

SEMI-WEEKLY THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD. TUESDAY FRIDAY

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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 5:30 p. m.
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From New York, Philadelphia, Trenton, the Northeast, South, and Southwest at 7:45 a. m., 2:15 and 5:30 p. m.

Two New England Churches.

There are Catholic communities, both in America and in the old world, says Alvan F. Sanborn in The Atlantic, where an extreme wretchedness in the dwellings is at once partially explained by the richness and beauty of the churches. But not so in Dickerman. On the contrary, both the Dickerman churches are of a piece with their surroundings. The Congregational church, more than a century old (Orthodox is the name it still goes by), was a worthy structure in its day and would be so yet had it been kept in good repair. Alas, it is only the ghost of its former pretensions left. Its spire and belfry have been shattered by lightning and imperfectly restored. Its roof is leaky, the clapboards of its walls are warped and blistered, and its heavy bell, once sweet of tone, is cracked and dissonant. The Baptist church, built only a few years ago, mainly at the expense of a church building society, is one of the shoddily constructed many gabled atrocities due to the malign influence of the so called Queen Anne restoration. Its original coat of paint of many colors has mostly soured into the surrounding soil. Its panes of stained glass, as they have been broken from time to time, have been replaced by ordinary window glass, with piebald uncanmy results.

Life of the Sultan.

Richard Davey, in his book, "The Sultan and His Subjects," says: "As to the sultan himself, his life is of the simplest and most arduous. He rises at 6 and works with his secretaries until noon, when he breakfasts. After that he takes a drive or a row on the lake, within his vast park. When he returns, he gives audience to the grand vizier, the sheik-ul-Islam, and other officials. At 8 o'clock he dines, sometimes alone, not infrequently in company with one of the ambassadors. Occasionally his majesty entertains the wives and daughters of the ambassadors and other Pera notabilities at dinner. The meal, usually a very silent one, is served in gorgeous style, a la Francaise, on the finest of plate and the most exquisite of porcelain. The treasures of silver and the Sevres at Yildiz are here de luxe, both in quantity and quality. Very often in the evening Abdul Hamid plays duets on the piano with his younger children. He is very fond of light music, and his favorite score is that of 'La Fille de Mme. Angot.' He dresses like an ordinary European gentleman, always wearing a frock coat, the breast of which, on great occasions, is richly embroidered and blazing with decorations."

The London Spectator says 1,000 of the Irish constabulary with rifles would restore the worst mob of Constantinople to comparative sanity in ten minutes.

The intellect has only one failing, which, to be sure, is a very considerable one. It has no conscience.—Lowell.

Literary.
"I like to feel as if my books were my personal friends."
"I can't do that somehow."
"Why not?"
"Well, you see, I begin by cutting them, and I end by putting them on the shelf."—Pink Me Up.

THE BLUFF FAILED.

BUT IT BROUGHT ABOUT THE DESIRED RESULT AT LAST.

The College Society Chapter That Was In Bad Repute A Medal That Combined an Inscription Paker and Bottled Re-freshments.

"It frequently happens," said a college graduate, "that different chapters of the same Greek letter fraternity, situated at different colleges, develop different characteristics. All of these societies, I think, are organized to encourage literary pursuits. I mean that's what the constitutions say. As a matter of fact, the literary element is rather lost sight of in most cases in the stress of having a jolly good time. When convention time comes round, however, the chapters that have maintained their literary quality come to the fore, and the others have to put up a bluff by sending as delegates men who have high standing as scholars or else take a very back seat."

"The chapter to which I belonged was located at a country college, and in some way or other it had acquired a reputation in the fraternity of being essentially nonliterary, and, in fact, rather sporty in character. This was so much the case that in my junior year there was a movement on foot to expel or suspend our chapter from the fraternity. We weren't very strong in high stand men and couldn't even scare up two to go as delegates to the convention. Another man and myself were finally selected for this function as the most unsophisticated looking members of the chapter."

"As usual in such cases, a special train was made up to start from the westernmost chapter and to pick up as many of the other delegations as could be arranged on its way to the convention city. We were among the more remote chapters, and when we boarded the train there was only one other delegation on board, composed of three members. We sighed when we saw big boxes of bottled beer in the freight car and reflected on the elaborate instructions we had received from our constituents. We were primed for the occasion. My companion, Forbes, had a classical volume in each side pocket of his coat and there were ink stains on his fingers. I had borrowed from a classmate a medal given for scholarship, and this I had rather ostentatiously hung on my watch chain."

"We soon made the acquaintance of the other three delegates and joined them in their state-room. Before long they proposed a game of poker, and one of them produced a pack of cards. Forbes said he didn't play, retired to a corner, pulled out a copy of Gladstone's 'Landmarks of Homeric Study' and after gazing thoughtfully out of the window for a moment or two apparently became absorbed in it. I admired his conception of the part, but I couldn't bring myself to break up the game, and that's what it meant, for everybody knows there's no fun in three handed poker. Besides, there were only three delegates on the train to witness my fall. I said I didn't play, but had seen the game and thought it looked interesting. I was willing to learn."

"When we got started, there was a demand for a buck, and I unhitched the scholarship medal and dropped it into the pot as a good means of calling attention to it. Everything went on swimmingly for awhile. I had outrageous luck and won pot after pot, so they were confirmed in the idea that I was a beginner. After awhile one of the other delegates got away with a jack pot, and while he was waiting for the cards to be dealt he picked up the medal and glanced carelessly at the obverse side. I hadn't examined it particularly, but I found out afterward that it bore this neat inscription: 'Garrett J. Gardner, Weymouth University, Class of '87.'"

"The delegate started and looked at me with a glance that was first mystified and then suspicious.
"I beg your pardon, Brother Gardner," he said, with a touch of sarcasm. "I thought you said your name was Hawkins, and we've all been calling you that right along."
"There was a smothered gasp from behind the 'Landmarks of Homeric Study,' and I saw the jig was up. We made a clean breast of it, and Forbes sat into the game, making it five handed, which, of course, is the ideal game. We didn't lose any time sending forward for a consignment of that bottled beer, and the floor was strewn with dead Indians when the train filled up with other delegates, and they crowded around to watch the game.
"Our elaborate bluff hadn't worked, and the convention opened with our chapter in just as bad odor as before, but we had made staunch supporters of the three delegates and some other kindly spirits who had joined us on the train. They all went to work like leavers, and when our case was taken up in the convention we had a good working majority which sustained our chapter with a whoop."—New York Sun.

TRAGEDIES OF THE MINES.

Curious Accidents That Have Happened to Diggers After Hidden Treasures.

"In this line of work we come across some curious accidents and narrow escapes," said Deputy Mine Inspector Frank Hunter the other night. "One thing struck me long ago, and that is how much it takes to kill a man sometimes and how easily the thread of life is often snapped."

"Down in Colorado I knew a fellow who plunged down 300 feet in a single compartment shaft. He went to the bottom, but did not break a bone. Of course he was pretty badly jarred up and a good deal frightened, but he was all right again in a day or two. When he fell, he went down feet first, and a big alskin that he wore opened out at the bottom and acted as a parachute. He said the last part of his descent was so much slower than the first that he hardly thought he was dropping at all and half expected to remain suspended in the shaft, like Mohammed's coffin.
"Nearly always when a man falls any distance he turns over, if he starts feet downward, and finishes his plunge head first. I have seen a number of cases where the man fell with his boots on and was found bare-footed when he was picked up. I suppose this is because the blood goes to the head, making the feet smaller, and besides the pressure of the air upon the heel and counter acts as a bootjack."

"I had to go over to Sand Coulee to investigate an accident in which one man was killed and another had three ribs broken. Speaking of Sand Coulee, it struck me while I was there that if I wanted to commit suicide I would go there to do it. I don't mean that life becomes such a burden in the coal country that the ties that bind are more easily severed than elsewhere, but that it affords unsurpassed facilities for a cheap and happy dispatch. It's a wonder to me that some of the many people who annually launch themselves into eternity from Butte do not take the Sand Coulee route."

"Down in the coal mines there is one passage that is three miles long, and in some of the chambers air does not seem to circulate. Upon the walls there is a gathering of moisture, and if you puff a cigar in one of these chambers the smoke will seek the walls, where it clings with an undulating movement like a spray of weeds under running water. That dew on the walls is white damp, and the dead air of the chamber where it is found is poisonous. In a few minutes a feeling of drowsiness steals over a man who breathes it, and before long he is asleep and dreaming deliciously, so those say who have been resuscitated. But the sleep is akin to that of the lost traveler over whose numbed limbs the arctic snow eddies and drifts, for unless help comes soon there is no awakening. If, however, the venturesome explorer of these underground deathtraps realizes his danger in time and manages to stagger out into the fresh air, he has an experience to undergo which may cause him to regret that he did not remain inside. Every bone and muscle aches with the intolerable poignancy that is known to convalescents from yellow fever. The treatment is simple, but effective. Being nearly dead, the sufferer is nearly buried. A hole is dug in the soft earth, and the victim is made to stand up in it while the dirt is thrown in around him until only his head is seen above ground. This seems to draw out the soreness, and in a short time the patient has fully recovered."—Butte (Mon.) Miner.

Famous Collection of Antlers.

Of the famous collections of antlers formed in the seventeenth century only two or three have escaped the general fate of conflagrations, sieges and pillage. One of these is in Moritzburg, the king of Saxony's historical hunting castle, near Dresden, while in the celebrated gun gallery in Dresden itself are to be seen, in an unrivalled show, the wonderfully inland arms used by the elector.

The great banqueting hall of the castle of Moritzburg is one of the sights with which no doubt many a traveled reader has been charmed. It is a chamber of noble proportions—66 feet long by 34 feet wide and 88 feet high. On its otherwise unadorned white walls hung 71 pairs of magnificent antlers, which one may describe as the most famous of their kind in the world. Not a single one carries less than 24 tines or is less than 200 years old, while some are probably double that age.—W. A. Baillie-Grohman in Century.

Wrecked on Boston Shoals.

The young man looked up from his writing.
"The—ah—the—girl lives in Boston," he said to his chum. "Don't you think it would make a hit with her if I quoted a few lines of poetry?"
"Got the book?"
"No, but I know the verses by heart."
"Don't you take any chances. I tried the same thing once and got shook because I used a semicolon where there should have been a comma."—Washington Star

Worst and Worser.

Lately one of the Aston constables, who is an Irishman, while in the witness box perpetrated a blunder which fairly set the court in a roar. Describing the conduct of a man who had been creating a disturbance, he said:
"I saw the defendant. He made the worst row in the world, and then he went up the street and made a worser."—London Tit-Bits.

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OUR POPULAR JULY CLEARANCE IN ODDS AND ENDS OF FURNITURE

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The list for this Great Clearance comprises Parlor and Chamber Suits, Chiffoniers, Parlor Furniture, Odd Pieces, Sideboards, China Closets, Extension Tables, Brass Enameled Beds, Dining Chairs, etc.

NOTE—By reason of the extremely low prices that prevail at this sale, we will not send any article of Furniture C. O. D., exchange any, or reserve any, unless the full price has been paid. Goods marked "Closing Out" will not be exchanged.

All Broad St. Trolley Cars Pass Our Doors. Free Deliveries at New Jersey Railroad Stations. No extra charge for packing. Commencing July 10, we will close our store on Saturdays, in July and August, at 1 o'clock. Open Friday Evening.

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Address P. O. Box 122, Westfield.
Residence: First Street.

I have always thought that what was good was only what was beautiful put in a section.—Boussau.

PETER FRAZER,

MASON AND BUILDER.
ESTIMATES PROMPTLY FURNISHED.
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Special attention given to painting, trimming and repairs.
Broad Street, Westfield, N. J.

Religious Notices

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rev. N. W. Caldwell, Pastor. Services, Sunday 10:30 A. M., 8:30 P. M. Social Meetings—Wednesday Prayer Meeting 8:00 P. M.; Sunday, Young People's Meeting 12 P. M.; Sunday School 12 P. M.; Samuel Johnston, Superintendent. Strangers made to feel at home.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF CHRIST, Rev. Henry Ketchum, Pastor. Sunday Morning Services, 10:30 o'clock. Sunday School 12 P. 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 12 P. M. Young People's Meeting 6:45 P. M. Evening Services 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.
We extend you a hearty welcome to these services. If not identified with any other congregation we should be pleased to see you among our regular attendees, and cordially invite you to make this church your home.

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

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

WESTFIELD PUBLIC LIBRARY. Incorporated 1877. Library open every day from 9 to 11 a. m. and Saturday from 1 to 4 and 7 to 9 p. m. at their rooms on Broad street near Elm. Subscription \$2 per year, payable semi-annually in advance, or 5 cents a week for each book.
Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 100,000. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

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Everything in Wash Goods for hot weather. Splendid values in Shirt Waists and all in correct styles. One assorted lot at 39c are extraordinary.

Ready-made Skirts in White Duck, Linen, Canvas, plain Brilliantine, figured Brilliantine, Serge, Brocade Silk, etc.

Special Hosiery Sale.

Ladies' full reg. made, Hermsdorf dye, 25c grade, special 19c
Ladies', Misses' and Children's in the new shades of brown.

Men's Sox.

5 pairs good heavy mixed Sox 25c
They are just what you pay 10c for or your money refunded.

Ribbons.

Special lot of wide fancy ribbons in all the new shades, 18c yd

Things for Boys.

Boys' Wash Pants, good colors 25c pr
Boys' Wash Suits 49c, 69c, 75c, 89c, 98c, 1.48
Shirts, Waists, Blouses, Suspenders, Ties, etc., for Boys.

Very Special

120 doz. heavy Cotton Crepe Towels, fast edges with fringe 5c each
Best Amoskeag Apron Gingham 5c yd
Heavy Twilled Crash 3 yd

OUR BASEMENT.

Where do you buy your Housefurnishing Goods, anyway? There's no house in this country can sell you better goods for less money than we can.

READ DOWN THE LINE

- A first rate good Broom 10c
- Good Rubbing Board 10c
- Good French Willow Clothes Baskets 49c
- Good Wash Tub, well hooped 49c
- Whisk Brooms, 2 sewed 10c
- A splendid Clothes Wringer, rubber rolls 1.25
- Full size round Clothes Hamper, with cover 85c
- Nicely made Child's Brooms, long handle 10c
- Bissell's Grand Rapids Carpet Sweeper 1.98
- Wood Towel Rollers 8c
- Painted Sprinkling Pots, 4-qt. 19c, 6-qt. 22c, 8-qt. 25c, 10-qt. 29c, 12-qt. 35c
- Heavy Galvanized Pail 15c
- Rattan Carpet Beaters 10c
- Scrubbing Brushes 5c, 8c, 10c
- Good Cotton Hammocks, 49c. Better ones up to 3.48
- Painted Lawn Settees 85c
- Japanese Straw Seats 5c each
- Large high back Piazza Rocker 1.25
If you can get as good for less than \$2.00 don't buy ours.
- 2-Burner Oil Stoves 69c
- 3 " " " 85c
- 4 " " " 1.25
- Blue Flame Oil Stoves, all prices.
- Carpets from 25c yd. upward.
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GRAND STAND FUND.

Eighteen more generous-hearted citizens wanted at 25c each to help the boys pay for their grand stand
Previously acknowledged \$45.25.
Additional names:
A. A. Smith 25c

Total number subscribers, 182, \$45.50

Next Saturday the Cranford Athletic club come to Westfield to do battle with the Westfield club. This promises to be one of the most exciting games of the season.

The Westfield club have booked the following games for August and September. Aug. 7th, Bayonne F. C. at Bayonne; Aug. 14, open; Aug. 21, Cranford A. C. at Cranford; Aug. 28, Crescent A. C. of Plainfield at Westfield; Sept. 4th, Bayonne F. C. at Westfield; Sept. 6th, (Labor Day) a m., West End Field club of N. Y. at Westfield.

FILL OUT A BLANK.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD,
Westfield, New Jersey.
Enclosed find 25c for the STANDARD'S BASE BALL.
GRAND STAND FUND.
Years truly,
Subscriber.

ERRORS IN LIVING.

Man's Excessive Appetite and the Body's Capacity for Food.

To the lay mind nothing seems to augur so strongly in favor of robust health as a hearty appetite. Furthermore, there would seem to be a strong conviction in the public mind, sanctified by tradition from time almost immemorial, that the more a man eats the better he is. The quantity of food that many people naturally eat is very large as compared with their actual physiological requirements. Add to this the many tempting forms in which food is presented to the palate by our modern culinary arts, the sharpening of the appetite by the antiprandial cocktail, the stimulus afforded the appetite by a bottle of good wine, and the result is often the consumption of an amount of food that simply overwhelms the assimilative organs. Such indulgence, if unrestricted and habitual, taxes both the assimilative and the excretory organs to their highest capacity, especially when coupled with sedentary life, and, moreover, it lends an additional impetus to the evils springing from the use of improper quality of food.

The human elaborating and excretory mechanism was evidently adjusted for ordinary wear and tear to an average limited period of about 70 years. Under 40 per cent of extra work we must naturally expect impairment or breakdown of the mechanism much earlier. It should therefore excite no special surprise that so large a proportion of our well-to-do people die from Bright's disease, heart failure and allied diseases at 60 or 65 who should, and under properly regulated lives and habits would, have attained the natural age of 70 or over. Paradoxical though it may seem, such people usually spring from exceptionally healthy stock and often point with pride to the fact that their immediate ancestors lived to advanced ages of 80 years or more. This paradox, however, is more apparent than real, for investigation will usually reveal the fact that for the most part the parents in such cases were people of more simple habits, such as corresponded with New England life 75 or 100 years ago.

The truth is that the well-to-do man of today lives in a faster age than that of his father and grandfather. He meets with greater opportunities and possibilities and therefore greater stimulus to all his energies. He more easily acquires pecuniary resources, and in larger amounts, and therefore he possesses greater luxuries of domestic life. With these come greater temptations to excess. While he has often inherited a splendid constitution from his ancestors, unlike them he has run his physical mechanism at a breakdown rate, and it must of necessity more quickly wear out.—Charles W. Pardy, M. D., in North American Review.

English horticulturists have come to the conclusion that it is a mistake to wait till November to plant the bulbs of tulips and hyacinths and crocuses and that when the summer display is over (September) the sooner bulbs are got in the better.

No-To-Bacco for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

A JUST INSTINCT.

EVERETT HOLBROOK.

Fate was a cat, and Leonard Herriek was a mouse. There had been some rare sport, but Herriek was of the opinion that it could not last much longer. He had run this way and that way, and a thousand times he had fancied that the velvet paws, with the long, sharp claws springing out of them, had caught him just in time. So at last he lay still panting, not knowing which way to turn.

He was in a big city, all alone. The people who rushed by him were like the thoughts that whirled through his brain they were stuporous, and the everlasting train of them had no beginning or end. He could not distinguish the real men and women whom he saw from those whom he merely remembered. Now and again there appeared in the throng the faces of the dead. He did not mind those. But there were others that he shrank from.

He stood with his back against the iron fence in front of Trinity church. Herriek's hands were in his pockets. He crumpled a crumpled piece of paper, which meant that he could live several days longer if he cared to do so. As to a more extended future, he could not picture it. All the best of his life seemed to end in a knot which could by no means be untied, but must merely be dropped. He remembered that there were miracles, but he could not think of one to wish for.

He crossed Broadway and walked down Wall street, slowly and with hesitation, for he had no errand. A voice cried, "Cab, sir!" almost in his ear. He turned and looked up at the man on the box.

"Is it possible," he said to himself, "that I still look like a gentleman?" He felt toward the cabman as toward one who had given him a helping hand. Why not pay the debt? To do so would cost him only a day of his life. He had a five dollar bill in his pocket.

"Yes," he said. "Take me up to the Fifth Avenue hotel." It was the first place that had come into his mind. He got into the cab and snapped the door. The cushioned seat and the comfortable support for his head were very refreshing. A fancy came to him that he would dine decently and then go to a theatre. The extravagance would be trifling, for it was really of small importance whether he starved to death on Sunday or the following Wednesday. He was in a mood to raise a jest of it all.

A strong glare from an electric light struck down into the carriage and made visible to him a package in brown paper that looked as if it might be a sandwich. The object protruded from under the seat. He thought it must be the cabman's supper which had been hidden in some small locker and had fallen upon the floor. The idea that the food should be spoiled was disagreeable to Herriek, and so he picked up the little brown bundle. It was smaller than he had supposed, and it did not feel like bread. But had it been food, and he at the last pang of starvation, the touch of it would not have sent such a thrill through all his frame.

He knew that the contents of that package was money. It felt like a mass of bills folded, awkwardly wrapped up and fastened with elastic bands. Through the brown covering Herriek could feel the crispness of the government paper. The amount might be a poor man's monthly wages or a rich man's profit on a great transaction.

As to his own conduct in this matter, Herriek had no doubt whatever. Fate had thrown this money into his lap, and fate might take it away, but not if he could hold on tightly enough. His fingers trembled as he picked at the elastic bands. Suddenly and without his knowing why the rubber strings vanished with a loud snap that startled him, and the package sprang open on his knees. He caught a flash of green color, and then the cab rolled out of light into shadow.

It seemed a long time before another light struck in upon him. At the moment when it did so he saw a face close to the cab door, and he dodged back, covering the bills with his hands. But the chance passenger on the street saw nothing. He was thinking of his own affairs no doubt and had no inkling of the strange thing that passed so close to his eyes.

Herriek was himself again in a moment, and he bent forward, eagerly scanning the bills in his hands and counting them feverishly. There were forty of them and each was of the denomination of \$1,000.

Throughout the latter period of the young man's misfortunes he had had substantially but one wish—to rest. Rest has many forms, suited to a vast variety of individual tastes. To Herriek in his day dreams it had always taken the form of travel without care. All paths lie open for a man who has forty thousand dollars, and there is no reason why care should sit behind him as he rides.

He disposed the notes in his pockets in the best interests of comfort and safety. Then he folded up the brown paper and pocketed that also, with a dim consciousness that if it were left in the cab it might get the driver in trouble. The fellow was honest, no doubt, and Herriek did not wish that he should suffer wrong.

How to leave the cab was a question which concerned him nearly. He did not wish to confront the driver again, for there might be an investigation, and a question of identification might arise, in which case it would be well to have the man know as little as possible of Herriek's personal appearance. He reflected with satisfaction that the spot on Wall street had been rather dark.

The cab stopped suddenly. Its path being blocked by a tangle of vehicles Herriek softly put his hand upon the catch of the door. It yielded noiselessly; the door swung open.

Herriek stepped out. Turning back for an instant, he perceived the cab man sitting upon his box in entire unconsciousness of the fraud that was being perpetrated upon him. He was a poor man and doubtless worked hard for all the money that he received. Still, it was reckless to attract his attention again, especially so after having left the cab in that strange manner.

There was a way to the sidewalk through the press of vehicles. Herriek saw it from the corner of his eye and was about to take advantage of it. Instead, to his surprise, he found himself turned toward the cabman, and immediately he heard his own voice saying:—

"I have decided to get out here. How much do I owe you?"

The cabman named his price, and Herriek paid him with a \$5 bill which had been the sum of his wealth and the end of it, so far as he could see, so short a time before. He counted his change carefully, remembering that he would probably have to wait until the next day before he could break one of the thousands. Enough remained to him from the bill for a supper, a bed and a breakfast.

When he had found a restaurant he ordered a meal and ate it with relish. It was enchanted food. It was the fare on the Atlantic liner, the delicacies of European hotels and the fruits of the tropics.

He called little for his bed. It would be no more than a place to lie and think of the future. It was many a night since he had really slept. Certainly with so much upon his mind he would not sleep that night, even if he should try. So when he had been shown to his room in a hotel he piled his bedding against the headboard of the bed and reclined against them, fully dressed. He was very happy. No question of right or wrong in what he had done or what he expected to do came to torment him. For a long time he had borne his life like a tremendous burden. This had suddenly slipped from his shoulders, leaving his natural powers unhampered.

In the midst of his first vision of a new life he was aroused by a knocking at the door. He started up; his legs would hardly support him; he had no voice with which to ask who was there. But one explanation was possible. He must have been watched by the police.

He tottered to the door, and gave utterance to a hoarse, inarticulate sound. "Eight o'clock, sir!" cried a voice without. "You asked to be called, sir."

He rushed to the window and flung open the shutters. Day streamed in, strong and beautiful. The gas flame paled. He knew that he had slept as he had not slept before in years. In the mysterious depths of his life he felt a new strength stirring, but it was only nascent as yet.

A bath and a breakfast revived him still more. He felt the exhilaration of a busy day upon which he was entering. He scanned the papers, but so far as he could see they had no news of the money that had been lost. He was not conscious of any excitement in searching for that news. The fear of detection had quite left him. Of all stolen goods, money is the hardest to recover.

His pockets were bulging with money, but there was something in one of them that he couldn't remember to have put there. He pulled it out and found it to be the brown paper that had contained the money. As he held it in his hand it was concealed by his newspaper. No fellow passenger could see it, and it was doubly fortunate, because in plain sight upon the paper were the name and address, "Herbert L. Graham, 40 Wall street."

The train was just stopping at Recor street. That was the station nearest the stenograph office. Thrusting the brown paper back in his pocket, he left the car and went with the throng down to the street. He was thinking about the accommodations he would choose on the steamer. He continued to think of that and kludged subjects, yet he turned north on Broadway instead of south. Presently he found himself asking an elevator boy in a big building if he knew where Mr. Graham's office was.

Mr. Graham happened to be in his outer office when Herriek entered. He was pouring a story into the ear of another grey haired Wall street man, and Herriek heard a few words of it—something about cabs and cash and carelessness.

"I have found the money that you lost," said Herriek. "Here it is."

"Zion!" cried the banker, clutching the bills in his fingers. "My ear fellow, tell me all about it."

"There's nothing to tell," replied the young man. "I merely found it in the cab."

Mr. Graham eyed him a moment in surprise.

"You take it coolly," he said.

"I couldn't take it at all," responded Herriek, with a feeble smile. "I don't know why. It was instinct, I suppose. My ancestors must have been honest men."

"Upon my word, you must take one of these notes," said the banker. "I've offered it in an ad, and—"

"I can't do it," said Herriek. "I don't feel it would be right."

"But, my dear boy," exclaimed the old man, kindly, "I must do something for you. I want to, believe me. At least come back and take lunch with me. Shall we say at 10 o'clock?"

"It will give me great pleasure," said Herriek, and, bowing, he turned away and walked out of the office.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Vessel of Life.

The strangest Vessel Ever Made.

The book of a paper who died in the London Hospital was delivered to the doctor that they might demonstrate the amount of iron in the ordinary man. Later one of them fashioned the iron into the form of a vessel and named it the "vessel of life." As nature's natural food, iron is always well filled with iron, but man's food, often fancifully prepared, is nearly always lacking in iron. The blood of animals, therefore, furnishes the best source from which to refill the blood of man with iron. Dr. Campbell has secured natural iron from balloons' blood and put it up in the form of capsules—Any one can take it.

Dr. Campbell's Red Blood Forming Capsules are sold by all leading druggists at 50 cents per large box, six boxes for \$2.50, or sent direct at the same price from The Campbell Company, Brooking Building, 105 Fulton Street, New York.

For sale by W. B. Trenchard, Druggist, Westfield, N. J.

FISH

IS ONLY GOOD WHEN

FRESH

BACON, Elm Street,

Keeps fresh fish—no old stock

FINE POULTRY

IS ALSO ONE OF BACON'S SPECIALTIES.

HAIRDRESSING.

Coffures at Home and Abroad—One Instructed With Old Time Qualities.

Hairstressing is at all times a very important element of fashion, but among English women this season it must demonstrate something besides a becoming and passing fancy, for their tresses have caught the Victorian infection, and Victorian modes in coiffures have been resuscitated with all their old time quaintness. English women are not renowned for arranging their hair becomingly, yet they have developed some very successful modifications of the old styles, with the aid of all sorts of devices in wire coils and various other arrangements for securing the up-standing loops in the desired position.

It is fortunate for American women that no especial style of dressing the hair prevails here, for so much depends on suiting the coiffure to the shape of the head and contour of the face. A writer in the New York Sun tells that in general outline the present mode of hairstressing is high on the head, especially for evening dress, and the Victorian loops and perfectly defined bows of hair can be arranged very becomingly. A bow with two loops and a knot, arranged directly across the head, on the crown, with one up-standing loop in the center to show well from the front, is very effective, and then you can have three loops, with some flat coils of hair below. This style is varied by making the center loop in the form of a twist. The hair may be parted in the middle or not, as is most becoming, but it is in all cases waved all around the head and



MODES IN COIFFURES.

arranged very full and soft at the side. The pompadour style has the head, however, and a few curling tendrils on the forehead soften the otherwise severe effect and make it more becoming to most faces.

The pompadour is not confined to the front this season, as it extends all around the head, and the cushion put underneath in front is often arranged in the back as well. In all coiffures pretty hair ornaments are a conspicuous feature. Side combs are universally worn, and tortoise shell, either plain or set with gems, is the most favored. Various other designs, which are purely for ornament, are made of jet and steel and silver set with Parisian diamonds, and amber pins and combs are extremely pretty in dark hair. A very unusual mode of hairstressing, fashionable in England just at the moment, shows a parting in front and a very wavy effect down over the ears. This is a reproduction suggested by some of Gainsborough's pictures.

How to Overcome the Clothes Moth.

Treating upon the subject of preventing and overcoming the moth, Good Housekeeping quotes a recent writer in these words:

"The latter part of May or early in June a vigorous campaign should be entered upon. Everything about a house that might conceal a moth should be thoroughly shaken and aired, and when possible the clothes and furs should be left in the sun for some hours. If the house is badly infested, or any particular article is supposed to be so, a free use of benzine will be advisable. All the floor cracks and dark closets should be sprayed with this substance. Benzine spray will kill the insects at every stage and is one of the few substances which will destroy the eggs. No light should be brought into the room while the benzine is being applied, as it is highly inflammable. The room and clothes should be thoroughly aired afterward before any light is introduced. Camphor, tobacco, naphthaline and other strong odors are only partial repellents, and without the May and June treatments are of little avail."

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

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WESTFIELD N. J. JULY 27, 1897.



We are glad to observe that the Mayor of the Borough of Westfield has doubled the local police force and it is understood that a couple of special detectives are following clues—to use a piece of significant slang—nit.

In view of the frequent burglaries in Westfield the Westfield dog for watchdog purposes would seem to be a failure. As much as our present old-fogy form of government for police purposes. With borough government we would have police protection.

Possibly Bro. Runyon of the Plainfield Courier-News was on the inside and got hold of some of the sugar trust stock before the rise, that followed the people's betrayal at Washington to the tune of untold millions. If so, he can join the handsome editor at Elizabeth in anthems of praise for the return of prosperity.

The long looked for currency message of the president has come to light. During the campaign of 1896 the question of silver coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1 was the all absorbing topic for discussion and of thought. It was well known that Major McKinley was first of all a tariff man, but his party conducted the campaign on the money issue; it was, therefore, to be expected that we would get some declaration from the administration as to what they propose to do on the all absorbing question. Did we get it? No! Mr. McKinley is a coward. He knows that an election is pending in Ohio, and that the silver question remains the one issue. McKinley's man Hanna is working for the senate to succeed himself; hence, a message on silver would not do now. So Mr. McKinley goes before the world as having no ideas on the one question on which he was elected.

Of course you know just how the trusts work it:—Combine enough of some manufactories producing the same thing to knock out the others by underselling them at any loss. Then absorb them. Then capitalize them all for millions more than their worth. Then pass around the millions of watered securities to the original conspirators. Then size up the probable consumption. Then regulate the output to meet the consumption, by shutting down part of the mills or factories. Then make the price to consumers and wages to the comparatively few they will employ such as will afford dividends on the watered stock. Then get the stock listed on the New York Stock Exchange, and being "on the inside" work the market against the "hubs." Do the people like to be humbugged? Barabum said they did and he got rich—humbugging them? No; for he gave them their money's worth every time. But he told the truth just the same. And they were badly humbugged at the last election, unless they can figure out that class legislation and prosperity for the trusts means prosperity for the people—which it don't! Elizabeth Journal please copy.

This iniquitous burden upon the people in the way of the new tariff

that will increase the price of every necessary of life will bear particularly hard upon American women, who must stand the result of a 50 per cent advance on her toilet soap, 35 and 50 per cent on her hats, 10 to 100 per cent on her plush, 15 to 52 per cent on her underwear, 30 to 50 per cent on her gloves, 20 to 50 per cent on her hosiery, 15 per cent on her hat feathers; and so on throughout the list. Her cologne, perfumery, corset laces, elastic, cotton cloth, fans, parasols, dress facings, silks, nettings, braids, fringes, edgings, chiffon, embroideries, spool cotton, spool and skein silk, pins, shoe laces—everything she wears, taxed from 5 to 35 per cent and some things much more. Do we begrudge the dear girl these things at any cost? Not on your life. But we call it mighty poor business to add ten hundred million dollars a year to the cost of living in order to collect less than three hundred million dollars from outsiders who, when they can't sell us their goods on even terms, send us their unemployed cheap labor (on which the monopolist wants no tariff, mind you) to compete with the American worker and lower his wages. Oh, it's a very pretty piece of business, that just put through at Washington—for the monopolists. What will the people get? They will get 1 ft. And it serves 'em good and right.

"Is Saul also among the prophets?" Has Frank Bergen turned from corporations to serve the people? Things look that way; and yet, in view of the past, let us be sure he brings forth fruits meet for repentance before we conclude that he is purged from his old sins. The day of miracles is not past yet, so let us hope that another has been performed, and that Mr. Bergen has really, as set forth in the Plainfield Courier-News, prepared "A Bill to Stop Road Grabbing and Prevent Trolley Companies Controlling the State."

The proposition is to have our next legislature confer on the board of chosen freeholders the right to construct street railroads on the county roads and lease them to corporations. The following tempting bait is held out in a speech delivered by Mr. Bergen before the Elizabeth City Council:—

As early as 1861 application was made to Parliament for a franchise to construct a street railroad in Glasgow. The city opposed the bill, and obtained permission to construct street railroads itself. The first lines built by the city were opened in 1872, and leased to a company for operation for 21 years. The company agreed to pay (1) the interest on the cost on the roads; (2) a yearly sum for a sinking fund sufficient to pay the cost of the roads at the expiration of the lease; (3) a sum equal to four per cent of the cost annually to be used in keeping the property in good condition during the term of the lease; and (4) a yearly rental of \$750 per street mile. The lease also prescribes the rates of fares and the routes or runs of the cars. The company that accepted this lease immediately sold it to a new company for \$250,000. Three years afterward the new company began to pay dividends, and from 1880 to the end of the term of the lease the dividends averaged 10 per cent per annum. On July 1, 1894, when the lease expired, the city had received from the company as a sinking fund more than one million dollars, being the full amount of the cost of the system. Since that time the city has operated the street railroads itself.

Will the people take this bait and is there a hook in it? Two facts must be carefully considered:

Scotland, twenty-five years ago, when that contract was made, and New Jersey, to day, present some striking contrasts. Could we elect a board of chosen freeholders who would have the grit, grace and gumption to make as favorable terms with a corporation as those made by the city of Glasgow? Our experience with the Union Water Company bids us beware. Mr. Bergen's bill should be amended so as to provide for a referendum. No "board" should be given as much power as is provided for in the proposition to authorize them to lease our county railroad, if we are to have one. No lease should be good until ratified by vote of the people.

The widening of the county road to 100 feet, and bonding the county to build the railroad, are matters not to be lightly dismissed. They will be considered another time, but for the present the STANDARD earnestly urges its readers to think over the idea of a county railroad, leased to a corporation. It is pregnant with good and evil possibilities, and deserves most serious consideration.

TOWN COMMITTEE SHOULD ACT.

That Was the Opinion of the Meeting Held to Discuss the Burglaries.

The public meeting held to discuss ways and means for stopping the burglaries frequent of late in Westfield was called to order in the club house Friday evening by F. K. Pennington, who nominated S. W. Reese for chairman. Mr. Reese was elected, and Mr. Pennington was made secretary.

After a few remarks by the chair and one or two others, Frank S. Smith and H. C. Cook were appointed a committee of two to interview the town committee on the subject, the town committee being then in session.

The committee departed on their mission and the meeting proceeded to discuss the subject at length.

A. K. Jones thought it the best plan to employ a competent detective, or place the matter in the hands of a reliable detective agency.

C. D. Losee thought arrangements should be made for permanent protection. The town, he thought, should establish a police force. Four good men might be had at a cost of \$2,500 per annum, and everybody would then feel comparatively safe.

Theo. S. McGarrath thought this protection which we all wanted should be paid for by the town, and the money raised by taxation, thus treating everybody alike.

W. B. Toney remarked that four men could not properly patrol this town.

E. L. Taylor thought we should have protection and that it should be paid for by taxation, but that the town committee had no authority to spend money for the purpose unless it had been voted for as an appropriation at the annual meeting.

Mr. McGarrath suggested that the banks were open every day, and that the town committee had borrowed money enough to build a sewer system without any appropriation having been made.

Mr. Kennedy argued with Mr. McGarrath, and that the cost to each in taxation would be small.

Mr. Worral remarked that it cost \$2,500 to grade the street he lived on, while the amount assessed against him was only \$100. He wouldn't have a burglar in his house for \$100.

Dr. J. B. Harrison remarked that the town had borrowed a great deal of money to protect our health by building a sewer system, and that it would seem they might do the same thing for the protection of our lives and property. The matter should be paid for through taxation, not by subscription. He thought Mr. Jones' suggestion as to employing a detective, a good one.

W. J. Alpers thought that, a little later the meeting should pass a resolution, the purport of which would be to assure the town committee that the citizens of the town were behind them in whatever steps they might take. They might feel that they were straining a point to spend any money for this purpose without an appropriation, and they ought to feel that the people could be depended on to support them in the matter, and not jump on them for it.

Another speaker rose to second Mr. Cook's idea of employing a detective and related the experience of an Australian community under similar circumstances.

Octavius Knight, being called on, explained that he was not a property owner, but wished to be counted in favor of all good movements. He thought there ought to be no difficulty, hesitation or delay about raising the money necessary to tide over the months between now and the time when an appropriation might be voted at the annual meeting. Mr. Knight evidently had in mind a regular police force as suggested by Mr. Losee.

At this point in the proceedings the committee to interview the town committee returned. They had evidently gone away with the idea, at least as an alternative, of raising money by subscription, either to employ a detective or policemen, until an appropriation could be voted.

They reported that the town committee recommended the appointment of an advisory committee of three to work with them (the idea being to keep their action secret if thought best), and that they (the town committee) had no authority to appropriate money for the purpose, and would need money to do what was to be done—if for a police force, for some months to come.

The committee's report was accepted with thanks.

Then C. B. Peddie said the committee's report left some doubt in his mind as to the proper course, but the mists of doubt seemed to dissolve as he went on with his remarks. He felt sure the town committee had all necessary power, that they could certainly borrow money as they did for the sewer. He moved the committee of three should impress that view of it on the town committee's mind—that the citizens of the town think it their duty to protect the citizens of the town from burglary and violence, and that if necessary they should borrow sufficient money for the purpose. Mr. Peddie had grown very unanimous about it as he proceeded, and was applauded. His motion was unanimously adopted.

The chair appointed as the committee of three Messrs. C. B. Peddie, Theo. S. McGarrath and C. D. Losee, and on motion of Frank S. Smith they were in-



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.

structed to proceed at once on their mission.

Then Mr. Smith moved the meeting adjourn till the following Monday. Dr. Harrison moved to amend by making it to meet at the call of the chairman. Mr. Smith accepted the amendment, and it was adopted.

A. K. Jones then suggested that if the town committee did not act promptly on the recommendation of the meeting another meeting should be held, taking special care to notify all residents. With this understanding the meeting adjourned.

Proceeding to the town rooms, Messrs. Peddie, McGarrath and Losee presented the views of the meeting they had just left. Mr. Peddie making a strong appeal to the town committee to do something. The latter, however, had doubts. They had no authority to spend money not appropriated for the purpose, they could appoint no policemen, except men who had been elected constables, etc. Finally Committeeman Harden moved that, if on consulting counsel they found the law would permit, they offer a reward of \$500 for the arrest and conviction of the burglars. He explained that people were finding much fault with the committee's doings and it was necessary to be careful. McGarrath suggested that those who might find fault with the action now proposed must be in sympathy with the burglars. Mr. Harden's motion was then adopted by the committee.

Mr. Peddie said, Thanks, thanks; but if you are advised that you have no authority, what are we to do? I don't believe in contributions for this purpose as long as we have a government.

Harden then suggested that they could call a special town meeting to appropriate the necessary money, and with that understanding the committee withdrew. Mr. Endicott thought the committee could get the necessary advice Saturday or Monday.

Miss Ann Scudder.

Miss Ann Scudder died Saturday afternoon in her 95th year. Funeral services were held at 2:30 to-day at her late residence with Mrs. Smith Scudder, the widow of her nephew. The Rev. N. W. Caldwell officiated. Miss Scudder was a lifelong member of the Presbyterian church, was a very active and zealous woman in religious matters, and was always very earnest and loyal to her church and its pastor. She was one of the organizers of the old knitting, or Ladies Aid society as it is now known, which was organized in 1827. She was a woman of remarkable memory, and was of considerable assistance to her pastor in the compilation of the proposed church manual, as yet uncompleted. She remembered the parsonage building, for instance, which stood on the site of the present manse prior to 1811, being able to locate the various rooms, etc. She was active and interested in church and social matters till within a few days before her death.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Burglary Insurance!

ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AGAINST LOSS. Better than guns or dogs. Cheaper than watchmen. No need to worry if you are protected by

The Fidelity and Casualty Co. of New York.

Apply at once to HENRY S. WALDRON, Agt.

Advertisement for shoe store: A Shoe Must Fit To Wear. PIKER'S SHOES are made right and they fit. H. C. PIKER, BROAD ST. "WESTFIELD'S BUSIEST SHOE STORE."

THURSDAY SPECIAL SALE IN CRACKERS.

- Lemon Wafers 5c lb, Graham Wafers 7c lb, Saltine Crackers 10c lb, Seaform Crackers 10c lb, Water Thins 12c lb, Social Tea Crackers 12c lb

You will go on the excursion August 3 and will want a lunch to carry with you.

- Strictly Fresh Eggs for boiling 10c, 1 pt. bottle mixed pickles, the best in town 10c, Potted Tongue for sandwiches 4c can, Potted Ham for sandwiches 7c can, 1 lb box Potted Chicken 18c, 1 lb box Potted Turkey 18c

UPSTAIRS DEPARTMENT.

- We have a few more Hammocks left at 49c, A 50c Taper Lantern, see them none better 40c, Baking Tins 8c up, Dust Pans 5c up, 100 Clothes Pins for 10c, 3 Papers of Pins 5c, Carpet Sweepers, Bird Cages, Express Wagons.

Rare bargains on our 5c and 10c counter. Nothing over 5c and 10c.

TURRILL'S Cash Grocery, BROAD STREET.

THE NEW ROCHESTER LAMP

Advertisement for THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD lamp. 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 all lighting or heating purposes, and at prices to compete with any. WHY BE CONTENT WITH ANY BUT THE BEST? This No. 27473 HANQUET LAMP, height 22 inches, complete with silk shade of any color desired, base and hood of bright gold, fitted in bronze. Silver or gilt, with any other receipt of price, \$4.00. 96-Page Art Catalogue Free. 42 Park Place and The Rochester Lamp Co., 37 Barclay Street, New York City



TUTTLE BROS.

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LUMBER AND TIMBER.

Fine Mill Work and Interior Finish.

Superior grades of White and Yellow Pine.

Hardwood Trim. Porch Work;

TUTTLE BROS.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD WESTFIELD, N. J., JULY 27, 1897.

Wants and Offers.

Colored girl wants... Double set light buggy... Respectable girl wants a situation... Pleasant rooms with board... Room for rent... Wanted at the Children's Country Home... Wanted a girl to assist the mother... Wanted someone to build two houses...

NEWEST BATHING SUITS.

Materials and Colors in Fashion Two Simple Models For Home Dressmakers. The newest bathing gowns have skirts of greater length than formerly worn, and these are certainly more becoming and graceful than the shorter ones...

A variety of materials is used, beginning with sarah silk and satin for the most expensive suits, with mohair, cravatette, flannel and last, but by no means least, the useful serge. As regards color, a deep red, navy blue and prussian blue are all used, and some use the up-to-date serges in artistic shades...

To make us contemplate making their own bathing gowns the advice is given to select a simple pattern and make it up without linings. The knickers, however, will be more comfortable if made with a linen or cotton band. They are joined up front and back entirely and open about eight inches down the sides, the band being made in two halves and fastening at either side. Elastic is run in at the knees, and the frill hangs full, or the legs can be gathered into a narrow band, and the frills attached to this. Knickers should bug a little and fall well below the knees, without counting the frill, which still further adds to the length. One model suggested is of blue serge, trimmed with white braid, the neck



POPULAR BATHING DRESSES.

slightly rounded, and finished with a frill of serge stitched at the edge with white, or a narrow white braid makes the frills even smarter. A little strip of serge forms the short sleeve, and two frills complete this, the top one going only half the way round, like an epaulet. The bodice fastens slightly to the left, and buttons and buttonholes should be strengthened by a strip of linen. The skirt is gored, and there is some slight fullness on the hips, and rather more at the back. The serge belt, with white braid, is mounted on cotton webbing, and the skirt is finished with a frill and trimmed with narrow white braid set on in vandykes.

A second model is of dark red serge trimmed with black woolen braid, and the tiny waved braid is very pretty, used just in the same manner as the straight braid. This bodice has a simulated double-breasted front, fastened with pearl buttons, and revers made on linen and edged with braid. The sleeves form little unlined puffs, not very full, and there is a bell epaulet, while the skirt is fuller than the first model, and set in flat plaits at intervals round the waist, and two box plaits at the back.

Raspberry Shrub.

Among cooling summer beverages is raspberry shrub. It is easily made. Select about 12 quarts of the juiciest, plump blackcap raspberries. Put them in a large stone jar and pour over them enough pure cider vinegar to reach as far as the berries, but no more. If the vinegar is too acid, a little less will suffice. Let the berries soak in the vinegar for 36 hours. Lay a coarse muslin strainer, in a colander, over a stone jar and dip the vinegar and raspberries into it, mashing the berries a little to extract all their juice. Measure the liquid and put it over the fire in a porcelain lined or aluminium kettle. When it boils, add a pound of loaf sugar for every pint and let the whole boil for ten minutes, then bottle and seal. Use about 2 tablespoonfuls of the syrup in a glass of water. Add about 2 tablespoonfuls of crushed ice, stir it and serve.

TOWN NOTES.

R. I. Townley has returned from a vacation in Maine. Lizzi O'Neill of Jersey City is on a visit to her relatives here. J. H. King of Dover is visiting his daughter, Mrs. C. A. Brown. Mrs. Samuel Johnston is spending a few days at Poekskill, N. Y. Edward Raynor of New York is visiting his uncle, Robert Fairbairn. Miss Ada Woolley of Elizabeth, visited Mrs. Oscar Woolley Saturday. The Misses Elsie and Mabel Welch have returned from Ocean Grove. Miss Gertrude Woodruff went to Bound Brook yesterday for a week's visit. Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Richardson Jr. are visiting their parents on Summit avenue. Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Tewksbury have gone to Portland, Me., for a brief visit. Samuel White spent Sunday with his wife in Somerville, where she is summing up. E. L. Brittingham and L. M. Pearsall returned yesterday from Island Heights, N. J. Mrs. Vreeland of Bayonne city, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. W. Aflock, on Doyner street. Miss May Moffett and Frank Moffett will return home to-morrow from a ten days' vacation in South Jersey. Louis Olliv has a brother visiting him from England. He arrived Sunday evening, on the City of Paris. John Hickory returned Friday after nearly a year's sojourn in state prison, which he was sentenced for wife beating. Miss Marie Sage returned to her home in Philadelphia Sunday afternoon, after a week spent with Miss Georgie Bogert. Paul, son of W. S. Welch of Westfield avenue, died Saturday morning aged 1 year. Funeral services were held Sunday at 2. W. J. Bogert Jr. returned Sunday from a shooting trip to Mt. Sharp, Va., where he went with Dr. Carman of New York. A man with but one leg rode a bicycle from New Brunswick to this place on Sunday, and expected to return the same way. Mrs. Harry Leek and son of Dover, have returned home from a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, on South Broad street. Harry Green of the Bard Cycle Co., better known as Sprocket, is off on a week's trip to Niagara Falls and Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie. The second lot of Fresh Air campers, 117 in number, left for the city Friday afternoon. Another delegation of 125 arrived Saturday. Miss Annie E. Weeks, Miss Ruth Pearsall and Mrs. C. E. Pearsall will spend the month of August in a cottage on the shores of Lake Hopateong. The Ironclad Rheostat Co. shipped a 1200-pound rheostat to Manchester, N. H., yesterday. The ordinary rheostat weighs less than a hundred pounds. The President of the Children's Country Home requests the STANDARD to say that donations of new or old clothing, suitable for children from five to twelve years of age, would be gratefully received. The roof of St. Paul's Episcopal church has been put in good order, and other repairs are proceeding rapidly. The congregation hope to hold their first church service in the building the third Sunday in August. The citizens of Mountside are about taking steps to assume control of their schools. They have been dissatisfied for some time with the accommodations provided and the attention given the matter by the Westfield board of education. Central council, Jr. O. U. A. M., go to Asbury Park on an excursion August 19, otherwise known as American day, with Union council of Rahway. Juniors from all over the state will be there that day. Return trains leave the sea shore at 9 p. m. The treasurer of the Children's Country Home acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following sums: W. G. DeLanater, \$10; Mrs. W. H. Morse, \$2; Mrs. P. D. Collins, \$5; Junior Christian Endeavor society of the Presbyterian church for an iron crib, \$8. Building fund: Mrs. Ira Bull \$5, Mrs. J. B. Harrison \$5, Fred C. Decker \$2.

J. L. Clayton spent Sunday at Cresco, Penn. J. F. Ward and family of Mountain avenue are visiting at Riegelsville, Penn. Mrs. C. F. Chelberg, formerly of Westfield, visited friends here yesterday. Miss Emma Reed of Park street is entertaining Miss Susie Mason of Somerville. Mrs. Wm. Doying and son, Wallace, are spending the summer in Danville, Canada. Mr. and Mrs. George T. Cruttenden of Clark street will shortly remove to Brooklyn. Mrs. C. A. Smith and daughter and Master Percy Smith are at Cottage City, Martha's Vineyard. The Presbyterian and Baptist Sunday schools of Westfield, with their various connections in the way of mission schools in the township, and the Sunday schools of Scotch Plains, all go to Asbury Park next Tuesday on their annual excursion. W. C. Reed of Park street was surprised last night by about twenty of his friends, the occasion being his twenty-fourth birthday. His brother Alvah had a photograph, and various other amusements helped to make a very pleasant evening of it. The Rev. and Mrs. N. W. Cadwell give a reception this evening in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of his installation as pastor of the Presbyterian church. H. B. Frillman, of the Old Homestead company, will be present, and has consented to sing a few selections. An electric light wire from which the insulation had been worn away created quite a pyrotechnic display this morning about 1 o'clock, in front of the Westfield hotel. Streams of fire several feet in length alternated with sparks or balls of the an inch or two in diameter. It looked dangerous. The bureau of ordinance at Washington has granted an application made by Past Commander Reese of Winfield Scott post G. A. R., for two cannons to be placed as monuments on the soldier's plot in Fairview cemetery. They are from the stock of out-of-date guns on hand in every navy yard and military post or arsenal, and which the government presents to Grand Army posts when applied for. The two to come here are 12-pound howitzers, of bronze, mounted on field carriages. The guns are in good condition, and can be used for firing salutes, etc., if desired. A small white bull dog, the property of Alexander Hunt of Ross Place, became overheated Sunday afternoon, playing with the children on the lawn, and was taken with what seemed to be a clear case of canine fits. He was coaxed into an enclosed back porch and locked in, but seemed to grow worse and became so violent that Mrs. Hunt requested a neighbor to shoot him, which he did. Mr. Hunt was away at the time. The dog, which was a pet of the children and much valued as such, was clearly not mad, but seemed to be becoming dangerous. A heavy truck from Newark, loaded with a large electric motor and drawn by four of the biggest horses ever seen in Westfield, was passing through town at 3 o'clock Saturday morning, when the wheels of one side of the truck went through the crust formed by the packing of the surface over the excavation made for the sewer on Broad street at the corner of North avenue. The hind wheel went down to the hub, and the front wheel was only saved from doing likewise by the use of old railroad ties and timbers, from Smith's lumber yard. It was 6 o'clock before they got the wheels out of the hole and started on their way to Siebring's saw mill on the Green Brook road, whither they were bound.

Dr. Martyn's Second Sermon. Dr. Carlos Martyn preached a sermon Sunday evening in the Methodist church which was liked even better than the first. It was terse and to the point, eloquent and comprehensive. No one could go away after hearing it without a longing to become the right kind of a citizen. It was announced that after the close of the services an effort would be made to effect a permanent organization of the Christians Citizens' league. The services having closed the Rev. Henry Ketchum, secretary pro tem, read a form of constitution modeled on those used by similar organizations throughout the country. It was discovered almost immediately that it would be difficult to perfect the organization at that meeting, owing to objections offered and motions to adjourn made by two or three. It was therefore thought best by those loving the welfare of the movement to meet at heart to adjourn to meet at the call of the chair, which was done. Reckless Management Causes Failure. Twenty building associations in Pennsylvania, with assets of \$5,000,000, are embarrassed by complications in the accounts of their officers. Two Kentucky associations have recently collapsed in a similar way. In Ohio, where the building associations are under the eye of state officers, who have nothing to do but keep an eye on them and the officials, no such conditions arise. The law has been found to work admirably, and safeguard the interests of hundreds of thousands of depositors.

The festival given by the Ladies' Guild of St. Paul's church last Saturday evening at the residence of Lawrence Bastable on North Broad street, was a very gratifying success, considering the unfavorable weather. The lawn and surroundings had been converted into a veritable fairy land in appearance by the use of electric lights, lanterns, candles, etc. Varicolored glass globes or cups, sucking behind a small globe inside, were strung on wires about three feet from the ground, outlining the walks. Chinese and Japanese lanterns were used in profusion, and the general effect was much heightened by tin wash basin reflectors, a la Poekskill camp. The new basins are stood on edge against trees, walks or anything which will hold them, and half a candle placed just inside, so that the blaze is opposite the center of the basin. The effect is much greater than would be supposed. It was intended to serve refreshments on the lawn, but the dampness of the grass forbade, so the tables were set on the veranda. The crowd was a big one for the accommodations provided. Had the evening been fair the occasion would have been a monumental success.

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HO! For the Excursion.

The latest SEA SHORE HATS, SHIRTS and NECKWEAR. A few boxes suitable for lunch. Ask for them and they are yours. Kurzhals Bldg. CHARLES CLARK, Elm St.

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We About Are Wrappers. Ladies wrappers or house dresses, and we want you to see the line we offer at 98c. These are well made garments well trimmed and, all full width skirts, such as are usually sold at \$1.25 to \$1.35.

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A NON-POISONOUS LOTION. For instantly removing all kinds of insects by BITES AND STINGS OF MOSQUITOES. Spiders, Bees, Black Flies, Yellow Jackets, &c. Most Efficacious. IVY POISONING. For sale by the following Druggists who are authorized by the Manufacturers to refund the price, 25 cents, if unsatisfactory. W. H. TRENCHARD, Broad and Prospect Streets J. F. DORVALL, Broad and Elm Streets. HART'S DRUG STORE, Cranford, N. J.

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Walter Besant's Tribute to America.

Sir Walter Besant, the eminent English novelist, said, when he went back to England after a visit here, that nothing he saw in America impressed him so deeply as the devotion of our young people to their flag; that nowhere except among British soldiers had he seen such affection and respect for a national emblem, and that a nation which as a whole felt as we seemed to feel about our colors from the time we left our mothers' knees, was one that could withstand the whole world in arms. Charles Sydney Clark in St. Nicholas.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No. 7. Buy the wonder worker that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

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THE RESULT:

That wonderful smooth gliding motion, so pleasant to the veteran rider. NOTE The Keating Double Roller Chain marks an epoch in wheel building. 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. WESTFIELD, N. J.

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CURRENT FASHIONS.

PROMINENT MODES THAT MARK THE
SUMMER SEASON.

Translucent Materials Over Silk—White
Gowns Grow in Favor—Modest Cover-
ings and Fancy Fronts—Increased Use
of Frounce, Cording and Tucks.

The summer of 1897 will be remem-
bered in the annals of fashion as a
season of delicate materials over silk.
Grenadine, barege, fancy canvas, mus-
lin, chiffon and guipure are used for the
smart summer gowns, with lace, rib-
bons and fancy trimmings galore. Above
all, lace reigns supreme, adding its fin-
ish to everything, from the delicate
bows on hats and toques to the frounce

season. Made in lisse, applique, lace or
other transparent material, one of these
coverings renders an otherwise plain
bodice a decidedly dressy affair.

The black and colored satin cravats,
passing round the throat and fastening
in front, with or without the narrow,
turned over linen collars, are extremely
neat and becoming. They are now to be
had in fancy print for summer wear. The
cotton blouses are much the same as
last season, only they have white
linen cuffs and collars.

Tucking and cording are much em-
ployed, especially on sleeves and yokes.
Very narrow tucks are in vogue.
Cordings of light silk are becoming
fashionable, and tiny tucks are stitched
with silk in a contrasting color, and this
coloring is repeated in the passe-
menterie which divides the groups of
tucks or outlines the popular pinafore
bodices. Glace silk, both shot and plain,
is much used for gowns and is univer-
sal under canvas and grenadine. It is
now quite the fashion to use a distinct-
ly different color under canvas, and
green shot gluce is used under blue
with excellent effect.

Platings of lisse and chiffon or gath-
ered frills are used with the utmost lib-
erality on mantles and gowns, but one
of the newest features in dress bodices

think the old man out of his troubles,
and a drummer, as usual, brought forth
the best suggestion:

"Make the porter pull them off," he
said.

So the porter took off his jacket and
turned back his cuffs and went to work.
He tugged and pulled and scawed the
boot back and forth and perspired and
grunted, but the boot wouldn't
move. The drummer filled the breach
again.

"I used to pull my grandfather's
boots off sometimes when I was a boy,"
he said. "Tell you how I did it. Turn
round," he said to the darky. The
darky turned. "Now take the boot be-
tween your legs, grasp the heel and toe
and yank." The darky did so. The old
gentleman clung desperately to the seat.
The boot began to move and finally slid
off, almost throwing the puller across
the car. The crowd applauded.—Kansas
City Star.

LEAN MEAT.

It Sometimes Contains as Much as Seven-
ty-eight Per Cent of Water.

Lean meat, it may surprise many to
learn, is much more watery than fat
meat. This may be illustrated by the
statement that very lean meat may con-
tain as much as 78 per cent of water,
while very fat pork may contain only
10 per cent. The flesh of fish is more
watery than ordinary butcher meat.
Thus salmon contains five-eighths of its
total weight of water, cod four-fifths
and flounders six-sevenths.

Among the foods which may be cited
as containing but a small percentage of
water, and consequently as dry food,
are flour and oatmeal, and sugar is a
food entirely devoid of it. The animal
body has often been aptly likened to a
machine, and, like all machines, it re-
quires fuel to keep it working. Now
this fuel it obtains from the food which
we eat, and in default of food the animal
tissue itself is drawn upon. Food,
therefore, keeps the animal body warm
and yields the muscular energy necessary
for the accomplishment of the work
which the body does. In this capacity
the three classes of food nutrients may
all be concerned.

The value of a food may be estimated
in terms of the amount of heat it will
give rise to. The most concentrated food
fuel is fat. When fat is burned, it gives
rise to twice as much heat as is given
by the burning of either the albuminoids
or the carbohydrates. Fatty foods, there-
fore, possess a much greater heating
value than nonfatty foods.—Philadelphia
Times.

Too Crude.

Medical Editor—This will never do,
Jones. You write here of "a pen dip-
ped in gall." We've given you gall.
Make it "a pen charged with danger-
ous septicaemia."—Pick Me Up.

The man who tries to turn out to the
left always goes home with an impres-
sion that the streets are filled by crowds
of boorish persons.—Milwaukee Jour-
nal.

I have always thought that what was
good was only what was beautiful put
in action.—Rousseau.

THE AMERICAN HEIRESS DRAIN.

A Law Passed to Save Her Property from
Her Spendthrift Husband.

It is estimated that American hei-
resses pay annually to foreign fortune-
hunters the aggregate sum of \$30,000,
000 to induce the titled foreigners to
marry them. Referring to this evil
one of the United States senators, in
a speech on the floor of the Senate the
other day, contended such American
heiresses to "heiress fatted for the
foreign market" that is to say, fat-
tened with their fathers' millions,
which makes them attractive in the
eyes of their aristocratic lords. So
prevalent has become the fashion of
rich American women marrying for-
eigners that the last New York legis-
lature felt constrained to pass a law to
protect such women and their heirs
from the disposition of their husbands
to grab everything they possess. This
law provides that any woman born a
citizen of the United States, who shall
have married or shall marry an alien,
and the foreign-born children and de-
scendants of any such woman shall,
notwithstanding her or their residence
or birth in a foreign country, be en-
titled to take, hold, convey and devise
real property situated within the State
of New York. Under this law, if New
York heiresses will have the bulk of
their property at home when they mar-
ry abroad, they will be able to control it,
and will thus be able to command good
treatment from their respective
spouses. When a foreign fortune-
hunter gets the woman and her prop-
erty into his own control the result is
usually much misery for the American
woman, as the numerous separations
and lawsuits growing out of interna-
tional marriages testify.

It would be better if the American
heiresses would marry Americans and
save the \$30,000,000 drain; but as
there are many who prefer foreigners,
it is well that our laws should offer
them such protection as is possible
from the results of their folly.—Minne-
apolis Tribune.

TALKING IN THE DARK.

"Dearest" Wasn't Quite Equal to Search-
ing Up the Hill.

There is one amusing feature about
wheel riding that all old riders—and a
good many new ones—must have no-
ticed. That is the way in which a mo-
derately proficient rider will carry on
a conversation with some one behind
him, without really knowing who that
some one may be.

The other day a wheelman was com-
ing up the Dodge street hill. There
isn't much of a hill on Dodge street,
but slight as it is, it bothers the new
riders. Just ahead of the wheelman
in question, who was riding at a les-
surely rate, was a stout lady, mounted
on a new bike. Half way up the in-
cline the wheelman was astonished to
hear her call out:

"Continue, dear?"

The wheelman didn't answer. He
felt sure the inquiry couldn't be ad-
dressed to him, and he kept silence.

"All out of breath, dear?" she called
again.

And again the wheelman made no
reply.

"Don't be discouraged," she cheerily
shouted. "You'll get there by and by,
dearest."

The wheelman thought so too, but
he made no mention of the fact.

"Does it tire our little armies so
much?" continued the stout lady.

"That was too much for the wheel-
man. He put on steam and passed the
lady. As he whirled by she caught
sight of his smiling countenance.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," she cried,
and narrowly averted a tumble.

When the wheelman had gone a lit-
tle further he looked back over his
shoulder and saw a lank young fellow,
with foxy little side whiskers, tolling
wearily up the hill.

And he feels pretty sure that was
"dearest."—Cleveland Leader.

The Indian's Low Voice.

A Western man tells The St. Louis
Republican that Eastern people talk
much more loudly than the people of
the far West. "If you ever heard an
Indian talk," he says, "you will real-
ize the force of what I say. I never
saw a real Indian that spoke much
above a whisper. He illustrates ex-
actly what I mean. The Indian lives in
quiet and solitude. His atmosphere is
not filled with noises and tympanum-
pleating sounds. Consequently he does
not have to elevate his voice in carry-
ing on conversation. Your city arn,
the counterpart of the Indian, talks
loud enough when he comes to Arkan-
sas to be heard in the next county."

Why He Met the Wedding Expenses.

The problem of how to meet the ex-
penses of a honeymoon has driven
many a man into a queer corner. And
in this strait a resourceful medical
student last year sold his body to the
hospital where he was working, re-
ceiving \$125 for it. The sun gave the
young pair a nice little holiday, and
they are both re- healthily constituted
to see any morbid suggestion in the
means by which it was raised.

Twenty Year Ago.

Mr. Bellows: "Oh, wife, these look
like the biscuits my mother baked
twenty years ago."

Mrs. Bellows (greatly delighted):
"I'm so glad!"

Mr. Bellows (biting one): "And, by
George, I believe they are the same
biscuits."

"I don't understand how it is, Ber-
tie, that you are always at the foot of
your class."

Bertie: "I don't understand it my-
self; but I know it's dreadful easy."
—Boston Transcript.

Evil report, it may be remarked on
passant, will travel faster than any-
thing else except a man who is riding
a bicycle about the second time.—De-
troit Journal.

C. A. SMITH & Co.

DEALERS IN

Lumber, Building Materials,
Coal and Wood, Lister's Bone
Fertilizers for all crops.

Granulated Tobacco and Sulphur

For Lawns, Flowering Plants, Trees, Shrubs
and Vines. It is a perfect Insecticide and Fer-
tilizer combined.

Westfield.

New Jersey.

R. F. HOHENSTEIN.

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PEET MOSS FOR BEDDING.

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CURE CONSTIPATION
REGULATE THE LIVER
ALL DRUGGISTS
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or cramp, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. All-STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.



Children Are Quick

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

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

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FURNITURE.
BOXED, SHIPPED, REEDED.
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storage of Furniture, Pianos and Buggies;
in separate compartments.
R. WOODRUFF, Prop.

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of every description

First Class Work. Best of References. Honest Value. Estimates Furnished
Residence: Dudley and Lawrence Aves., Westfield, And 144 W. 23rd St., N. Y.

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CUSTOM TAILOR

Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing.

DONE AT MODERATE PRICES.

SUITS TO ORDER A SPECIALTY.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

Perry Building, Broad Street,

WESTFIELD, N. J.



LACE BODICE. LACE FRONT. MODIST COVERING.

on silk petticoats. White dresses are in
vogue again, the favored materials be-
ing lightweight pique, dimity, linen,
organdie and muslin.

The early Victorian period is made
responsible for many of the present fash-
ions. With other reproductions is the
frounce skirt on which, from belt to
hem, each frounce is shaped without
fullness and cut on the cross.

Sets of bolero lace fronts, consisting
of two pieces, rounded or square, are
exceedingly popular, as they can easily
be adjusted to dress bodices of all kinds
—cotton as well as silk—without the
aid of an expert dressmaker. They fit to
the shoulder and under arm seams, and
the waistband may be fastened to the
side seams and only cross the front in
folds or pass round the waist.

Many large old lace collars are being
adapted for bolero fronts and pieces of
embroidery. Others are being util-
ized for the fancy fronts of gowns, to
be worn with boleros or open coats.
The fronts are made on lining, the mat-
erial being arranged as collar, front and
deep band round the waist, this last
being for wearing with the bolero,
which show part of the band. With a
coat or eton jacket this band is not
necessary. Half a yard of material is
enough for the collar and front, so that
the expenditure is not large, nor is
the making up beyond any ordinary
worker's powers. All sorts of odd pieces
can be advantageously used up in this
becoming way. Very cool and pretty
are inserted white lawn fronts with rows
of puffing between the parts. Bodice
coverings are another specialty of the



NOVEL NECKWEAR.

is the tiny yoke of varied shape, but
quite small and high, which is made by
arranging the material over the bodice
in pinafore fashion and facing the top
of the lining with some light, handsome
material or with white satin, covered
with cren or string colored guipure.

ALICE VANHORN.

THE PORTER HIS BOOTJACK.

A Struggle in a Pullman Which Inter-
ested the Car.

A traveler recently witnessed an
amusing episode on a train between
Chicago and Kansas City. A very re-
spectable and well-to-do old gentleman
was in the car. When bedtime came,
he struggled with his boots. He first
put one foot on his knee and tugged.
As he was traveling his boots were new.
The boot wouldn't budge in that posi-
tion, so he placed the toe of the other
boot against the heel and tried it that
way. The boot stuck. Then he hooked
his foot around the other leg and took
hold of the heel and tried to "work" it
off, but it wouldn't come. At last he
went in search of the porter and dem-
anded a bootjack.

"Clar to goodness, boss, ain't got one
in de oyah. Use' George don't furnish
us no bootjacks."
Sympathizing passengers tried to

CURRENT FASHIONS.

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS IN SUMMER GOWNS AND SUMMER MILLINERY.

Gray the Leading Color White Tulle in Favor Wool Skirts and Lace Waists. Brilliant Effects in Gowns of Light Materials. Hats and Millinery.

The brilliant reds, scarlets and purples with which the season began are decidedly on the wane, and gray is the color of the moment. White tulle is in vogue, white groundings and canopies having the preference perhaps. A favorite combination of colors is navy blue and grass green.

A recent idea is that of wearing a gray skirt of some wool material with a fancy waist of lace and chiffon. Tailor made skirts are becoming narrower and narrower, in contrast to the



A PAGESIAN TOILET.

toilets of lighter materials which are gaining in width and brilliant effects, due to a multiplicity of ruffles, tucks and flounces. Mousseline, pique and gowns of all kinds of linen, thick and thin, trimmed with clusters of tucks and insertions of guipure and lace, are carrying away the honors. It is almost a necessity of modish that the skirt should be trimmed, and a favorite form is a deep gathered flounce from the knee, not put on straight, but waved, with trimmings of lace insertion above the hem and above the flounce, the same treatment appearing on the full bodice. In no previous season have gowns been so varied. The belt is quite as much in fashion as it has ever been.

A charming gown, which embodies most happily the very latest modes in Paris, is carried out in heliotrope glaze silk, with a skirt of quite a new shape, trimmed round the hem with three straight flat flounces of glaze silk, bound with a narrow line of black velvet and edged with a border of cream guipure. The lowest flounce of the three falls over a pinked out ruche of heliotrope glaze silk. The front of the skirt is quaintly arranged with a ladder of black velvet bows, similar bows being also used to trim one side of the bodice. Here again you find the flat flounces of glaze silk bordered with black velvet and cream guipure, and covering the lower part of the bodice, both back and front. The small square yoke and the long sleeves are of white silk, beautified with a very fine black lace applique and finished with full frills of satin edged white chiffon. With this gown is worn a picturesque hat of black crimoline with a wide brim and a soft crown, formed of jetted sequin net.

The wheel shoes—one of the novelties of the year—literally encircles the arm from the shoulder like a wheel. It is composed of the material of the dress and of soft lisse. Baby bodices of crepe de chine or of chiffon are introduced on satins and silks, both for day and evening wear. Many of the gowns are horizontally tucked all over the skirt and bodice alike.

It is the fashion to wear boas. Some are of lace and some are of feathers. Feather boas are expected to match in color the tone of the headgear.

In millinery as in dresses brilliant colors are making way for less startling effects, gray taking the lead.

The Tam O'Shanter shapes, made in soft, pliable straw of light blue, light



WHITE CRINOLINE.

mauve and many other tones, form most piquant hats for pretty faces. Many of them have double brims, with flowers peeping between the two, and all have outstanding plumes. The large sailor shape, with flat brim and a wreath of roses or some other full blown flower and an upstanding egret of another colored bloom in contrast, is the most generally becoming shape of the season, but the distinguishing mark of new hats is the double brim, which fosters additional trimmings.

ALICE VANHORN.

IT WAS A DEPERATE CASE.

Thought His Good Generalship Won Him His Wife.

They were two college boys, gaily lured and reeled from business, yet boys for all that, as they laughed over the memories that are ever green or turned their faces from each other and maintained the fiction of secrecy with hastily disposing of a few irrepressible tears.

"There's no harm in telling you all about that night now, Tom," mused one of them. "You know that it was a close race between Dick and myself as to who should drive her over to the big hop at the beach. I was the lucky one, because I hired a sprinter as this singer boy and had my bid in five minutes before Dick's."

"We had a glorious ride over. She was the prettiest girl at the ball, and as I was the strong man at college we were not a couple to be overlooked."

"You were stummers, Bob."

Bob, being a boy again, led to rub his hands and chuckle before he proceeded. "On my way back, having blind faith in the intelligence of the horse, I did not give my attention to the route. You know, Tom, that there is no end of alternatives in country roads. Left to himself, the horse took a green lane, where he should have followed the beaten highway. When he trotted over some scattered rails, through a gap in a meadow, I realized that we were lost. For an hour I drove like mad, and by some trick of fate, brought up at the gap again, in the midst of another trial to find our way, the east was streaked with gray, the birds began to twitter, and as she was in a state of desperate despondency, I found a cabin and left her in charge of a kind old woman."

"But I thought you had a runaway?"

"Wait. I drove half a mile behind a hill, unlit, made a wreck of the buggy, even tearing the top to pieces, turned the horse loose, giving him a parting cut with a switch, and then walked back to college, hastening to inform her folks that she was not seriously injured; only badly shaken up, you know. She was brought tenderly home, I made a liverman happy, and I guess my generalship is what would."

"Why, you old rascal!"—Detroit Free Press.

A NEW MILITARY ORDER.

An Organization Formed for Defense Against Foreign Aggression.

The Military Order of Foreign Wars of the United States is one of the many organizations which have come into existence in recent years as the result of a sort of revival of patriotic pride. While some of them incidentally afford opportunities for the display of equestrian records, they all tend to strengthen patriotic interest in our national past and to bring all sections closer together in the present. The Military Order of Foreign Wars "stands for the needed and honorable principle of national defense against foreign aggression," and "covers the period of American history since national independence." Companionship is limited to participants in actual warfare, or to direct descendants, in the male line only, from commissioned officers who took part in a foreign war of the United States. The order includes in its officers and membership many of the most distinguished men of all sections, and should form another patriotic bond of union between the different parts of the country.

An Object In View.

"Here are your slippers, my dear," said the husband of the Emancipated Woman, as the latter came in, weary with the cares of the day. "As soon as you have put them on and rested a bit you will find dinner ready, and I hope you will enjoy it, for I have cooked one of your favorite dishes, Mr. Tiff was in this afternoon, calling, and I just told him that I had the most indulgent wife in the world, as well as the handsomest woman in the city. I am so proud of you, dear."

At this the sweet little husband bent over and kissed his wife fondly. It was easy to see that they were deeply attached to each other.

"That's all right," replied the Emancipated Woman, patting her spouse on his neck. "You are a dear, good boy, and you shall have that new silk hat you have been wanting so long. Now let us have dinner, for I'm as hungry as a hunter."—New York World.

The Food.

The toad cannot endure a high temperature, hence is not often seen in the daytime, except when the air is full of moisture. It does not take dead or motionless food. Its tongue, the organ for seizing its food, is attached in front and free behind, and is covered with a gelatinous substance, which holds fast to the food seized. The motion of the tongue is so rapid that only careful watching can discern it. Fishworms often prove too large to be swallowed at once, and the forelimbs are used to push the food into the gullet.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Could Not This Time.

Judge—Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon you?

Prisoner—Yes, Your Honor. I've got heart disease, and the doctor told me to avoid taking electricity in any shape or form.—New York Journal.

Everything Has Its Charms.

He—"She looks nice enough to eat!"

She (severely)—"Yes; plain food has its charms for some people."

There is a wild flower in Turkey which is the exact floral image of a humming bird. The breast is green, the wings are a deep rose color, the throat yellow, the head and beak almost black.

A MYSTERIOUS WHITE FACE.

For 300 Years It Has Lived Unknown In Their Mountain Homes.

That white races of mysterious origin and of an advanced grade of civilization exist in certain of the unexplored plateaus of Africa has long been a matter of tradition among those who have devoted their attention to the ethnographical and geographical science of the Dark Continent.

But no attention has been drawn as yet to the fact that in the interior of San Jago, the largest of the Cape Verde Islands, there exists a strange people known by the name of the Cattadas who for 300 years past have been almost entirely cut off from all intercourse with the outer world, and who are fair haired, light complexioned and blue-eyed, whereas the remaining population of the Cape Verde Islands consists of negroes, and of Portuguese, who are almost as swarthy and sombre in color as full-blooded Africans. Dis- trustful apparently of the gaze of strangers, these people of the mountain seldom leave their habitations during day time, and on the slightest alarm of visitors they seek the shelter of the rock. But by hiding on the opposite cliffs until evening, and with the aid of glasses, it is possible to get a good view of them when they begin at sunset to gather on the grassy meadow which fronts the opening of the caves and extends down to the water's edge.

Beautiful fair haired, white-skinned girls, clad in flowing white linen garments, which scarcely conceal the serious beauty of perfect grace and form, come out to wash linen in the lake and to sport on the cool green grass. The men, too, are simply dressed in much the same way, their white linen garments being admirably suited to the tropic climate. Many other signs of a high degree of civilization appear, and from certain points near the summit of San Antonio it is possible, with the aid of strong glasses, to catch glimpses through tissues here and there in the wall of rock, of sheep and cattle grazing, of green fields and trees, and of white flat-roofed houses, reaching parallel with one another.

New York Journal.

HEIR TO A THRONE.

One of the Brightest Pupils in an American College.

So-Mayou, a native African, and present ruler of a great tribe, has graduated from Cobb Divinity School, Lewiston, Me., this year. He is probably the first heir to a throne who has ever been graduated from an American college.

His career at the Maine college has been pursued with the greatest ambition and perseverance. Now that it is all over he is entitled to preach as a minister of the Free Baptist Church, a denomination to which all colored people are partial. He proposes to spend the next year traveling all over the United States under the auspices of the church whose faith he has adopted. Then he will return to the Bessu tribe, on the west coast of Africa, near the Gulf of Guinea, and devote his life to the welfare of his barbarous and superstitious people.

The first effort So-Mayou made after his arrival in this country was to change his name, taking that of Louis Prince Clinton.

His uncle, the present ruler, usurped the throne, and the younger heir to it was compelled to escape to Liberia.

All through his college career he has been able to keep pace with the American students in all his studies, and now feels satisfied that he can enlighten his tribe in the English language and religion.

When he returns to Africa he intends to remove his uncle's jealousy by telling him that he does not want the throne which rightfully belongs to him, but simply desires to found schools and institutes for the people where they may be educated and enlightened.

—New York Journal.

BEN BUTTERWORTH'S RUSE.

Scio at Which Several Prominent Men Assisted.

About a year ago President McKinley, Commissioner of Patents Butterworth and one or two other gentlemen were traveling and occupied the same smoking apartment, according to the Washington Star. The conversation turned to the Patent Office, and one of the strangers inquired whether any of the others had known ex-Commissioner of Patents Butterworth.

"Oh, yes," promptly replied Major Butterworth: "I knew Ben Butterworth when he was a boy. I have often seen his father give him a sound licking."

"But that can't be the one I mean; his father was a Quaker."

"Yes, he was a Quaker. But I simply testify to what I have seen. I have frequently seen Ben get a licking. His father licked him once or twice a week regularly."

"How did you happen to be on hand when he got licked?" inquired the stranger.

"Oh, I played with Ben and I was generally around." At this point in the conversation a friend of Major Butterworth joined the company and called him by name.

The stranger heard it, and, coming over to him, remarked:

"Being a Quaker, I thought the old man did wrong to lick Ben, but now I am satisfied the boy richly deserved it."

Quite Proper.

Mrs. Brown-Jones—"There is some talk of restoring the Venus de Milo. Do you think it would be advisable?"

Mr. Greenstuff—"Um—yes—oh, yes! I think whoever has it ought to give it back to whoever it belongs to."—New York World.

HER HUSBAND'S MANNERS.

They Do Much Toward Making or Marrying a Woman's Social Success.

I feel sorry for the woman whose husband is a sort of social millstone around her neck. Whenever she goes wherever she meets, whatever the charm of her own personality, the disagreeable impressions of this husband are sure to prove a drawback to her happiness.

Sometimes, studying the married couples at a hotel, I have marvelled to see so many refined, sensitive women made to perfect hours of men. What possible affinity of thought or fancy could account for their union? What strange copies of fate could have brought together natures so little in sympathy? Was there ever a time when the loud-voiced, snarling man was a tender, thoughtful lover, or the cowed woman, which under his discourtesy a cherished sweetheart whose highest wish was noted?

I often wonder why the woman who is smothered with a cheerful, unselfish husband should ever leave the blessed privacy of her own home. Surely she cannot extract any pleasure traveling around with a man whose capriciousness and lack of consideration serve as a perpetual soul scourge for her in public.

It seems to me, if I were tied to a man whose civility and courtesy had vanished with the honeymoon I would house him and his tempers as closely as I could and seldom let the world get a peep at them. Assuredly the most delightful environments would have small claim for me if I were continually keyed up, as so many women are, in anticipation of some husbandly outbreak.

Not long ago my neighbors at a hotel table were an uncongenial pair—the wife a delicate little creature, who seemed to sit unasily upon the edge of her chair, while she cast furtive glances at her moody mate; the husband, a man who offered all his polished and good nature to strangers, and gave the husks to his wife.

How that poor little woman's digestion must have suffered from the atmosphere in which she took her three meals! There was always a storm brooding. The restless traits of her husband's character seemed to crop out at the table. Although he was scrupulously polite to strangers, he never lost an opportunity of snubbing his wife. She bore it very patiently, very meekly, with a resignation which proved that it had become a part of her daily life.

I wish every husband could realize how much his mental and moral standard is gauged by his manner toward his wife. All the suave pleasantry he may devote to outsiders goes for naught once they catch the surly answer, the pettish retort, the numberless small discourtesies directed to the woman who should receive the best and most chivalrous of his attentions.

People may be inclined to guff the attitude of the newly made benedict toward his bride, but no man or woman ever yet felt anything but admiration for the husband who late in married life gives to his wife that tender solicitude, deference and gallantry which mark the gentleman as well as the lover.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

Somewhat Lengthy Names.

Drimtdidivlekhillikaitan is the name of a small hamlet in the Isle of Mull containing not more than a dozen inhabitants. How they pronounce it is a mystery only to be solved by some one acquainted with Gaelic, but the fact that the Scots are a nation of a few words seems easy to explain if they have many such words as the above in their language.

Perhaps, however, the Germans may be fairly said to carry off the palm in word coining. How is this for a specimen, Constantinepelscherradlonsk-pfleder? or this one, Manfredenzam-mardurehschwindersuehndungs?

The first means a Constantinopolitan baggage pinner, and the last is the name of a young ladies' club which adorns the brass plate of the door of a house in Cologne to this day.—Harper's Round Table.

A Youthful Preacher.

John Edward De Merrit, of Newport, Neb., although only thirteen years old, is attracting general attention by his ability as a preacher. He has preached at Fort Scott, Kan., Nevada, Mo., and many other Kansas and Missouri towns. He was licensed to preach by the Baptist Church of Fort Scott last year, since which time he has been travelling in the rural districts. He is not yet out of knee-breeches, and has all the airs of a child except his delivery as a pulpit orator. He is said to have read the Bible through a number of times, and though having attended school but little, to be well read in theological and general literature. He preaches in churches of all denominations.—New York Tribune.

New England and Scottish Hills.

When first I saw the crumbling crofters' huts of the Scottish Highlands, says Alvan F. Sanborn in the Atlantic, I felt that I could never see anything sadder. I had not then seen the deserted farms of my own New England hills. When I visited them I recognized instantly a sadder sight than the crofters' huts, decay in a new country being as much more appalling than decay in an old country as the loss of faculties in youth is more appalling than the loss of them in age.

Cruelty.

Sue—Do you suppose Fred got this ring on the installment plan?

Sadie—I don't know about that, but I do know that he's trying to get rid of it on that plan. You're the fourth girl who's worn it.—Youkers Statesman.

Special - Notice.

After July 5th our store will close at 6 o'clock every night (except Saturdays), and 9 o'clock on Saturdays, until September the first.

Geo. Watson & Co.

Broad and Market St. Clothiers, Newark, N. J.

Elizabeth Electric Cars Stop at Our Store.

William F. Mitchell, Plain and Ornamental House Painting

Interior Decorating and Paper Hanging in all its branches. Fresco work a specialty. Estimates cheerfully given.

Residence: CUMBERLAND STREET, P. O. Box 43. Westfield, N. J.

What do the Children Drink.

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called *Granum*? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. Give more strength to your child, and the more health you give through their system. *Granum* is made of pure grains, and tastes like chocolate, but costs about 1/2 as much. All grocers sell it. See ad on 25.

Consent Coffee Drinkers BEWARE!

If you have been deceived and tried one of the cheap imitations sold on the market, claiming to be the original and to have great food value, and you got a pound of poorly toasted bran for your 25c, a poor weak, slightly drink (and you expect from brand) don't be discouraged but try *GRANUM*. It is made from solid grain, nicely brewed and 2 pounds for 25c. *Granum* takes the place of coffee at 1/2 the price. Get a package of your grocer to-day.

INDURCORNS

Apply to the Children's Foot. One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoe. It makes new shoes feel easy, gives the child relief to corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Cures and prevents swollen feet, blisters, calluses and sore spots. Allen's Foot-Ease is a certain cure for sweating, hot, itching feet. At all drug, shoe and shoe stores. Trial package FREE by mail. Address: Allen S. Dunstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

PARKE'S HAIR BALSAM

Clears and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Prevents the hair from falling out. Restores Gray Hair to its youthful color. Cures itching scalp and dandruff. Sold in 25c and 50c bottles.

CONSUMPTIVE

Parke's Gopher Tonic. Many who are disappointed in other cod liver oils, find relief in this. It is made from pure cod liver oil, and is the best for consumption. Sold in 25c and 50c bottles.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

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Superior Milk and Cream

delivered to your door.

H. WILLOUGHBY, Proprietor.

Furniture moving, grading and team work by day or contract.

The Invention of the 19th Century is

Baker's Paint Preservative

When used in connection with Lead and colors.

When used as above mentioned it will lengthen the durability of the Paint as long again and at the same time make a lustrous and finish on the building never given by any other paint.

as a large number, who have used it, can testify to. It is sold, but in a new form, as it is made from refined raw linseed-oil, honed-down to make a heavy body, and dries with an elasticity that keeps it from cracking. I will guarantee it to not chalk.

Here is a word from a reliable property owner:—

Farmwood, March 15, 1897.

Mr. W. H. BAKER.

It is with the greatest deal of pleasure that I recommend your Preservative Paint to any one desiring a handsome looking house, as I investigated the matter thoroughly before employing you. I have been well pleased with the wearing qualities, and I think it superior to any paint in regard to wear as well as looks. You may refer any one to me and I will be pleased to show my house. I remain

Yours truly,

H. PHOENIX ROBINSON.

Mr. Robinson also says that he would rather give \$100 to Mr. Baker to paint his house than \$80 to any other painter.

W. H. Baker, Westfield.

SUMMER SESSIONS

The New Jersey Business College, 764-766 Broad St., Newark, holds a Summer Session beginning June 1st, at reduced rates of tuition.

Write to Principal, or call at the College for particulars.

The College is located opposite the Prudential Building.

C. T. MILLER, Principal.

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C. T. MILLER, Principal.

CRANFORD.

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

All communications for Cranford Department should be sent to E. R. Clynna, Cranford, N. J.

POST OFFICE DIRECTORY. OUTGOING MAILS. Eastward. Westward. Leave. Close. Leave. Close.

The board of education meet next Saturday night.

A sewer permit was granted Mrs Randolph for a house on Union avenue.

The Epworth League will meet Wednesday at the residence of Wm. Howell.

The Rev. and Mrs. J. J. Edgemore are expected home from Corning to day.

The regular monthly meeting of the Eclectic club takes place next Saturday night.

The Cranford Epworth League will lead the services Thursday evening at the Fresh Air camp in Westfield.

The petition of the new south side hose company was referred to the fire committee.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cuthbert are to make the trip via the great lakes to Duluth, instead of to the Catskills as stated last Friday.

The Rev. W. C. Roberts left yesterday on his wheel homeward bound.

Mrs. Roberts and daughter leave by rail Thursday for a trip to Toronto.

W. Hamilton of Elizabeth will lead the Friday evening prayer meeting at the Methodist church, giving his experience in mission work in Elizabeth.

J. E. Warner won the first prize in the pool tournament at the Athletic club, and George Bates second.

The prizes are two very handsome billiard cues, which have been on exhibition behind the counter in the club room for some time.

A special town meeting was held last night to apply the money received from the sale of outstanding sewer notes.

Notes to the amount of \$96,764.69, were this canceled. About \$7,000 in notes still remains to be provided for, about \$20,000 on this account having been paid from assessments received to date.

The appearance in the Sun Saturday and in the Sun and Journal Sunday of spicy accounts of the entire party row, now of some months standing, has set everybody's tongue wagging on the subject, where it had heretofore been confined largely to the membership of the Country club.

"The smaller the matter the bigger the row," is a saying in Westfield; it would seem to apply equally well to Cranford.

Funeral services were held Sunday afternoon over the remains of John Hegeman at his late home on Union avenue, the Rev. Geo. Francis Green officiating. The members of the Royal Arcanum attended in a body, led by Edmund B. Horton, regent, Cranford Lodge of Foresters of which deceased was a member, were also present, as were the members of the board of education. The handsome casket was surrounded by a wealth of flowers, among which were beautiful floral tributes from both fraternal organizations.

The new south side hose company seems to be making satisfactory progress. They already have a goodly membership list, and they petitioned the town committee last night to give them the hose carriage which is to be discarded by Union Hose company shortly, and muster them into the fire department. Their petition was referred to the fire committee, in the regular order of business. From the tone of the comments in the committee there seems little doubt that if the problem of housing the new company can be satisfactorily solved they will be a part of Cranford's fire department and ready for business in a very short time. Judge Mendell seems to be the head and front of the new organization.

The executive committee of the boat- ing association met last night at the Eclectic club rooms. The committee on music, lanterns, wire, hand stands and electric lighting all reported satisfactory progress. Arrangements are about complete for the decoration of all the bridges and the river banks, and much of the material has been purchased. Money for expenses continues to come in satisfactorily, and everything promises the best carnival in the history of the town if the weather proves suitable. The committee will try to have the town thoroughly lighted up—not only will the river banks and vicinity be well lighted up, but there is to be a grand general illumination of the whole town. There are to be three bands playing in different parts of the village. Something very special in the way of boats and floats is promised.

Two or three months ago Constable John Schindler was given a warrant for

the arrest of Henry Ditzel, which he executed. Ditzel accused him of assault, and had him arrested. Schindler depended on his own word, it seems, to clear him of the charge, but in court was confronted by five witnesses who swore that he used undue violence in making the arrest. The judge fined him \$25, in the face of the evidence he could do nothing else. On the advice of a lawyer the case was appealed, and now, after a second trial, the fine and costs amount to \$150, which it seems Schindler must pay. The town committee talked the matter over at length, and although they were inclined to the opinion that Schindler had really done no more than his duty in the matter, and that the "undue violence" was largely imaginary, they could see no way in which they could help Schindler out any.

Baseball Games. The Athletic club succeeded in winning another baseball game on the home grounds on Saturday afternoon by defeating the strong West End Field club of New York in a very hotly contested ten inning game, by a score of 9 to 5. The West Ends are the same team who on July 3 defeated the Cranfords. Owing to a shower, when the first inning was half over the grounds were in very bad shape. But very few errors and bad plays were made. A feature of the game was the batting of both teams, all the hits being clean. In the third inning Fuchsler knocked a home run in right field with Snow on base. In the eighth inning Young of the West Ends made a home run with Hall on base and tied the score. Neither team made a run in the 9th inning, but in the tenth the visitors made 2 runs and the home team 3, settling the game. The positions of the players were as follows: Cranford A. C. West End F. C. Rowell s s Young 1 b Bets 2 b Bets 2 b Williams c c Horn s s Barrett 1 f O'Garrahan 3 b Rosenblatt 3 b Kennedy c f Snow c f Keur f Bolich 1 b Hall 1 f Fuchsler p Larendon c Fox r Tabor p

Score by innings. Cranford A. C. 2 2 2 0 0 0 0 0 3 4 West End F. C. 1 0 0 2 0 1 2 0 2 8

Besse on balls, Tabor 8, Fuchsler 3. Struck out, by Tabor 8, Fuchsler 3. Hits, Cranford 17, West End F. C. 15. Errors, Cranford, 4, West End F. C. 4. Umpires, Messrs Parvin and Larendon.

The Athletic club go to Westfield next Saturday to play the Westfield club, and a very interesting game is expected.

BRANCH MILLS.

James Holmes led the C. E. meeting Sunday evening. A huge attendance was present.

Arthur Reeves of Newark will spend the week with his cousin, Mrs C. Schoonover.

Mr. Stiles has been repairing the hill road by the school house which has been almost impassable for some time.

ANGER AND EGGS.

A Boston Man Says the Combination May Result in Death.

"Never eat eggs while you are angry," said A. E. Stewart of Boston. "My attention was first called to this strange fact by the tragic and sudden death of a lady acquaintance in Boston several years ago. I accepted her husband's invitation to dine with them. Just as we were going in to dinner a servant did something that caused the lady to fly into a terrible rage. She had been irritable from some minor complaint for several days, and her husband calmed her ruffled feelings sufficiently for the dinner to be eaten in good temper. I noticed that she ate an unusually large amount of soft scrambled eggs. Fifteen minutes after we left the dining room she was a corpse. She died in frightful convulsions before the nearest doctor reached the house. The doctor was unable to describe the cause. A few months later I was visiting a brother in Connecticut, and one of his sons died under similar circumstances. Before breakfast one morning the boy, who was about 15 years old, had a fight with a neighbor's boy. Before his anger had subsided my nephew was called to breakfast. He ate four soft boiled eggs. Had I known as much then as I do now I would have prevented it. In less than a half hour after breakfast the boy died with exactly the same symptoms that were present when my friend's wife died. This set me to thinking about the matter. "It wasn't long after this before a Beacon Hill friend of mine expired suddenly after a meal. The doctors, as usual, were divided in opinion on the cause of death. Some of them contended that it was heart failure, whatever that is, and others are still holding out that it was apoplexy. Inquiry by me developed the fact that my friend was very angry when he sat down at table and that he ate five eggs. With these developments I searched no further for the cause of his death. He was angry, he ate eggs, and he died. If there are not links in the chain of cause and effect, the human intellect is incapable of logical thinking."—St. Louis Republic.

ELOQUENT BAKER.

AN ENGLISH BORN WESTERNER WHOSE SPEECH WAS A SPELL.

His Memorable Effort Which Charmed the Reporters Beyond the Power to Record What He Said His Career on the Pacific Coast and His Death.

Only once have I listened to a speaker who could make a newspaper reporter forget his occupation, and that man was Colonel Edward D. Baker of California, Oregon and the nation. Colonel Baker was born in England and was brought to America while a child by his parents. His father was a weaver and obtained work in a Philadelphia mill. Young Baker also worked in the mill when he got old enough. Weaving was not to his taste, and as soon as he could he went to Illinois and without the aid of much schooling educated himself, got admitted to the bar and began the practice of the law in middle Illinois, riding in the circuit with Lincoln and winning fame as an orator. He went to Mexico as colonel of an Illinois regiment and won fame at Cerro Gordo. Being attracted to California at an early day, he settled in San Francisco and speedily became famous as a jury lawyer, particularly in criminal cases. So great was his reputation as an orator that the miners would leave their claims and go miles over the mountain trails to hear him speak.

Early in 1860 Colonel Baker determined to try to be elected a United States senator from Oregon. It was a most audacious scheme for a resident of one state to attempt to become a senator from an adjoining state, where he had not even attempted to gain a residence. It would require a little more cheek for a New York man to try to become senator from Connecticut than it did for Colonel Baker to undertake to become senator from Oregon. The very audacity of the scheme commended it to Colonel Baker, and he entered upon the work with great energy. He stumped Oregon before the June election and boldly proclaimed himself a candidate for the senate as a Republican against the celebrated General Joe Lane. The legislature met in the fall, and after a hot fight Colonel Baker was elected senator, with a noted wit, James W. Nesmith, as his colleague.

The news of the election of Senator Baker preceded his return by only a few days, causing great joy to his friends in California, who decided to give him a public reception, a function which in those days meant the assembling of friends to listen to a speech by the honored man. The American theater on Sansome street, with a seating capacity of 8,000 when the stage was arranged for auditors, was engaged for the occasion. On the appointed evening every available seat and bit of standing room was occupied, while hundreds were turned away. Seats at tables were arranged on the stage for half a dozen reporters, among them being a tall, thin, consumptive looking man about 45 years old, named Hart, who had been reporting for newspapers so long that he was supposed to be proof against the wiles of man or woman. It was stated at the time that as Colonel Baker rode down to the meeting with the committee he remarked: "I ought to make the speech of my life tonight, but I feel as if I will make a failure."

After the meeting had been formally opened a man about 5 feet 8 inches in height, athletic and erect in build, with a magnificent head scantily covered with gray hair, a smoothly shaven face, aquiline nose, blazing dark eyes, a large neck encircled with a wide Byron collar and wearing dark clothing, was introduced as "Colonel Baker, our senator from Oregon."

As I had never heard Colonel Baker speak, but had had my head filled with stories of his oratorical powers, I sat among the reporters, prejudiced against him by the perversity of my nature, and studied him. For the first 15 minutes I compared him with the noted orators I had heard in the east, my early conclusion being: "If this is 'the great orator of the Pacific' and 'the gray eagle of California,' he is much overrated. I have heard a score of men who excelled him." Then I became interested in the matter and the manner of the orator. His voice rivalled in tone and compass the notes produced by a silver bugle when played by a master, his gestures seemed more appropriate and graceful than those of any speaker I had ever heard, and his utterances were so entrancing that all idea of the flight of time was lost as the ears drank in his words and the eyes watched his graceful movements.

To give you an idea of the power of Colonel Baker's oratory it is enough to relate that Mr. Hart, the case hardened reporter I have mentioned, became so absorbed in the matter and so fascinated by the manner of the orator that he forgot his duty to his newspaper, forgot to take notes, forgot his surroundings and at one climax in the speech jumped from his seat, ran out on the stage, grabbed Colonel Baker round the neck and, amid the tremendous cheering of the great audience, yelled: "By God, sir, you are right!" The instant Hart spoke he woke up and realizing the spectacle he had made of himself, rushed from the stage amid the wild and long continued cheering of the vast audience.

None of the reporters on that stage was ever able to write out more than an occasional paragraph of that two hours' speech made by Colonel Baker, the only one I ever heard him make. Soon afterward he came east to fascinate great crowds in New York by his patriotic utterances, to obtrify the senate and the country by his impromptu reply to Brookridge, delivered while in the mud stained uniform in which he had just come from the field of battle and to ball fighting for his adopted country at Bull's Bluff.—P. B. J. in New York Sun.

DANDY OF THE ORIENT.

With His Favorite for Robes and the Jade His Special Fancy in Sashes.

Chang Yen Huan is famous throughout the Chinese Empire as the dandy of the Orient. Rich and rakish is the far East in color and magnificence of costume, but by the side of the most resplendent of his contemporaries Chang Yen Huan stands out like a peacock in a crowd of barnyard poultry. Satin is his favorite material, and as far as possible he sticks to satin. But with regard to color there is no exclusiveness in his taste. He has satin robes in all the bright colors of the rainbow, and when he takes a walk in the grounds of his palace in Peking the populace knows of the circumstance by the reflection of the sky.

And not only in his clothes is he resplendent. His diamonds are the envy and admiration of all the most famous burlesque actresses in China, and his collection of precious stones is the most valuable in the empire. He never wears the same gown twice in the same season, and for every fresh gown he wears a special set of jewels to match. But not his diamonds, nor his rubies, nor his emeralds, are his chiefest glory. Fortune, said a philosopher, is a jade. But Chang Yen Huan's jade is worth forty fortunes, and he has carved jades which show the progress of Chinese art from the dawn of history down to modern times.

Chang Yen's is a fine figure for the display of glowing costumes and glittering jewels, for he stands over 6 feet in height, is broad in proportion, and, notwithstanding his 57 years, carries himself as erect as a tower. London Mail.

HER UNHAPPY INFIRMITY.

He Tried to be Sympathetic to the Lady, but She Would not Have It.

He was an angular man with gray hair and whiskers. He gave up his seat in the crowded car with an identity then spoke well for the cheerfulness of his disposition. The lady who took the proffered seat was stout and haughty. She slipped into the vacant place without a word. "The angular man looked at her thoughtfully. Then he stooped over and said: "I had an uncle, ma'am, that had just that same ailment."

"Sir," said the stout lady with an insinuating look of her head.

"Yes," continued the angular man, "he couldn't pronounce any word beginning with 'th' to his blessed neck. That's right, he'd stammer and stammer, and the best he could do would be to give it the sound of 's.' It was a dreadful ailment. His oldest son's name was Theophilus, but he always called him 'Sophilus.' Had a long, ma'am?"

The stout lady was red from vexation.

"You are insulting," she snorted.

"Well, I don't wonder you hate to hear anybody refer to it," said the angular man with great cheerfulness. "But I couldn't help noticing it when you took my seat and wasn't able to say 'thank you.' I wouldn't have minded in the least if you'd said 'sank you'—oh, do you get off here? Good day, ma'am—never mind the thanks."

And the stout lady flounced down the street to take the next car.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A DOG ASSISTANT.

Wakes the Boarders in the Morning and Announces Breakfast.

An Asbury Park landlady has a dog that calls the boarders to breakfast. At 7:30 in the morning she says: "Here, Jeff! Go wake up the boarders." Jeff mounts the stairs and scents himself in the hall and howls. He "bays the moon" on every landing in the house, and finally makes a tour of the hallways, howling all the time. This is the rising bell. At 8 o'clock he audaciously says: "Jeff, call them to breakfast."

"This time Jeff emits joyful barks as he makes his tour of the house. He has a short, sharp bark that is his breakfast call, and the boarders recognize it. Jeff only barks that way once a day. The rest of the twenty-four hours he is a quiet house dog, but in the morning is uneasy and suspicious until he is sent on his morning rounds.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Every time was Resigned.

"I heard your minister resigned from his charge."

"Well, no, not exactly."

"How was it then?"

"Why, you see, we'd been assigned to him as long as we could stand it, and we thought it was time for him to resign. He didn't resign. We resigned him.—Boston Post.

It Frightened Her.

"Your father has an idea that you are going to marry a worthless good-for-nothing fellow, but what I will fool him!"

"Gracious! You are not going to break off the engagement, are you?"—Washington Star.

Different With Him.

"I felt very weak last Sunday," said Bloodmutter, "and I did not stir out of the house all day."

"I never feel weak on Sundays," Spatts replied. "The other days are my weak days."

A LUCKY FIND.

Tale of a Valuable Watch That Was Lost on an Elevated Railroad.

"This watch in itself is a valuable one," said a New York business man as he took the timepiece from the peculiar looking fob in which he carries it, "but it had an adventure last week that gives it a still greater value to me. The fob is an heirloom, and, as you may see, would be apt to attract attention anywhere.

"One afternoon last week I was going up town on a crowded train on the Sixth avenue elevated. The train was so crowded that I was compelled to stand on a car platform close to the brake wheel. As the train was rounding the curve out of West Third street I took my watch from my pocket, removed it from the fob, and, after noting the time, shoved it back into the fob and returned it, as I thought, to the pocket. Instead of getting it into the pocket, however, it was on the outside, and as I let it go it fell. The guard saw it as it fell and reached out his foot to save it from going between the platforms, but failed, and down it went.

"I got off the train at Eighth street and ran back as fast as I could to the spot where the watch had dropped, having, I may of course say, not the slightest hope that the watch would be anywhere to be seen. When I reached the place, my heart almost jumped out of my throat, for there in the street, conspicuous among its surroundings, lay the fob. I picked it up. It was empty. No watch could I find anywhere.

"Some one has found it," was naturally my conclusion, and that was the last I ever expected to hear or see of it.

"But as I walked back toward the Eighth street station I got to thinking about the matter differently. If anyone had found the watch, why should he have left the fob? The more I thought of it the more I made up my mind that the watch hadn't been found. I boarded a train at Eighth street and went up town to the railroad headquarters. There I told of the singular thing that had happened to my watch, and the officer in charge told me that after the commission hours were over for the day the track walkers would start from Fifty-ninth street down the line, making their regular inspection of the rails and roadway, and he would instruct them to keep an eye out for the lost watch.

"But," said he, smiling, "I guess you will have to come to the conclusion, after all, that some one else will tell the time by it after it hasn't been smashed to pieces by the fall."

"Next day I went to the office. My watch was there. A track walker had discovered it by the light of his torch at midnight lying snugly on one of the girders or braces of the iron roadway beneath the track. The ring was sprung out of its fastening in the stem, and the watch was open. There was a dent on the case at the hinge. In falling the watch had struck in some mysterious way so that it had been forced from the fob, which went on down to the street. Beyond the trifling damage I mentioned the watch was not injured in the slightest. If there ever was a luckier find than that, I never heard of it."—New York Sun.

THE SACRIFICE.

It Made Mamma Sad, but the Baby Obeeyed and Was Glad.

She was a sweet little woman, with big brown eyes and a pretty air of determination and hardly summoned fortitude, as she led a 4-year-old boy into an up town barber shop. She took off his hat and dandled lovingly for a moment with his long yellow curls. Then she spoke to the man in the first chair, but her voice faltered and fell, and no one else could hear what she said.

In a minute the little chap was perched atop of a husscock placed in the chair, a big apron was around his neck, and the barber with comb and shears in hand was preparing to begin his work.

The little woman seated herself resolutely with her face to the street and gazed straight out at the stream of teams and bicycles that fills Woodward avenue just before noon, but she didn't seem to see anything of the long procession.

"Snip, snip, snip," went the shears, and still she looked straight ahead before her. Then her head began to turn slowly, but before the fatal chair came in view she had recovered her nerve and straightened herself with a little shiver, fixing her gaze once more on the opposite side of the street.

But that couldn't last long. Her hands were beating nervously on the arms of the chair, and the toe of a dainty boot made a rat-a-tat-tat on the tiling. She shifted uneasily in her seat, and pretty soon her head turned again, very slowly this time, until she could see the devastation the shears had wrought.

One side of the little chap's head was already shorn of its long locks, and the unfeeling tonsorial artist held another curl at full length. "Snip!" went the shears. The little woman gasped, and a big tear rolled down her cheek. She flicked it off, but another followed it. She didn't look away again, but the barber's task was nearly finished before she trusted herself to speak.

Then she swallowed hard, tried to smile and said in a strained, wobbly voice:

"They're almost gone now, baby."

"Yes," responded the youngster, with an approving glance at his reflection in the mirror. "I guess Dick won't call me a little girl any more."—Detroit News.

A young English girl, at a reception given to a number of literary lions, remarked to one of them, after a survey of the collection, "How very odd that the better they write the uglier they are!"

According to the computation of the Russian chronologists the creation took place B. C. 5608.



YOU NEED MEAT

(unless you're a vegetarian, when you need it all the same but think you don't) we need money. We have the meat, you have the money. Let's trade. If your money is as good as our meat, we'll all be happy.

ARCHBOLD & SCUDDER, WESTFIELD.

INTERIOR DECORATIONS.

In Blue and White and Gray Japanese Flower Sprays. Use of Fretwork. How delightfully cool and comfortable in the hot summer weather a bedroom appears that is finished and furnished entirely in blue and white! Decorator and Furnisher describes such a room in a charming country house. Its walls are lined with a drift china patterned paper in blue and white, with shadings of cream. The ceiling is a



FRETWORK IN ENTRANCE HALL.

blue white paper with tiny blue flowers upon it. There is no frieze, the narrow white picture molding alone serving as a cornice. The woodwork, it is all ost needless to say, is creamy white in tone and of an omelet finish.

The white enameled furniture is ornamented with quaint designs in blue—flowers and landscapes, old Dutch views, where windmills, with wide spreading sails, dominate the scene. The white dimity curtains at the bed and windows are looped back with broad blue ribbons, and a tall blue denim covered screen, embroidered with white, half hides the washstand with its blue and white china toilet set. On the floor white matting is partially covered by a Byzantine rug in blue and blue gray tones, and the water colors on the walls, the only bits of color in the room, are framed in white with broad white mats.

Mention is also made of a quite original room furnished in tones of gray. The carpet was of brown and gray, the furniture in gray corduroy, the walls of gray cartridge paper. The life and beauty of the apartment were secured by the water color pictures framed in gold, which sat out upon the wall much more conspicuously than upon a background of ornamental design. The cabinet and the mantle lent additional color with the vases and the plaques, and here and there were sprays of flowers and stalks of Japanese origin, and even the lace curtains at the window were festooned in artificial flowers, and the general result was not only original but exceedingly bright and cheerful.

There was nothing in the flowery treatment which suggests the millinery, but the flowers were all of a Japanese character. A branch, for instance, of apple blossoms consisted of a natural branch broken from the tree, the flowers being artificial blossoms wired in. Many of the Japanese importers have been bringing over these things of late. They lend color and charm to a room or apartment. Whether preconcertedly quiet and somber or uninteresting and dull by chance, they serve to enliven and beautify.

The decorative use of fretwork and drapery in the simple yet artistic treatment of an entrance hall is also illustrated by the authority here quoted.

Decorative Fashions.

"It is found that among the ultra-fashionable the lampshade composed of silks, leees and other materials is likely to be replaced by a more expensive form—namely, cut glass and spun glass shades," says The Decorator and Furnisher, the source of these notes.

As there was a marked change in the treatment of interior decorations from stripes, tints and panels to cakes, friezes, etc., at the time of the centennial, so there now is a growing demand, rapidly spreading over the country, for the treatment of walls and ceilings by covering them with fabrics, thus forming a permanent ground on which new and beautiful effects in the decorator's art can be produced.

Of recent years the decorating by hand paintings of our doors has become very popular among the fair sex, but such a process, while considerably improving the general effect of an artistic room, is not within the reach of every one, owing to its cost.