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TUESDAY

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WESTFIELD, UNION COUNTY, N. J., TUESDAY, MAY 18, 1897.

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Religious Notices
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH OF WESTFIELD, N. J., Rev. Henry Ketchum, Pastor. Morning Services 10:30 o'clock, any school 12 m. Young People's Prayer Meeting 6:45 p. m. Evening Services 7:45 o'clock. General Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 8 p. m. A hearty welcome to all.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Rev. Wm. H. Ruth, Pastor. Residence Union Place. Sunday morning Services 10:30 o'clock. Sunday school 2:30 p. m. Young People's Meeting 6:45 p. m. Evening Service 7:45 o'clock. Class meeting, Tuesday evening at 7:45 o'clock. General Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evenings, at 8 o'clock. All seats are free.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rev. S. W. Caldwell, Pastor. Services, Sunday 10:30 A. M., 7:30 P. M. Social Meetings, Wednesday Prayer Meeting 8 p. m. Sunday Young People's Meeting, 12 m. Sunday School 12 m. Samuel Johnston, Superintendent. Strangers made to feel at home.

ST. PAUL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Sunday School at 10:30 o'clock, at Elm Hall, corner Broad and Prospect streets.

WESTFIELD BAPTIST CHURCH, Westfield, N. J., Rev. George A. Francis, Pastor. Sunday services: Prayer Meeting 10 a. m. Pleading 10:30 a. m. Sunday School 12 o'clock. Young People's Meeting 7 p. m. Pleading 8 p. m. Mid-week prayer meeting, Wednesday 8 p. m. You are cordially invited to attend all these services.

WESTFIELD PUBLIC LIBRARY. Incorporated 1877. Library open every day from 3 to 6 and Saturday night from 7 to 9, at their rooms on Broad street near Elm. Subscription \$2 per year, payable semi-annually in advance, of 5 cents a week for each book.

WESTFIELD POST OFFICE.
JULY 1, 1897.
M. M. SCUDDER, Postmaster.
A. C. FRENCH, Asst. P. M. and Money Order Clerk.
A. H. CLARK, General Delivery Clerk.

MAILS CLOSE.
For New York, Philadelphia, Trenton, the Northeast, South, Southwest and way stations East at 7:45 a. m., 2:15 p. m. and 6:20 p. m. For Plainfield, Easton and way stations at 7:45 a. m. and 6:20 p. m.

MAILS OPEN FOR DELIVERY.
From New York, Philadelphia, Trenton, the Northeast, South, Southwest at 7:45 a. m., 2:15 p. m. and 6:20 p. m.

WHAT TO EAT.

Some Sensible Suggestions That Should Be Posted In Every Household.

Araribonite, writing in that excellent gastro-nomical journal, What to Eat, makes a few sensible suggestions in regard to the diet that ought to be put in every household. He says that the healthiest and purest lives come from those who do not eat meat before the age of 15.

Potatoes, sliced thin and fried, are indigestible. While tasting delicious, they afford no real nourishment and cause a dragging meat of the liver.

Cake clogs the stomach. All rich pastries are poison to the liver. Soft cereals and creams are also bad for any one with a liver at all rebellious.

When you get old, look out for your food. Do you ever notice that grand father's face is not as jolly as it used to be? His strength of mind also seems slowly disappearing, though he is getting fatter every day. He needs a change of food. Probably he has been eating buckwheat cakes and sirup, white bread and butter, sugar, fat meats, etc. Give him lean meat and fish, cracked wheat and potatoes, barley cakes, rye bread or southern corn cakes. Try it, and instead of mooping and sitting round the house all day you will find him running around lively as a cricket.

Maybe, on the contrary, he is growing thin and pale. Then he needs buckwheat and molasses, fat meats, mashed potatoes in milk, corn meal, cracked wheat and fine oatmeal porridge and fruits every morning.

All rules have their exceptions, and the diet described for the mass may not answer for exceptional cases, but the following directions are good for the majority:

Milk is the simplest and most natural food. If you cannot drink it, your stomach is in a diseased condition. Cheese is a good substitute, if mild, fresh and made from pure milk and cream. Persons who live mostly on vegetable food have the best nerves and the best complexions. Red pepper is an excellent condiment. Its effect upon the liver is remarkable. Malaria, intermittent fever or congestive chills cannot cure the presence of red pepper. Pure red pepper (known as cayenne) should be on every table.

Ill health is caused largely by improper food or by food which is in a bad condition when it is eaten.

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AT THE THEATRE.

A colossal colored carnival is in progress at the Pleasure Palace, where the Black Patti and her seventy-five troupe d'opéra are creating a sensation. This organization is the best of its kind ever combined, and the performance embodied a blending of opera, comedy, burlesque, and vaudeville embellished with magnificent costumes and beautiful scenery. The entertainment opens with a farce, "At Jolly Coney Island," in which are faithfully and humorously depicted many types of characters for which Coney Island is noted; then follows a strong vaudeville company. The performance concludes with a great operatic kaleidoscope, which is one of the most novel and interesting musical medleys ever presented.

Gilmore & Leonard, the favorite Irish comedians, are the headliners, and in conjunction with Tom Harrison as the "Yellow Kid" and a lot of other clever vaudeville performers they will cut up all sorts of side splitting capers in "Hoan's Alley" at Proctor's 23d street throughout the week. Many new and captivating specialties will be introduced in the course of the continuous bill.

A 10 CENT QUEEN.

One Who Is Shipped All Over the World in a Box.

Imagine a queen traveling around the world in 10 cents! It seems preposterous, and yet it is a fact. There is a certain man, according to the St. Louis Republic, who will do this for any one who will send him an order, whether it comes from England, China or any other foreign country, and he says: "I have frequent demands from all parts of the world. You see, I send these queens as follows: You will notice that there are two little circular apertures in this royal carriage," and he produced a little wooden box, "one in which the queen is kept and the other for her suit. The little plug in the center of the box is solidified, and of honey, which will furnish food to the royal party until they arrive at their destination.

"The compartments are covered with a fine wire gauze to prevent the escape of the insects.

"This large one in the first compartment, the one with the delicately shaped, long body and beautiful markings, is an Italian queen bee, and she is valued at \$10. I have queens valued all the way from \$2 to \$25.

"The others, in the second compartment, are the suit or worker bees, that will accompany her on the trip, not only for company, but also for the heat they will produce to keep her comfortable on the stormy voyage over the great, cold seas.

"After we have the bees safely stowed away in their proper compartments, we switch the little lid around and fasten it with a my screw at the ends, and on its top surface the address of the consignee is written, the stamp is affixed, and away goes for many days, a queen sold into slavery for the trivial sum of \$10 and sent to her destination on a 10 cent stamp.

"Bee culture has grown so rapidly in the United States that there are few farmers now who have not a substantial apiary and who do not get a handsome income each year from the honey they bees yield, and besides the farmers there are thousands of gentlemen and ladies who are amateurs purely from the fascination the hobby affords."

Don't Polish Cut Glass Too Much.
Great care should be taken with articles of cut glass, whether for table service or toilet use. The greater mistake is made in attempting too high a polish, which, as a rule, many persons consider one of the chief beauties of this ware. Constant polishing reduces the exquisite finish which makes it appear so bright when new. In order to retain this brilliancy for the article, when quickly cleaned, be allowed to

No-To-Bacco For Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure. Makes weak men strong, blood pure. See #1. All druggists.

HARVEST OF HAIR.

HOW THE COUPEURS GATHERED IT FROM THE HEADS OF THE POOR.

Wives Employed to Get a Woman to Part With Her "Old Glory." There Was Always a Sure Market, For False Hair Was Worn by All Fashionable Ladies.

History records the fact that in 1682, in England, long, flaxen hair was purchased from the head at 10 shillings an ounce, while other fine hair fetched from 5 to 7 shillings for the same quantity, and within the present century the heads of whole families in Devonshire were let out by the year at so much per poll, a private market of Exeter going round at certain periods to cut the locks, afterward oiling the skull of each bereft person. That the use of false hair as an aid to feminine beauty was not unknown to the ancients is well proved. The Greeks, Romans and Egyptians, long before the dawn of the Christian era, resorted to the wearing of tresses obtained from other persons' heads. They even went so far as to paint bald heads so as to represent them as covered with short hair, also marble caps so painted were worn. A valuable merchandise in the blond hair of German women is mentioned in an ancient Roman history.

A question that has doubtless often presented itself is, Where did all this hair come from? This question I will endeavor to answer. With the coming of spring in the midlands and west of France appeared what may fitly be termed a singular class of nomadic individuals, armed with long iron tipped staves and bearing heavy packs of merchandise upon their backs. At first glance one would have taken them to be ordinary hawkers, yet merchandise was but an accessory to their strange industry. They were the coupeurs, the reapers of a harvest.

Armed with long, keen shears, they went their way seeking the tresses of willing victims dwelling in outlying hamlets and villages of peasant France, and a laborious business it was. From "dewy morn" until the shadows of night gathered thickly they did their 10 or 15 miles a day—often fruitlessly and with empty stomachs, their onlyed the way-side. In Auvergne these seekers after hair were known as chimneyers. The Bretons called them margoulinis. These terms have not fit English parallels.

These curious journeymen exerted every effort to gain their ends—a good head of hair—the former preferring the local fairs as a workshop, the latter choosing to visit the dwellings of their possible clients. In summary the Brittany margoulin was often seen going through the streets, carrying his long staff, from which hung twists of hair, while he cried in doleful tones the well known "Piau, piau!" at the sound of which the cottagers, with an itching desire to possess some of his gowgaws, attracted the wanderer's attention. He was only too pleased to dazzle their eyes with his many colored wares, and the bargaining was not slow to begin. While the women fingered his goods the margoulin weighed her tresses with his hand, a proceeding at which he was adept through long practice. The bargainer of the woman yielded her abundant locks in return for a few yards of cotton stuff or a gay petticoat, to which, thanks to the progress of civilization, the coupeur had to add a small sum of money. Sometimes the transaction was not completed without much discussion on both sides. Very often the coupeur had to return to the charge owing to female indecision, and he was more than happy when such a tardy remorse would not rob him of half his coveted tripe.

Until the authorities intervened, cutting was conducted in public as an amusement for onlookers, it being considered highly entertaining to hear 10 or 12 rival coupeurs endeavoring their wares, each professing his to be far superior to his rival's. The prohibition of this custom drove the hair harvesters to erect tents, tents for the day unoccupied shops, cellars, stables or any corner they could find wherein to establish themselves. Stocks were then stacked up, from them being suspended petticoats as a lure, as an indication of what could be had in exchange for tresses; to the petticoats were attached twists of hair as trademarks. The ruse succeeded, peasants halted, casting envious glances at the multicolored garments. They were handled and even tried on, thus affording an opportunity to the coupeurs to flatter their fair customers—who did not long rest—and victory rewarded the cute buyers. In Auvergne—where the coupeurs were most numerous—the greatest harvest was reaped on St. John's day. The ingathering extended from April to September, during which month the butchers, bakers, locksmiths, etc., forsook their ordinary avocations for that of the coupeur, returning to their legitimate trades with the coming of the dead season. The hair of different countries was distinguished by certain qualities. For instance, that of Auvergne was the coarsest; the finest and most flaxen from Belgium; the blackest and longest from Italy, while that prepared in Brittany was the most beautiful, though less well cared for—

Potato salad.
Four cold boiled potatoes, two hard boiled eggs, chop fine together, one teaspoonful of pepper and one of mustard, two teaspoonfuls of salt, one egg beaten light, two teaspoonfuls of sweet cream, four teaspoonfuls of good cider vinegar.

DOROTHY.

BY JAMES WORKMAN.

The judge had died, and was enjoying an after-dinner cigar before turning to a pile of papers that lay on the table at his elbow. Yet even as he watched the flickering fire and puffed dreamily at his cigar, his heart was in a little relaxation after a hard day's work in a close and crowded court, his mind was busy formulating the scathing sentences in which he intended to sum up a case that had been tried that day. There could be no doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner, who had been accused of a most important fraud, and though it was a first offense, the judge intended to pass the severest sentence which the law allowed.

He had conducted the trial with the most scrupulous impartiality, but now that a verdict of guilty was a foregone conclusion, he determined to make an example of one who had so shamefully abused the confidence placed in him.

He had conducted the trial with the most scrupulous impartiality, but now that a verdict of guilty was a foregone conclusion, he determined to make an example of one who had so shamefully abused the confidence placed in him.

Stunned briefly, the situation was as follows: The prisoner, Arthur Maxwell, was cashier to a firm of solicitors, Messrs. Lightbody and Dunlop. The only surviving partner of the original firm, Mr. Lightbody, had recently died, leaving the business to his nephew, Thomas Faulkner. Faulkner accused Arthur Maxwell of having embezzled a sum of two hundred and fifty pounds. Maxwell admitted having taken the money, but positively asserted that it had been presented to him as a free gift by Mr. Lightbody. Unfortunately for the prisoner, the letter which he had stated had accompanied the check could not be produced, and Faulkner, supported by the evidence of several well-known experts, declared the signature on the check to be a forgery. When the check-book was examined the counterfoil was discovered to be a blank. The prisoner asserted that Mr. Lightbody himself had taken out a blank check and had filled it up and signed it at his private residence. He could, however, produce no proof of this assertion, and all the evidence available was opposed to his unsupported statement.

"Arthur Maxwell," soliloquized the judge, "you have been convicted on evidence that leaves no shadow of a doubt of your guilt of a crime which I must characterize as one of the basest."

The chattering of voices in the hall brought the soliloquy to an abrupt conclusion. The judge required absolute silence and solitude when he was engaged in study, and the servants, who stood in considerable awe of him, were extremely careful to prevent the least disturbance taking place within earshot of his sanctum. He jerked the bell impatiently, intending to give a good warning to those responsible for the disturbance. But the door was thrown open by his daughter, Mabel, a pretty girl of twelve, who was evidently in a state of breathless excitement.

"O papa!" she exclaimed, "here's such a queer little object wants to see you. Please let her come in."

Before the judge could remonstrate, a little child, a rosy-faced girl of between five and six, in a red hood and cloak, hugging a black puppy under her arm and a brown paper parcel under the other, trotted briskly into the room. The judge rose to his feet with an expression which caused his daughter to vanish with remarkable celerity.

"What on earth are you doing here, child?" he asked irritably. "What can you possibly want with me?" She remained silent, staring at him with round, frightened eyes. "Come, come, can't you find your tongue, little girl?" he asked more gently. "What is it you want with me?"

"If you please," she said timidly, "I have brought you Tommy."

"Tommy was clearly the fat puppy, for as she bent her face toward him he wagged his tail and promptly licked the end of her nose.

"I've brought you other things as well," she said, opening the brown paper parcel and revealing a doll with a very beautiful complexion, large blue eyes and hair of the purest gold, a diminutive Noah's ark, a white pig, a woolly sheep, a case of crayons, a pen-holder, a broken-bladed knife, a small paint box, a picture book or two, and what bore some faint resemblance to a number of water-color sketches. She seemed particularly proud of the last-named.

"I painted them all by myself," she explained.

"Well," he said, "it is very kind of you to bring me all these pretty things, but why do you want to give them to me?"

"I don't want to give them to you," she faltered.

"Come," he said with a quiet laugh, "that's honest, at least. Well, why do you give them to me if you don't want to?"

"I'll give them to you, and Tommy, too," with a very wistful glance at the puppy. "If you'll promise not to send poor papa to prison."

A silence, such as precedes some awful convulsion of nature, pervaded the

room for several seconds after this audacious proposal. Even Tommy, as though covering before the outraged majesty of the law, buried his head beneath the judge's coat and vest and lay motionless except for a propitiatory wag of his tail.

"What is your name, child?" asked the judge.

"Dorothy Maxwell," faltered the little girl, timidly, awed by the sudden silence and the perhaps unconsciously stern expression upon his lordship's face.

"Dorothy Maxwell," said the judge, severely, as though the little name before him were standing in the prisoner's dock awaiting sentence, "you have been convicted at the close of the nineteenth century of the almost unparalleled crime of attempting to corrupt one of her majesty's judges, to persuade him by means of bribery to defeat the ends of justice. I shall further enlarge upon the enormity of your crime. Have you anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced upon you? Do not cry. Poor little thing! I don't mean to frighten you. I'm not the least bit angry with you really and truly, come and sit on my knee, and show me all those pretty things."

"This is very like commencing a criminal offence," thought the judge with a grim smile, as he wiped the tears from the child's face and tried to interest her in the contents of the brown paper parcel.

But the thoughts the tears aroused did not vanish with them. Arthur Maxwell was no longer a kind of impersonal representative of the criminal classes, to be dealt with as severely as the law allowed in the interest of society in general. He was the father of this soft, plump, rosy-cheeked, good-natured little maid, who inevitably would have to share now or in the future her father's infamy and disgrace.

At this moment the door opened, and his wife, a slender, graceful woman, considerably younger than himself, with a rounded, delicate face, came quietly in.

"Ah," exclaimed the judge, with a sudden inspiration, "I believe you are in the bottom of all this, Agnes. What is this child doing here?"

"You are not vexed, Matthew?" she asked, but timidly.

"Hardly that," he answered slowly, "but what good can it do? It is impossible to explain the situation to this poor little mite. It was cruel to let her come on such an errand. How did she get here?"

"It was her own idea—entirely her own idea; but her mother brought her, and asked to see me. The poor woman was distressed, nearly frantic with grief and despair, and ready to clutch at any straw. She was so dreadfully miserable, poor thing, and I thought it was such a pretty idea, I—I couldn't refuse her, Matthew."

"But, my dear," expostulated the judge, "you must have known that it could do no good."

"I—I knew what the verdict would be," answered his wife. "I read a report of the trial in an evening paper. But, then, there was the sentence, you know—and—and I thought the poor child might soften you a little, Matthew."

The judge's hand strayed mechanically among the toys, and to interest the child he began to examine one of the most vivid of her pictorial efforts. "You think I am very hard and unjust, Agnes?" he asked.

"No, no, no," she answered, hurriedly; "not unjust, never unjust. There is not a more impartial judge upon the bench—the world says it. But don't you think, dear, that justice without—without mercy is always a little hard? Don't be angry, Matthew. I never spoke to you like this before. I wouldn't now but for the poor woman in the next room and the innocent little thing at your knee."

The judge made no reply. He bent still more closely over the scarlet animal straying amid emerald fields, and burnt timber trees of a singularly original shape.

"That's a cow," said Dorothy, bravely. "Don't you see its horns? and that's its tail—it isn't a tree. There's a cat on the other side. I can draw cats better than cows."

In her anxiety to exhibit her artistic abilities in their higher manifestations she took the paper out of his hands, and presented the opposite side. At first he glanced at it listlessly, and then his eyes suddenly flashed and he examined it with breathless interest.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he exclaimed, excitedly.

It was not a judicial utterance, but the eulogiums were exceptional. "Here's the very letter Maxwell declared he had received from Lightbody along with the cheque. His reference to it, as he couldn't produce it, did more harm than good; but I believe it's genuine, upon my word I do. Listen; it's dated from The Hollies, Lightbody's private address:

"My dear Maxwell: I have just heard from the doctor that my time will be very short, and I am trying to arrange my affairs as quickly as possible. I have long recognized the unsatisfactory, but thorough and entirely satisfactory, manner in which you have discharged your duties, and as some little and perhaps too tardy recognition of your long and faithful services, and as a token of my personal esteem for you, I hope you will accept the enclosed two hundred and fifty pounds. With best wishes for your future, believe me, sincerely,

"THOMAS LIGHTBODY."

"What do you think of that? I'll send it round to Maxwell's solicitor at once."

"Oh, Matthew, then the poor fellow's innocent, after all?"

"It looks like it. If this letter is genuine, he certainly is. There, don't

look miserable again. I'm sure it is. If it had been a forgery, you may be sure it would have been ready for production at a moment's notice. Where did you get this paper, little girl?"

Dorothy blushed guiltily and hung her head.

"I took it out of papa's desk. I—I took it without asking. You won't tell him, will you? He'll be ever so cross."

"Well, we may perhaps have to let him know about it, my dear; but I don't think he'll be a bit cross. Now, this lady will take you to your mother, and you can tell her that papa won't go to prison, and that he'll be home to-morrow night."

He kissed her, and his wife held out her hand. But Dorothy lingered, with hanging head and twitching lips.

"May I say good-bye to Tommy, please?" she faltered.

"Tommy's going with you," said the judge, laughing kindly. "I wouldn't deprive you of Tommy's company for Tommy's weight in gold."

Dorothy eagerly pursued the fat puppy, captured him after an exciting chase, and took him in her arms. Then she walked towards the door, but the corner of her eye rested wistfully on the contents of the brown paper parcel. The judge hastily gathered the toys rolled them up in the paper, and presented them to her. But Dorothy looked disappointed. The thought of giving them to purchase her father's pardon had been sweet as well as bitter. She was willing to compromise in order to escape the pain that the loss of Tommy and the doll and the paint box and other priceless treasures would have inflicted, but she still wished, poor little epitome of our complex human nature, to taste the joy of her self-sacrifice. Besides, she was afraid that the judge might after all refuse to pardon her father if she took away all the gifts with which she had attempted to propitiate him.

She put the parcel on a chair and opened it up. Holding the wriggling puppy in her arms she gazed at her treasures, trying to make up her mind which would be sufficiently valuable in the judge's eyes to accomplish her purpose. Finally, she selected the sheep, and presented the luxuriantly woolly, almost exasperatingly meek-looking animal to the judge.

"You may have that and the pretty picture for your kind papa," she said, with the air of one who confers inestimable favors.

He was about to decline the honor, but, catching his wife's eye, he meekly accepted it, and Dorothy and the puppy and the brown paper parcel disappeared through the door.

"Well, well," said the judge, with a queer smile, as he placed the fluffy white sheep on the mantelpiece. "I never thought I should be guilty of accepting a bribe, but we never know what we may come to."

The next day Maxwell was acquitted and assured by the judge that he left the court without a stain upon his character. The following Christmas Dorothy received a brown paper parcel containing toys of the most wonderful description from an unknown friend; and it was asserted by his intimates that ever afterwards the judge's sentences seldom erred on the side of severity, and that he was disposed, whenever possible, to give a prisoner the benefit of the doubt.—The Standard Magazine.

Animals Sham Death.

A Clever Fox That Came to Life, Bit His Captor and Escaped. Two cases are on record of foxes being discovered in hen-houses. In each case the fox not only completely devoured the fowls, but allowed himself to be dragged out by the brush and thrown down in the one case in a field, and the other on a dung hill. In each instance the fox then jumped up and ran away. Another example is that of a fox which dangled across a man's shoulder as it allowed itself to be carried along a road for more than a mile. At last it bit the man and was promptly dropped. A cat was observed to carry a weasel home in its mouth, the weasel dangling helplessly. The door of the house was closed, and the cat, in conformity with its usual habit, moved to gain admission. To mew, however, it had to set down the weasel, which jumped up and fastened on its nose.

The following instance was observed by the late Prof. Romanes: A corn-crake had been retrieved by a dog, and, having every appearance of being dead, was put in a man's pocket. Presently violent struggles were felt, and the man drew the bird out. To his astonishment it again hung in his hand limp and apparently lifeless. It was then set upon the ground and watched from behind some cover. In a short time it raised its head, looked around and decamped at full speed.—From the Scotsman.

A Curious Wooden Watch.

The most curious timekeeper, perhaps, that has ever been made in this country, was the work of one Victor Doriot, who lived in Bristol, Tenn., about twenty years ago. This oddity was nothing more nor less than a wooden watch. The case was made of birch root, and the inside works, except three of the main wheels and the springs (which were of metal) were made from a piece of old boxwood rick. The face, which was polished until it looked like a slab of fine ivory, was made from the shoulder blade of an old cow that had been killed by the ears. "Doriot's queer watch," as it was called, was an open-faced affair, with a glass crystal, and was pronounced a fine piece of work by all the watchmakers in East Tennessee.

Use for Nickel-Steel.

Nickel-steel is considered by some as the building material of the future. It is produced by the combination of iron and nickel, the success of the alloy depending upon the quality of the nickel. Quite recently nickel-steel has also been employed in the manufacture of bicycles, and a German wheel of this material, weighing but thirteen pounds, is said to have compared favorably with bicycles made of common steel. New York Sun.

Danger Signal for Drunkenness.

The Ashantees hold that drunkenness forms no excuse for crime; but by way of preventing as far as possible any untoward results happening through intoxication, any one who feels that way disposed is under an obligation to streak his forehead with dashes of red paint. The danger signal warns quiet people to keep clear of the decorated one. Philadelphia Ledger.

A Sad Indiscretion.

Business in the Japanese Parliament seems of a rather frivolous character. A whole recent sitting was devoted to considering whether a member had not violated Parliamentary etiquette by attending the opening in a truck coat, instead of the regulation dress-suit. Finally the offending member was solemnly warned of his "indiscretion," narrowly escaping being handed over to the Disciplinary Committee for punishment.—New York Tribune.

The Little Cape Holds Its Own.

Despite all the predictions to the contrary, the doom of the little cape has not yet come, and it still holds its own in the rank and file of outside garments. To be sure, it is very short, very full, elaborately trimmed, and sometimes decorated with scarf ends of lace chiffon or ribbon, but it is a cape all the same.

Not Easily Heated.

"Sharp man, that!" "How?" "Widow sued him, got judgment for one hundred dollars." "Yes?" "Married the widder, got a divorce for sixty dollars, an' had forty dollars left out of the one hundred dollars."

WHY NAPOLEON LOST WATERLOO

Owing to an Incurable Disease He Suffered During the Battle.

In a recent English book on Waterloo there is a curious reason given for Napoleon's defeat, which seems to have escaped other historians. Others, bringing forward many particular examples to prove this contention, urge that throughout the campaign Napoleon was incapacitated by disease and a semi-comatose condition at the moment when energy was of all things the most needful. The truth seems to be that Napoleon was suffering under the influence of a strange and mysterious malady the nature of which has not yet been accurately defined.

What is certain in Napoleon's case is that his malady had been growing upon him with increasing force since 1804, that its attacks were modified by a sudden lethargy, amounting to complete prostration, and that its effects were that, at some critical moment of a battle, his wonderful power of quick and correct decision seemed to desert him, so much so that, for the time being, he almost abandoned the reins to chance.

At Wagram and at Bautzen he stood, with the noise of battle was rolling around him. At Waterloo he seated in a wooden chair, his head drooping upon his arms, resting on a table stretched out to accommodate his maps and papers, he slumbered heavily, oblivious for the moment, even in this crisis of his fortunes, of the events which were deciding his destiny. 4444 Days.

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A SEA ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Extraordinary Superstition Once Prevalent in England.

The curious superstition that there is an ocean above the clouds is illustrated by the following strange story by an old English writer: "One Sunday the people of a certain village were coming out of church on a thick, cloudy day, when they saw the anchor of a ship hooked to one of the font-stones—the cable, which was tightly stretched, hanging down from the air. The people were astonished, and while they were consulting about it suddenly they saw the rope move as though some one labored to pull up the anchor. The anchor, however, still held fast by the stone, and a great noise was heard in the air, like the shouting of sailors. Presently a sail was seen sliding down the cable for the purpose of unfastening the anchor. When he had just loosened it, the villagers seized hold of him, and while in their hands he quickly died, just as though he had been drowned.

About an hour after the sailors above, hearing no more of their comrade, cut the cable and sailed away. In memory of this extraordinary event the people of the village made the hinges of the church doors out of the iron of the anchor. It is further stated that these hinges are still to be seen there, a bit of evidence much like Munchausen's rope which was once climbed to the moon. If you doubted the story, you were confronted with the tape.

There is another queer tale about this aerial ocean. "A merchant of Bristol," it is said, "set sail with his cargo for Ireland. Some time after, while his family were at supper, a knife suddenly fell in through a window on the table. When the merchant returned and saw the knife, he declared it to be his own and said that on such a day, at such an hour, while sitting in an unknown part of the sea, he dropped the knife overboard, and the day and the hour were found to be exactly the time when it fell through the window." All of which was once implicitly believed by many and regarded as incontrovertible proof of the existence of a sea above the sky. One is at a loss to conjecture how that "unknown part of the sea" connected with the rest of it. A physical geography showing this would be no small curiosity.—Boston Post.

SILKWORMS OF LEBANON.

How They Are Cultivated in the Mountains of Tripoli.

Harry Fern, the artist, has written a paper, entitled "Silk and Cedars," for St. Nicholas, describing his visit to the famous vineyards of Lebanon. Concerning the industry, which plays such an important part in the lives of the natives, Mr. Fern says: "As the time approaches for the silkworm to hatch out of the egg the family move out of the house and camp under the trees, giving up the entire establishment to the worms, after having placed the eggs on shelves made of a red-like substance. At first the young worms are fed on chopped leaves, but as they grow larger the leaves need only to be in view. The people have to stand and watch the worms night and day, or they wander in search of food and get lost, and in the silence of the night the sound of the worms feeding is like a gentle falling rain.

The worms fast three or four times during this period, and about 21 hours length of each fast. A curious thing is that at their fast is their posture, as they assume the attitude of a cobra snake about to strike and remain rigidly fixed in that position for the entire period. When they are ready to spin, small branches are placed on the shelves, and as the cocoons are formed upon them the dead twigs seem to bear golden fruit. When the worms get through that part of the business, the neighbors are called in—something as to an old-fashioned New England apple-paring day. They call it "qatar" in Arabic—that is "picking," and soon on see piles of pale green, leafy white and golden yellow cocoons heaped upon the floor. Later they may be spun into hanks, but usually the cocoons are sent down the mountains to Tripoli or Damascus, and after their 30 or 40 days of toil they, too, often have to sell the produce for next to nothing, as the Chinese are always ready to undercut them.

Another curious way Mr. Silkworm is put to it to make him in vinegar for some hours, after which he is drawn out into so-called "caterpillars" to make melle for silk.

MIKE PERFORMED HIS DUTY.

And Joe Jefferson was not Allowed to Continue His Morning Nap.

A number of years ago Joe Jefferson played a one-night engagement in a small Indiana town, appearing in his favorite part of Rip Van Winkle. In the hotel in which he stayed was an Irishman, "recently landed," who acted as porter and general assistant. Judged by the deep and serious interest which he took in the house, he might have been clerk, lessee and proprietor rolled into one. At about six o'clock in the morning Mr. Jefferson was startled by a violent thumping on his door. When he struggled into consciousness, and realized that he had left no "call" at the office, he was naturally indignant. But his sleep was spoiled for that morning, so he arose, and soon after appeared before the clerk. "See here," he demanded of that individual, "why was I called at this unmerciful hour? I don't know you," answered the clerk. "I'll ask Mike." The Irishman was accordingly summoned. Said the clerk: "Mike, there was no call for Mr. Jefferson. Why did you disturb him?" Taking the clerk by the lapel of the coat, the Irishman led him to one side, and said in a mysterious whisper: "He was snoring like a horse, sir, and I heard the boys saying something about how he were once after snoring for twenty years, so I says to myself, 'Moke, it's a coming out 'in again, and it's yer duty to get the grayhair out of our house instantly!'"

More Official Tyranny.

"That's something" in this year paper, Josiah, about a Government bureau for the Indians, observed Mrs. Hayseed. "Ha!" came from Josiah, accompanied by an angry snort. "Another expense to be saddled onto the sufferer's pay, is this tax ridden land! Another scheme for extracting the dollars from the pockets of the dejected and people! Of course that damned gang of scoundrels out West must have a bureau. They couldn't manage to get along without it. A bureau is necessary to their heathenish happiness, and so this year Government steps in and gives them a bureau to be paid for by the shaps who earn their bread by the sweat of their brow." Oh, yes; the Indians must have a bureau, while I, Josiah Hayseed, a citizen and a taxpayer, have to lay my share toward getting it for them, and I'm obliged to content myself with a six by eight looking glass and a dry goods box. Did not such a dad-blamed country, any-how?" New York Journal.

Definite Instructions.

"The Albany Journal" tells a story of two green reporters, Englishmen, who were sent by a city editor of a certain newspaper to a suburban town to write up the burning of an orphan asylum. Late that night, when the news editor was wondering why no copy about the fire was coming by wire, a telegraph messenger rushed in and handed him a dispatch. He opened it and read: "Dear Sir: We are here. What shall we do?"

It was signed by the names of the two men sent to write up the fire.

The news editor made a few remarks which, while they were appropriate to the occasion, would not look well in print; then he wrote on a telegraph blank this brief message: "Find out where the fire is hottest and jump in."

Queer Beetles.

There is a species of beetle in Australia which acts the role of energetic undertakers who carefully bury carcasses left on the soil. As soon as they smell a field mouse, a mole, or a fish in a state of decomposition, they come by troops to bury it, getting under the body, hollowing out the ground with their legs, and projecting the rubbish they dig in all directions. Little by little, the carcass sinks; at the end of twenty-four hours the whole is several inches deep. They then mount it, cast the earth down into the grave, so as to fill it and hide the body from sight. The females will then lay their eggs in the mounds, where the larvae will afterward find an abundance of food. Golden Days.

Tips to Grow Tall on Meal Diet.

It has been written that no man by giving thought to himself can add one eighth of an inch to his height, but the accompanying day book is a despair, and an ordinance has been forth exporting the people to eat in a variety of meat, with a view to increasing the average height of the race. Whatever results may follow the method proposed, they are certain to be a long time coming; but it is only another instance of the determination on the part of the Japanese not to let the slightest chance slip for attaining all the advantages which they see, or think they see, in Western civilization. St. James Gazette.

Deer Fear not Snakes.

It is a curious fact that deer are not affected by the bites of poisonous snakes. They know this by instinct, and do not hesitate to attack the reptiles, stamping them to death and generally receiving many bites in the process of extermination. Undoubtedly there is something in the character of the animal's blood that makes it impervious to the deadly venom. Some believe that the liver of the deer does not produce gall, and that this accounts for it. Golden Days.

He Improved It.

Hobby at the table: "Ma, chuck me a piece of bread." Mother (shocked): "Hobby, is that the way to ask for bread?" Hobby (guiltily): "Chuck me a piece of bread, please."

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

Alexander III stood in constant fear of being assassinated.

Alexander III of Russia was incessantly haunted by the fear of assassination, and he had good cause to feel anxious. On several occasions his life was saved by what seemed the direct intervention of supernatural power. Once, says a contemporary, his life was preserved by the second thought, itself an inspiration of an officer of the Czar's body guard. Shortly after General Gorko had been called from Odessa to act as military governor of St. Petersburg, a policeman, posted at the top of the Nevsky Prospect, caught sight early one morning of an epileptic coming up the thoroughfare at a trot. It bore unusual devices familiar to everybody. It was driven by a coachman recognized as a servant of Prefect Gorko, and on each side rode the regular escort of six mounted Cossacks. General Gorko and his escort for the guardian of the peace had easily recognized and hastily signaled his chief, the new prefect of police made their way to the massive Winter Palace, and the General alighted and rang. To the doorkeeper, an officer of the bodyguard he briefly stated the object of his visit; he desired an immediate conference with the Czar. The hour was early, but his business brooked no delay, for it concerned the safety of Alexander himself. The janitor was at first imperious, expostulating that his imperial master had been in bed only an hour; but at last he yielded. Up the broad staircase they went together, pausing in their ascent only when they had reached a landing giving access to one of the numerous saloons. At this point General Gorko was instructed to wait. At this point, too, the Czar's guardian seems to have repeated his decision. Closely scrutinizing the prefect of police, and proceeding in the direction of the emperor's sleeping apartments, he did not arouse the Czar at all. What he did was to rush to the guard room and dispatch the Czar's orderly sleep on. A quarter of an hour later the messenger returned. He had been sent to General Gorko's residence, and he brought back the information that the prefect of police was at that moment in bed. The orderly visitor, therefore, was an impostor. He was something more, for from his pockets after he had been seized and punished, was drawn forth a six-barreled revolver and a two-edged hunting knife. The Czar's life had been saved, yet it had hung for a few minutes in the balance. The made-up Gorko, the prefect of police, initiated him to the minutest details of hair, complexion and wig might have deceived even the Czar himself. Not a whit less perfect was the art which I reproduced the Gorko coach and escort. Only the smart prefect was secured, however, his confederates escaped.

Milton's Wives and Daughters.

Of Milton's three wives and his relations with them, enough has been written. It was a hard thing to be Milton's wife or Milton's daughter. He was stern, he was austere, he was self-centered; his impeccable strength was purchased by a subtle and morbid egotism—which is the name they give to selfishness in poets. Very chill must have been the life of his girls in that Puritan house, reading to the law-rattled Puritan father from languages they did not understand, and taking down from his lips poetry they understood still less. Milton found them unattractive. Poor little "undutiful" daughters! Fathers had terrible conceptions of duty in those days.—From the Academy.

How should She Know.

Mr. M., a Boston gentleman, has a telephone in his new house, and he instructed a newly engaged Irish maid servant how to reply in case there should come a call over the wire during the absence of Mr. M. and his wife. One day there came such a call, and North went to the telephone. "Well, sor?" said North, with her mouth to the speaking tube. "Who's that?" came over the wire in a masculine voice. "It's me, sor." "And who is me?" "How the devil should I know who ye are?" reported North. Harper's Bazaar.

Survived the Plie.

The good lady scrutinized him closely. "Didn't I give you a whole ounce of a day or two ago?" she inquired in tones which resembled an amateur's sad wail for lemons. "Yes, mum," replied the occupant of the outcast overcoat. "On the same party; but I've recovered, and if you'll make it plain bread and milk this time, I'll be heartily obliged." Baltimore News.

Quite a Resemblance.

Rural Ranges—Say, Tats, do you know why we're like shot machines? "Trapping 'atters—No, I don't. Why is we?" Rural Ranges "Cos we never work."

No Mistaking the Likeness.

Photographer: Your son ordered this photograph from me. Father: It is certainly very much like him. Has he paid for it? Photographer: Not yet. Father: That is still more like him.

Mrs. De Form Now that baby is

three weeks old, John, we must send out his cards to let the folks know the dear little fellow has arrived. John (as the baby yells)—Er—ah—my dear, don't you think he'll make the announcement himself?—Philadelphia North America.

A BLAZING BEAR STORY.

The Hunter was True, but Gave Brain a Warm Reception.

They were spinning yarns at the chase, and this was the contributor of the Congressman: "After a pretty hard campaign I went with a hunting party to the upper peninsula. One morning I had tramped an unusual distance from camp and suddenly came upon three half-grown cubs rolling and tumbling over each other in play. I shot one and the other two beat a clumsy retreat. Seeing my gun against a tree I reached my aim while he was still kicking. "Hearing a noise, I whirled around to find the mother coming at me, her mouth wide open and her eyes glaring. There was no chance to reach the rifle. I'm no sprinter, and took to my only alternative by shooting up a tall pine tree. She stopped a minute, as if to gaze the victim of my shot, and was more enraged than ever as she came clanking after me. One of the trifling top of that pine I did so, and, er thinking, I at length thought I'd try on any question of state. The bear was coming, and I was no more. I was without weapon of any kind. It looked as though brain had the drop. "Put a man in my predicament over looks no chances. In my vest pocket I had a well-filled match safe. In my hip pocket was a pint of brandy, and in my one moderate nip. In my hunting jacket was a bunch of tow. I started toward that with brandy, and as I bore approached, I unrolled the tow so as to have two shoes. I lit the first half and dropped it on the bear. I didn't need the other half. There was a flash of light as though a pan of powder had been ignited. The air was filled with the odor of burning hair. The bear let go and fell down, because it was quicker. Then she left a fiery streak toward the horizon, and I never more noise than any ordinary thunder storm." Detroit Free Press.

BEECHER'S ONLY POEM.

\$10,000 offered for it, but the Author would not Accept. It was related to Mrs. Beecher that during their own ship Mr. Beecher once "drapped into poetry," and wrote a few lines of verse, meaning with affection for his sea-coast. But the verses were always kept sacred by Mrs. Beecher, and nothing could win them from her.

One day Mr. and Mrs. Beecher were in the office of Robert Bonner, the publisher.

"Why don't you write a poem, Beecher?" said Mr. Bonner.

"He did once," said Mrs. Beecher.

"Recite it for me, won't you, Mrs. Beecher?"

But the eyes of the great preacher were riveted on his wife, and she knew that he meant silence.

"Come," said Mr. Bonner, "I'll give you \$5,000 if you will recite that poem to me," addressing Mrs. Beecher.

"Why, it ran—" quickly said Mrs. Beecher.

"Eunice," simply said Mr. Beecher.

And although Robert Bonner offered to double the sum first offered, he never got the poem from Mrs. Beecher. It had been hidden away ever since by Mrs. Beecher, and cherished as one of the dearest treasures her husband left her.—Boston Globe.

Beefsteak Comes High in Alaska.

The first beefsteak that ever reached Circle City, Alaska, sold for \$48 per pound a few weeks ago. The steak consisted of a ten-pound piece of the Thorp beef that was slaughtered at Fortymile Creek, and was carried from that place to Circle City, a distance of 250 miles, by Thomas O'Brien, when O'Brien reached camp the miners turned out en masse to see the steak. It was placed on exhibition, and attracted much attention. The prices offered were such as would have resulted in a mining-camp quarrel or bloodshed if it had not been decided to raffle the steak for the benefit of a hospital which Bishop Rowe is trying to establish for the miners at Circle City. At first only 85 per pound was offered for a slice of steak, but bidding became brisker as the meat was sliced, and as high as \$50 a pound was offered. Finally, in order to avoid complications, it was decided to sell tickets at from 50 cents to \$2.50 for the privilege of drawing for a slice. After \$150 worth of tickets had been sold the drawing began and was ended peacefully. The man Cor. Galveston News.

all of Facts.

Foed Mamma—Why, you naughty, naughty boy! what are you smoking that vile cigarette for?

Helpful: "I'm going for John the Anti-Cigarette League up to our school."

"Well, then, you mustn't smoke them."

"Huh! Think I'm going to be nother but er high prize? I'm going for reform, I be president!"—Puck.

Hoodoo Law.

A meadow at Biddford, Me., is known as the hoodoo lawn, for the reason that rain follows every time it is mowed, before the grass can be cured. It is said that this occurred for twenty-five consecutive years.—Boston Globe.

The Problem Solved.

"There is only one way to secure accuracy in our original service bureau," said the Congressman. "That way is to compel the prophets to confine their observations entirely to last month's weather."

Mutual Admiration Society.

He: "Tell you what—let's found a society for mutual admiration. I, for instance, admire your beautiful eyes—and what do you admire in me?" She: "Your good taste"—Tid Bits.

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THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

SEMI-WEEKLY. Published Every Tuesday and Friday. The Standard Publishing Concern. E. J. WHITEHEAD, President. A. E. PEARSALL, Vice-President. O. E. PEARSALL, Secretary-Treasurer. SUBSCRIPTION. - - \$2 Per Year STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. Office - STANDARD BUILDING. Advertising Rates Furnished on Application. ALFRED E. PEARSALL, Editor. C. E. PEARSALL, Manager. WESTFIELD, N. J., MAY 18, 1897.



Grover Cleveland met with opposition against his going into office. He retired without opposition. Are we to hope that the foreign policy of the new administration may not be as unapologetic, humiliating and ignominious as was that of Cleveland and Olney?

What, ho there! Is it not time for some of the curled and titled darlings of European "nobility" to be claiming the hand and fortune of some American heiress? The people want the bread of equal opportunity through open competition. The new administration must not think to dupe them with the stone of class legislation, nor by playing them further into the hands of the trusts.

Notwithstanding great business reverses (except only for the trusts and bankers he served) Grover Cleveland went out of office with a vast fortune. History will take care of his infamous relation to the bond syndicates and national debt.

In the course of time if the present diminishing tendency in flats keeps up it will be necessary to populate the cities with dolls and dwarfs. Why full grown people continue to shrink themselves for the sake of living in them is a mystery to us and a joy to the grasping landlords.

Suicides are becoming alarmingly numerous. Hard times bring despair. In the meantime the lines between the law-protected trusts and the people are being drawn more tightly. Blame the people, not the trusts. The people have the power in their hands whenever they have the ballot there. When the people fall out with the political hack leaders there will be some chance of their getting their dues.

To-day the taxpayers of Westfield sorely regret that they were circumvented by trusted officials and by them delivered into the hands of the Water and Electric light companies. The officials themselves see the great mistake they have made, and the possibly perpetual wrong their misdoing has imposed upon the people whose representatives they should have been, but were not. Westfield must not be on the lock-the-stable-door-after-the-horse-has-been-stolen basis hereafter. And woe betide the public official who dares again to pervert the people's will.

Mr. Wannamaker warns his party too late. He says (at Business Men's League Banquet, Philadelphia):

"The country is not prosperous. Since the onset of the last presidential campaign the party press and political leaders generally fixed the November election of 1896 as the date of the beginning of good times. A full half of the year has expired since the will of the Republican party was declared. Thus far but one of the important issues of the campaign is nearing settlement, and hardly any noticeable improvement of the wretched times is manifest. The tide will soon set in strongly against the Republican party unless the depression of business is altered. Idleness and want breed a bitter discontent which will never be overcome until there are ample employments."

The new robber tariff will not bring prosperity to the people. Try currency reform.

Possibly the Advance Agent of Prosperity has stopped to take a rest. Westfield would like to get him on a long distance telephone.

The man who is looking for work and unable to find it is to be pitied, indeed; but so many look for the thing as if they were afraid they would find it.

General Weyler is the man under the bed; and every time he pokes his head out from under the slats he gets it slatted by the Cuban patriots. Success to the slatters!

Unless times get better pretty soon the administration will have to lay in a new stock of popularity. But where will they get it? Possibly out of the confidence they talked so much about in that expensive campaign, think?

To-morrow, under the patronage of the King of Sweden Prof. Andrew will start in search of the Pole. He hopes to make his daring voyage in a big balloon. He has faith. He has courage. The intrepid man must avail himself of both qualities ere his perilous journey is at an end. Success to him.

Trust created wealth will surround stock broker Chapman with luxury and seek to make a royal hero of this law-defyer in an effort to defeat the people and protect public men in high positions from scandal and punishment; not to mention the arch conspirators Havemeyer and Searles whose trials have been "postponed." "What are you going to do about it?" is once more on trial. Havemeyer and Searles have robbed the people of millions upon millions of dollars in addition to robbing them of the open field of competition. Shall they bullyrag and defy them now by laying in with the law to forbid the people the right to ask questions and get answers the less wealthy and the real poor would be subject to under penalty of the jail upon refusal? Let Havemeyer and Searles go to jail—where they belong! Already their wealth has brought delays.

We observe with satisfaction that a good many of our friends are breaking themselves of last year's campaign habit of calling us silver fellows anarchists, repudiationists and thieves. Even John Wannamaker admits that the country is not prosperous. And John ought to know. We can tell him and the rest of the gold bugs that there is no prosperity ahead until the volume of money is restored to \$50 per capita, and made legal tender, instead of the endless chain of interest-bearing bank notes that the "financiers" are seeking to force upon the people as long as they have anything left to "hock" for security. Mr. Bryan threw out a large sized life preserver to the country in his proposition to restore silver to its place with gold. But the people didn't know enough to catch it.

Belligerency for Cuba is in sight! It would have been an accomplished fact months ago but that Grover Cleveland, as president of the United States, suppressed evidence that was necessary for the enlightenment of the congress of the Union. If Cleveland was in office he could be reached by impeachment for covering up evidence called for by the senate. Now that he is out of office perhaps he cannot be punished; but the liberty-loving people of this land will get their eyes opened to the treachery of that man Cleveland. He bids for another term? An election would be practically unanimous against him. In the meantime Cuba will come out on top in spite of Cleveland and the cohorts of todayism!

Belligerency should be a thing of the past, and Cuba's independence the only thing thought of or talked about. If, however, belligerency is declared, the people of the United States will settle the independence question in a hurry. Give Cuba the same privileges in our borders as Spain enjoys and Spain is "not in it," and she knows it.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

To the Editor of the Standard.

On April 22, 1897, Mr. Frank Bergen made a speech before the Elizabeth Board of Trade which ought to be read by every voter in Union county. Here is a portion of the speech:

I am in favor of abolishing every municipal government in Union county, except the county government itself, and diminishing the functions of the board of chosen freeholders to the lowest degree consistent with the existence of the county government. Then let us erect a new government over the entire territory of the county, based on a practical theory in harmony with modern ideas. Let the governing body consist of five or seven persons to be elected by the people, well paid and required to devote their whole time to the public service, define the outlines of their power with extreme clearness, and provide for regulations for their conduct within the limits of their jurisdiction. Freedom to act as the public interest requires is necessary to the vigor and efficiency of the administration of any government.

It would, of course, be necessary to establish executive departments, such as tax, fire, health, street and police departments, but I do not think that any member of the executive departments, except the head officer of each, should be elected by the people or appointed by the governing body. The people in a timely settled locality are too busy with their own affairs to spare the time required in a short campaign to make sufficient examination of the fitness of candidates for mere clerkships and other minor offices. As the governing body should be free from the annoyance of the office seeker, and from the dictation of the boss, the minor officers should be chosen by the approved methods of civil service reform.

The italics are mine. There are, as Mr. Bergen says, 101 square miles in Union county and 85,101 people, divided into seventeen municipalities.

If the people in these seventeen municipalities choose to do so they can be personally acquainted with the men they elect to transact their local business, but what chance would these 85,000 people, scattered over 101 miles of territory, have to know the "five or seven men" Mr. Bergen would have them elect to do the business for the whole county. It is possible I am out of order and not speaking to the question, but Mr. Bergen himself says his proposition is "revolutionary," and all "revolutionary" measures should be carefully considered to make sure that they revolve in the right direction. The change is urged chiefly in the interest of the taxpayer. Let the people look to it. Convenience and expense are small evils compared to the danger of removing the government from the people's hands to those of five or seven men whom only a few of the people could know personally and for a knowledge of whom they must depend on the information given by political schemers. Our local governments are in danger; they are worth keeping at any cost; be careful.

C. B. WHITEHEAD, Westfield, May 10, 1897.

At Gettysburg.

The STANDARD has interviewed the general pastor of the Presbyterian church, in reference to his recent visit to the historic battlefield of Gettysburg, and in response to a number of questions, answers somewhat as follows: "Visit the battlefield; yes I should say I did, and myself had worse fight with La Gripper than ever Meade and Sickles and Hancock had with Lee and Pickett. Not so many lives lost; Oh no, perhaps not; but if the modern theory is correct, that microbes are the fighting cause of La Gripper, then I fought with millions, whereas Meade only engaged thousands. Any improvements at Gettysburg? Oh yes; the vast amount of money spent there by the several states as well as the general government has waked up the once sleepy village, and now they have water, sewerage, electric light, the trolley, etc. But the greatest improvement during the last two years has been the many miles of telford road, covering the main lines of the battle, and laid out and built by Uncle Sam.

One fine day my old friend John Hughes drove me over these splendid avenues with his fast horse and bicycle wagon.

The old original stone walls and breastworks are restored, magnificent markers and monuments tell the terrible story of the three-day's fight, and lofty iron towers now enable the visitor to understand at once the geography of the field, and the position of the two armies. Other features of the battlefield are two new bronze equestrian statues of Meade and Hancock.

Serving Carrots.

A way of serving carrots is the following, evolved by a cook desirous, as all cooks should be, of "something new." The vegetable is scraped, diced and boiled till tender. Meanwhile a slice of onion is browned in a table-spoonful of butter. With this one table-spoonful of flour is rubbed smooth and stirred until the flour is cooked. Then one cup of tomato juice, not heated, is added to the mixture with a half tea-spoonful of salt and a dash of pepper. The whole is stirred together three or four minutes before being strained over the carrots, which have been drained. This dish is much more palatable than the creamed carrots because it adds a needed flavor and is none the harder to prepare than the better known preparation.—New York Post.

Thursday Night's Concert.

The Musical Society held the final rehearsal before their concert last evening, and judging by the way they sang the choruses, the concert will be a success as far as they are concerned. That the soloists will do their part well, there is no doubt, for Mr. Clauder is a cellist with whose playing Westfielders are more or less familiar and know what he can do.

Miss Knight, who by the way is an old family acquaintance of Dr. Harrison, and whose guest she will be while in town, comes to Westfield with the reputation of being a delightful singer. It can only be added that as far as the choruses and soloists are concerned the concert is sure to be a success, and it only depends on the friends of the society whether it will be financially so or otherwise. Tickets can be obtained of any of the members, or at Dorval's drug store. Thursday evening 8 to 10 p. m.

HE FORESAW THE FUTURE.

James G. Blaine's Prophetic Words About His Political Career.

I first made the acquaintance of Mr. Blaine during the congress session of 1865-6. He was then beginning his second term in the house. At that time I owned and edited a county newspaper in General Garfield's district. One day in the fall of 1865 Garfield wrote me to come up to his hilltop home in the little college town of Hiram. He told me that he thought it would be a good thing for a young newspaper man to study national politics in Washington and get acquainted with national men, and that he would undertake to get me a clerkship in the house of representatives. In due time he spoke to his old friend, General Robert C. Schenck, who was chairman of the committee on military affairs, and the result was I was given the clerkship of that committee.

Colfax was speaker of the house, and for some reason or other he seemed to have little liking for the ambitious young member from the Augusta district of Maine, for he appointed Blaine to a position near the foot of that committee. Now, Blaine had not served in the army and had no knowledge of military legislation and no taste for that kind of work. He used to be a country editor himself, and he appeared to take a fancy to the young clerk from Ohio. He would often drop into the committee room, and, standing before the wood fire, would talk freely to me about his newspaper and political career and his plans and hopes for the future.

I remember that he said one day: "I do not like this military committee business and ought not to be here. Next congress I am going to be on the committee on appropriations or ways and means. Financial questions will soon be the dominant ones in congress. Two years later I expect to be chairman of my committee. Then I think I shall be speaker of the house and after awhile I hope to go to the senate."

Everything came about exactly as he planned. He had wonderful prescience concerning his own future, as well as in relation to political events. When he was a candidate for the presidential nomination in 1880, he said to me: "My career has thus far closely paralleled that of Henry Clay. He was speaker of the house and then senator. His party refused to nominate him as long as I had any chance of electing a president. When it had no longer any chance, it gave him the nomination he had so long sought. I believe that is going to be my fate."—Chicago Times-Herald.

ANCIENT CORPORATIONS.

Trade Monopolies That Were Almost Savage in Their Operation.

Apprentices became no better than serfs and slaves. They were not merely pitilessly fined and brutally punished, they were often left in ignorance of the craft that they had purchased the right to learn. In that frightful social and moral reaction following the long and devastating wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the corporations became more determined than ever to maintain their industrial aristocracy and monopoly. They refused to admit any trade less ancient and honorable than their own to the rights and privileges of the law; they sold themselves by contract with no person of illegitimate birth; and in their savage and relentless pursuit of persons engaged in unauthorized traffic they invaded the homes of contraband workmen, confiscating both their tools and the hidden products of their toil, leaving them and their families destitute and starving.

To such absurd lengths was the creation of corporations carried for the production of new taxes and new places for the teaching of dancing, the selling of flowers and the catching of birds were organized, and homogeneous occupations like the hatters' and carpenters' were divided and subdivided beyond the comprehension of the modern mind. But despite the ingenuity of lawyers and the vigilance of armies of inspectors the lines of demarcation could not be drawn so sharply as to avoid conflicts of interests. The wakers of felt hats quarrelled with the makers of cotton hats. The spinners who had purchased the right to use a loom quarrelled with those that had purchased the right to use flax. The shoemakers fought with the cutlers that produced more than two-thirds of an old shoe. The cutlers that made the handles of knives fought with those that made the blades. The relations of the makers of wooden pointers and the makers of wooden spoons were equally belligerent.—Francis Smith in Popular Science Monthly.

Imitation Jewels.

The wearing of imitation and semi-precious jewels is no longer a social crime. Jewels are freely traded in the fashionable world. Especially is this true of Roman pearls, which figure in many necklaces in company with real diamonds.

What Cash will do.

Pay Cash for your Groceries and save 40 per cent.

Table listing grocery items and prices: Best Elgin Creamery butter 18c lb, Best Print butter 20c lb, Best Dairy butter 15c lb, Pure best lard 7c lb, Compound Lard 6c lb, Colobene 7c qt, Lima Beans 7c qt, Boston Baking Beans 5c qt, Marrow Beans 5c qt, Pure Black Pepper 15c qt, 1 lb box powdered lard 10c.

In our Housefurnishing Department 5 and 10c counter.

NOTHING ON THERE OVER 10c. HAMMOCKS FOR ALL FROM 40c UP.

Call and look over this department. Oilcloth—Oil Stoves—Dishes of all kinds—Largest assortment of Agate Ware in this town. Prices one-half off.

TURRILL'S Cash Grocery, BROAD STREET.

SALE GOING ON AT Central Avenue Greenhouses!

CANNAS—Dwarf and Tall Growing Varieties. GERANIUMS—[Specialties] General Grant. COLEUS—a new variety, Edith Berner.

Lobelia, Marigolds, Pinks, Salvia-Ageratum [Heliotrope, tree-grown], Fushia, Palms, Cycas, Century Plants, Alternanthera, Ivy, Calla Lily—

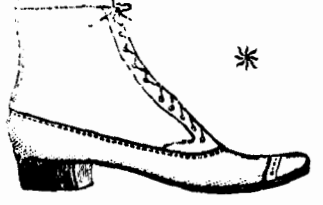
in fact, everything for filling your flower beds, at lowest prices. Get my figures before placing order elsewhere.

Tomato and Cabbage Plants, 10c doz.

Alfred Berner, Prop.

Cor. North and Central Avenues.

LEADING SHOE STORE OF WESTFIELD MY MOTTO—Good goods at popular prices.



Special Shoe Sale!

regardless of cost, during the next week. Black and Russet. They comprise some of last season's colors and styles. Come early before sizes are broken.

JOHN O'BLENIS, Successor to O'Blenis & Dilts, Broad Street, Westfield.

THE NEW ROCHESTER LAMP

Advertisement for The Rochester Lamp Co. featuring 'THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD' lamp. Text includes: 'Only lamps may be called "The Standard" as good as THE ROCHESTER in appearance, but few all containments, but the peculiar merit of the genuine. Look for the NEW ROCHESTER stamp. No Smoke, No Scent, No Broken Chimneys. Made in every conceivable design and material, fitting, light and heating purposes, and at prices to compete with any. WHY BE CONTENT WITH ANY BUT THE BEST? This No. 80625 HANCOCK LAMP, height of shade, 18 inches, with glass chimney, color, black, iron and brass. It is made in every conceivable design and material, fitting, light and heating purposes, and at prices to compete with any. Retail price, \$4.50. The No. 80625 HEATER, height of shade, 18 inches, with glass chimney, color, black, iron and brass. It is made in every conceivable design and material, fitting, light and heating purposes, and at prices to compete with any. Retail price, \$4.50. The Rochester Lamp Co., 12 Park Place and 37 Barclay Street, New York City.

HATS CHILDREN'S, BOY'S, MEN'S HATS

BICYCLE HATS MADE TO ORDER, Any style, from same cloth as suit. You simply bring us a piece of the goods we do the rest. Kurzhals Bldg. CHARLES CLARK, Elm St.

TONSORIAL PARLORS

Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, etc. Ladies' Shampooing a specialty. KURZHALS BLOCK, ELM STREET. SAMUEL S. PACKER, Prop. Razors honed and ground.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD WESTFIELD, N. J., MAY 18, 1897.

Wants and Offers.

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 Broad streets. Apply to James H. Ferriss or C. E. Pearsall & Co.
FOR SALE. Cylinder press, bed 24x36. In good order, readily started. Simple and easily mounted. Specially adapted to country printing office. 31 Beaver street, New York.

Legal Notices.

ADMINISTRATORS SETTLEMENT. Notice is hereby given, that the account of the subscriber, Administrator of Levi Cory, deceased, will be audited and settled by the Supreme and reported for settlement to the Orphan's Court of the County of Union, on Wednesday, the seventh day of July, next. Dated May 14, 1897. JAMES O. CLARK, Adm'r.

TOWN NOTES.

-W. W. Connolly has purchased a light summer surry.
W. H. Chamberlain is out again after an attack of quinsy sore throat.
Miss Flora Foster of Brooklyn is visiting Mrs. Thompson of Clark street.
Carson King of Dudley avenue is attending the local academy in Plain field.

-Mrs. Wm. J. Bogert is still at Old Point Comfort, Va.
Mrs. Octavious Knight is on a week's visit in New York city.
Mrs. E. J. Whitehead visited Mrs. Covrige in Newark yesterday.
A new time table went into effect on the Central railroad Sunday.
J. A. Baker of Newark spent Sunday with his father F. B. Baker.

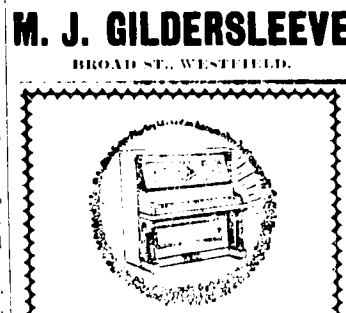
TWO BURGLARIES.

THE FIRST WAS A SUCCESS, THE SECOND A FAILURE.
A Hundred Dollars, a Watch and a Pair of Gold Spectacles in One Place. \$1.50, More or Less, in the Other.
Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Simpson and family slept sound on Sunday night - they're wondering how they could have slept so sound. Burglars entered their little home on Sussex street, found what they were looking for, and departed without disturbing a single member of the household.

GILDERSLEEVE'S



To the average man the style and fit of his furnishing is a matter of importance. We have lately added to our stock a complete line of Gents' Furnishings, and cordially invite the inspection of "the average man" as well as the most fastidious.



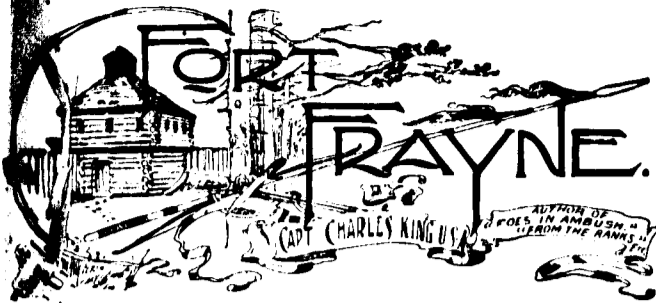
Imitation Pianos are sold every day to unwary purchasers, who buy them because they look well and don't cost much. A man who buys a piano of this kind is simply throwing money away, just as much as if he had bought a garment from a tailor "at a low price" and found, after the first rainstorm, that he couldn't get it on his back.

BICYCLES! "365 Days Ahead of Them All" KEATING. THE TONIC OF SCIENCE AS REGARDING STRAITS AND SHOCKS, HAS BEEN APPLIED BY THE BUILDERS OF THE LIGHTEST RELIABLE ROAD BICYCLES IN THE WORLD...

M. J. GILDERSLEEVE BROAD ST., WESTFIELD. 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.

H. C. PIKER, Broad Street. Westfield's Busiest Shoe Store. Ladies Bicycle Shoes, all Leather Drill, lined, \$2.85. Colors Black and Tan. Same in Canvas \$1.95. Ladies Canvas Leggings 45c. all colors.

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Wayne was a study. That he was struggling to recall some important matter was evident to all who had long known him, and for the time being he was lost to all consciousness of surrounding sights and sounds and had drifted off into that dreamland of non-existence in which only he was thoroughly at home.

Over across the wind swept parade, among the rows of wooden barracks, was one building where no laughter rang and about which, wary and vigilant, three or four non-commissioned officers hovered incessantly. Here were quartered Crow Knife's few remaining comrades of the Indian troop. Here were gathered already a dozen of his kindred from Big Road's transplanted village, forbidden by the fury of the storm to return to their tribes up the valley, banished by the surgeon from the confines of the hospital, where they would have set up their mournful death song to the distraction of the patients and refused by the colonel the creature comforts they had promptly and thrifflily demanded, except on condition that they consume them in quiet and decorum at the Indian barracks and deny themselves the luxury of their own. Tomtom and howl were still, therefore, while the funeral baked meats went from hand to hand and disappeared with marvelous rapidity, and indeed but for its exciting effect upon the warriors the colonel might as well have accorded them the right to lament after their own fashion, since the howling of the tom-toms would have drowned all human wail from within the wooden walls.

But while they had promised to hold no aboriginal ceremony over Crow Knife's death and meant to keep their word they had refused to pledge themselves to attempt no vengeance on his slayer. Well they knew that throughout the garrison nine out of ten of the troopers would have cared not a sou had some one taken Grace from the guardhouse and strung him up to the old flagstaff without benefit of clergy, but this would not have satisfied Indian ideas, hanging according to their creed being far too good for him.

Two of the best and most trustworthy Indians were placed by Leale, with the surgeon's consent, as watchmen by the bar of the soldier's sent, but the others, to a man, were headed within the barracks and forbidden to attempt to set foot outside. Close at hand in the adjoining quarters the men of two troops were held in readiness, under orders not to take off their belts, against any sudden outbreak, but the five who first had talked of lynching or other summary vengeance had soon been hushed to silence. What was feared among the officers was that Grace had been told by some of the guard that the Indians were determined to have his scalp, and that the solitary and despised man that he could not rely upon them to defend him. Sergeant Grafton was confident that Grace hoped in some way, by convincing perhaps of members of the guard, to slip out of the building and take refuge among the outcrops at the grocery across the stream. Having killed an Indian he had at least some little claim, according to their theory, to a freemason's respect.

Returning to the guardhouse, as he had promised Will, Mabel Leale was in no wise surprised at Grafton's anxiety and even best to learn that Grace had begged to be allowed to have speech with his captain.

It was a ghastly face that peered out from the dim interior of the little prison in answer to the officer's summons. At sound of footsteps on the creaking stairway Grace had apparently hidden in the depths of the room and only slowly came forward at the sound of the commanding voice he knew. Hangdog and drink sodden as was his look, there was some lingering, some revival perhaps of the old defiant, disdainful manner he had shown to almost every man at Payne. Respect his captain as even such as he was forced to do, look up to him now as possibly his only hope and salvation, there was yet to his cleared intellect some warrant for a vague sentiment of superiority.

Outcast, ingrate, drunkard, murderer though he was, he, Private Tom Grace, born Royce Farrar, was legal owner of all that his captain held fairest, dearest, most precious in all the world. Leale's love for Helen Dauntton was something the whole garrison had seen and seen with hearty sympathy. It would be some thing to touch this proud and honored officer that he, the despised and criminal tough, was, after all, a man to be envied as the husband of the woman his captain could now only gaze upon with a jealous eye. It was his duty to bargain with him, to invoke his aid to tempt the lover of a soldier and to do it, said Leale, he stood abashed.

"I will hear you now," said Leale, and I will hear you now."

"I've got that to say to you no other man to know," was the reply after an interval of a few seconds, "and I want your word of honor that you will hold it sacred."

"I decline any promise whatever. What do you wish to say?"

"Well, what I have to tell you interests you more than my man or my wife, Captain Leale. I'm in hell here; I'm at your mercy perhaps. My life is threatened by these bounds, because by accident that knife went into that blind man's vital. It was my self defense. I didn't mean to hurt him."

"No, I was the object, I clearly understand," said Leale. "Go on."

"Well, it's as man to man I want to speak. You know I never meant to harm him. You can give me a chance for justice, for life, and I—I can thank it worth your while."

"That will do," was the stern response. "No more on that head. What else have you to ask or say?"

"Listen one minute," pleaded the prisoner. "They'll kill me here if they could get me, quick enough—Indians or troopers either. I must be helped away. I know your secret. You love my wife. Help me out of this here—this night and neither she nor you will ever see me."

"Silence, you hound! Shink back to your blanket when you belong. I thank God my friend, your father, never lived to know the depths of your disgrace! Not a word!" he forbade, with uplifted hand, as the miserable fellow strove once more to make himself heard.

"For the sake of the name to which you have brought only shame you shall be protected against Indian vengeance, but who shall defend you against yourself? I will hear no more from you. Tomorrow you may see your colored, if that will do you any good, but if you have one atom of decency left, tell no man living that you are Royce Farrar," and with that, raging at heart, yet cold and stern, the officer, heedless of further frantic pleas, turned and left the spot.

But at the porch the captain turned again. Wind and snow were driving across his path. The sentries at the front and flank of the guardhouse, muffled to their very eyes, staggard against the force of the gale. It seemed empty to keep honest men on post a night so wild as that for no other reason than to protect the life of a man so criminal. The members of the guard, who had resumed their lounge around the red hot stove the moment the captain disappeared, once more sprang to attention as he reentered and called the sergeant to him.

"I am tempted to ask the officer of the day to have these sentries and let No. 1 come up into the hallway," said he. "I believe that, with the watch we have on the Indians, there is no possibility of an outbreak on their part."

"The sergeant, sir," was the sergeant's prompt reply. "But every man in the garrison knows by this time that it was the captain that blackguard aimed to kill, and it is not the Indians alone that would do him if they could. I find that whenever I have had to leave the guardhouse some of the men have talked loud for him to bear, swearing that they would be taken out and hanged at daylight. Others want to tempt him to try to escape, so that they can pursue him over to town and hammer him into a jelly there. The tower is the only place where he can be unmolested, sir. I couldn't guarantee his safety from some kind of assault, even if I had him right here in the guardroom."

And just then a corporal came from the little office.

"Sergeant, it's 10:25. Shall I form my patrol?"

The sergeant nodded assent. "I'll inspect it in the guardroom," said he, and as Leale turned shortly away, intending to go in search of the officer of the day and the sergeant opened the door to let him out, Grace could be heard on the upper floor, savagely kicking again at his bars.

the cheers, with their partners, began taking their positions. Floor managers have little labor at a garrison hop. Ellis Farrar, who had appeared upon the arm of Captain Vinton, hastily bowed her head and accepted Ormsby's hand as he led her off to the right. Will and his now radiant Kitty, and Mabel Leale, Ed-



Laid his hand in gesture of farewell and bowed abruptly away.

ing at the screened threshold before taking his departure, turned for one long look at Helen Dauntton's face. Some intense fascination had drawn her gaze more to the east window, and there, as the dancers formed along, almost unnoticed, she slowly turned and her eyes met his. One last, long, intense gaze and, in one impulsive movement, as though he read in her glorious eyes the kindling light of a love that matched his own, he would have sprang to her side, but with sudden recollection of the launce between them, he gathered himself, tried his hand in a gesture of farewell and turned and fled away. The music crashed into the opening bars of the lancers and the dance began.

For a moment longer Helen stood there. Again that powerful fascination seemed to have her to draw aside the curtain and gaze forth across the white expanse of the parade to where the guard prison stood, within whose walls was caged the strange creature whose life was linked so closely with those of many there besides her own. Then the thought of that other, the man whose love, all unwittingly, she had won and the fear that, glancing back, he might see her shadow as when he came, caused her to draw hastily away. In all that gay and animated scene, as once more she faced the merry throng, Helen Dauntton stood alone. The dance went merrily on. Chat and laughter and the piping, rhythmic steps of many feet mingled with the spirited music of Fort Payne's capital orchestra. Even Mrs. Farrar's sweet face, so long lit with a sorrow, beamed with the reflected light of the gladness that shone on many another. Longing to be alone with her misery, Helen turned to seek the seclusion of the dressing room and had almost reached its threshold, when, over or through the strains of the lancers and the howl of the wind without, there came some strange sound that gave her pause.

Somewhere out upon the parade he heard the distant, muffled crack of the cavalry carbine. Another, another farther away, and then, mingling with a voice, hoarse, low murmur as if many voices and of commands indistinguishable through the gale, Leale's growl, the added rush of many feet in the adjoining barracks of K troop, the creak, stirring peal of trumpet, sounding some unfamiliar call. Overstrained and excited as were her nerves, fearing for him against whom the wrath of the garrison was roused, she could only connect the sounds of alarm and confusion with him and his hapless fate. She started forward to call the colonel's attention, for among the dancers the sound was still unheard.

Again the shots and shouts, the rush of hurrying feet on the broad veranda without. Again and nearer, quick and imperative, the thrilling trumpet call. Then, close at hand the loud bang of the sentry's carbine and the stentorian shout of "Fire!" And then, just as the music abruptly ceased in response to the colonel's signal, bursting in at the door, followed by a couple of troopers, came Burke, rushing for a ladder that had been in use during the day.

"It's that madman, Grace, sir!" he cried in answer to the look in his commander's face. "He's fired the tower, and he's burnin' to death."

"To be continued."

Fashion Echoes. Draped skirts and long shoulder effects are to be seen on the newest gowns. The cotton jacket is a great favorite for cloth gowns, and it is in all possible shapes and styles of trimming. Draped and full bodices are almost universal among the new gowns. The use of braid is an important feature of dress trimming. Hemiton and chantilly laces are very much in favor this season. The very newest toggle bags are of white canvas, embroidered in Dresden colors and figures and finished with silver gilt trim.

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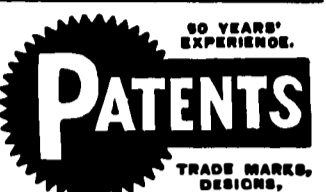
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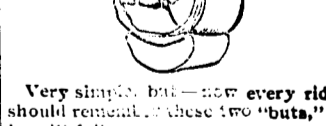
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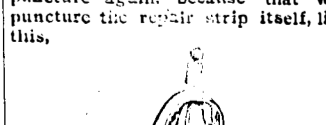
the repair strip inside is picked up by the cement, thus closing the puncture, like this:



Very simple, but—now every rider should remember these two "buts," or he will fail! Before injecting cement, pump up the tire. If you don't, the inner tube will be flabby, flabby,



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.

