


SEMI-WEEKLY THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD. TUESDAY FRIDAY

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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.
For Plainfield, Easton and way stations at 7:45 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.

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A Reed Organ.

The tone and action of the reed organ are entirely unlike those of the pipe organ. The Etude explains that the kinds of music which sound best on each are entirely unlike, although each style can be played on each instrument. Neither is the right kind of reed organ music at all like piano music. Here is right where the great mass of teachers on this instrument utterly fail. The reed organ is a reed organ, not a pipe organ, nor yet a piano. A good piano player learns the pipe organ easier than a reed organ player of the same grade as a general thing. The pedals of a pipe organ are from 2 to 2½ octaves of keys, corresponding to the black and white keys of the keyboard for the piano. The organist plays the bass notes of a composition upon them. "Banks" of keys are better called manuals. A three manual organ has three sets of keys, or keyboards, for the hands.

Pineapple Preserve.
After peeling the pineapple and removing the eyes slice it and then cut the slices into small pieces, leaving out the core. Let the prepared pineapple stand overnight with half its weight of sugar added to it. In the morning heat it quickly, letting it boil only a minute or two, that the color may not be darkened, and seal in jars the same as other fruit.

Fashionable Hairdressing.
Nearly every well dressed woman nowadays completes her evening toilet by the addition of some ornament. Nothing is prettier or newer for the purpose than one of the upstanding bows and ruffles of silver spangled tulle, known abroad as *rejanes*. One of



NEWEST HAIR ORNAMENT.
The tulle *rejan* forms a pretty finishing toilet to the wavy coiffure. The knot of hair, set rather high at the back, is encircled with the twist of the tulle and fastened at one side with the bow and a diamond, or other gem ornament. All colors are represented in these tulle *rejanes*.

The *Ree* does just as little work as will help keep himself and his family alive, and most of that he gets done by *Kaffir* servants, who, in the more out of the way districts, at any rate, are practically slaves.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

Communications intended for this column must be signed, and should not exceed 300 words in length.

Editor Union County Standard.

I wish to premise to the following article that while not an advocate, specially for the person named, I am for the principles involved, viz. honesty and justice.

After reading the report of the meeting of the board of education on Tuesday, July 6 last, regarding the payment of salary due one of the teachers (Miss Brown), I had hoped some one honorable would call public attention to the gross injustice and wrong done the young woman. The honorable president of the board stated he hadn't signed the warrant for the payment of the last month's salary supposed to be due (I wish to premise to Miss Brown as she had not performed any duties for that month. On the contrary she had, and faithfully up to the time she was taken sick, and was certainly no more responsible for that than the principal for his illness, who did not perform any duty under six weeks, but was paid in full; there's your precedent, Mr. President). Ah! if "man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn," what proportion for woman? The aforesaid worthy principal, who by the way was the means of obtaining the position for Miss Brown) made the assertion that "with a principal it was different." Why? because he was a man?

Would it have made the matter any more just or honest to have delayed it for a month as suggested by member Clark?

As for the charitable motion of member Coger, none of the teachers are objects for charity—in fact I know of no class who more surely, honestly earn their small salaries than true and faithful women teachers, who not only deserve but should be honestly paid them. Although not in full accord with all the ideas, socially and politically of Mr. Reese, I wish to "go on record" as thanking him for his manly expression of honesty in this matter. No no, Mr. Editor, if the claim for salary had been made under the same circumstances by a man, it would have been paid without question; but a woman—why "that's different." I'd ub; if this action of the board had effected a daughter or a sister of any of its members, it would have been so easily dropped. As it now stands they have made it (as a board) liable, not only to just and severe criticism, but shame, in and out of the town and state.

The teacher is as justly entitled to her salary as the principal was to his; not only that, but an apology as well, for the shameful treatment and notoriety. Yours for justice and right, no matter who's hit.

H. A. LYNDE.

Westfield, Aug. 2, '97.

THE ARTIST'S PRIVILEGE.

No Phase of Life Which the Realist May Not Touch.

In a defense of his literary methods Arthur Morrison, the English novelist, writes in *The New Review*:

"I have been asked, in print, if I think that there is no phase of life which the artist may not touch. Most certainly I think this; more, I know it. It is the artist's privilege to seek his material where he thinks well, and it is no man's privilege to say him nay. If the community has left horrible places and horrible lives before his eyes, then the fault is that of the community, and to picture those places and these lives becomes not merely his privilege, but his duty. It was my fate to encounter a place in Shoreditch where children were born and reared in circumstances that gave those children no reasonable chance of living decent lives, where they were born foredoomed to a criminal or semicriminal career. It was my experience to learn the ways of this place, to know its inhabitants, to talk with them, eat, drink and work with them.

"For the existence of this place and for the evils it engendered the community was responsible, and every member of the community was and is responsible in his degree. If I had been a rich man, I might have attempted to discharge my peculiar responsibility in one way; if I had been a statesman, I might have tried another. Being neither of these things, but a simple writer of fiction, I endeavored to do my duty by writing a tale wherein I hoped to bring the condition of this place within the comprehension of others. There are those who say I should have turned away my eyes and passed by on the other side, on the very respectable precedent of the priest and the Levite in the parable."

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FRUIT CANNING.

A Few Hints That the Housewife Will Do Well to Remember.

In canning fruit, remember that it is hard and disagreeable work at best, and unless you can count within sight of its highest possibilities, the game is not worth the candle. Whether it is good, bad or indifferent depends upon your own knowledge and skill. Excluding the air to prevent fermentation is only the A B C of success. Fruit must look as well as taste delicious, and in order to do this it must retain its natural flavor and appearance, and be sweetened with granulated sugar. Fruit for canning must be freshly picked and a little under rather than over ripe. The pits of peaches and the cores of pears improve the flavor of their respective fruits. If removed, distribute a few peach pits in every jar and put a little muslin bag filled with cores in the center of pear jars.

The skins of green gage plums should be left on and pierced with a fork before they are cooked. The skins of all other common varieties should be removed. If plums and peaches are immersed in boiling water to loosen the skins, only a few should be treated at once, and these should first be put in a wire basket or sieve. After remaining two minutes or so in cold water and gently rub off the skins. A silver knife should be used to shred pineapple and to pare pears and quinces.

Peaches should be put in sirup as soon as pared, and pears and quinces into cold water, to prevent discoloration. Peaches are firmer and richer if allowed to remain overnight in the sirup before they are cooked. Five or six pints should be distributed through each quart jar.

The most delicate and natural flavor is obtained by cooking the fruit in the jars. This method also does away with the breakage from handling and adds greatly to its appearance. Pears and quinces are no exception to this rule, but as both are made quickly cooked tender in clear water it is more convenient to do so before they are put in sirup.

All old jars should be thoroughly cleansed with soda and boiling water, and the airtightness of every jar should be tested with water before it is filled with the fruit, which should be placed in the jar as fast as it is prepared, and the jar filled to the neck with sirup.

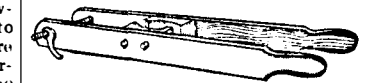
A flat bottomed kettle or an ordinary clothes boiler is convenient for cooking, and a board fitted to the bottom loosely and closely filled with such auger holes obviates all danger of breakage. Put the rubber and cover in position, leaving the latter loose. Fill the boiler with warm water to the neck of the jars and boil gently until the fruit can be easily pierced with a fork. No definite rule for cooking can be given. Ten minutes is usually long enough for berries, while the time required for larger and more solid fruits depends upon their ripeness. Experience soon makes one expert. Take each jar out on to a hot plate, fill to overflowing with boiling water and screw down the top. Tighten as it cools and invert to be sure that it is airtight.

The jars should be wrapped in paper to exclude the light, which is more injurious than one is apt to think, and kept in a cool, dry place. The flavor of fruit is much improved if the oxygen is restored by removing the cover an hour or two before it is needed.

If rich fruit is desired, the following quantities of sugar for each pint jar will be satisfactory, but as sugar is not the "keeping power" much less or even none may be used: Raspberries, four ounces; whortleberries, four ounces; peaches, five ounces; Bartlett pears, six ounces; sour pears, eight ounces; plums, eight ounces; quinces, eight ounces. These hints are from the *New York Times*.

Jelly Making Convenience.

Rural New Yorker recently illustrated an aid to the housewife when making jelly. It is both hard and un-



HOMEMADE JELLY SQUEEZER.

comfortable work to extract the juice from a jelly bag filled with hot, cooked fruit by hand power. The contrivance, which is homemade, extracts the juice from the jelly bag without touching it with the hands. Hang up the bag and insert it between the curved faces of the blocks, and the handles will apply sufficient strength. As the bag grows thinner turn up the nut to bring the handles nearer together.

Woman in Tennis.

Despite the vaunted physical superiority of the masculine sex, lawn tennis has been taken up almost as successfully by women as by men. The women's championship tournament held at Philadelphia demonstrated this fact beyond dispute. There are few American sports which offer the pleasure and excitement of tennis without personal danger, and which can be enjoyed by both sexes equally, and tennis has been justly particular for this reason, says a contributor to *The Puritan*, who adds: "The interference in skill between men and women who play tennis well is great, but is probably due more to the handicap of dress than physical shortcoming, although both factors must be taken into account. The fin de siècle American woman might compete with men on an equal footing if complete dress reform in sport were brought about."

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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 7 P. M.; Sunday School 12 M. Samuel Johnson, Superintendent. Strangers made to feel at home.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF CHRIST, Rev. Henry Ketchum, Pastor. Sunday Morning, Service 10:30 o'clock. Sunday-school 12 M. Young People's Prayer Meeting 8:45 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, Service 10:30 o'clock. Sunday-school 12 M. Young People's Meeting 8:45 P. M. Evening Service 7:45 o'clock. Class meeting, Tuesday evening at 7:45 o'clock. General Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evenings, at 8 o'clock. All seats are free.
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 attendants and cordially invite you to make this church your home.

ST. PAUL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Sunday School at 9 o'clock at Etta Hall, corner Broad and Prospect streets.

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.

WESTFIELD PUBLIC LIBRARY, Incorporated 1877. Library open every day from 9 to 11 A. M., and Saturday from 1 to 6 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.

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INSPIRATION.

God's spirit brings what most man's spirit asks. The eternal motive to the first day. The highest purpose to the smallest tasks. The surest thought to light us on our way. - Priestella Leonard to the Independent.

FINDING A NURSE.

"It is a tremendous worry," said Vansittart, fiddly, rubbing his hair the wrong way and sighing.

Dr. Musgrave laughed.

"I wish I could help you," he returned. "I know a young woman who would have suited you in every respect. I can vouch for her character. She has been with some friends of mine as nurse, and is highly qualified. Unfortunately she has a situation."

"London town," growled Vansittart, "with nurses who would have suited me in every respect, but have just got a situation. Any one else?"

"No one else at the moment, I'm sorry to say. Have you advertised?"

"I sent two advertisements to the Post, and had seven applicants in reply. Seven! And of those three were spectacles and one had apparently had a paralytic stroke. It is most considerate of Robbins, upon my word."

"Robbins is the nurse who is leaving you, is she?"

"She is; but she is more she is a treasure. I do not think I ever valued Robbins as she deserved till she gave me notice. She has been with the child ever since my wife died, three years ago, and I have never had a moment's anxiety or trouble. The responsibility of being a widower with a helpless baby to take care of is simply keeping me awake nights. The interviews, too, are rapidly giving me gray hairs. I detest my deplorable ignorance of every question. There ought to be a book published on the subject, 'Hints to Widowers Entangling a Nurse.' The wretches see my helplessness, and attempt to bully me when I say they won't do. One girl does seem all right, however. She came from the registry office this morning."

The respectable practitioner rubbed his hands and smiled.

"Well," he said emphatically, "then your worries are over, after all. You mustn't look for too much, you know. You mustn't expect perfection. You have got a suitable girl—the father is over."

The widower glared.

"Over?" he echoed. "Why, I've got to go and inquire about her references. I must journey down to Twoacorn, or Burlington, or somewhere, beside on a woman who has never heard of me, and catch her till I shall be positively aslamed of myself. Never lose your wife, doctor. You're a medical man—take every precaution. To be the father of a delicate child without a woman to engage a nurse for her is the most awful position possible for the human mind to conceive."

He was of the same opinion next day when he found himself giving a nervous rap at the door of the trim little villa that proved to be his destination. Vaguely also he was conscious that his own house compared badly with this maisonette. The geraniums in the flower boxes bloomed more freshly here, the arrangement of the window curtains was more graceful. There was a spotlessness about the doorstep itself which he missed at home.

"Is Mrs. Hillary in?"

She was in. He was requested to walk into the drawing room. He contemplated its screens, china, photographs and ferns with augmented jealousy. Verily, a woman was indispensable to a house, and his one, he imagined, must be a nice woman. The things about seemed to attest it. Perhaps, therefore, she would be the more likely to help him through the interview with kindness. He had the masculine dread of ridicule, and the thought that he would look absurd inquiring whether a servant was honest, sober, truthful and competent was awful to him. He turned as the door opened.

"I have taken the liberty of calling," he began, and then he broke off with an exclamation, "Madge!"

"Frank—Mr. Vansittart! Is it possible?"

"More—it's a fact. But—how extraordinary! And you haven't engaged a bit!"

She laughed.

"And you didn't know it was I you were coming to see?"

"I hadn't any idea of it," he explained. "After all these weary years—and I didn't even suppose you were in England, I came—it sounds very silly—I came about a nurse's character."

"A nurse? You are married, then?" said Mrs. Hillary.

"I married four years ago. I have been a widower for three. I have one child—a girl."

There was a little pause between them. He fingered his gloves, and his hostess played with a paper knife.

"Your husband is well, I trust?" asked the visitor at last, with an effort.

She gave a palpable start. They had once been so much to each other, and now he did not even know she was a widow.

"I lost him," she murmured, "soon after our marriage."

"I—I beg your pardon. Poor Frank! We used to be very good friends before—at one time, I should say. You have a child?"

"Bertie—a little fellow he is! You must see him before you leave. Of course you will stay to luncheon."

"I shall be very pleased to. How strange it is to see you again, Madge. You have forgotten my last words when we parted, I hope?"

"I am afraid I deserved them," she

confessed humbly. "We were both young and hot-headed. I am glad he has been done. You were happy in your married life?"

"Yes," he said, "oh, yes, I was happy. And you?"

"Frank was very kind and indulgent," she murmured. "Oh, I don't suppose I merit any pity. But tell me—did not understand—you have really come about a servant's character? Who is she?"

"She is, I think, a 'Sarah Brown.' He consulted his letter case. "Yes, her name is Sarah Brown. I want her for the child, if she is capable. Please recommend her if you can. Another disappointment will kill me."

"You want her so badly?"

"I want some one very badly—Sarah Brown or otherwise. You can form no idea of what it is to be a father. Mrs. Hillary Madge. The responsibility of engaging a nurse is rapidly shortening my life."

"Poor fellow!" said Mrs. Hillary with compassion. "Well, I should think Brown would suit you very well indeed. She is quite qualified, and in fact I am rather sorry I parted with her."

"Why did you part with her? You see I'm becoming an idiot at the lastness. What was the cause of her leaving you?"

"Temper," she replied. "But to be quite candid, I'm not sure her temper was not on my own side. Anyhow, I can give her a good character to you or to any one else."

He heaved a great sigh of relief. "Then that's settled. How glad I am it is over. You can't think how I dreaded this interview with an unknown 'Mrs. Hillary' but somehow with you it wasn't difficult at all; even the domestic part of it. You were always reliable, Madge—always with one exception, that is to say, that is a likeness of you on the mantelpiece. May I look at it?"

"I took it down and scrutinized it attentively."

"Good!" he said, "distinctly good. They've caught your expression. When was it done—recently? Indeed! It might be the girl I took down to supper at the Richmond's ball seven years ago." He put the frame back and turned his gaze to the original. "So might you," he added, "I'm a middle-aged man, and you are just the same. Do you remember that night? You treated me very badly, Madge?"

"You were very ungenerous, you mean," she retorted gently.

"Ungenerous? Nonsense! Three times—three waltzes running you gave Hillary against my express request. Well, well, poor Hillary's gone, and here are you and I, two lonely folks, meeting again by the merest chance. Are you lonely?"

"Sometimes a little lonely," said Mrs. Hillary. "But I have my child, you know, and you have yours. She must be a great comfort to you. I should love to see her."

"If I might bring her to you one day," he said, "it would please me awfully. She never sees a woman except the servants, from one month's end to the other. Nor do I. We vegetate in that big gaunt house, the child and I, in a manner that is positively pathetic."

The maid now announced that luncheon was served, and they went into the dining room together.

"If," continued Vansittart, when he had drunk a glass of sherry and was turning his attention to salmon cutlet, "if you would look us up occasionally when you could spare the time, it would be real charity on your part. It would, indeed. Not alone to the baby, but to me. You—you make me younger, Madge; you make me forget seven whole years."

"Seven whole years?" echoed the lady.

"Actually. In imagination I wear a rose in my button-hole again and am particular about the fit of my gloves. What an enchantress is a woman! You do all this in an hour with a few kind words."

"It would be very startling," said Mrs. Hillary. "If you really wore a rose. Come, let me find you one. And—yes—I must certainly make time to look you up one day. Your condition, as you describe it, sounds simply dreadful."

She selected a rosebud from a glass on the table, and taking advantage of the servant's absence pinned it in his coat.

"That is better already," she said contemplating him critically, her head on one side.

"Do you know I think it was a very fortunate thing for you, my poor old hermit, that Fate threw you in my way again? A few years more by yourself, and you would have been beyond repair. Now you may still be done up."

"With care," agreed Vansittart, "with great care and skill I might think it is possible. There is something, though, that continues to trouble me. Supposing Sarah Brown should leave? You have given me a nurse, and I can view Robbins' retirement with equanimity; but supposing Sarah should want to desert me too?"

There must have been some significance in his tone than in his words, for Mrs. Hillary blushed, and for a moment tripped with her strawberries nervously.

"Sufficient for the day," she murmured.

"Is the good it has given me," he concluded. "Well, perhaps so. It has certainly been a very generous day indeed. But you won't forbid me to look forward to the morrow, will you? A day like this without a to-morrow would be as bad as an hors d'oeuvre without a dinner."

"In some ways," said Mrs. Hillary, "look forward for to-morrow by all means—if it should be fine, you may just see another visit, with the child."

COZY HOUSE NOOKS.

EMPTYING CORNERS IN WHICH TO READ OR REST.

How Waste Space Was Utilized and Made Comfortable in a General Sitting Room, Decorating and Furnishing a Nook in Houdoir or Parlor.

In every house, whether it be in city or country, there are little niches and nooks which lend themselves most kindly to decoration and which form delightful hiding places for the reader, smoker or idler on some warm, sunny day when the dim coolness of the house is to be preferred to the glare outside. One of the best things about these corners is that they need not depend upon upholsterers and cabinet makers for their adornment, for the home carpenter can produce the most happy results with very little outlay. Appreciating



COZY LOUNGING PLACE.

this fact, The Standard Designer presents some attractive illustrated schemes for bringing about desirable effects.

One of these was a cozy corner formed in a recess between the chimney and the window. It was too small to accommodate anything in the way of a desk or sideboard, and so would have been just so much waste space if the head of the house had not hit upon the happy idea of converting it into a lounging place for those who wanted to read or sew or even take a siesta. The room in which the corner was made in this case happened to be the general sitting room and had no mantle, being heated in winter by a register. A dwarf looking stool stood across the chimney.

The settee had a foundation of unpainted pine wood, forming a seat and the high back. These were put in place by a carpenter and then covered with cushions, made to fit, of bed ticking covered in turn with blue and white cotton rep. The wooden molding, placed round the front edge, and the legs were stained and varnished. The back of the settee was made to set far enough out from the wall to support a 10 inch shelf. This was backed by a stained and varnished frame-work with mirrors set in on the three sides. None of the mirrors was very large, so they did not add materially to the cost.

Above the first shelf and manted back, about two feet higher up, another shelf with supports and fancy railing was arranged, and still above this was put a kind of decorative overhanging of wood, which gave quite the effect of a mantle to the whole. This top shelf was used for fancy china and glassware, and the lower one, just above the back of the settee, for little articles of bric-a-brac. The broad window sill was also near enough at hand to hold the work-basket or book, and the settee was arranged at a convenient height for even very little people who might desire to avail themselves of its comfortable softness.

In place of the shelves for china, etc., bookshelves might be arranged, or even without such accessories the settee would prove both serviceable and decorative.

The subject of a second illustration is suitable for almost any room from "my lady's chamber" to a studio or parlor. The little woman to whom the original belonged evaded the settee from two old armchairs by knocking off an arm from each and building them out with boarding and burlap. The covering was blue denim embroidered in white, with a tulip design to match the frieze of the papering. The embroidery was done with coarse flax thread in outline stitch. Plain blue denim was gathered above the settee, and in the corner a tiny shelf was made, just large enough to hold a blue and white porcelain jug. Above the settee was built a strong shelf, with a triangular cabinet set in where the



"MY LADY'S" NOOK.

sides meet. The top of this made another shelf. The shelf and cabinet were made of pine wood enameled white. The wall panel was a soft gray, with a frieze of pale yellow tulips on a blue gray ground. The floor was stained a deep yellow and varnished, and the rug was of gray and blue, with a few touches of yellow to light it up a bit. The little spindle-legged tea table was enameled white to match the shelf and the cabinet, and a wrought iron stand held the brass trivet and lamp.

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FORMERLY EDSALL'S.

BRIDE 115 YEARS OLD.

Cupid Speeds His Shaft Regardless of Youth or Beauty.

It is said that Cupid knows no age, and that love is blind. Let it be added that Hyman is indifferent as to the age of those who stand within the glow of his torch.

The other Sunday there was solemnized a wedding, remarkable for the extreme age of the bride.

It was in the mission of San Fernando, one of the century old stations of the Spanish priests who discovered the golden State, that the remarkable wedding of a bride of 115 was solemnized. The church is within an easy drive, some back, of Los Angeles, and handsome young Father Laebna goes out there every Sunday to pronounce a mass, and to administer the sacraments of marriage and baptism, or to perform the last rites over the remains of some simple member of the flock who has gone to his reward.

The wedding guests came from miles about on foot, on horseback and even some in clumsy, primitive carts, a chapel of Indians, halfbreeds and picturesque Mexicans.

The bride is known as "Old Maria." She has an Indian name, perhaps, but for many years she has been simply "old Maria." She is part of the history of the mission. When it was built, one hundred years ago, she was a buxom Indian girl fifteen years old. With her strong young hands she helped to make the adobe bricks and carried to their place many that set in the walls that look down to-day upon a wedding which quite possibly may be her last.

It is by no manner of means the first time that Maria has been led to the altar, even during the memory of man. Father Laebna cannot and Maria herself will not tell you of her earlier experiences. But of late years, it has become a sort of custom of the community, expected if not exacted, for Maria to marry the oldest single male inhabitant.

The bridegroom, according to a correspondent present at the ceremony, was a shy young thing in the thirties. He arrived at the door of the chapel, where his bride and the priest awaited him after all the congregation was assembled. He was coaxed forward with some diffidence, but, once inside, his reverence for the place carried him safely through the service.

When it was over the priest, who doubtless wished to entrust the young people of his charge, instructed the new made husband to kiss his wife. He was reluctant, but the father insisted, and the old man finally attended to the matter quite with the air of finding it a most severe and unusual penance which the good and wise priest had seen fit to inflict on him.—New York Journal.

AN EXPENSIVE BICYCLE SUIT.

\$715.50 the Price—Made of Two Shavels Worth \$75.00 Each.

There was recently placed with a fashionable New York tailor an order for a bicycle suit which, in the matter of expense, is likely to hold the record for some time, says an exchange. The girl who meets the bill is worth a million in her own right, is an athlete, beauty and a reigning belle in the ultra-smart set. The suit which makes the bill is the most elaborate ever designed in this country. It is lined with silk, finished with jewels, and will cost a lump sum of \$750. Two shavels at \$75 apiece will be employed in making the skirt and jacket. And, by the way, these English shawls are the very latest thing for any sort of fancy outfit suit. The skirt will be stitched half way to the knees, with the lines of stitching not over a sixteenth of an inch apart. This is the new device to stiffen the lower part of the skirt without adding to the weight. The edges of the jacket are also attached, and it, together with the skirt, is elaborately braided, which latter touch adds some \$25 to the expense. Bloomers and linings of sat throughout will be of silk, not less than 16 yards of silk to be used, which gives another item of \$225.00. With the bloomers have been ordered a half-dozen interlining of the finest lawn at \$2.50 a pair.

His Heart Was Gladdened.

"Dearest!" The New Woman spoke affectionately to her delicate young husband. His deft fingers were busily sewing buttons upon her ample bloomers, while with his foot he gently rocked the baby.

He looked up sweetly into her eyes. "What is it, darling?" he lovingly inquired.

"Dearest," she repeated approvingly, "these plea are better than those mother used to make."

And his heart was inexpressibly gladdened by the words of appreciation from his stronger half.

Two of a Kind.

Mistress—"I can't say that you were always respectful, Bridget; still, I will put it in the recommendation."

Bridget—"Thank you, ma'am. An' I'll say the same thing to you."

A Vast Difference.

"I hear she is so reduced in circumstances that she has gone out to work."

"What a cruel falsehood! She has gone out as a domestic!"

His Relationship.

Hugh (just rejected)—Here's a problem for you, Miss Jiminy: Virginia (the flirtation)—If my

Hugh (what relation am I to all your other brothers?—New York Journal.

If a man will always make a practice of doing a thing himself when he wants it done well, he may depend upon it it will not be long before he doesn't care a darn how it is done.—Truth.

ONE WAY TO WOO

Miss Shepherd was an emotional or- child grown under the glass of repression through which beat the merciless rays of an abnormal conscience always at tropical zenith. Had she lived in the good old days when liberty and the stake were planted side by side on New England soil, she might have obtained a comfortable solace by burning witches and exhibiting other devotional graces indicative of a deep and discerning spirituality. But this pious solace to a restless conscience was denied her. Unfortunately her mental advent had been delayed until this grosser age when the most spiritual laywiver would think twice before condemning a heretic to the flames and when many are so weak and vacillating as to admit that they do not know the whole truth. She possessed an unreasoning reason, which had to be satisfied with the plain food of transient moralities and would take no other. To her obtuse spiritual vision abstract right appeared in the guise of an inevitable rule of conduct and this curious mental deformity naturally drew her into endless predicaments of the most uncomfortable kind. As she came up the steps of the Wells street station and pushed past the bus drivers and policemen along the curb, she was rushing forward to the car of one of these eccentrics who whirled more swiftly and turbid than any which had yet tossed and swirled her frail but venturesome bark on its black waters. Far from being vexed or dismayed by any pretension of this impending condition, she was conscious only of the familiar smell of roasting coffee which came on the late breeze from the whole-some coffee houses to the east. The fragrance made her hungry and she found herself tempted, at a seasonably early hour, into the rectory of a big State street department store where she went to shop. Her appetite, always seemed to stir a sudden inclination on coming from Gray Willow into the city. "Grace Shepherd!"

This inclination arrested the delectable china cup on its initial trip to her lips, as she sought sight of a tall young man at her side standing with his napkin in hand. She recognized it. "Frank—Mr. Hyatt! I thought you were in London traveling in fog, and other Bohemian ceremonies, victimizing publishers and writing yellow literature for yellow books."

"I guess you've been reading the Gray Willow Gazette, Grace, eh? The country editor at home was simply practicing for my obituary. They're delightfully anticipatory creatures. I'm pained to make the confidential report, however, that at the present time I'm grasping after a few literary pennies with which to illume the select advertising pages of a magazine."

"And you, a father-figure, a mother's sighs, So long as Golden Day is not soop. Was kept among the family supplies! "More on application. And it floats —me at \$10 per. I've used no other since. Incidentally I am writing a novel—but that doesn't even float itself. But tell me about yourself, Grace. Are you staying in town now?"

"I begin today. I'm to be a companion, or something of the kind, to Mrs. Chester P. Graves and her daughter in Prairie avenue."

"Yes?" And he smiled guiltily. "I think you'll find the position rather pleasant. In fact, I've worked at it a bit myself. Call there once or twice a fortnight. Phoebe is a rather pretty girl—stylish and all that—but, well, I'd hate to leave a package of 'taty fruty' in any of her secret haunts today if I cared as much for it as when we three used to sit in the back row at the Gray Willow school."

In the disturbing recollections of her chance encounter with one who had been constantly in her thought since the first time when he had "seen her home" from conference meeting in Gray Willow she almost forgot that she was to meet Mrs. Graves in the silk department and be driven to her new home in the Graves carriage.

Pity for the impulsive young girl in the four of her first love dictated Miss Shepherd's soothing answer. "No, dear; nothing that I do shall ever separate you from him. You don't think I could be so cruel and treacherous as to do such a thing."

The promise had to be many times repeated during the days which followed. Sitting alone in the softly lighted library one evening, a soul professional of banished dreams and remembrances passed themselves with intrusive persistence before her backward mental glances. In final desperation she turned the light to its full and took up the leading society paper from the table.

For a moment only her face flushed with the light of secret pleasure. There, in clear but dainty typography, was the last poem which she had written. The next moment her expression mirrored the changes of anger, grief, moral resentment and indignation and finally betrayed a conflict of all these impulses. She leaned back in the chair, closed her eyes and sat motionless, without a sign of consciousness save the tears that escaped from under her long, drooping eyelashes.

The cause? At the bottom of the poem was the signature Phoebe. When at last she arose from her lethargy she made a hurried examination of more papers. There she found other of her poems with the same false signature attached. It was little sleep or rest that came to her eyes until she had possessed herself of the principal elements in her compilation of conscience. These were that the ambitious mother had placed the poems with the various editors, leaving the latter with the well defined impression that they were the work of her daughter. This impression became generally communicated to the social circles in which the Graveses moved and the compliments which were brought to the young woman were certainly not repelled. The invitations and attentions received by the daughter were flattering and Mrs. Graves was apparently happy in the success of her shrewd movement.

One moment Miss Shepherd was exultant with determination to follow a high sense of duty and reasoned with herself:

"Yes, I must expose the whole thing. It is base, dishonest, oppressive and corrupt. It is worse than stealing. It will be an awful ordeal for all, but I must expose the wickedness of it." The next moment she would temper her high determination with the reflection, "But what about my promise to Phoebe? To expose that shan't would be to put an end to all relations between Frank Hyatt and the poor girl. He would despise her forever and her mother more than she. All their wealth would not weigh with his impulsive judgment and fine sense of honor against such a hollow and revolting sham, and it would crush the child. Then Mrs. Graves bought the poems and only the signature of Phoebe was attached, just as any pen name might have been had it not happened to have been the given name of her daughter."

One day, while passing the publication office of the society paper in which the poems of Phoebe had appeared, the impulse to go in, have an interview with the editor and end the whole cruel struggle seized her. She entered the corridor of the building and was walking to the elevator with the desperate haste of one fearful that courage might give place to hesitation when a cheerful voice exclaimed:

"Oh, Grace! Pardon me for stopping you, but I wish to see you for a moment. Would you mind stepping over to the Masonic temple a moment with me? We can have an opportunity to chat in freedom and seclusion on one of those inviting benches in the corridor of an upper floor. That place is a perpetual inspiration to me. Its height seems to provoke in me a corresponding elevation of thought. I do some of my best thinking on those benches, where I can peer over the rail into the depths below."

She silently acceded to his suggestion. "Isn't that as artistic as an old-fashioned hearthside settle?" he asked as they took seats on one of the oak benches. "First," he continued, "I want to tell you of the disgusting trick that the Graveses are guilty of. You may not know it, but I was out to luncheon with the editor of Society the other day and he told me that—"

"Yes, I know all about that," interrupted his companion. "You dot Well, I shouldn't have been surprised, for it's just like your generosity and forbearance to suffer a thing like that for the sake of others and the fear of injuring their feelings. But I wouldn't have your conscience—not for an interest in The Century Magazine or a bicycle manufactory. It simply sickened me, and I've not been to their house since, you know."

"But, Grace, that isn't a beginning of what I want to say to you. Let me finish now. Ever since you tied my red scarf to me at recess that winter day in the old Gray Willow schoolhouse I have known that I loved you. But ambition has kept me out of the kingdom of your love. If I stay out any longer, it will be because you shut me out." Then with an exultant laugh he added, "And you wouldn't do that when an eastern house has just accepted my novel, would you?"

To cry or to laugh becomes a compulsory choice at certain moments in a woman's life. This was such a moment, and as environments were unpropitious for weeping she chose the other alternative, and, echoing his mood, laughingly responded:

A FOSSIL SEA LIZARD.

Fully 300 Feet Long Believed to be the Largest Ever Found.

Henry Patterson, of Perry, Okla., has dug from his farm a prehistoric monster, or rather a petrified skeleton of a mammoth sea lizard, that has excited great interest among scientists. It is the most wonderful and most colossal fossil ever unearthed, and its proportions are gigantic. There are vertebrae, a complete skull, ribs and flippers that are mammoth in size, a fossil fully petrified, the bones being calcareous.

There are fifty or more vertebrae, each as big as the joint of a stovepipe. The head is sixteen feet in circumference, and has a long protruding bone, six feet across, like the beak of a bird. The ribs are twenty-five feet long, half-looped in contour, and the eye sockets are two feet across. The propellers, or fins, are perfectly preserved, and are three feet wide and eleven feet long.

The fossil is that of a saurian, or sea-lizard, and was fully three hundred feet long. In the Cherokee Strip the alluvial deposit just overlies the conglomerate or chalk formation, and the fossil was found by Mr. Patterson in a putty clay, not more than four feet below the surface.

It is believed to be the largest fossil ever found. Professor Marsh, of Yale, has restored skeletons of the reptiles of North America that are over a hundred feet long, but nothing so gigantic as the Cherokee Strip lizard has ever been brought to light on this continent. Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

HORSE POINTS FOR GAME.

An Astonishing Feat Which He Thought Himself.

Senator George Chalmers has told me that he had a pointing horse that was as reliable as a pointing dog, although the horse pointed by sight instead of scent, says a correspondent of Forest and Stream. It seems that in the fall, in driving about the woods, he carries a gun in his buggy to shoot such partridges as he may come across. The first time he shot over this horse the animal was badly frightened, and instead of running, simply sat back in the breechlug, crouching near the ground on his hind quarters, and trembled at the noise of the explosion.

This became a habit, until now, no longer frightened at the sound of the gun, he appears to be on the watch for birds, and often discovers one before his master sees it, and at once sits back in the breechlug and comes to a dead stand until Senator Chalmers shoots, when the horse resumes his normal upright position and goes on all he sees another bird. I told the Senator he should call his horse a setter instead of a pointer, and perhaps he will accept the amendment.

The Duke Went Into the Record.

"Now, your honor," argued the attorney in the court of Justice Brown of Santa Rosa, "I move dismissal of this case on the ground that the corpus delicti has not been established."

Judge Brown rubbed his chin in a perplexed way, fixed his gaze on the ceiling for a moment, and then clearing his throat, said: "Of course it is an old principle of law that the prosecutor must correspond with the defendant, and in this case I am of the belief that the corpus is all right, but I don't know about the delicti."

"Your Honor, I want that to go into the record," demanded the opposing counsel. "I want the record to show that your Honor said the corpus is all right, but you do not know about the delicti."

Judge Brown realized that he had blundered and sat staring at the attorney for a moment. Then, pulling himself together, he said: "All right, let that go into the record, but you fellows know damned well I was only joking when I said it, and that will go into the record too."—San Francisco Post.

Told by a Mountain Preacher.

A preacher of this section, since deceased, used to tell the following: He said he was in Letcher county preaching on one occasion when he stopped at a farmhouse to get his dinner. While eating, the lady of the house inquired his business, and he replied: "I am hunting the lost sheep of Israel."

She left the room, and in a few minutes returned with her husband, when she said: "This man is hunting some stray sheep, and I'll bet that old long wool ram that's been around here is his'n."

"No, sister, you don't understand me. I am hunting sinners; those for whom Christ died."

"And is he dead?" she queried. "Yes," replied the man of God, astonished at her ignorance. "And buried, too, I reckon?" "Oh, yes, long ago."

"There, now, old man, I told you you'd die in ignorance for not taking a newspaper!"—Hazel Green (Ky.) Herald.

Sawmill Run by Women.

There is a sawmill in Grandin, Mo., many departments of which are in charge of women. There is a woman in charge of the engine. One of the rooms where the big saws are operated is managed by women. The latherhouse is also populated by femininity, and the machines of all sorts are handled by them. In the rooms adjoining a force of young women is constantly employed, tiling and getting the saws in shape for work. The care of the machinery is in their hands, and it is said they are quite as adept and as competent to handle it as any force yet employed in the mill.—From the Oregonian.

A Heavy Hit.

She—Ah, did she give you a hint to go away? He—No. It was so heavy that she dropped it.—New York Journal.

THE MAD KILLER.

Malay Methods of Suicide Somewhat Troublesome to the Public.

In the hush of the ghastly night, three sounds an angry siren up the street, three seconds later a yell of pain, and the sobbing cry of a man cut deep through the lungs. It hatched off the whole teeming populace like a witch in a powder barrel; there was a frenzied rush of seventy loggers for safety, and a shrieking chorus of "Amok! amok!" the street cry of the far East which means many deaths in a short period. Out of a byway a little Makty tore blindly down the road, driving his knife into the stomach of a water-carrier as he passed. The carrier fell on his face with a thick cough, and the frantic man spun forward, with starting, blood-hot eyeballs, foaming at the mouth like a rabid dog, a narrow dripping knife in his right hand. He dashed furiously through the cluttered stalls, and on through the town, till a big Lascar, fresh from his ship and hungry for a fight, sank his knife under the madman's ribs with the shipping up-stroke which is the legacy of all Lascars throughout the earth.

These ten minute dramas occur twenty or thirty times a year in Bata via and in most cities of the remote East. The pleasant Malay prefers this method of suicide to any other, and after losing his wealth at a gambling den in the East city slums, or his betrothed through fever, he decides on an amok. It is far less cold-blooded than common sea-faring, and the red, rabid frenzy spreads to the hot blood of the Malay. He carries his kris in the body of the nearest man, and keeps the line of a maddened Jackal through the town, killing to right and left, till a reader knife ends him. Eleven victims have been known to succumb to one amok, and at times a powerful lightning will cut down a score of bystanders before he reaches the point. In all countries of the farthest East you will find that rain breeds this fever for the Running Kill. —From Answers.

A Cute Prophet.

A man who had lost a leg, witnessing some wonderful cures said to have been performed by Mormon preachers, joined that sect in the hope of getting healed. The preachers referred him to Young as the only prophet among them capable of treating such cases as his. So off to Salt Lake he went, and presented himself to Young. The Mormon leader was equal to the emergency. He assured the man he could cause another limb to come in place of the lost member, but called his attention to the fact that he had but a few years yet to live, while there was an eternity beyond the grave. "And if I now give you another leg," said the prophet, "you will only have this one when you get to heaven, and also the one you lost, so you will go through all eternity on three legs." Horrified by such a prospect the man retired, satisfied to get through the remainder of his years on earth with the aid of his crutches.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

CURRENT WIT AND HUMOR.

"Might I ask what school of poetry you prefer?" inquired the young man who writes. And the old gentleman replied: "The homopathic school. The sadder the dose, the better it suits me."—Washington Star.

Little Willie—Ma, is pa your "steady?"

Mamma (somewhat shocked)—Why do you ask such a question?

Willie—I thought he must be, 'cause I notice that he comes here to see you two or three times a week and for an hour or two on Sunday, just as the cook's beat does, and we's ever "steady," she says.—New York Journal.

"I wonder," said the philologist hounder, "why a light is called a snip?"

"Because it is a broken piece," the Cheerful idiot explained, with his usual promptitude.—Indianapolis Journal.

"They say that it takes at least three generations to make a gentleman."

"Like one of these?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Hump! It doesn't seem worth the trouble."—Truth.

"Excuse me," said Farmer Corntosel to the clerk, "but would you mind telling me what them is?"

"They are palamas."

"What are they for?"

"To wear when you have retired."

"Well, ideas does differ. But I must say that if them's evenin' clothes I don't blame some folks for denyin' fashion nor declarin' 'em denyin' they won't wear 'em."—Washington Star.

"I don't understand why you dislike Herbert so," said Mabel to her father.

"I don't think he has any ideas of finance."

"I am sure you wrong him. He is devoted to it. He stopped right in the middle of his proposal to me to ask how your business was getting along."—Washington Star.

Operator (on 'Change)—"I'll sell a car of cash buy at \$2.55."

Operator No. 2 (just learning)—"I'll take it."

"Who for?"

"Ah, don't get gay. For the horses."—Chicago Tribune.

"He is good-natured, is he?"

"Good-natured! Why, I have known that man to wear a smiling face when he was speaking of taking off a porous plaster!"

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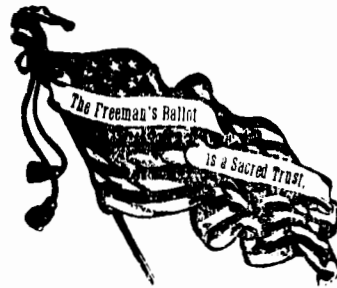
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Business is improving—with the trusts.

Will not Japan's opposition make the annexation of Hawaii a necessity?

Unless you have a glass arm you should not try to steal a live wire, says our local electrician.

Monopoly-ridden New Jersey! Everything the corporations want. Nothing the people want.

Importers of crockery have advanced their prices to meet the new tariff. The burden falls on the people.

If General (?) Weyler, would put a torpedo in his smoking tobacco he would confer a great favor upon newspaper readers.

As to Weyler the non-man fighter, but butcher of helpless prisoners and women, is there one more "expedition" left in him, think you?

Keep quiet when you're hurt, you fool! What care other people for your moanings and bewailings. They have troubles of their own.

Don't try to be "one of the boys," just be yourself, and have an ambition for something as high as anything a man should hope to reach.

For Sale—the people. Apply to McKinley administration, care Mark Hanna, assistant president, and champion of returning prosperity, Washington, D. C.

If you have the Klondyke fever remember that Klondyke is a graveyard as well as an El Dorado. Only the most hardy, robust men can survive the climate.

We note that our esteemed contemporary, the Elizabeth Journal, is swelling its chest again on account of the tremendous "prosperity" now sweeping over the country.

Our township fathers, since Sam McNally swam the English channel, are going into training to repair our broken sidewalks. All things are possible to the man who wills.

"Secretary Gage and Tom Reed, or the Sugar Trust Killers of Dingley Gulch", by Havemeyer, might make an interesting novel for the people to read while doing up their preserves.

The War Department is always doing some unnecessary thing. Now it proposes to widen the mouth of the Chicago river. Any Chicago mouth is already large enough for times of peace.

Better belong to a party of one than surrender your independence and right to think and act for yourself, as you often will unless you are willing to let other people lead you by the nose.

The Salvationists who have gone to the Klondyke are likely to meet with special climatic obstacles. "Anything for a change" will be the answer of many who will be ready to swap the icy air of Alaska for the alleged higher temperature of Hades.

It ought to be enough for the administration to know that the sugar trust opposes the annexation of Hawaii. This is argument enough to decide that the people's interests would be best served by the annexation. But the people have no right to expect anything from this administration that the trusts forbid.

After an unequal fight of nearly a score of years for its life, the Buffalo Refining Co. goes down before the Standard Oil Co. Its plucky president, Fred. B. Matthews, fought hard and long and fair on principle; but it was not to be—at least not yet.

Now that the country has been dingleyed in the interest of the trusts comes the news that Mr. McKinley and assistant president Hanna have had a serious falling out. Possibly the President begins to read the signs of the times. But he need never expect to cut much of a figure as a people's man.

We enter upon an era of high prices for everything except labor. The trusts are in position to make their own terms with producers and consumers. Is this American? Not much. Will it last? Not on your life! What will over-throw the present conspiracy between our law-makers and the monopolists? Just one thing:—An uprising of the people who have the remedy in their own hands—the ballot! But the people have not been hit hard enough yet.

It will take the American voters some time to see that the population of the United States is put to an increased expenditure of a thousand millions by our tariff makers in order that the government can possibly collect two hundred and seventy-five millions on imports. But they will see it and when they learn how their own buying power at any price has been curtailed as the result of the enthronement of the trusts they will act in self defense. Just how it remains to be seen.

It is estimated that a hundred millions of dollars would not cover the onlay consequent upon the Queen's Jubilee, participated in by rich Americans who sought to outdo the rest of the world in paying homage to the world's richest Queen who graciously accepted the adulation of the Americans who seemed to forget the revolution against the English system of government. The sorrows of the spectacle is emphasized when we come to consider that Her Majesty's subjects are starving by countless thousands in India where some of this rich woman's vast wealth, accumulated by taxing her "subjects," might go but don't go. Yet certain rich Americans fawn around English royalty, possibly in the hope that there will yet be something of the same sort re-established here. Well, they are not so very far from it already; only the taxes are laid on in a different way.

We learn with much satisfaction that our fellow-townsmen, John B. Green, was elected president of the Commercial Law League of America, at the national convention recently held in Ohio. This by itself is a compliment that any man would have a right to be proud of who has sense enough to estimate and appreciate such distinguished preference. But to the professional friends of the Judge it was a great triumph inasmuch as his election was by a handsome majority, following a hotly contested campaign, a feature of which had been a personal canvass of all the states by a candidate, prominent in the profession, and for a year antiring in his efforts to secure the proud place. The dignified and modest bearing of the eloquent Westfielder added to his strength at the polls and made it easy for his election, after the fight was over, to be declared unanimous, and so it was with loud acclamation, on the motion of his leading opponent, Mr. Greene's cause was in charge of his fellow-townsmen, Emory J. Whitehead, which is another way of saying that a General was in command.

SPECIAL TOWN MEETING

Stratford & Hawkes Matter Closed. Tice Matter Settled out of Court. Sewer Notes Renewed. Cohen Explains About Gale's Bill.

A special town meeting was held last Friday night to close up the Stratford & Hawkes matter. By order of the court the township committee instructed the treasurer to pay over to Foster M. Voorhes, the receiver of the court, \$4,287.76, balance due Stratford & Hawkes, which the receiver will apply on the judgment obtained against that firm, and on behalf of whom attachments were served upon the funds in the hands of the township committee. The treasurer will borrow the money of course.

The principal business of the meeting having been disposed of, a few other minor matters were disposed of. Among them was a letter from Bergen explaining that he and Tice's lawyer had come to an understanding about that gentleman's sewer connection, the substance of which was that Tice was to remove his cistern Y. in other words, comply with the requirements of his permit. To the satisfaction of the sewer superintendent—and the town would re-establish the broken connection.

The treasurer was authorized to renew sewer notes for the sums of \$15,000, \$10,000, \$1,500 and \$2,478.08 respectively. This latter note was for \$3,478.08, but receipts from sewer assessments enable the treasurer to reduce it by \$1,000.

The purchasers of the bonds are in a hurry to receive their bonds. The printers send word that they are doing the best they can, but the committee have no expectation that they will be ready to deliver the bonds before August 16, and it may easily be longer. Meantime the town is paying the bank interest on the money, and the purchasers are losing the interest on theirs.

L. G. Cohen was present and stated that he had heard that ex Collector Gale had presented another bill for commissions on school moneys handed, and that it had been laid over for investigation. Being informed that the report was true, he proceeded to explain where in the town was over-charged. Gale's compensation, specified by law is 1 1/2 per cent on all moneys paid out on warrant for school purposes. Of course the district clerk's report of the amount expended for school purposes during the year decides the amount of his fees, very nearly. But last year Gale lent the town committee some \$5,000 of the school money in his possession, receiving it back when the time came that he needed it for payment on school account. Gale had charged 1 1/2 per cent on this sum when handed over to the committee, and afterward when it was paid out in the regular way, on warrants. That is he charged his legal percentage twice on that much of the school fund. Mr. Cohen explained that inasmuch as Gale had done the same thing last year, he really owed the town the amount he now sought to collect from the town, and that the town committee should demand payment, and sue if it was refused. Mr. Cohen also stated that Gale had not turned over either his balance or his books to his successor yet, which he should have done thirty days ago.

Chairman Endicott agreed blandly with nearly everything Cohen said, and if the committee overpays Mr. Gale again it certainly cannot claim that it was through ignorance of the facts. The committee adjourned till next Friday evening, when the board of health will convene at 7:30.

THEY COINED WORDS.

A Young Lady's Interesting Dream of Invention and Wealth.

"Good morning," she said. "You look quite griggish."
 "Griggish?" he interrogated. "What kind of a look is that? I—is it—is it anything alarming?"
 "Oh, no, silly! Don't you know what griggish means? I manufactured it ages ago out of grig, a grasshopper—something blithe and sprightly, you know. That reminds me, I had the most interesting dream the other night. I dreamed we kept a word store."

"A word store?"
 "Yes, we coined words and sold them to the inventors of foods and of typewriters, and—"

"How were they sold, by the yard or by the dozen?" he interrupted.

"Neither way. We sold each word according to the amount of brains expended in inventing it, except the words pertaining to bicycles—they came high, because they were so fashionable. Oh, it was quite a large store, all divided up into departments. There was the bicycle department, the cigar department, the electrical department, the patent medicine department—in fact, all lines were represented in which inventions might be made needing names. You see, we sold a name for so much, and then if the invention proved successful we shared in the profits."

"Well," said the man, "I hope you showed more taste in the matter than the person who invented such words as 'epigraph,' 'mimeograph,' 'comptometer' and 'operaphone'—they give one literary indigestion."

"Oh, yes," she replied, "our coinage was of a much higher order. Of course we had words ending in graph and phone and cycle, but they were exceedingly cheap, and inventors were rather ashamed to be seen buying them. Words like 'preganoid' came high. I wish I could remember all the lovely names we coined," she went on. "The only one I can think of is 'hamwich,' a substitute for ham sandwich. Don't you think that's choice? I dreamed that we sold it to a restaurant man and he made a mint of money out of it."



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.

CLARK TOWNSHIP.

Westfield avenue is being repaired in a good, substantial manner. It was badly needed.

Several will attend the excursion from here to Ocean Grove on Tuesday with the Westfield Sunday school.

A special meeting of the town committee was called on Thursday afternoon to consider the damage done to the roads by the flood and the cost of repairing the same.

Several barrels etc were noticed among the drift in the flood of waters rushing through the township. They were from Westfield. Evidently we have a connection with the mountain town by waters of the Robinson branch.

And the Floods Came.

Since '82 the water in this township has never been so high as on Wednesday night July 28, '97. Its record will go down in history, and the high water marks on trees will be hard to beat in years to come. The waters of Ash Swamp were over the Lehigh Valley tracks in two places. The iron bridge at Goodman's was out of sight and crossing was extremely dangerous here even on Thursday at noon.

The waters from New Dover, Oak Tree, Westfield and the surrounding country raised the West branch until all low land was an ocean. The site of the Folson homestead near the old Stevens saw mill was completely out of sight. Only the L-high tracks could be seen. All these waters rushed toward Railway and helped to swell that flood.

The main branch of the Railway river which draws its water from as far as Springfield, and the outlying country came rushing down through Cranford and buried high water marks out of sight. Bloodgood's factory was compelled to shut down Wednesday afternoon and all day Thursday, and it was feared at times the dam would go, both here and at Jackson's pond. The flood of '97 will long be remembered.

BRANCH MILLS.

The Sunday school joined the excursion to Ocean Grove to-day.

There was no C. E. meeting held Sunday evening.

Miss Fannie French is spending two weeks at Spring Lake.

R. Randolph spent Sunday with friends here.

To Organize.

The Christian Citizenship League will hold a meeting in the Baptist church next Friday evening (Aug. 6) at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization. All citizens (of both sexes) who are in sympathy with the general plan of Christian citizenship are invited to be present and to participate in the proceedings of this meeting.

A. F. GRANT, chairman pro tem.
 HENRY KETCHAM, secretary pro tem.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cures constipation forever 10c. 35c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Pay Cash for your Groceries and save 40 per cent

To convince you this is so we quote a few prices.

- Uncolored Japan Tea.....35c lb, reduced from 60c
- Gun Powder Tea.....35c lb, reduced from 60c
- Young Hyson Tea.....35c lb, reduced from 60c
- Mixed Tea.....35c lb, reduced from 60c
- Formosa Oolong Tea.....35c lb, reduced from 60c

We want 5000 people to call and get a sample of this tea and compare it with the tea you are paying 50c a lb for and be convinced there is 40 per cent. saved by buying your tea of us.

TURRILL'S Cash Grocery,

BROAD STREET.

Knock About

SHOES FOR THE BOYS AT

85c.

JUST THE THING

For vacation wear. Good, strong and serviceable.

Ladies

Will find my line of Russet Shoes very complete, and the prices—well just step in and ask.

H. C. PIKER'S, BROAD ST.

"WESTFIELD'S BUSIEST SHOE STORE."

THE NEW ROCHESTER LAMP

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD
 Other lamps may be "like" or "as good" as THE ROCHESTER in appearance, but they all 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 heating or heating purposes, and at prices to compete with any.
WHY BE CONTENT WITH ANY BUT THE BEST?
 This No. 30101 BUNQUET LAMP (eight 1/2 inches, complete with 2 1/2 shades of any color desired, base and hand cut well finished) finished in bright gold, brass or bronze, and porcelain, sets now here on receipt of price, \$4.00.
 90-Page Art Catalogue Free. 42 Park Place and 37 Barclay Street, New York City

ARTISTIC TILING

We make a specialty of ARTISTIC TILING, BATH ROOMS, VESTIBULES, ETC.

All Work Guaranteed. The largest Mantel and Tile Show Room in New Jersey.

CURTIS M. THORPE,

310-312 PARK AVE., GRILLE AND FRET WORK. PLAINFIELD, N. J. EVERYTHING FOR THE FIRE-PLACE.

TONSORIAL PARLORS

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

TUTTLE & BROS.

Broad St. and South Avenue.

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., AUG. 8, 1897.

Wants and Offers.

COLORED girl wants situation at general house-work. First order box 511.
FOR SALE. Horse, wagon and harness. E. W. Chamberlin.
FOR SALE. Park plantation in good condition. Price cheap. James B. Ferris.
TWO and four horse stages to hire. Apply to H. W. Wainwright, Box 27.
TWO reliable young men and one girl wanted at the Westfield Laundry.
TWO LET. Pleasant rooms, with board, also table board. Mrs. Stecher, Broad street.
WANTED. At the children's Country Store and Stationery, for boys between the ages of 3 and 12 years.
WANTED. Your subscription of \$2 for the base ball grand stand. Send \$2 and your name to the Standard office and help the boys pay for their stand.
WANTED. A girl to assist the mother with the household work of a small family, for a month, one or two days a week. Address of a country girl preferred. Address or apply to D. Standard office.
WANTED. Some one to build two houses for reliable tenants. One house with 8 or 9 rooms, not to exceed \$2150. The other house 7 rooms, not to exceed \$950. All improvements and located near depot. Will take 3 years' lease. Address C. E. Pearsall & Co.

HER ONLY FAULT.

As I went to my bachelor chamber one night and reflected on life as I put out the light, I resolved that I would devote my attention to my only fault.
She is faultless in figure and lovely in face. Every movement the very perfection of grace. So confiding and gentle, so kind and sweet. That the steepest and cynics are all at her feet.
Like the wings of the humming bird over the keys. Fly her tapering fingers in Liszt's polka; she excels on the harp and the Spanish guitar. And her voice is so pure that it reaches to heaven.
She is witty and brilliant in quick repartee. And she sings cavatines with marvelous E. A. Conversation in German and French can sustain. And has traveled in Italy, Egypt and Spain.
All the tender emotions so sweetly before were aroused in my heart for the fair Isolore. But my growing affections are nipped in the bud. For she will drag her skirts through the streets in the mud.
-W. H. Morris in New York Ledger.

A WONDERFUL POND.

Human Eyes Are Often Inhabited by Large Numbers of Living Creatures.
The water contained in a well developed, well formed eye in which the sight is not impaired, more especially where a person is farsighted, presents many curious phenomena. Looking through an open window in daylight upon a hazy atmosphere or upon a fog such as is seen in any city, or looking to the north upon a gray atmosphere, one will see, if conditions are as above, strange disks flitting and jumping about in the eye water. It has been my privilege to watch these organisms for several years, flitting about in the eye water, jumping toward each other again in strife and combat, in the which the water would become comparatively clear of amoebiform organisms, only to be again full of micrococci and the combat as above.
The various shapes of these animalcules are surprising. Some are attenuated, with fine filaments. Again, others are like wee bits of fine porcelain, with little projections, reminding one of little hopping about. Again, others present the appearance of cyclops and daphne.
How these organisms get into the eye water is a mystery—perhaps in the water we drink or foods we eat, either or both. The fact that the eye water is inhabited, like all other bodies of water, is a truth that can be proved positively, beyond peradventure, by any oculist when he may extract a diseased eye and place the fluid under the glass.
May not the accumulation of these organisms in the eye water, their rapid growth and the survival of the fittest or strongest be the cause of much blindness, wherein may be cataracts, conglutination of the eye water, so called paralysis of the optic nerve, cataracts and other forms of disease?
May not numerous headaches and other pains be caused by the overaccumulation or growth of these minute organisms, in which they stop the circulation of the active principle of life in the arterial circulation or the nervous forces? The same organisms are seen when looking upon drawing paper.—William W. Goodrich in New York Herald.

Senator Pettus' Prophecy.

This is a story that an Alabamian tells about Senator Pettus and ex-Senator Pugh: "During Mr. Cleveland's first administration Mr. Pettus was anxious to fill the place on the supreme court bench to which Senator Lamar was afterward appointed. He applied to his friend Senator Pugh, and the latter made an earnest and sincere appeal for the appointment of Mr. Pettus. The president inquired as to the age of Pettus, and when informed said he was too old. Senator Pugh communicated this fact to Pettus, and also suggested to another eminent but younger lawyer in his state to apply for the place, as it was a settled fact that a southern man would surely succeed to the vacancy. Senator Pettus heard of Senator Pugh's letter to the other friend, and it made him mad. Coming to Washington, he called on Pugh and asked him why he did not stand out for him. Pugh explained that Mr. Cleveland would not alter his determination about not appointing a man of Pettus' age, but this did not satisfy Pettus. Before leaving Pugh Pettus said, 'Well, I may be too old to sit on the supreme bench of the land, but I am not too old to sit in the senate, and your seat will just about fit me.' Pettus was as good as a prophet. He succeeded Senator Pugh on the 4th of March last, and if I am not mistaken occupies the identical seat which Pugh occupied during a former term. Senator Pugh was 77 last December. Senator Pettus is 76."—Washington Post.

TOWN NOTES.

Graham Anderson is in town, visiting his sister.
E. J. Whitehead returned from Putnam Bay yesterday.
W. J. Bogert's family have gone to Vermont, summering.
Theodore B. Entz spent Sunday with friends at Short Hills.
Edward Gilby and wife went Saturday for one week at Ashbury Park.
Mrs. Rothschild and Master Daly of New York are visiting Mrs. Wm. Hulse.
W. B. Hall of Willow Grove is recovering from an attack of the measles.
W. C. Barton and wife are expected home today from a trip to Niagara Falls.
Harry Gilby has entered the employ of M. B. Walker. He began work last Friday.
Meta Klem of Elizabeth paid a visit to the Beck sisters on Downer street on Saturday.
Charles Bullard of Elmira, N. Y., spent Sunday with W. C. Tuttle, at the Waldemere.
Mr. and Mrs. Downes of Park street went to Cornwall, N. Y., last Friday, for a few days.
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Baker and family have gone to Fishkill Plains, N. Y., for one month.
Alfred Hulse and family of New York are visiting his mother, Mrs. Wm. Hulse of Elm street.
H. C. Sergeant and family go to Lake Hopatcong next Friday for the remainder of the summer.
Mrs. A. Hoyt and family of Westfield avenue will spend the month of August at Belmar, N. J.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Eldridge have been spending a few days with Mr. Eldridge's father at the Waldemere.
Mrs. M. E. Pratt of New Haven will entertain the Fresh Air camp on Thursday afternoon with recitations.
Miss Florence Evans of Jersey City is spending two weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Senger, on Downer street.
The board of trustees of the Fairview Cemetery association will meet next Monday evening at the Library rooms.
Mrs. Harry Sparks and son from Plainfield visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Collins on South avenue on Sunday.
The Episcopal church choir is being reorganized by Mr. White, late superintendent of the Hercules Tube factory.
Robert Fowler, who is a lumber dealer in East New York, is now at the old home-stead in Branch Mills, with his family for the summer.
The Episcopal and Congregational Sunday school have both been discontinued during August on account of the absence from town of so many of the pupils.
Last week's company at the Fresh Air camp 125 in number, returned to New York yesterday, and another company arrived from the city in the afternoon, numbering about eighty.
The Willow Grove Christian Endeavor society elected officers last Sunday as follows: Geo. H. Guest president, Samuel Lee vice-president, Miss Emma Lee secretary, and Miss Addie Lambert treasurer.
Westfield members of the Third Regiment are expected to spend a day or more this week at Sea Girt, for rifle practice. They are Ezra Bloodgood, E. R. Pearsall, Walter Smith, C. E. Bussing and F. C. Decker.
The infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John LaMatta died on Saturday evening at their home on South Broad street. Funeral services were held at the house yesterday afternoon. The Rev. Geo. A. Francis officiated.
The rehearsals under the direction of Professor Korff, for the concert to be given in September for the benefit of the Episcopal church, have been discontinued until after September 1.
Two lady bicycle riders collided at the corner of South and Westfield avenues last Saturday forenoon, both being thrown, one of them into the ditch and considerably stunned. No serious results followed, however.
Mr. and Mrs. Shade of Picton and a party of boarders, about twenty of them, went to Boynton Beach last Saturday. All agree they had a splendid time, and enjoyed the ride in Willoughby's stage.
Wilfred Powell and two children, who have been stopping for some time with Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Whitehead, have gone to Burlington, N. J., where they will be joined by Mrs. Powell, on her return from Indianapolis.
The end of the Broad street collar drain, opposite the bank building, was opened yesterday by Superintendent Chamberlin and the pipe continued up to within a few inches of the surface, so that it may be flushed out with a hose. The work was authorized last spring.
Geo. W. Tice of Dudley avenue, while in the city last Thursday afternoon, fell from a Third avenue car in alighting in such a way as to dislocate his right shoulder. He was taken to a hospital where the dislocation was reduced, and came home the same afternoon. He is recovering all right.

One of Clarence Lambert's ice wagons went through the crust over the sewer trench yesterday afternoon, on Westfield avenue at the corner of Park street.

The Sunday school excursion trains leaving here this morning carried about 1200 people from Westfield and South Plains. The first train was pretty nearly filled, the last about half filled.
Wm. C. Tuttle's bicycle rim collapsed under him about three miles out on the Railway road one day last week, and he walked home. To make the trip more interesting, he was shortly after attacked by a ferocious dog. He prepared to make a desperate defense, unarmed as he was, when the dog's owner appeared in the nick of time and called him off.
A party of seven guests at Fairleigh Villa, Cranford, spent Sunday with Mrs. Theodore S. Class on Central avenue. They attended the Methodist church in the morning and viewed the town during the afternoon. They were the Misses Addie Maledin, Nellie Rawlinson, Marion Rawlinson, Emma Bartels, Miss C. Duncan, Miss J. Barnett and Mrs. Elizabeth Brewster.
Matthew Schweinfurth recovered \$11.23 from Andrus last Saturday afternoon before Judge Collins. Andrus' principal witness failed to pan out as he expected and the verdict given by the jury after 20 minutes' consideration, amounted to four dollars more than Schweinfurth expected to get. W. H. Anglemann represented Schweinfurth and P. Q. Oliver was Andrus' attorney. It is announced that Andrus will appeal.
The Presbyterian Christian Endeavor society are sending out an invitation to members of that church and congregation to join them in a "Farwell and Thank Off-ring" in an envelope enclosed, to be handed in by August 8. The invitation explains that \$1.00 will provide a ten days' outing for a poor mother or sick child, at the Fresh Air Camp, 10c pays for a day, and 3c for a meal.
The Rev. N. W. Cadwell expects to get away on his vacation by next Friday. He will spend most of it at his father's farm in Cayuga county. He has planned to be away from his pulpit five Sundays. During that time it will be supplied by the following named gentlemen: August 8 and 15, the Rev. Dr. Rufus S. Green; August 22, the Rev. O. L. White of Skaneateles, N. Y.; August 29, the Rev. Chas. Craven of Mattituck, L. I.; September 5, the Rev. E. H. Dickenson of Seneca Falls, N. Y.
Dr. Cooper and Sinclair of Westfield and Dr. Dallas of Bayonne performed the operation of trephining last Friday afternoon upon the skull of Sherman King, 7-year-old son of Colson H. King of Dudley avenue, who fell from a ladder some days ago and fractured his skull. The skull was sunken in by the force of the blow about an eighth of an inch. Some suppuration followed the operation, making itself manifest Saturday night, but all indications now point to the boy's rapid recovery.
Miss Carry, matron at the Fresh Air camp, desires to thank W. H. Barton for his prompt and kind attention in looking after the welfare of the mothers and children of the Fresh Air camp, seeing that they were safely brought to the train on their way to New York, and awaiting the company of nearly a hundred who came out from New York in the afternoon. She also wishes to thank Mr. Beebe of Cranford for his generous supplies of ice every morning, for the day nursery.
A very touching incident occurred Monday morning as the mothers and children were waiting for the train for New York. One of our kind-hearted townspeople, stepping up to Miss Carry said, "You are not going to take in that poor mother?" pointing to one so far gone in consumption she could hardly breathe. "Yes," she replied, "I would like to keep her, but I can't." "What will it cost to let her stay?" "Two dollars a week." "I will see that it is paid." If you could have seen the face of that woman! Joy and thankfulness mingled with her tears as she thought of the strength she could gain by a longer stay, and that God had raised up friends for her in a strange place. Many a tear was wiped away furtively by those standing by. The fresh air work is developing what is good in the hearts of a great many Westfield people.

AT THE THEATRE.

Proctor's, 23rd street, is breaking all mid-summer records, and the crowds turned away weekly would fill the house seven times over. The suburban patronage is a strong factor in the success of this popular establishment. One is assured of comfort, polite attention and the best entertainment. John C. Cox and Katie Allen in "The Flat Next Door," the Greater New York Trio, with "The Man From India," the pretty girls of the Clover Trio, Madden and Curran, Newell and Sherette, Grace Vaughn, Maud Harvey and some thirty others are presenting a splendid laughing show this week.

GILDERSLEEVE'S

Finest Elgin Creamery Butter 18c lb
Excursion Specials:
Potted Ham or Tongue, 5c can.
Extra fine shaved Smoked Beef 14c lb.
Choice Baked Beans with Tomato Sauce 5c can.
Westfield Extract of Root Beer—will make full 5 gallons.
No liquors of any kind sold.
M. B. WALKER,
BROAD ST., opp. Post Office, WESTFIELD, N. J.
JUST A WORD TO THOSE DESIRING
STEAM OR HOT WATER HEATING.
Try no experiment, when you can get what you know is good.
OUR SYSTEMS are to be found in hundreds of the most satisfactorily heated homes in New Jersey.
SEND FOR CIRCULARS. ESTIMATES FREE.
THE F. D. STEPHENS CO.,
GERMAN VALLEY, N. J.
HO! For the Excursion.
The latest SEA SHORE MATS, SHIRTS and NECKWEAR.
A few boxes suitable for lunch. Ask for them and they are yours.
Kurzha's Bldg. CHARLES CLARK, Elm St.
HIRAX
A NON-POISONOUS LOTION.
For instantly removing inflammation caused by BITES AND STINGS OF MOSQUITOES Spiders, Bees, Black Flies, Yellow Jackets, &c.
A Most Effective Remedy FOR IVY POISONING.
For sale by the following Druggists who are authorized by the Manufacturer 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.
James Moffett, Carpenter & Builder, Prospect St., WESTFIELD, . . . NEW JERSEY.
Estimates Cheerfully Furnished.
Plain Logic.
Our assertion that we save the Piano buyer Twenty Five to One Hundred Dollars is an entirely reasonable one. It is not "say so" unsupported by facts; the magnitude of our business makes it plain to all. As we sell five Pianos for every one sold by any other house in the State, it is evident that we can afford to sell at lower prices than any one else. It's simple figuring: the expense of selling five is not nearly so great proportionately as the expense of selling one. That's where the gain comes in for the purchaser who buys his Piano here.
CASH, TIME PAYMENTS. . . OR RENTED. . .
Lauter Co. PIANOS
Jersey's Largest Dealers
657-659 BROAD ST., NEWARK.
Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be sure you get the full of Little's Cigarettes, take No. 10. This is the wonder worker that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or 1c. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.
BICYCLES!
"365 Days Ahead of Them All!"
KEATING.
(SEE THAT CURVE!)
The teachings of science as regards strains and shocks has been applied by the builders of the lightest reliable Road Bicycles in the World, in the formation of the Keating frame, the curved portion resisting the side strain and doing away with all tendency to side sway. This means no binding of bearings by the ends or joints of the frame.
THE RESULT:
That 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.
LEADING SHOE STORE OF WESTFIELD.
MY MOTTO: Honest goods at honest prices.
This is the season for Russel Foot-wear
I have genuine bargains in them. Call at once or your size may be gone.
JOHN O'BLENIS
Broad Street, Westfield.
The Pingry School, Elizabeth, N. J.
A carefully graded and thoroughly equipped SCHOOL FOR BOYS.
Primary, Intermediate, Grammar and High School Departments.
Boys prepared for any College or Scientific School, and for Business.
Fall Term begins Sept. 15, '97.
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SPECIALS

This Week.
All our 49c Shirt Waists Reduced to 39c
75c Shirt Waists Reduced to 59c
\$1.00 Shirt Waists Reduced to 79c
A few White Duck Skirts, Reduced to 98c
M. J. GILDERSLEEVE DRY GOODS, AND FANCY GOODS. BROAD ST., WESTFIELD.
Westfield up Against It. Defeated by Cranford, 13 to 9.
Saturday afternoon the first of a series of games between the Westfield club and the Cranford Athletic club base ball teams was played on the Broad street grounds, and resulted in Cranford's favor by 13 to 9. The weather was perfect, and the interest excited by the rivalry of the teams brought out a large attendance; indeed, Cranford must have been depopulated. The game was called promptly at 4 o'clock by Umpire J. E. Newman of Staten Island, a professional umpire brought out for the occasion. His umpiring was fair except for two decisions against Westfield, which hurt their chances materially. One of the decisions was so clearly wrong that the most rabid Cranfordite acknowledged it. The home battery played a good consistent, and winning game, but the support was lacking when necessary. Randolph was considerably off at first base, and his errors came at critical moments. Roth played a fast game at short. DeLaney who started the game at third, was too slow, and when Williams took the bag in the third inning, the difference was marked. Smith covered second in faultless style. Crooks put up a good game but, not having a chance in the field. For the Cranfords, Hennessy put up a star game at first, and Bates at second. The game opened with Cranford at the bat, scoring one run in first inning to Westfield's blank. They scored one again in the second inning and Westfield two. Each team scored one in third inning. Fourth inning Cranford scored two and Westfield three, which gave them the lead, which Cranford regained by scoring 4 in fifth to Westfield's blank. In sixth Cranford was blanked and Westfield scored three, which made a tie score. Each was blanked in seventh and eighth. In Westfield's half of the eighth occurred the worst error of the umpire. With two men out Roth made a base hit. Crooks came to bat and Roth got to second and then made a pretty steal of third. Crooks then knocked an infield ball and beat it to first by a safe margin, though close. Roth came home on the hit, when to the surprise of everyone, the umpire declared Crooks out. Roth's run would have given Westfield the lead with chance for more. Cranford went to bat in ninth and scored four runs, blanked Westfield, and the game was over. Cranford has a fast team, and they play clean, good ball.
The positions of the players was as follows:
CRANFORD A. C. WESTFIELD CLUB.
Howell ss Roth ss
Bates 2b DeLaney 3b
Williamson 3b Kelly c
Bindenberger c Patterson of
Barrett lf Higgins p
Hennessy 1b Randolph 1b
Snow cf Smith 2b
Fueschel p Mason, Crooks rf
Fox rf Bolsterle lf
Score by innings:
Cranford A. C. 1 1 1 2 4 0 0 4—13
Westfield Club, 0 2 1 3 0 3 0 0—9
Bases on balls, by Fueschel 2, Higgins 2. Struck out, by Fueschel 2, Higgins 2. Double plays, by Hennessy and Fueschel. Hits, Cranford 10, Westfield 7. Two base hits Howell, Bates, Fueschel, Fox. Errors, Cranford 6, Westfield 5. Umpire, Mr. Newman. Time 2 1/2 hrs. Attendance 600.
Cranford went home with considerable Westfield money, which it is presumed was "burned" on Saturday evening.
Westfield plays Bayonne Field club on Saturday, at Bayonne. More particulars in Friday's issue.
The return game with Cranford is August 21, at Cranford. Do not forget it.
The Tax Rate is \$2.52.
The tax rate for Westfield this year is \$2.52 on \$100 of valuation. Last year it was \$2.73. The total assessed valuation of the township, exclusive of the borough, is, in round numbers, \$1,452,000. The rate fixed upon will produce \$36,490. Following are the items:
County rate, .52
Road repairs, .30
Township tax, .18
Fire department, .015
Poor rate, .04
Hygiene, .015
State schools, .28
County roads, .04
Local schools, .50
Sewer maintenance, .11
Street lights, .30
Total, \$2.52

And Still They Come.
Seventeen more 25c pieces needed for the grand stand fund. Have you subscribed?
Cash. 25c
Total number subscribers, 183, \$40.75

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To Let in season.

Building Lots
for sale in every part
of Westfield. Money
furnished to build
homes.

List your Property with

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Real Estate and Insurance Agts.
Standard Building = WESTFIELD.

SUMMER FASHIONS.

DAINTY CREATIONS IN TRANSPARENT
FABRICS, LACES AND INSERTIONS.

Organdies Lead, with a Close Following of
Mull, Grass Lawn, Liberty Muslin and
Mousseline de Soie—Full Dress Gowns
Fancy Waists—Popular Little Capes.

For summer gowns to wear at the
fashionable watering places white mus-
lin certainly has an inning in the game
of fashion. Dainty organdies lavishly
trimmed with lace, either black or
white, lead in the display of pretty cos-
tumes shown in the shops, and the



ORGANDIE CROWN FOR EVENING WEAR.

Dressmakers are busy with all sorts and
kinds of thin gowns of mull, grass lawn,
Liberty muslin and mousseline de soie.
An occasional white dotted swiss ap-
pears among the thin gowns, but plain
organdie seems to have the preference,
according to the New York Sun, author-
ity for the following:

Low necked organdies for evening are
the prettiest of all the full dress gowns.
Kilted frills of chiffon or muslin with
narrow lace on the edge trim the neck
and sleeves very prettily, with the ad-
dition of bows of satin ribbon or bunches
of flowers. Wide lace arranged to form
a bertha is another pretty finish, and
the bodies, as in the high necked gowns,
is a series of lace insertions, alternated
with narrow bands of the muslin. The
quantity and quality of lace employed
in the trimming are only limited by the
dress allowance of the purchaser, as
yards and yards are absorbed in one
gown. Real Valenciennes trims many of
the daintiest white organdies for even-
ing wear, and, while the bodies are
made on a closely fitted lining, the
blouse effect is given to the outside.

One of the fads is to trim white or-
gandie with fine black French lace.
Black lace is also used on the tinted
muslins. The lining of these gowns
should be the same color as the muslin.
Some charming evening gowns are made
of mousseline de soie, white over a col-
or or some that over a deeper shade of
the same color. They are made usually
with an extra skirt of the mousseline de
soie between the outside and the lining

to give it body, and this should match
the underskirt in color.

That triumph of usefulness, the fancy
waist, helps out the variety with great
success. The special mode which is dis-
tinctly Parisian is the blouse effect, in
the back as well as the front. The full-
ness overhangs the belt in the same man-
ner, only there is less of it, and the
belt is often wider in the back than in
the front.

The little cape is as popular as ever,
and comes in fluffy, fascinating vari-
ety. Silk, velvet, lace, jet and chiffon
are variously combined in these little
wraps, so that some of them have the
appearance of being made of odds and
ends which chanced to be at hand.

Black and white effects are very pop-
ular in outside garments, and one little
model is simply a series of white taffeta
knife plaitings with ruffles of black



FLUFFY LITTLE CAPE.

lace falling over them. Some of the
daintiest but perhaps not most durable
capecs are made of black chiffon frillings
on a black satin foundation, with here
and there a bow of black satin ribbon.
A peculiarity of the latest cape is the
little fitted yoke, which can vary in
width according to the style of figure.

THE LOBSTER TANK.

An Aquarium Exhibit That Many View
With Lively Interest.

There are few tanks at the aquarium
more interesting than that containing
the lobsters. The lobsters there now are
not great, like some of the monsters
that have been exhibited, but they are
lively and in good condition, and the
display of their characteristics as they
move about or pause to eat is almost
startling to one unfamiliar with the
lobster in life.

Whoever has picked up a live lobster
in a market and found the big claws
drooping, as they will if the lobster
hasn't much life left in him, is sure to
be interested when he sees the lobster
here walking off briskly on his slender
legs, carrying his big claws in front of

him clear of the ground and his heavy
tail clear like-wise. His ordinary man-
ner of progression is forward, and when
he turns he swings his heavily weighted
projecting ends with facility, but if he
meets an obstruction or an enemy his
usual way is to dart backward and per-
haps diagonally upward through the
water, which the lobster can do with
great suddenness.

The lobster's feeding apparatus is
wonderful. About the month there are
lots of little attachments, all the time
in motion when the lobster is feeding,
which slice the food off in little shreds
as the lobster holds it up to his mouth.
If another lobster should come up, this
lobster would know it, even though the
other came up behind or at the side, and
would turn to defend himself or to fight
or to flee or to warn the other away.

The lobster's long feelers he can pro-
ject one in one direction and the other
in another, and with these, as he moves
forward, back or sideways, he guards
against danger.

There are perhaps a dozen lobsters in
the tank. In the center of the tank there
is a little rock. There is likely to be
seen upon this rock a little lobster, not
a dull, old lobster lying down, but an
alert young lobster standing up and rap-
porting easily his big claws and his
powerful tail—a young lobster ready to
eat, to fight or to runaway.—New York
Sun.

A swallow is considered one of the
fastest of flying birds, and it was
thought until recently that no insect
could escape it. A naturalist tells of an
exciting chase he saw between a swal-
low and a dragon fly, which is among
the swiftest of insects, the latter finally
escaping.

It is stated that animal life appears
to be almost absent in the neighborhood
of the north pole. Beyond latitude 83
degrees the Fram met with neither
whales, seals, walrus nor bears, though
dog fishes were seen as high as 85 de-
grees.

A Clever Lawyer.

An old lawyer in Paris had instruct-
ed a very young client of his to weep
every time he struck the desk with his
hand. Unfortunately the barrister for-
got and struck the desk at the wrong
moment. The client fell to sobbing and
crying.

"What is the matter with you?"
asked the presiding judge.

"Well, he told me to cry as often as
he struck the table."

Here was a nice predicament, but
the astute lawyer was equal to the oc-
casion. Addressing the jury, he said:
"Well, gentlemen, let me ask you
how you can reconcile the idea of crime
in conjunction with such candor and
simplicity. I await your verdict with
the most perfect confidence."—Ex-
change.

In some of the cities of Europe the
cost of putting out a fire is made a
charge upon the property of the person
for whose benefit the fire department is
called out.

MRS. THOMAS A. EDISON.

A Surprise for Her in Her Husband's
Laboratory.

Mrs. Thomas A. Edison is a very
beautiful woman. If one bears sin-
gularly little about her beauty it is
undoubtedly because she never seems
to think about a herself. It is all very
well theoretically to say that uncon-
sciousness enhances beauty, and for
the discerning it may; but the most of
people are more impressed by the
woman who carries herself as if she
were beautiful (as the French say)
than by loveliness that has no mystery,
that shows no deep attention to the
toilet, that is genuinely inattentive to
its own claims. Mrs. Edison belongs
to this last type, and thus she has a
naivete that the old Italian painters,
at any rate, would have deeply appre-
ciated. She looks like an Italian, for
her coloring is softly, not glaucously,
brunette, with a superb complexion,
the skin peculiarly fine in texture, and
a rich, deep color in her cheeks. She
is, perhaps, the only woman within
a hundred miles of New York that is
fitted by beauty and expression to
make a perfect model for a Madonna.
For, though she looks young, as if she
were in the early twenties, she has
the quiet poise of the wife and mother,
as is given, in general society, to
talking but little. She is as un-
moued by modern restlessness as if she were
a Greek woman, and looks as if she
could sit still for an hour any time
without an effort, and at the same
time she shows that she is perfectly
alive, easily interested, and responsi-
ve on the subjects that appeal to her;
these are, first, Mr. Edison and her
children, and next, children and their
education in general. Then without
the air of condensation in such cases,
she devotes much time to reading de-
lectative novels with Mr. Edison. Yes,
the detective novel is a favorite di-
version with that great brain, and the
Madonnafaced wife of his reason is
seriously attentive to his needs in this
way, and continually gathers up any-
thing she can find that she thinks will
meet the case. She reads them with
him, whether with any other senti-
ment than that of a happy sense of
duty fulfilled, it is impossible to dis-
cover, but when it comes to the sci-
entific works that he devours as a reg-
ular diet she gives up. Mrs. Edison
is not scientific; she has as little af-
finity for physics as other typical
women, and that is saying a good deal,
but a true story of a recent occurrence
at the great laboratory would seem to
show that one might go further and
say she has less affinity for physical
science than most women; that less
knowledge of it rubs off on her. She,
with pride, was showing some friends
about the laboratory and trying vascu-
ly to tell them things; they found her
more at home in cleaning the suits
of Mr. Edison's face than in any other
phase of laboratory work, but still
they were not prepared for her com-
plete astonishment when a workman
came along and lit a gas jet by elec-
tricity! She had never heard of such
a thing before. Now, is that not a
delicious story? Any one ought to
recognize its veracity, for it is the kind
of thing that only real life has the hap-
py audacity to compound.—Leslie's
Weekly.

THE HISTORY OF THE KITE.

A Once Useless Toy Has Become a Sci-
entific Apparatus.

The invention of the kite is usually
attributed to the Chinese. The first
man on actual record as having used
the kite is Archytas about 400 B. C.
For what purpose he employed it I
have been unable to ascertain, but it
is not probable that he accomplished
anything of scientific importance; and
it was not until 1739, when Dr. Alex-
ander Wilson and Mr. Thomas Mel-
ville, in Scotland, used it for taking
the temperature of the upper air, that
the kite showed possibilities of becom-
ing a useful and scientific apparatus.
Franklin's well known experiment of
obtaining atmospheric electricity by
means of a kite string drew attention
to it. It is, however, within the last
decade that the kite has gained nearly
all of its importance, and this is due
to its development by men who have
studied it, and the forces acting upon
it, in a scientific way. Among
others may be named Marvin, Lang-
ley, Hargrave and Eddy; by their lab-
ors a hitherto useless toy has become
an important scientific apparatus.—
Lt. Hugh D. Wise, U. S. A., Century.

A USEFUL DISCOVERY.

Utilization of Daylight in Poorly Lighted
Rooms by Luxfer Prisms.

An exhibition, in Chicago, of a new
method of increasing natural light in
poorly lighted rooms has attracted
much interest among architects, build-
ers and property owners. Luxfer
prisms, as they are styled by the com-
pany introducing them, are composed
of plates of glass with semi-prisms
comprising one face. The plates are
electrically glazed together into what-
ever form or size may be required, and
are then surrounded by a suitable
frame. The complete frame of prism
plates may be either hung in the win-
dow frame or inserted in the sash in
place of the ordinary glass.

The advantages of the system are
not limited to giving the light a mere
horizontal direction, but by using dif-
ferent forms of prisms in different
parts of a window all the light strik-
ing it may be sent to any part of the
room where it is desired. It is the
opinion of some architects that this
means of utilizing daylight will not
only modify new construction by
changing the treatment of light shafts,
but it will enable numerous old build-
ings, almost untenable for lack of
light, to be made desirable.—Iron Age.

If we all came early to avoid the
rush we would find it there ahead of
us.

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.

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FLOUR, FEED, HAY AND GRAIN

PEET MOSS FOR BEDDING.

PRATT'S HORSE FOOD.

WE SELL FIRST CLASS GOODS ONLY.

ALL POULTRY SUPPLIES.

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Aerated Milk and Sterilized Cream

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MOUNT ARARAT CREAMERY

FOR SALE AT

TRENCHARD'S DRUG STORE.

IRA C. LAMBERT, Prop.



Children
Are Quick

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

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Sanitary Plumbing.
WESTFIELD, N. J.

WOODRUFF'S Storage Warehouse (Brick Building) for the
storage of Furniture, Pianos and Baggage,
in separate compartments.
R. WOODRUFF, Prop.

J. WARREN BROWN,

Late of C. E. & J. W. Brown.

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Window Shades and Awnings

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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FIRST CLASS

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.

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. Clyma, Cranford, N. J.

POST OFFICE DIRECTORY.

OUTGOING MAIL.	
Eastward.	Westward.
Leave. Close.	Leave. Close.
8:15 a. m. 8:35 a. m.	8:25 a. m. night before
2:35 p. m. 2:55 p. m.	8:30 p. m. 7:50 p. m.
6:15 p. m. 6:35 p. m.	4:45 p. m. 4:30 p. m.
INCOMING MAIL.	
From East.	From West.
8:25 a. m. 8:17 a. m.	8:17 a. m.
8:30 a. m. 8:22 a. m.	8:45 p. m.
1:30 p. m. 1:22 p. m.	6:12 p. m.
4:47 p. m.	

John L. Deany, Post Master.

Santiago Porcella jr. is visiting Mrs. Manoz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Atwater go away this week on their vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. C. Grow are to leave Saturday for a summer trip.

The Epworth League will meet tomorrow at Wm. Howell's, on Union avenue.

Miss Esther Hughes returned from a three weeks' sojourn at East Orange last Saturday.

Dr. and Mrs. R. L. Robinson will spend two weeks at Ocean Grove, beginning August 11.

Rector Edgewood will be away on Sunday, a lay reader taking his place for the service of the day.

The Episcopal Sunday school has been discontinued during August on account of the number of pupils who are out of town.

Albert Tusch jr. was elected manager and J. C. Royce assistant manager of the Cranford A. C. baseball team on Saturday afternoon.

The Athletic club will play the Murray Hills of New York on the home grounds Saturday afternoon. This should be a very interesting game, as the Murray Hills play very strong tennis and good games.

The Rev. Alfred Evans goes to Ocean Grove one day this week, for a three weeks stay. The Rev. Joseph Greaves of Westfield will preach from his pulpit next Sunday morning, and Frank B. Ham will preach in the evening.

The Rev. Geo. Francis Greene is away on his vacation. He will spend next week at Northfield, Mass., the home of Dwight L. Moody, the evangelist. The rest of the month will be spent at his wife's old home, East Greenwich, R. I.

At Fairleigh Villa last Saturday night Stanley Flint won first prize for drawing animals. Mrs. Thornall winning the ladies' first prize. Mr. Thomall acted as auctioneer of the auction party, which proved a very amusing feature. Dancing followed, closing a very successful evening's entertainment.

Joseph Purcell was elected to succeed P. D. VanSaan as trustee of the Presbyterian church, and Lawrence Nader to succeed Geo. G. Ely, at the parish meeting last Friday evening. The meeting adopted very complimentary resolutions with reference to the retiring trustees, copies of which are to be presented to them duly engrossed.

The new fire alarm system was tested last Friday afternoon as announced, and found to be in perfect working order from the start. The adjuster didn't find any adjusting to do at all. The wiring and the placing of the boxes was nearly all done by three members of the fire department, who seem to have proved themselves experts at the business.

The Episcopal church was broken into on the 20th for the third time within six months. The first time the burglars found a bottle and a half of communion wine and left none behind them. On the second and third occasions not a thing was taken or disturbed in any way. The same kind of tool was used in each case to force open the door, so that, presumably, the breaking in has been done by the same parties. Just what they want of expect to find is a query.

It is said that members of the Union Hose company, or of the two existing fire companies are throwing cold water on the movement for a south side hose company, and hunting up objections to offer to their being re-organized or mustered into the Cranford fire department. It is also said that one member of the fire committee—or commissioners—is assisting in this work. In the absence of any real reason why the south side should not have a hose company if they want one and are willing to go to the expense and trouble it entails, this opposition, to say the least, seems rather small-souled. If the discussion had at the time the new company's petition was presented to the town committee is any indication a safe majority of that committee are friendly to the new fire company, so that the opposition above spoken of need not count. The new company are to hold a meeting to night.

John H. Patterson has left the employ of the County club, and has a position in Garwood.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

THE SCHOOLHOUSE REPAIR MATTER STILL HANGS FIRE.

They Will Build the South Side Primary, but Will Set the Lawyers at Work on the \$4,000 Repair Proposition Teachers all Engaged but One.

The Cranford board of education held a meeting last Saturday night in the opera house block, all present except Clerk Ferguson, J. C. Hunt acted as clerk pro tem. A. B. Bigelow did not appear to argue with them about the cost of those repairs he proposed, but "the self-constituted committee," as they were styled by President Park, (A. D. Bigelow, Edward Beadle and F. E. C. Winkler) sent in their estimates of the cost of the necessary repairs by the hand of P. D. VanSaan, a member of the board. The estimates were accepted but left unopened, to be handed to the building committee when the board has satisfied itself as to the legal status of the moon question concerning the repair of the old or the building of a new school house on the north side. The 7 to 1 majority in the board evidently refused to consider the matter settled. A great many others in the community feel the same way about it, but even these latter are likely to join in the general criticism of the way they have gone about it this time.

The minutes of the last two meetings were read and approved.

The teacher's committee reported the re-engagement of Miss Demorest at a salary of \$550, of Miss Watson at \$600, Miss Marens at \$300, Miss Vreeland at \$600, Miss Foster at \$600, Miss Wisner at \$550, and Mr. Clement at \$1,600, Miss Tutton, a graduate of Smith college who has been teaching in Stamford, Conn., has been engaged for Miss Dykes' place at \$500. The figures given are an advance of \$50 for the Misses Demorest and Wisner, and \$100 for Miss Foster.

The committee on the Garwood school matter reported progress, and showed the plans adopted for the new school building. It will be a very pretty little building, and will stand facing Center street, the principal street of Garwood. The Garwood people are to build, furnish and heat the building, and the township of Cranford will hire a teacher, pay a janitor \$60 a year to care for the building, and maintain and superintend the school. The committee have full power in the matter, and the building will proceed at once.

The minutes of the district meeting of July 12 were then read. The chair stated that in his opinion the instructions for a south side primary building were regular as far as they went, and that the board would do well to proceed immediately with the necessary preliminary. One of these was the selection of a site. Judge Winkler had offered a site, but it had not been accepted, which the law required should be done by vote of the people. Judge Winkler explained that the reason he had not presented the deed to the plot he offered to the board was that he did not know if it would be accepted, but the deed, without any conditions, was ready for the board whenever the site should be accepted. After some little discussion the president's view of the matter was accepted by the board, and on motion of Trustee Teller the committee on buildings and grounds—Messrs. Brundage, Plume and VanSaan—were instructed to make a selection of one or more sites to be submitted to a vote of the people at a meeting to be called by the board for the purpose. It seemed to be assumed that among the sites submitted would be Judge Winkler's proposed gift, so that the people may choose between accepting that gratis (it is not central) and accepting another which will cost probably from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars. The committee are to report at the August meeting.

Upon the question of repairing the old school house there was a long discussion. The chair opened it by questioning whether the reconsideration and the laying upon the table of Rodgers' original motion for a \$30,000 school house, by the district meeting of July 12, disposed of that motion entirely. If it was equal to a vote that the \$30,000 school house should not be built, then the board must proceed with the repair of the old schoolhouse. A meeting of the board must be held early in August, the suggested second Tuesday, and in the mean time he favored submitting the whole matter to the township attorney to learn, as Trustee Hunt afterward planned it, what the legal status of the board was with regard to the various propositions.

Trustee VanSaan submitted a written opinion by Mr. Oldham to the effect that the meeting of July 12 was illegal and void. The board, after some hesitation, accepted it and listened while it was read.

Trustee Teller then moved that the records of the two public meetings and all the papers relating to them, including Mr. Oldham's letter, be submitted to the township attorney, and that he be asked for the reconsideration of the

\$30,000 proposition was legal and should stand, what the standing of the motion to table was, and how the board should apportion the \$4,000 voted for the various kind of repairs for which it was specified it should pay. Bigelow's substitute specified that the building should be repaired, and new systems of heating, plumbing and ventilating installed. In the discussion of this motion Trustee Plume was the only one who ventured the opinion that the tabling of the \$30,000 proposition killed it. The chair took occasion to deny the impression that seemed to be abroad that the board were opposed to the people in any way, or that any member of the board had expressed himself as opposed to a school on the south side when the people wanted it.

Trustee VanSaan offered the estimates and plans sent in by the "self-constituted committee," but the chair didn't think the board wanted any of their opinions, at least until it was decided that the old building was to be repaired.

Teller's motion to refer was then adopted. Bergen is expected to answer before the August meeting.

At the chair's suggestion Trustee VanSaan moved the district clerk be requested to prepare an estimate of the cost of maintaining a primary school on the south side, based on the number of primary pupils resident there.

Mr. VanSaan then asked that the plans and estimates sent in by Messrs. Bigelow, Beadle and Winkler be accepted by the board. There was some little inclination shown to quarrel with the idea which the sending of the estimates implied, that the board might not know all about the subject, but VanSaan argued that they ought not to be so thin-skinned about it, and eventually the board agreed with him and the estimates were accepted unopened, to be handed to the building committee, as the chair suggested, when they should take up the matter of repairing the old building. In the course of the talk Judge Winkler explained that he attended the meeting where the estimates were arranged for solely at Messrs. Beadle and Bigelow's invitation, because they had worked together in the matter, and that he had not taken the initiative in the matter in any way.

Trustee Plume thought the front stairway of the present school building should be restored before school opened. It had been closed to provide another school room, and its restoration would leave them one room less; but he argued that if any loss of life occurred through fire, panic or otherwise, the board would be held morally if not criminally liable, for having permitted the closing of the stairway. The building committee—Plume, Brundage and VanSaan—will meet at the school house this morning at 8, and as many other members of the board will meet with them as can be there at that time, to look the building over with reference to possible repairs.

Athletic Club Wins From Westfield.

The Athletic club baseball club's trip to Westfield netted them another victory by a score of 13 to 9.

The excitement throughout the game was great and it was most interesting. Cranford team were supported by about 200 enthusiasts, and with the Westfield rooters, there was a great deal of fun in the game. Neither team made much headway at first, and the game was won in the ninth inning, the score being tied up to that time from the sixth inning in the ninth inning the two buggers made by Howell, Bates and Fuchscl and the single base hit by Howell and an error by Randolph of the Westfield-von the victory.

The positions of the players was as follows:

Cranford A. C.	Westfield Club
Howell s s	Roth s s
Bates 2 b	DeLaney 3 b
Williamson 3 b	Kelly c
Bindenberger c	Patterson c f
Barrett 1 f	Higgins p
Hennessey 1 b	Randolph 1 b
Snow c f	Smith 2 b
Fuchscl p	Mason, Crooks r f
Fox r f	Bolsterle 1 f

Score by innings:
Cranford A. C. 1 1 1 2 4 0 0 4—13
Westfield Club, 0 2 1 3 0 3 0 0—9

Innes on balls, by Fuchscl 2, Higgins 2. Struck out, by Fuchscl 2, Higgins 2. Double plays, by Hennessey and Fuchscl. Hits, Cranford 10, Westfield 7. Two base hits, Howell, Bates, Fuchscl, Fox. Errors, Cranford 6, Westfield 5. Umpire, Mr. Newman. Time 2 1/2 hrs. Attendance 600.

The Great Venetian Carnival.

The great event of the year in Cranford comes off next Saturday night, on which occasion the town puts on its good clothes and welcomes its friends and visitors from far and wide. No other town in the country has the same sort of festival, or has the facilities for it. The executive committee announce that the display of fireworks will be ten fold what it was last year, that the decorations will be finer and more elaborate, and the illumination of the town much more general. There will be two brass bands who will give concerts in different parts of town. They are made up from the big orchestra belonging to the First Regiment band of Newark. A large force of special police will prevent any disturbance or any depredations upon private grounds or decorations. Visitors will find a thousand feet or

more of Riverside drive open to them from which to view the procession, and this shore is probably the best point from which to obtain a view. Property owners along the river will nearly all entertain invited guests. Both banks of the river will be lavishly decorated with lanterns, etc., for the whole length of the route the procession will take about a mile. It will start at about 8 p. m. (the signal being two bombs, from just above the dam near Union avenue, and will go up stream to the bridge near Edward Beadle's on Springfield avenue, and return to the starting point. There will be many boats and canoes in the procession, including many imposing designs of a historical character, on floats. No one who has not seen it should miss the opportunity of attending this unique festival.

STREET RAILWAY DEVICES.

Among Them a Scheme to Keep Conductors Honest.

It is many years since Mark Twain's lines immortalizing the enforced punching of variously colored slippers by street railway conductors to prevent their "holding up the company" ran riot through the land, and the "buff trip slippers," the "pink trip slippers," the "blue trip slippers" have long been abandoned by most street railways in favor of the clock faced indicator. This is a fairly good device, but still it may be worked by a clever man not unwilling to divert a few nickels to his own pocket. In Toronto the company has a scheme which, so far as any one knows, has never yet been circumvented by a conductor. Indeed, it is difficult to see how it could be got around without the complicity of a passenger. By this plan the conductor does not touch money or tickets at all. When collecting, he carries around a specially made receptacle into which the passenger must put his own ticket or 5 cent piece. The conductor who violates the company's rules by taking the fare from the passenger and putting it into the fare holder is liable to discharge. At the end of each collection the receptacle is hung upon a special hook and there remain until more passengers board the car.

The cars of the trolley line between Minneapolis and St. Paul are fitted with admirable appliances to prevent accidents to passengers careless in stepping on and off. At the rear end of each car are folding gates which are under the control of the motorman, who does not open them until the car has reached a full stop and closes them before it starts again. Controlled by the same lever as that which opens and closes the gates are folding steps, which let down when the gates open and close up when they shut.

The managers of this same line have carried the street car advertising notion to a greater length than the managers of most other trolley lines in the United States. In addition to the ordinary space for advertisements over the windows, the back of the seats are provided with panels for the display of advertising matter. This does not, however, seem to attract the advertisers of the twin cities very much, for the panels are very rarely utilized except for amusement announcements.—Exchange.

HER LIFELIKE STATUE.

It Signaled Her Departure From the World of Artists.

Before her marriage she had been a famous sculptress. She had made several portrait statues of well known men, and every one predicted for her a still more brilliant future, when she suddenly set all predictions at naught by marrying a wealthy man who disapproved of her keeping up her professional work. She was very quiet under this restriction, but was supposed to rebel inwardly. Therefore when at a dinner party one evening she asked her old friend General Bushar to come to see her on the following evening and inspect her last piece of work, which she thought the best and most lifelike she had ever executed, he supposed he was expected to use his influence to prevail upon her husband to permit her to resume her place among the working fraternity of artists.

"I am sure you will like it, general," she said, with a winning smile. "It fairly lives and breathes. I confess I am in love with it myself."

On the appointed evening the general, with some misgivings over the delicacy of the task intrusted to him, presented himself. Instead of inviting him to the studio his hostess, to his surprise, offered to bring her last bit to him.

"Oh, it's a statuette, is it?" he asked.

"Well, yes, you might call it so," she answered, as she went out of the room. In a few minutes she returned, bearing in her arms—a baby!—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Musical Tone.

You can always recognize the finished artist by the manner in which he emits the musical tones. A writer in The Etude says: Be it the singer, the violinist or pianist, he will strive to produce a tone that will be perfect in its beginning. With the singer the tone must come in slowly, without any perceptible start—inhaled in on the breath, as it were. The player of a string instrument must carefully avoid any scratchy noise apt to be mixed with the tone at the time the bow is set upon the string. To avoid this the bow must be in easy motion before touching the string, making the tone slide in pure and free from any dryness. The pianist, excepting in places where forceful attack is required, should let down the hands easily, to avoid harsh persuasion, and when a flowing series of sounds in chords is to be played each chord should be gently joined to the next, so that no new attack is perceived, imitating in this respect the voice, as much as the imperfections of the instrument may permit.

NEWEST FOOTWEAR.

FOR HOUSE WEAR, STREET, RICYCLING, GOLF AND TENNIS.

The Heigh of the Pointed Toe Is Past. Footgear In Colors to Match the Costume. Low Shoes For Bicycling. Special Shoes For Golf.

Dame Fashion says that the pointed shoe is out of date. The sensible woman will wear a round toed and comfortable foot, but many who are sensible on other points will choose the shoe which makes her foot look prettiest. If one sees both round and pointed



SHOES FOR THE HOUSE.

tees, so perhaps we may take our choice and still be in the fashion, says a writer of the following in the New York Herald:

There are some new styles in bicycle shoes and leggings. Many women are discarding the leggings and high shoes for wheeling altogether, contending that a prettily fitted shoe and a neatly gartered stocking are much less intrusive than the distinctive bicycle shoe and leggings. Still the shoemakers provide high shoes, low shoes and leggings, and more of the latter are seen on the wheelwoman in town and country than the low oxford ties.

Paris has never sent us daintier footgear than the exquisite ties, made in any shade, to wear with the fluffly beltoned bows which are the rage to-day. Any color can be procured, from the most delicate pink, mauve, blue, pale green to the red shoe, to be worn with all black costumes. Then, as woman joins in so many of the manly sports, the bootmakers show riding boots, golf shoes and stout walking boots which only differ from the male models in their delicacy of form.

There never was the time when the summer girl had to have so much footgear as now. There are just 16 styles of shoes which she should have, and if she is ambitious to exhibit different varieties of each style the total could easily be swelled to 60. Just why a girl needs at least 16 pairs of shoes can be easily told. In the first place, when she gets up in the morning she of course thrusts her feet in her bathing slippers preparatory to the morning bath. When her morning toilet is completed, she discards the bathing slippers with the round toe and flat heel and dons her breakfast slippers. An hour after breakfast it is time to think of the morning's fun. It may be a brisk run awheel, a visit to the golf links, a horseback ride, a long walk or a yachting trip, any one of which requires a special kind of footgear.

For the bicycle there are three styles, and the one that has suddenly gained the most popularity is the low shoe, fashioned somewhat like the ordinary oxford tie, but fastened with laces. At first the wearers of the low shoe used thick golf stockings, but they have been found to be too warm, so those of like thread were substituted. Notwithstanding the sensible arguments which recommend the low shoe, there are many who adhere to the high boot. The newest in these is made of various colored French knits to match the costume.

Golf calls for a special shoe. It is made of Russian leather and has low, broad heel and thick sole, the latter being inserted with several rubber disks and the heel with a rubber crescent to prevent slipping when delivering a violent blow on smooth grass. These shoes are cut not higher than six inches, and one of their essentials is to make walking easy.

The correct walking shoe is a laced affair of calfskin, made as high as the golf shoe, with an inch and a quarter square heel and made so that the forward part of the foot from the ball to the toe rests firmly on the ground. A horseback ride, of course, requires a pair of well made riding boots. The smartest kind are made of patent leather.



FOR OUTDOOR WEAR.

er, but some prefer those of calfskin or Russian leather. They reach nearly to the knee and are made with stiff tops, pointed toes and low, broad heels. Then there are tennis shoes and yachting shoes, both of canvas, with rubber soles to prevent slipping on velvety grass or tilting decks. Slippers for afternoon wear, when fluff is deemed, are innumerable dainty styles and colors, and the same can be said of the footgear for evening wear for dances and similar functions.

Stewed Mushrooms.

Mushrooms, no matter how cooked, ought always to be carefully examined, as they are likely to become infested with worms if a little just their prime. Wipe button mushrooms with damp, soft flannel and stew gently in water 15 minutes, salt to taste, add a tablespoonful of butter, thicken to the consistency of cream with a little cornstarch melted with milk and boil three minutes. Put in two tablespoonfuls of cream and stir while you count five. Remove from the fire and serve at once. Mushrooms should be served very hot. They lose their delicate flavor if lukewarm.

GREEN, THE UMBRELLA MAN,

Says that after these windy rains there must be thousands of more or less injured

UMBRELLAS

in the homes of the people, and that he will

REPAIR and RECOVER

them entirely to the satisfaction of their owners if allowed to do so. This branch of the umbrella business is a good deal like dentistry—it pays well to spend a little money on the article when it first begins to break down. Why not, therefore, gather the umbrellas you have that need anything done to them, and ask your neighbor to do the same, and then send them all together in one express package to him? They will be returned to you promptly in good shape and at small cost—express paid—and if you need a new

UMBRELLA or PARASOL

or TRUNK or BAG

why not come or send here for it? You cannot do

AS WELL

elsewhere—fact—for this is the

FACTORY.

Cor. Market and Broad Sts.,

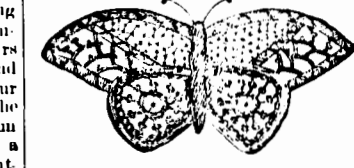
Newark, N. J.

LACE BUTTERFLY.

A Dainty Design For Lacework Now Is Much In Vogue.

A butterfly in lacework is the subject of an illustrated description in the New York Tribune. As it affords a pretty idea in this popular style of needlework, it is here reproduced.

This butterfly is outlined with linen braid that is made for the lacework now so much in vogue, and the filling in stitches are of No. 60 or finer linen



BUTTERFLY IN LACEWORK.

thread, that comes in little balls at 4 or 5 cents each. One ball of thread will make many butterflies.

Draw the pattern on a piece of muslin—colored paper muslin is the best. Baste the braid over the pattern and fill in the wings with fancy stitches. Do not prick the needle through the muslin in any place excepting when making the body of the butterfly, which is to be worked solid in an "over and over" stitch. For the two feelers use fine cord covered with the over and over stitch.

When finished, rip out the basting threads and cut away the muslin from under the wings, trimming it close to the body, so that none of it may show. Starch and while damp iron the wings. The "fly" will then lie flat on the work and is not nearly so effective as when appearing to be "on the wing."

The butterfly may also be worked directly on a piece of fine Persian lawn, buttonholing the braid down to the lawn and only cutting away under the wings. The "fly" will then lie flat on the work and is not nearly so effective as when appearing to be "on the wing."

Preserved fruits in a state fit to be eaten have been taken from the ruins of Heroulanum.

Dosed the Doctor.

"Doctor, just an instant, please," exclaimed a caller at the office of a man of physic as he caught sight of the physician disappearing in his private office.

"I'll see you shortly, sir," was the curt reply.

"But a second is all I want," persisted the caller.

"I'll see you directly, sir," with sternness.

The visitor took a seat in the general reception room, and the afternoon paper through, looked at the pictures, played with the dog and took a nap. After 30 minutes or more had passed the medicine man came out of his den and with an air of condescension said to the visitor:

"Well, now, my man, I am at your service. Your turn has come. What can I do for you?"

"Oh, nothing in particular," was the reply. "I just dropped in to tell you that your neighbor's three cows have escaped from the farm and are having a picnic in your garden and flower beds."—Strand Magazine.

A Plain Direction.

Canon Knox Little told a good story once at a church conference. He said he remembered a hen gate in front of a beautiful church, which had been restored and made very nice. There was painted over the door, "This is the gate of heaven," and underneath was the large notice, "Go round the other way."—Household Words.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure. Makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All Druggists