doing Duty in English Waters. The bark True Love, built in Philadelphia in 1774, has been found upon search to be yet afloat in the capacity of a coal hulk engaged in active trade at the age of 123 years. The True Love has not only outlived her builders and their successors, but has also outlived every craft that was built in her time and for many years after ward, and this fact, coupled with the report that the historic craft is still engaged in active pursuits, places Philadelphia at the very top notch as a shipbuilding centre.

In 1764, when this famous old craft was launched on the banks of the Delaware, although her length was but 66 feet 8 inches, she was then the largest vessel of commerce that the Delaware had ever floated. Contrast this with the dimensions of the huge Hamburg-American Packet Company's steamship Pennsylvania, the latest addition to commerce, whose length is 587 feet, while the new White Star liner building is 704 feet long, and one will be amazed with the magnitude of the modern ship of commerce. The True Love, upon being completed, sailed away from Philadelphia early in 1765, and no record is had of her return to this city until August 22, 1873, when at the age of 109 years she came into port from Legat, Greenland, with a cargo of kyanite, in command of Captain Thomas Nathaniel, consigned to B. Crowley. She was discharged here and surveyed by the American Lloyd's in October, 1873, and sailed away, never to return again. Upon her arrival shortly afterward in London she was sold and turned into a coal hulk, in which capacity she still serves.—Philadelphia Press.

Booming Patent Articles. They have a novel method of pushing the sale of patent articles in London. A number of men are suitably dressed as servants and sent out to suburban shops to purchase the commodity it is desired to boom. The men are specially selected, with a view to convey the impression that their employers are persons of good position. A score of these ingenious individuals will call at all the fashionable shops in the districts allotted to them, and ask for the specific article they wish to introduce. They will insist upon having this and no other, regarding with scorn the suggestion that they might accept a substitute. In many cases, of course, the proprietor has not the new article in stock; but a few days later a commercial traveler waits upon him with the article required. A smart tradesman who dislikes to disappoint his customers, will invariably avail himself of this opportunity to give an order for the article in question. This shrewd scheme has proved of undoubted utility in the introduction of a really good article of produce. It is sensibly objectionable and frequently forms the basis of a sound and extensive business.

Women Voters in Europe.

The only countries in Europe where women vote to any extent are in those places that we would least expect it, for example, in Finland and Iceland. On the Continent the woman suffrage movement has made no great headway of late years, says the Charlatan. The women have no voting privileges to speak of in either France or Germany.

In several European countries they are allowed to vote by proxy. Thus, in the Australian provinces women can vote for members of the provincial and Imperial Parliaments, only by proxy. They can vote in person at local elections. The same is true of Russia, where women who are heads of households vote at local elections; as to the widows, they have the right to vote at municipal elections in Belgium, while in Italy they can vote for members of Parliament.

The Lad's Age.

The Prince of Wales, about five years ago, met a charming young lady well known in London society at Hamburg. "You are young enough," he said, in the course of conversation, "for me to be able to ask your age." "Twenty-five," was the ready reply. This summer his royal highness met the lady again. "What," he asked again, with a humorous smile, "is your age, I wonder?" "Twenty-five," again said the lady. "But you said that the last time I met you," remarked the prince, with a smile. "Well, sir," laughed the lady, "and would you have me contradict myself?"—Lady's Pictorial.

Rare Skill.

Probably the most remarkable drummer who ever lived was John Henri, the famous troubadour major of the Emperor Napoleon. One of his feats was to play on fifteen different-toned drums at the same time in so soft and harmonious a manner that, instead of the deafening uproar that might have been expected, the effect was that of a novel and complete instrument. In playing he passed from one drum to the other with such wonderful quickness that the eyes of the spectators could hardly follow the movements of his hands and body.

Weak on Geography.

Little things illustrate certain Englishmen's knowledge of American geography very picturesquely. An Englishman who had taken the Pacific express at Philadelphia called out on going to bed before the train started: "Portah! Portah!"

He Was the Compass.

Little Eddie—"Papa's the captain of our ship, and mamma's the pilot?" "Teacher—"And what are you?" "Eddie—"I'm the compass, I guess. They are always boxing me?"—Punch.

Might be Worse.

Crummer—"Why, you have a cold, haven't you?" "Gilledad—Sh-h-h. Don't tell any wuh. De cold ish bad enought wid-put gettin' currs for it. Kerehool kerehool!"—Boston Herald.

A YOUNG GIRL DIPLOMATIST.

Conducts the Business of Russia at the Court of China.

Diplomatic circles of Europe are wondering at the great success of Count Cassini in the far East. He made his debut at Peking five years ago by insisting on presenting his credentials personally to the Son of Heaven, and he speedily threw the German Minister, then in the ascendancy, and all the other foreign diplomats quite into the shade. Owing to his prestige, the Count was allowed to travel across Chinese territory from Peking to Kinkhin by the route reserved for mandarins only, accomplishing the first stages of his long journey in a mule chair, and the rest in a tarantula.

The mystery is now explained. Count Cassini's niece, a girl of less than fifteen years of age, is his mascot. She has been of the utmost use to him in bringing negotiations with the Tsungli Yamen to a head. Her mastery of Chinese is remarkable, and she has the familiarity possessed by most educated Russians with English, French and German, so that her uncle has no need of an interpreter in dealing with delicate matters of state. Russia has always offered a fine field for feminine diplomatists, and Mile. Cassini, beginning thus early, ought to have a great future before her.

General Beauregard's Answer.

Although General Beauregard allowed the use of his name to a lottery company, he didn't think much of lotteries, according to a writer in the Chicago Times-Herald. One day he received a long letter and a dollar from a man living in Mississippi, who wanted a ticket that would be certain to win. He reminded the General that he had faithfully served the Confederacy four years, and that at times he had fought under him. He stated, moreover, that when he returned to his home after the war he didn't have clothes enough to ward a shotgun. General Beauregard sent his Confederate friend a ticket, and in the same envelope enclosed the following letter: "I trust that you may win the capital prize. One six pence you say you certainly deserve a different sort of luck from the kind that you say you have been having. But mark my words: if you stick to the lottery as faithfully and as long as you say you did the Confederacy, when you get through with it you won't have clothes enough to ward a popgun."

The Spanish Consul.

They have a curious way of suppressing papers in Havana. Instead of submitting their proof-sheets to the censor, as is usual where such a professor of public opinion exists, they get in the matter backward. The publisher goes ahead on his own judgment, prints what he pleases and takes his chances of going to jail or paying a fine. The censor reads the paper at the breakfast table the next morning, and if he finds anything mildly objectionable, he writes a polite note to the editor, calling attention to the article. The latter prints a paragraph next day explaining that he was mistaken in that the public had misinterpreted his remarks. But when any high official of the Government is attacked, or the proprieties are violated, the editor is fined or imprisoned, and a policeman takes the subscription list and calls at every house at which copies have been delivered to recover them.—Cor. Chicago Herald.

Let Them Pate! Bull Run.

On a visit to Boston, Gen. John B. Gordon, the ex-Confederate, was entertained by a well-known lawyer who showed him the signs. One of the signs the Southerner visited was the cyclorama of the Battle of Gettysburg; the old soldier did not make any comment on it. When the two came out of the building and were on their way down town, the lawyer inquired: "Well, General, what did you think of it?" "What did I think of it?" said the General, coming to a standstill and adopting a defiant attitude. "Let them pate! Bull Run!"—Argonaut.

The Sultan's Money in America.

The Sultan is reputed to be one of the richest men in Europe. He receives something short of a million a year from the country, and half a million from his private estates. He has saved a large amount, but keeps a small portion only in Turkey. He used to have five millions invested in England, but since the relations between England and Turkey became strained the bulk of that amount has been transferred to America, where His Majesty has already three millions invested.

A Famous Poem in Danger.

Tommyson, just after finishing the manuscript of "In Memoriam," had trouble with his landlady, and gave up his lodgings. He forgot the manuscript, but could not be induced to go back and face the landlady. His friend, Coventry Patmore, who was with him, returned to the lodgings, forced his way in, and found the poem (head) thrown carelessly into a drawer of rubbish.—Tit Bits.

Bank Justice.

The editor of "The Jamestown Banner" picked up one of his metropolitan exchanges and read: "The charming little sourette, Eva Hollis Whopper, has just purchased a new bulldog." "It is darn funny," said he to himself and the cat, "that these little city papers publish that sort of stuff, and then make fun of me for mentioning that Squire Jim Brown has painted his barn."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Exhausted Resources.

"What are you bothering your father about?" asked the boy's mother. "I want him to tell me a story; and he says he doesn't know any." "Perhaps he will make up one as he goes along." "I asked him. But he said he had been testing his before an investigating committee all day; and had used up all his material."—Washington Star.

What are you doing, you young rascal?

"What are you doing, you young rascal?" said a farmer to a small boy under a tree with an apple in his hand. "Please, sir, I was going to put this here apple back on the tree, sir!"

A TERRIER'S REVENGE.

Summoned His Faithful Friend and Obtained Satisfaction.

This dog story was told to a New York Mail and Express reporter by a lady who vouches for its accuracy. Remarkable as it is she affirms that it is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

An up-the-state family had two dogs, a bulldog and a black-and-tan, between which they exhibited every evidence of deep friendship. The family went into the country one summer some sixteen miles from home. They took the black-and-tan with them but left his companion at home. They had not been established in their summer quarters more than a few days before the small dog had managed to pick a quarrel with a neighbor's bulldog, in which the black-and-tan got much the worse of the argument. So much so that when he disappeared after the battle his owners were much worried. They searched high and low but no trace of that small dog could be found.

The next morning there was seen coming up the road side by side the black-and-tan and his faithful companion, the bulldog from home. The two marched straight past the hotel where the family were staying and halted in front of the home of the black-and-tan's enemy. In some unknown manner the country bulldog was summoned and immediately his city contemporary fell upon him. The struggle was severe and prolonged, but the issue was never in doubt. The country bulldog was completely conquered and retired in as good order as possible under the circumstances. The victor, once his task completed, wheeled about and without a stop retraced the sixteen miles to home. The black-and-tan crawled into the hotel with every indication of complete satisfaction on his diminutive countenance.

THE DOUBLE GLASSES.

How the Lenses are Prepared for Near and Far Vision.

One of the clever devices of the optician is the glasses designed for both near and far vision. Looking straight ahead, they adjust the eyesight for objects at a distance; glancing downward, they bring things to a quick focus. Thus they do the work of two pairs of spectacles.

These glasses are familiar enough, but the manner in which they are put together is interesting. Opticians nowadays secure the double adjustment in three ways. One is to fit into the lower edge of a lens designed for far vision and shaped something like a melon slice a section of a lens designed for near vision and shaped something like the melon itself. They so fit as to form the ordinary elliptical shaped glass. The frame holds them in place.

Another way is to take a strong lens designed for near vision and grind upon the upper edge a slighter convexity for far vision. There is no need of a frame for this arrangement.

The common way is to grind out what is substantially a slice from the lower edge of one side of a lens designed for the far vision. In the place of the slice is pasted on a segment of a lens designed for near vision. The only adhesive substance available that is perfectly transparent is Canada balsam, and all workmen use it. No frame is needed.

Theatre Hat Not Entirely Downcast.

A queer sort of affair's prevails in Paris, France, all growing out of the high theater hat. The women who attend theaters in that city refused to remove their headgear in response to popular demand, but instead kept on increasing the size of their hats until the men in desperation began to take to the theater whenever they went to the theater. When one found his seat to be located behind an arduous hat he would place the cushion on his seat and sit upon it. This enabled him to see over the hat, but was to those who happened to be behind him their view of the stage was completely cut off. This practice has resulted in so much disorder, on account of the proverbial hot temper of the French, that the theatrical managers have asked aid from the municipal authorities.—Detroit Free Press.

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In the "Hoozo" Office.

Proprietor—"Smith, either we'll have to stop printing an accident insurance coupon in the Bazaar, or you'll have to be a little gentler with the spring poets." Editor—"Why, what's the matter?" Proprietor—"That last fellow you threw down stairs carried one of our coupons, and he's just filed his claim for damages."—Philadelphia Press.

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EXACTING DISCIPLINE.

Spartan Severity Ruled Philip Gilbert Hamilton in His Childhood.

Philip Gilbert Hamilton was, during his childhood, the victim of a severe and cruel discipline. His father was a man of ungovernable temper and irregular life, who had no sympathy with childish follies, and whose only idea of educating a boy was to "make a man of him."

His method of teaching the lad to ride was to accompany him on a vicious black horse, and when little Philip erred in any of the observances of good riding to punish him with his heavy hunting whip. The whip had a steel hammer at the end of a long handle, and if at any time the owner fancied that the child was turning out his toes he would not say anything, but with cruel dexterity deal him a blow on the foot, sharp enough to make him writhe with pain.

Yet this Spartan severity had its valuable side. The elder Hamilton understood the importance of concentration, and if he saw the boy occupied with several books would say: "Take one of those books and read it steadily. Don't potter and play with half a dozen."

What he hated most was a lie or the shadow of a lie, and so bitter was this aversion that Philip was sometimes punished unjustly. He was expected to practice with dumbbells 15 minutes every morning. This exercise was taken in the garden, but before beginning he always looked at the clock in the sitting room. One day the father met him and asked: "Have you done your 15 minutes?"

"Yes, papa." "That is not true," said his aunt from the next room. "He has only practiced for ten minutes. Look at the clock."

The hand stood at 10 minutes past 11, and though the boy protested that he had begun at ten minutes before the hour the "additional lie" put his father in a fury, and he was ordered to practice continually for two hours. And, though the child was ready to drop with fatigue long before the 120 minutes were over, not one of them was remitted.—Youth's Companion.

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. Inside of the inner tube of the tire lies a long strip of patching rubber, like this:



By injecting M. & W. quick-repair cement through the puncture into this inner tube, and then pressing down on the tire with the thumb, like this,



the repair strip inside is picked up by the cement, thus closing the puncture, like this:



Very simple, but—now every rider should remember these two "bits," or he will fail!

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

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In your garden this summer? Of course you do! Before ordering elsewhere come and see me now (or drop a note) and I'll treat you right!

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CRANFORD.

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Eastward.		Westward.	
Close.	Close.	Close.	Close.
8:45 a. m.	8:45 a. m.	8:45 a. m.	8:45 a. m.
2:45 p. m.	2:45 p. m.	2:45 p. m.	2:45 p. m.
6:12 p. m.	6:12 p. m.	6:12 p. m.	6:12 p. m.

Mrs. Ballister is convalescent. Schuyler Bennett, a former resident, was in town for a few hours Monday.

Miss Florence Parcell of Riverside Drive returns to college in Pennsylvania tomorrow.

Mr. Joseph Parcell, who has been on an extended trip in search of health, is expected back Monday.

The hearing on the sewer assessments before the court in Elizabeth is set down for Saturday, April 24.

The Athletic base ball nine have nineteen games scheduled for the season, all but three of them to be played in Cranford.

A lamp exploded at the residence of E. L. Hedenberg Sunday night, and Mr. and Mrs. Hedenberg both had their hands quite badly burned.

Miss Mabel Huston of the New York College of Music, will take part in a concert at the college this week. She is to play in a "2-piano piece," with Miss Barry, of New York.

At Trinity church Easter, there will be four services, Holy communion at 7:30 and again at 11 a. m., with full service and sermon. Children's service at 2:30, and service and sermon at 7:30.

The Epworth league will meet at Wm. Mendell's, Walnut street, Wed. next evening. It will be in charge of the Mercy and Health committee, of which Mrs. Fred Miller is chairman.

Mr. Huston (who by the way is one of the very few marine painters of the first class now living) has just finished a painting which is to go to Philadelphia as a wedding gift. His collection of canvasses are enough to make a lover of the sea wish to cut even May and June out of his calendar, so as to bring him to midsummer and his vacation at the seashore.

V. I. A. Meeting.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Village Improvement association was held at Hampton hall on Tuesday, April 6, at 3 p. m. The report of work done since the last meeting in January showed a snow plough service established by the street committee to prevent uncomfortable travel in the early morning, after a heavy snow storm, clearing paths in all directions to reach the station, the schools and the markets. The school committee reported meetings held and petitions sent in to the trustees begging for a new school. Also visits made to the school to inspect its condition. The report from the benefit committee showed kind help extended to the suffering and unfortunate townspeople whenever such cases became known. The railroad and station committee reported promises of improvements and house cleaning at the station, but no immediate prospect of a new one. The chairman of the children's auxiliary reported an entertainment in the near future for which the little ones are studying. The public grounds committee reported delightful plans for floral display in public places. The entertainment committee broached a plan for raising money to help the public grounds committee with their work. Much interest was shown by the whole association in the question of a new school building, the ladies seeming all with one accord ready to vote for it as the one crying need of the town. Much interest was also felt in the beneficent work, and money was quickly raised for a worthy object.

TOWN COMMITTEE MEETING.

New Sewers and Sew Lights Ordered, and Much General Business Attended to.

The town committee were all present last night, and made a long evening's work of it.

P. D. VanSant inquired if there was any way Cranford people could learn where to look for the police force in case they had need of it. Committee-man Foster gave him general directions with which he seemed satisfied. The committee are not advertising just where the policeman is to be found at any given hour.

Fire Chief Plume asked for a hydrant at Garwood, near the building owned by D. B. Lent. He thought that, with the hydrants which Westfield would put in, that would furnish ample water facilities for Garwood for the present. The hydrant was ordered put in, if no extra expense was found necessary other than the cost of the hydrant and its rental. Concerning reports of low pressure Chief Plume reported that on the day of the fire at Huber's the pressure went down to 45 pounds at the hose house pressure gauge; that for some days after it averaged from 57 to 60 pounds. He wrote making complaint to the water company, and since that time the pressure has been better—65 to 70 pounds. He understood the contract called for 70 pounds, never less. His letter was written late in March, and he has received no reply.

Committee-man Jahn asked the chief if there wasn't need of hydrants at places he mentioned on the south side, to which the chief replied that there certainly was if the company could be got to extend its mains that far.

Under the head of new business the matter of the promised repainting of the poles, reflectors, etc., of the light system was brought up, and Mr. Jahn stated the work had been begun.

Foster moved for a new light at Cassino and Elizabeth avenues, and it was ordered placed under Mr. Hibson's direction. Also one on Cranford avenue.

It was agreed that those who had been warned to connect with the sewer system and had not complied should be reported for summary action shortly.

The chairman was instructed to appoint a committee of two on placing township bonds.

A brief discussion decided that the chairman of the town committee is to be considered a member ex officio of all special committees appointed by the town committee.

Town Clerk Marshall reported that the county clerk had returned the town treasurer's bond with instructions that the bondsmen should "qualify" to the amount of the bond. Two of them, when spoken to about it, had declined. Severance moved to reconsider the resolution accepting the treasurer's bond, on the ground that the amount fixed was too small, and also on the ground that two of the bondsmen owned no real estate. Foster objected, the motion was not seconded, and Severance asked the clerk to make a minute of his motion. The personal character or responsibility of the treasurer is not in question at all, the only question being as to the character of the bond he should furnish and its amount. No action was taken.

John Schindler's bond of \$200 as constable was accepted.

On Foster's motion the treasurer was authorized to purchase needed stationery, printing, etc.

The committee were asked to accept a new street, a continuance of Lincoln avenue, but refused on Foster's report, that it was not properly graded. Surveyor Ham reported that the contractor was bound to grade the street to the satisfaction of the committee before getting his pay.

Instructions were given to prepare a lease of the township rooms for another year, on same terms.

The question of new sewer laterals was then taken up, and after a long discussion over figures Engineer C. Vree land was engaged to prepare maps, specifications, etc., and superintend the new work, for 7 per cent. of the con-

tract price. Hendley & Christie agreed to do the work on the same basis adopted for the Mill street sewer, and Mr. Vree land was instructed to go ahead and prepare contracts, specifications, etc., as soon as possible. He is to report next Monday. Resolutions were then adopted that sewer laterals be built on Union and Retford avenues and Washington place.

Resolutions were then adopted accepting a lateral on Wilton street, built by F. E. C. Winckler, and one built by Lucius Bradley, and cancelling an acceptance recorded at last meeting.

The following applications for permission to make sewer connections were granted: Georgiana Marcus, R. A. Rath, on North avenue, estate of E. K. Adams, on Marlboro street, E. Joseph, on Central avenue, and somebody on Holly street.

Bills to the amount of \$1,087.13 were then read and ordered paid—there were forty two of them, and the committee adjourned, at 11 o'clock.

There will be special music for Easter in the Methodist church.

MOUNTAIN SIDE ITEMS.

Mrs. Thos. Drew is visiting friends in the borough.

Mrs. Jennings of Plainfield is visiting Mrs. J. H. Edwards of Bird's corner.

Mrs. J. W. Cory has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Leonard of Union.

LONDON IN 1772.

It Was Considered a Joke to Turn Cattle Into a Ballroom.

Can any one tell me anything of the city assembly rooms and the assembly rooms on the Surrey side—i. e., Southwark—about the year 1772? The social side of the city about that time is curiously difficult to get at satisfactorily. For instance, when Catherine Hulton went to London in 1783, being then 27 years of age, she went with a certain Mr. J. Woodhouse and his mother. They called for her at 7:30 in the evening, the gentleman being dressed in a suit of pale blue French silk, spotted with pink and green, the coat lined with pink silk, his hair in a bag, a white feather in his hat, a sword by his side and his ruffe and frill of fine point lace. This seems very splendid. At the assembly the men were chiefly in "dress coats"—meaning probably of blue or pink silk, like that of Mr. Woodhouse. Those who were not wore "cloth coats, trimmed with narrow gold lace, with waistcoats of silver tissue," and the hair "in a cue, with curls flying out on each side of the head."

The other ladies were covered with diamonds. The subscription to the city assembly is 3 guineas. There are 200 subscribers and late nights. The subscribers are the first people in the city. The rooms are lighted with wax. The branches for the candles, the urns for the tea and coffee and the baskets for the cakes and macaroons are of silver. I want to know more about this assembly.

As regards the Surrey assembly, all I can tell you about it is that the room was on the ground floor, and that on a certain night—the opening night of the season of 1772 (?—while the dancing was at its height some wag threw open the front door and gave admission to a drove of oxen, which began to run about in a most terrifying manner. Some of the men drew their swords valiantly, others tumbled down. The ladies fainted and fell over the men. Caps, hoops, tippets, handkerchiefs, were lying all about the floor, and the oxen bellowed and ran about, threatening with their horns. What would have happened one knows not. But "the lady connected with the assembly"—presumably Mrs. Hanniver—presumably connected with the assembly with bub "coming from the L" is defined by Webster as a strong drink.

When the company gathered themselves together and picked up what they could, being horribly dishevelled, amid the general wreek—hoops gone, wigs pulled to pieces, headgear destroyed, dresses torn—they proceeded, I suspect, to refresh themselves with the sprightly Mrs. Hanniver's stimulating bub. If any one will tell me more about this assembly, I shall be grateful.—Sir Walter Besant in Queen.

In proportion to its size Britain has eight times as many miles of railway as the United States.

MODES OF THE MOMENT.

As Exhibited at Recent New York Openings of Imported Gowns.

The Victorian revival hinted at earlier in the year is now an established fact. Gowns made for Easter exhibit such features of the Victorian fashions as flounced and ruffled skirts, fichus and eschies. Ruffles will be a chief feature of these gowns, while all gowns, we are assured, will show slashes of one kind or other. Besides flouncing the skirts, modistes are trimming them with graduated rows of velvet or braid. These, in some instances, are put on in the waved lines adopted in the early years of Queen Victoria's reign.

Dress skirts are considerably narrower, and every skirt of novel detail fits quite close around the hips and has for the most part but little stiffness. There may be perhaps two or three inches of this to induce the braiding or the machine stitching to set with rectitude, but women no longer bear the burden of yards of horsehair or its like. The circular skirt in one phase or another appears to be a favorite. Skirts in thin materials are made wider than those of cloth, but their cut and make up is such as to give a clinging effect.

Sleeves are decidedly smaller, but as a rule show an abundance of trimming. Bodices are for the most part full and elaborately trimmed, notwisting alike and an endless variety of garniture being employed. The basque bodice is



RECENT IMPORTATIONS

again in style, most of the basques being cut into tabs, and these are becoming enough to the waist, and may be cordially recommended to those of not specially slim proportions. Blouse bodices, by which is meant bodices which are of different fabric from the skirt which they accompany, continue their career of popularity. Very charming are the blouses made of crepe de chine, hanging from a yoke cut round, boasting the least possible fullness, trimmed at one side with a killed frill and having ruffled sleeves with short puffs. These are charming. Very attractive, too, are blouses made on the same lines in glace silk.

Among popular dress trimmings are chiffon and silk embroidered in colors and with gold or silver threads, fancy braids, laces and insertions and plaited frills of silk. Belts are an important and decorative feature this season. There are all widths and styles to select from. The draped belt is a popular sort at the moment.

Numbered with recent importations seen at the openings was a gown, the smart blouse bodice of which was in fancy fig and mesh, trimmed with ecru lace. The ruffled sleeves were finished with puffs at the top. A second dress had a skirt of new striped material. The bodice was of wool fabric in chine pattern. The full fronts crossing above the waist, on either side of which were plain bands of the skirt material, edged with frills of the bodice material. Full puffs at the top of sleeves.

Maple Sugar Drops.

Maple sugar drops are made by melting a pound of maple sugar with a cup of water and boiling the sirup until it is a creamy ball. Let it cool when the sirup reaches this stage, and when you can bear your finger in it begin stirring it. When it is about the consistency of lard, knead it on a marble board or a platter until it is an even, smooth mound. Melt it by setting the bowl in a pan of boiling water and drop it by the spoonful on buttered tins.—Exchange.

Concerning Curtains.

Oriental stripes and figured curtains are well adapted for hall, staircase and landing windows. Madras muslin or printed frilled curtains are very effective for bedroom drapings, and are much sought after by reason of their artistic colorings. They may be used in summer homes as well. In addition to the foregoing Decorator and Furnisher suggests for lace curtains in the parlor or sitting room the real lace in creponne and guipure d'art. These, being handmade are consequently better adapted for cleaning.

New Spring Goods!

EASTER NECKWEAR, shirts, collars, cuffs, medium and light weight underwear, hats, caps, bicycle hose, sweaters, etc. Mechanics' overalls a specialty. Umbrellas, trunks, valises, etc.

Kurzhaus Bldg. CHARLES CLARK, Elm St.

SPRING FOOT WEAR.

- Children's Russel Shoes 69c up.
- Misses Russel Shoes 85c up.
- Children's Patent Leather Strapped Sandals 95c.
- Children's " " " " 75c.
- Misses' STEEL SHOD Shoes \$1.50.
- Children's " " " " \$1.00.
- Boys' " " " " \$1.00.

These steel shod shoes come in Russel and black and are the most serviceable children's shoe on the market.

Men's and Ladies' Russel and Black OXFORD TIES in latest styles.

H. C. PIKER, BROAD ST. "WESTFIELD'S BUSIEST SHOE STORE."

C. SCHEERRER, Elm Street.

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

Elm Street, C. SCHEERRER.

TONSORIAL PARLORS HAIR CUTTING, SHAVING, SHAMPOOING, etc. Ladies' Shampooing a specialty. Razors honed and ground. KURZHAL BLOCK, ELM STREET. SAMUEL PACKER, Proprietor.



The Tent Business in Winter.

Winter is a dull season in the tent business in this latitude and devoted chiefly to making up stock for summer. Some tents are exported, though not a great number. They are sent to Mexico, Central America and the West Indies. Such tents are sold the year around. They are used as quarters for laborers on railroads, canals and other works. The few tents sold in winter for use in this region are sold mostly to gypsies, who buy in winter for summer use. They buy usually secondhand tents, and buying in winter, they get good tents cheap. But little is done in renting tents in winter, though occasionally a large tent is rented for a cornerstone laying or some public ceremony, and in these modern days such tents are sometimes steam heated, the pipes being supplied with steam from portable boilers.—New York Sun.

In Doubt.

A certain minister, who is not always so careful as he ought to be in making his teaching and his practice correspond, was lately telling some friends a story of adventure. It was a pretty "tall" story, and the minister's 10-year-old little girl was observed to be listening to it very intently. When he finished, she fastened her wide open eyes upon her father's face and said very gravely, "Is that true, or are you preaching now, papa?"—Household Words.

Taste.

"Who is that young woman near the other end of the table who has been talking about correct taste in art?" "Which young woman? There are several." "The one with the wooden toothpick in her mouth."—Chicago Tribune.

Children Are Quick

to catch diseases. An ailment which would hardly put a grown person to bed would make them seriously ill. Leaks 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.

Old Fashioned Lemon Pie.

A lemon, a coffee cup of sugar, yolks of 2 eggs, 2 tablespoonfuls of flour, half a teacupful of milk. Grate the rind of the lemon, squeeze out the juice and chop the remainder fine. Beat the yolks and sugar together and mix with the other ingredients and bake in a medium sized pie plate. Beat the whites to a stiff froth, add a tablespoonful of sugar, spread over the top when done and brown slightly.

Fashion Notes.

Hats are trimmed high on one side and are worn well forward over the eyes. Red is much worn at present, but later, it is said, grays and more subdued colors will be seen.

A revival of the early forties is being, but all sorts of grenadine and canvas are on sale.

Vesuvius red leads in colors, but elephant's breath, london smoke and robin's egg blue are also represented, along with other familiar hues with new names.

Pique suits for summer will be made in the coat and skirt style; also shirt waists and skirts, the waist being, however, of silk.

The surplice effect is now seen almost as much as the bolero.

Fancy waists of chiffon are fashionably worn with black satin skirts.

One very pretty fashion is the use of checked, dotted and embroidered black net made up over colored and fancy silks for dressy, high necked costumes.

Many varieties of semiprecious stones which were not recognized by jewelers a few years ago are now quite fashionable.

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If it isn't a temptation. But there is