

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD.

SEMI-WEEKLY


TUESDAY

FRIDAY


VOL. XIV. NO. 14. WESTFIELD, UNION COUNTY, N. J., TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1897. \$2 Per Year. Single Copies 3c.

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Underwear Bargains

Ladies' White Wood Ribbed Vests, cotton backs, also side band drawers with yoke to match, at **75c**. Men's Natural Wool Shirts and Drawers, finest stock, this is the last purchase of these goods that we can offer at the price, most lot will cost 1.00, while they last—**75c**.

Some Glove Bargains

Men's Walking gloves, all the desirable shades in Dogskin, also silk lined and lined Norhas, special value at **1.00**. Ladies' 2 and 3 class Kid Gloves, embroidered backs, Tan, English Red, Gold Brown, Black and White, worth 1.50 a pair, at **1.35**. Men's Real "Herby" Kid gloves, must be worn to be appreciated, pique-sewn Paris Points in Street Shades, black and white, at **1.75**.

Hosiery Bargains

Men's Imported, extra heavy weight, fast black cotton socks, double heels and toes, worth 1.00 a pair, at **75c**. Ladies' black cashmere hose, natural or tan, double heels and toes, worth 1.00 a pair, at **75c**. Children's extra weight black cashmere hose, split heels, double soles, all sizes, at **49c**. Ladies' black cashmere hose, natural or tan, double heels and toes, worth 1.00 a pair, at **75c**. Ladies' fast black cotton hose, genuine French make, extra elastic, at **50c**.

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MISS MARY L. BARTON
WILL RECEIVE PUPILS IN PIANO AND HARMONY.
(8 years experience.)
Residence: of Westfield Avenue and Park street.

S. D. WINTER,
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
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SAND FOR BUILDING PURPOSES.
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M. L. SAULSBURY,
CIVIL ENGINEER and SURVEYOR
OFFICE: Standard Building, Westfield, New Jersey.

MISS ANNA D. COOPER,
(Graduate of New York School of Expression) READER and TEACHER OF EXPRESSION.
Opens Studio for classes and private pupils Friday, Oct. 22, 1897.
Studio: Royal Arcanum Building, Westfield. (Physical Culture, Education and kindred branches.)
Evening entertainments arranged for at short notice.

Religious Notices

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.
Rev. Wm. H. Ruth, Pastor. Residence Union Place. Sunday morning Services 10:30 o'clock. Sunday-school 2:30 p. m. Young People's Meeting 6:30 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 sing and 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.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Rev. N. W. Caldwell, Pastor. Services Sunday 10:30 a. m. 8:00 p. m. Special Meetings: Wednesday Prayer Meeting 8:00 p. m.; Sunday, Young People's Meeting 7 p. m.; Sunday School 12 m. Sunday School 12 m. Superintendent, Strangers made to feel at home.

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

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF CHRIST. Rev. Henry Ketchum, Pastor. Sunday Morning Services: 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, 9 p. m. A hearty welcome to all.

ST. PAUL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL Church. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30; Sunday evening service at 7:45. At St. Paul's Church, Broad street.

WESTFIELD PUBLIC LIBRARY. Incorporated 1877. Library open every day from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. and Saturday from 11 a. m. to 4 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.

WESTFIELD POST OFFICE. JULY 1, 1892.
M. M. SPOFFORD, Postmaster.
A. C. FITCH, Asst. P. M. and Money Order Clerk.
A. H. CLARK, General Delivery Clerk.

MAILS CLOSE.
For New York, Philadelphia, Trenton, the Northeast, South, Southwest and way stations East at 7:45 a. m., 2:15 p. m. and 6:30 p. m. For Plainfield, Easton and way stations at 7:45 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.
MAILS OPEN FOR DELIVERY.
From New York, Philadelphia, Trenton, the Northeast, South and Southwest at 7:45, 8:30 a. m., 2:15 and 6:30 p. m.

Mt. Alderney Dairy
Superior Milk and Cream delivered to your door.
H. WILLOUGHBY, Proprietor.
Furniture moving, grading and team work by day or contract.

The Royal Geographical Society of England has nearly 4,000 fellows. Its library are about 70,000 volumes and pamphlets. The society is not merely the headquarters of geographical science in Great Britain. It is virtually the headquarters for the whole world.

The Bank of England was opened 202 years ago.

The Usual Way.

There are some society girls who like to marshal together all the trophies of a season, in the shape of emigre prizes, German favors and invitations galore to all sorts of functions, where they may be seen of men and bring green-eyed glances of jealousy into the eyes of other girls not favored quite so much, but the queerest effort of this kind that ever came under the notice of the writer was a pyramid of empty candy boxes stacked up from floor to ceiling in a corner of the parlor. The largest was, of course, at the base, and there was every make and style, gradually diminishing to the top. This dashing girl, with the immense capacity for destroying candy, excepted every male visitor to add to the number as she started a plant in each of the other corners of the room. Of course a tremendous rivalry went on among her visitors and admirers to get the finest and most unique native and imported boxes. Strange to say, she married a man who had never added a lone box to the pile, but he helped to destroy some of the most toothsome offerings of other fellows.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Woman's Movement.
The presidents of the 23 literary clubs which comprise the Federation of Women's Clubs in Kentucky at a recent meeting which they held for the purpose of interchanging ideas upon club work decided among other things to endeavor to establish a bird day in the public schools of the different cities of the state. This will be one effort in a movement to preserve the birds. The presidents will also use their influence to have literature upon the subject disseminated, as they believe women are ignorant of the vast destruction of birds caused by their feather trimmed hats.

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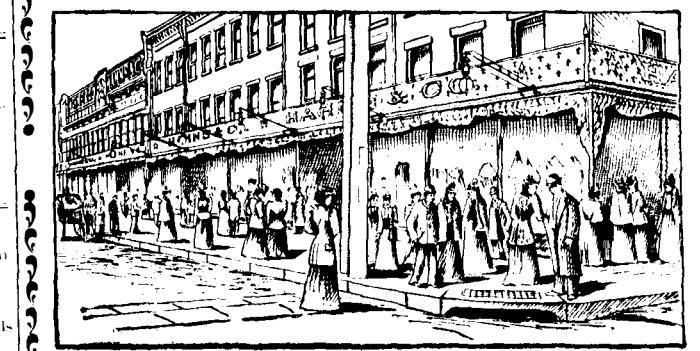
DRESS

•••

GOODS

•••

Silks and Velvets



IN 1898 WEAVES, PATTERNS AND COLORINGS SHOWS WHAT WE DARE DO AND WHAT NEW YORK STORES DARE NOT DO.

We make this sacrifice of profits at this time for the sole purpose of advertising our **Great Dry Goods Department** more extensively and thoroughly than we can do it through the columns of newspapers. Proof is right at our counters that we give the ladies far better values than the New York and "say anything" stores.

HAHNE & CO., - - - Newark, N. J.

"Refreshing" and "Delicious" are words that we often hear after people have tried at our fountain, **ORANGE PHOSPHATE** is so common that it takes something extra to call forth such remarks. The secret of our success is that we are careful to have fresh syrups made from the best material we can find. Fresh syrups means syrup made not longer than the day before you taste it. Our **ORANGE PHOSPHATE** is delicious because it has that tart, acid taste that pleases.

WESTFIELD PHARMACY, W. H. TRENCHARD, Prescription Druggist. Broad and Prospect Streets, WESTFIELD, N. J.

SHOES CAME BACK.

HOW MR. AND MRS. ALGERNON SMITH DISPOSED OF A NUISANCE.

They Couldn't Sell the Things, Couldn't Give Them Away and Were Not Permitted to Lose Them—Finally Smith Thought of the Furnace, and All is Well.

A rag peddler was slowly passing Mrs. Algernon Smith's house when that good woman hailed him. "How much for old shoes?" "Helluv a cent a point for wool an cotton, I can't pay ole shoes." "But won't you give me something for them?" "Any iron or potter you want to sell, lady? You want to sell dese things out you hat on? Helluv a cent a point. I can no more gif. I want not dese shoes, not for nothings. Nothings else?" Mrs. Smith indignantly closed the window. When her husband came home at night, she said: "Algernon, I want you to take a lot of old shoes I've done up in a package and throw them away."

"Why don't you give them to the washwoman?" asked Mr. Smith. "She won't have them—says they're not her kind of shoes," was the answer. "They are all either too large or too small, the heels are too high, and they are the wrong number. I offered them to a tramp, and he said when he went into the shoe business he would let me know—he wasn't buying misfits yet."

"I like his impudence. Where are they? I'll make short work of them," said Mr. Smith, and he took the big bundle his wife gave him and went out. In 15 minutes he was back.

"So you got rid of them," said his wife joyfully. "I think there was an accumulation of six years in that lot. Some of them I had given to people who were begging at the door, but I always found them again next day in the lot. Old shoes are like cats, if you send them away they always come back."

"The cat won't come back this time," said her husband. "I dumped them in a vacant lot and ran. After this when you buy a pair of new shoes leave your old ones at the store."

Next morning as Mrs. Smith was doing her housework the door bell rang. "I guess maybe you've had a burglar," said the cheery voice of a man who stood on the steps and seemed in a hurry. "I found this bundle, with your name and address on it, when I was looking over my lot today."

Mrs. Smith took the bundle and feebly thanked him. When Algernon came home, she told him. He said there were more ways of killing a cat than of choking her with butter, and after supper he took up the bundle and went out.

He knew of a nice dark place down near a church where he could slide in and drop that load of shoes without being seen. He had taken the precaution to tear off the address and had changed the shape of the bundle. As he deposited it in the archway of this dark corner a heavy hand was laid on his shoulder.

"No, you don't. No abandonment of the little innocent when you get tired of your own flesh and blood. Pick up the poor thing now or I'll club ye."

It was the new policeman on that beat, and he didn't know Mr. Smith. He listened to his explanation with a most aggressive and unfeeling air.

"Lemme see the kid," he demanded, and when the "kid" proved to be kid shoes he grew still angrier.

"I've a mind to run ye in for disturbing the peace and resisting an officer," he said, but finally permitted Smith to take his bundle and go home.

The next night a smudge came out of the Smiths' chimney, and the neighbors held their noses. About midnight a loud rapping was heard at the front door, and a light in the basement was hastily extinguished. Mr. Smith answered the summons, while Mrs. Smith hid in the coal cellar. A patrol wagon full of policemen was at the door. One of them was on the steps.

"Are you running a glue factory here without a license?" he demanded of Smith.

"Then what is that infernal odor?" Your neighbors have telephoned that you were making yourself a nuisance, and want you abated."

Smith took the crowd in and told his story—how they had put those shoes in the garbage box and had them turned out again and how they had tried to sell them or give them away and finally to lose them. Then he showed the police to the basement and opened the door of the furnace, where the shoes were being cremated. Then he produced some bottles with long necks that were sent for his birthday, and for half an hour he was busy pulling corks. After some time he released Mrs. Smith from the coal cellar.

"Are they gone?" she gasped. "The police?" "No, not the shoes."

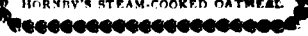
"Every scrap reduced to ashes." They embraced, and happiness reigned in the Smith household.—Chicago Times-Herald.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarella's Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fails to cure, druggists refund money.

An English writer asserts that there never was any Irish street in London, the name having been invented by Pope. Hungry authors became identified with that street, because they were always trying to find it.

In Mexico the school children who have done best are allowed to smoke cigars while pursuing their lessons.

As oatmeal costs less than a cent a bowl, enjoying the **H-O** quality is not an extravagance.



HORNBY'S STEAM-COOKED OATMEAL

WHEN I GET TIME.

When I get time, I know what I shall do. I'll cut the leaves of all my books and read them through and through.

When I get time, I'll write some letters then. That I have owed for weeks and weeks. To many, many men.

When I get time, I'll pay those bills I owe. And with those bills, those countless bills, I will not be so slow.

When I get time, I'll regulate my life. In such a way that I may get Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time— Oh, glorious dream of mine!— A month, a year, ten years from now? But I can't finish this— I have no time. —Vogues.

A PIANO FULL OF WASPS.

They Kept Quiet Until the Professor Struck the Loud Notes.

The piano was an old grand. It had not been used for months. The company who had arrived in town but a short time before the performance began, hence there had been no time to test the instrument. Nevertheless, the professor boldly opened wide the lids of the long unused grand and then sat down to the keys. The first touch convinced him that the notes were still clear and strong, and that whatever defects in tune there might be would be very slight, so he began the soul inspiring selection.

Now, it happened that in all the months in which the piano had remained unused a colony of yellow jacket wasps had industriously built themselves a home in the shape of a vast and large as a good sized saucer. The soft pianissimo prelude to the selection gently woke the wasps from their winter slumber. But when the soft prelude was released and the notes grew vigorous and the piano began to reverberate, the heavier passages the disturbed wasps suspected danger. They curled their backs and stretched and shook their gazy wings viciously. The professor, unheeding of the fact that the music, far from soothing the savage breast of the vicious wasps, amulsished within that piano, was raising their ire, played on. From pianissimo to piano and from piano with one bound to fortissimo the composition ran. All the while the wasps fluttered their wings wickedly, viciously, and all the while the professor played. Now came the climax; now he was throwing together vast handfuls of notes in the basso profundo range of the instrument. Just as the grand was belching forth from its innermost soul the musical thunder of that great Wagnerian opera the vengeance hunting army of yellow jacket wasps swept out of the instrument, with a buzzing war song, down the hallway and upon the audience. Suddenly soul rending shrieks resounded through the hall. Men and women were striking about their heads, benches were upset, and a general stampede for windows and doors ensued. Over the terrible uproar a shrill, piping voice could be heard shrieking:

"Charlie, come mit! Ach, Charlie, come mit!"

Long before the outraged burghers of Kerrville were up a little band of men with baggage galore wended their way out of the town and sat down on the railroad track. They were the stereotypical-musical aggregation of San Antonio, and their faces, as they recounted the horrors through which they had passed, were the image of that of Napoleon on the night of Waterloo. They flagged the south bound passenger train and took passage for San Antonio. Their wisdom in slipping out of town under cover of night has never been questioned.—San Antonio Express.

an English writer asserts that there never was any Irish street in London, the name having been invented by Pope. Hungry authors became identified with that street, because they were always trying to find it.

In Mexico the school children who have done best are allowed to smoke cigars while pursuing their lessons.

daughter tells me you "Well, if I can't get it, I'll get it by other means."—Chicago Record.

explained, "I do have them, but they can't be called measurable. About a quart would cover."—Chicago Record.

particularly luscious pasturage. Thence it had evidently been driven westward in an orderly manner and no straggler even was in sight.

at our fountain, ORANGE PHOSPHATE is so common that it takes something extra to call forth such remarks. The secret of our success is that we are careful to have fresh syrups made from the best material we can find. Fresh syrups means syrup made not longer than the day before you taste it. Our ORANGE PHOSPHATE is delicious because it has that tart, acid taste that pleases.

WESTFIELD PHARMACY, W. H. TRENCHARD, Prescription Druggist. Broad and Prospect Streets, WESTFIELD, N. J.

Orange Phosphate

WESTFIELD PHARMACY, W. H. TRENCHARD, Prescription Druggist. Broad and Prospect Streets, WESTFIELD, N. J.

Store, - - - Depot St., Opposite Standard Building.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

SEMI-WEEKLY. Published Every Tuesday and Friday. The Standard Publishing Concern. E. J. WHITEHEAD, President. A. W. PEARSON, Vice-President. C. E. PEARSON, Secretary-Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION. - \$2 For Year STRICTLY IN ADVANCE. Office STANDARD Building. Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

ALFRED E. PEARSON, Editor. C. E. PEARSON, Manager.

WESTFIELD, N. J., NOV. 2, 1897.



A vote for George Parrot for senator is a vote to endorse fitness, faithful work, and efficiency in a public official. -Railway Advocate. Same here; well said, Rollinson.

It is to be hoped and expected that Mr. Average Westfield Voter will stand true to his superb record of doing as he pleases with his own ballot, independent of what any politician may say.

The election of Tracy means the supremacy of the republican machine and the dictation of boss Platt. The election of Van Wyck means the supremacy of Tammany and the dictation of boss Croker, neither more nor less the foe of the people than his coparcener Tom Platt. The election of Mr. Low means opposition to the republican machine and republican bossism, and the elevation of an aristocratic reformer. The election of Henry George means opposition to the democratic machine and the elevation of a Jeffersonian reformer—from the ranks of the people; it means opposition to franchises to corporations, and the ownership and the maintenance by the people of public conveniences that are needed in common.

The Elizabeth Journal does us proud, and says real nice things about us now-a-days. This is much better, Charlie McBride, than saying the way you did because we are eloquent-like for Bryan and people. And, by the way, Charlie, have you told your readers Bryan is up to old tricks again? He spoke to 40,000 people and turned out at that park meeting the other day to receive his gospel more or less gladly? We don't mean to be disagreeable, but if you will take a suggestion from a backwoods editor you will keep an eye on Bryan. We will tell you from time to time how he is getting on. We are afraid that that man don't know when he is licked. Meanwhile we will hope that the Elizabeth Journal will continue to see something to admire in us; for we intend to reform our ways and be real good; not too good, but just good enough.

Now that the vote is being cast and political clap trap to influence voters at an end, for this year, we may indulge in suggestions from our own observations. We have always advocated independence in politics. In the New York election there is no doubt but what Messrs. George and Low represent the independent voters of both parties. Mr. George particularly of the Democratic party and Mr. Low of both parties. We believe Van Wyck will be elected and we believe Mr. Low and his followers will have only themselves to blame. This was an auspicious year for the election of an independent man in New York. Mr. Low allowed J. Pierpont Morgan and a few millionaires to pay canvassers in circulating petitions for his election. Then a few of these same millionaires assembled and announced him as the candidate of the petitioners. After this Mr. Low, without the

of protest at the most undemocratic proceedings which brought about this nomination. This prevented the endorsement of the Republican party and lessened his chances for election. During the canvass Mr. Low has not made friends, and on the death of Henry George he wrote a letter of condolence coupled with a bid for his supporters that was silly to the extreme and should lose him 50,000 votes. It is said that he never knew a man until we summer and winter with him. The people's experience with Mr. Low during the last summer has lessened the desire to winter with him.

The election, however, is mixed, and people are ready for almost any result. If Tammany wins it is the re-establishment of Crokerism, but we believe Croker is less harmful to the people than J. Pierpont Morgan. We prefer a thief that will only steal one shingle to one that will steal the whole house. With Mr. Low's election bossism will be established in its worst form.

CAUGHT A WALKING FISH.

It Had No Gills, but Had Four Legs and Knew How to Use Them.

Frank Davey, the photographer, is the possessor of a very strange fish, which after having exhibited to a number of friends while still alive he put into alcohol to keep. The fish is known to some people here, but is quite rare. Its home is in the deep water, and if the story told by the Chinaman who produced it—namely, that the catch was made in comparatively shallow water just outside of the harbor—is to be depended on the occurrence is indeed unusual.

It is about three inches in length and when alive was of a bright yellow hue, with spots of black here and there. Its mouth is quite large, and the part of the body in front is correspondingly large. It has a tapering to a small tail, but the peculiar part is that there are no gills, or what are popularly known as such. Where these should be the skin is just as it is all over the body. At a distance of about half an inch and protruding from the belly near the central part are what might be called arms or legs. They are jointed and have something very like claws. These, together with another pair farther anterior, the fish, when alive, used to walk about with on the bottom of the jar in which it was contained.

It would show fight instantly when approached and gave every sign of being endowed with the spirit of the evil one, bristling up its fins, snapping its sharp teeth, elevating a sharp, knife-like appendage on the top of its nose and sending two currents of water from holes or false gills just back of the large, arm-like appendages mentioned above.

When the fish was killed and placed in alcohol, the bright yellow disappeared entirely and left in its place a whitish color. -Paeific Commercial Advertiser.

DIPLOMACY.

The Astute Mayor Knew How to Help Along His Own Town.

A number of indignant citizens had filed into the office of the mayor of a small but progressive town.

"We called," said the spokesman of the party, "to see about your announcement that you would fight to the bitter end the proposal of those two railroad companies to lay tracks so as to connect."

"Well," was the reply, "what of it?" "You don't deny saying it, then?" "Certainly not."

"And yet you call yourself a wide awake man, competent to look after the interests of an ambitious community like this?"

"I am doing my best to deserve approval."

"Don't you realize that the junction of those two roads is one of the best things that could happen to this city?"

"Certainly."

"And yet you are doing your best to stop it?"

The mayor reflected for a few minutes and then said:

"Gentlemen, will you keep a secret?"

"If it's nothing detrimental to the city's interests."

"Well, I am just as anxious to have that work done as you are, but you know how they usually go about such things. If we let them alone, they'll begin work about the last of November, leave things torn up all winter and not finish before next summer is half over. Now, if they have really determined to make this improvement, my saying I disapprove of it won't change them, but it will have one effect—it'll put them on their mettle. They'll get together a gang of men some night and put them to work with lanterns and rush the job through so fast that there won't be any interruption of traffic whatever." -Washington Star.

The Bishop's Discomfiture.

There is an anecdote of a London bishop who, having read that story of John Wesley cutting out every word of his discourse that his servantmaid did not understand, determined to preach to a country congregation the simplest sermon he could write. He chose an elementary subject and took as his text, "The fool hath said in his heart there is no God." On leaving the church he asked the parish clerk what he thought of the sermon. "Oh, my lord," said he, "it was very fine—very fine and grand. I've been talking it over with Mr. ... and how fine it was."

THE PEOPLE WHO CONSENTED.

A List of Those Who Signed Consents for the Trolley Company.

Following is the official list of the consents signed by property owners in Westfield:

- NORTH AVENUE. North Side. South Side. Class E. Burtis 100 Lawrence Powers 40 John J. Willis 100 W. H. Grogan 50 Est. A. Q. Keasby 317 W. H. Grogan Ex 50 L. V. Clark 213 Winifred Renko 50 J. S. Irving 1,090 L. E. Hart 160 Franklin Lynch 217 Chas. N. Weeks 376 A. C. Sears 205 Elizabeth Harrison 75 Alfred Mills 322 John Tobin 50 Theo. S. Bird 29 Est. A. Q. Keasby 1112 Winifred Kane 81 Cath. Johnson 100 W. S. Welch 599 Mary Halford 50 J. S. Irving 599 Geo. Stullger 25 Mrs. C. A. Vand 50 Jas. Harrison 50 Pen. Ganzel 600 J. T. Pierson Trs. 871 A. Ganzel 600 W. H. Grogan 25 Jas. O. Clark 150 (G. L. Chamberlain) 100 (B. A. Chamberlain) 838 Louis Budell 838 F. A. Clark 950 F. M. Clark 525 H. M. Clark 525

- CLARK STREET. West Side. East and W. Carrie Hart 95 L. E. Hart 318 MIDDLESEX STREET. Alfred Mills 321 Kate Pierson 258 J. T. Pierson 173 J. T. Pierson ex. 100 J. T. Pierson 173 Carrie Hart 97 J. W. Pierson 100 J. S. Irving 89 A. N. Pierson 100 Chas. E. Burtis 50 L. M. Whitaker 20 H. B. Kurzhals 45

- BROAD STREET. North Side. South Side. Theo. S. Bird 30 St Paul's church 110 L. E. Hart 80 Chas. E. Smith 329 Mary A. Marsh 60 Carrie Hart 80 Cyn. A. L. Still 144.5 Wm. S. Welch 45 Reba H. Clark 751 Reba H. Clark 150 Alfred Mills 124 J. T. Pierson ex. 100

AT THE THEATRE.

At the Broadway theatre, New York, Frank Daniels, the merry, quaint and diverting comedian, has made the biggest sort of a hit in Smith and Herbert's new comic opera, "The Idol's Eye." In the new work Frank Daniels is surrounded by an admirable company of comedians, backed up by a chorus unusual for good looks and vocal power. The scenery is picturesque; the second act, the interior of an Indian temple, being especially magnificent. Mr. Smith has supplied the comedian with several comic songs which have already become popular in New York. Following Frank Daniels' engagement at the Broadway theatre will come the most important comic opera production of the year, "The Highwayman" by DeKoven & Smith, to be presented by the Broadway Theatre Opera company. "The Highwayman" had its first production out of town on Oct. 21, and was pronounced by all the critics the equal of DeKoven and Smith's masterpiece "Robin Hood."

A Surprise Party.

Miss Louise Seaver was given a very pretty surprise party at her home on Central avenue, Friday evening, October 29. Among the invited guests were the Misses Clara L. Koester, Pearl E. Welch, Florence L. Cox, Mabel Kimball, Carrie Dawes, Agnes Denning, Emma Elder, Ernesta L. Bachman, Hattie Edgar, Francis Russell, Sadie Smith, Bessie Koester, May K. Groo, Madeline Zeltner, Vada Smith and Vivian Wallace, Anna Stout, Mabel Perry, May Peters, Flo. Perry; The Messrs. Fred Smith, Fred Winters, Sherman Class, Herbert Welch, Harry Johnston, John Embleton, Phillip Witter, Charles Smith, Burton Harris, William Foster, Edgar Manning, Willie Bogert of Westfield; George Applegate, Victor Tull, Bert Day of Elizabeth; the Messrs. Charles Foster, Harry Cram, Jay Witzel, Harry Sinder of Newark. Supper was served at 10 p. m. The rest of the evening was spent with dancing and games. Music was furnished by George Applegate and Victor Tull of Elizabeth. The party dispersed at 12 p. m. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

A New Jersey Newspaper's Booklet.

Newspaperdom has noticed several good booklets recently, issued by newspapers to advertise themselves. Another has come to hand from the Westfield (N. J.) STANDARD which is neatly printed and convincing in contents. The first page tells all about Westfield, the second and third all about the STANDARD, and the remaining pages contain strong testimonials from leading advertisers in Union County.—From "Newspaperdom," a journal of newspaper publishing, New York.

BUSINESS NOTES.

H. Kohn of 218 N. Front street, Plainfield, N. J., is offering some fine bargains in fur garments. It will well pay anyone intending to make a purchase in this line to call upon Mr. Kohn and inspect his goods. W. H. Anderson is painting the "Littlefield" instead on the Railway road. Mr. Anderson is also having the contract to do the interior decorating in the Westfield club building. Is your household furniture insured? If not, consult C. E. Pearson & Co., Insurance Agents, 218 Front St., Plainfield.

Bought Under the Auctioneer's Hammer!

\$12,000 Worth of Clothing for Men and Boys,

consisting of suits, overcoats and trousers now being sold at 33c on the dollar. A great purchase and a great sale of the entire stock of a very widely known clothing manufacturer. Cash is King, and the money on the table enables us to sell this extraordinary purchase at less than 33c on the dollar. This sale would prove the greatest sensation of the day if the maker's name could be published, but owing to the fact that nearly every retailer of prominence has a stock on hand from these manufacturers, the latter, to protect the former, stipulated that their name must not appear in advertisements. The name, however, appears on every garment, which is an absolute guarantee of perfect satisfaction.

These are some of the bargains offered:

Men's Melton Cassimere fall and winter suit at \$3.45, worth \$9.95; men's imported English clay diagonal dress suit, worth \$22, at \$6.90; men's blue and black rough chevrons and overcoats at \$5.25, worth no less than \$12; the suit is handsomely made, men's Prince Albert suit, silk lined, extra fine, worth \$22.50 in any store in America, now at \$9.00; men's elegant fall overcoats in 12 different styles and shades in the finest imported fabrics, such as English clay diagonal, Vienna coated cloth, silk and lined chevrons and worsted, honestly worth \$15 to \$25, at auctioneer's price, \$5.80, \$6.75 and \$6.90; men's English blue or black canvas melton winter overcoat, silk lined, \$8.75, actually worth \$22; men's extra fine Kersey winter dress overcoats, Serge lined, worth \$24, at \$7.00; men's good all wool melton overcoat at \$1.50, worth \$10; a fine overcoat at \$5.00, worth \$12; men's double breasted brown plaid suit in the latest style at \$4.50, \$5 and \$6, worth from \$10 to \$16. Eight styles in fancy chevrons, cassimeres and worsted; men's suits, our price \$5.40, worth \$11; gentlemen's finest business and dress suits made from the Scotch fancy worsted cheviot in the very latest shades, worth from \$10 to \$12, your choice at \$6.90; a good working suit at \$2.50, \$3.50 and \$4, worth from \$5 to \$9; men's extra fine stripe and plaid trousers worth \$4, at \$1.00; extra value; men's fine cheviot, cassimere and worsted pants, \$1, \$1.50 and \$1.75, worth from \$2.50 to \$3; good pants at 60c and 90c; 1,000 children's suits from 75c and up; young men's suits in all wool chevrons and cassimere, a very fine Sunday suit, worth \$9, at \$3.85; fine youth's suits for business, were worth \$8, at \$3.25; a good youths' suit at \$2.90 and \$3, worth \$5 to \$6; children's knee pants, double-knee and double-seats, worth 60c, at 10c; men's very fine ulsters, dark blue, melton, extra heavy, worth \$18, at \$6.90; extra good ulsters at \$1.50, \$1.50 and \$5, worth from \$9 to \$15; men's reefer coats, \$1.50 and \$2, worth from \$3.50 to \$6.

Bring anything back, if not satisfied, in 10 days.

Remember, no other house in Plainfield will sell the same goods for less than three times these prices.

Men's Furnishings

Best line in Plainfield, at 33c on the dollar, and hundreds of other articles we cannot mention for want of space.

Sale begins Saturday, Oct. 30, at 7.30 a. m.

New York Clothing Co. M. Weinberger, Mgr. 214 West Front St., Plainfield. Next door to Music Hall.

Mail Orders promptly filled. Goods delivered free.

BAMBERGER'S THE AWAY-GOING BUSY STORE

147-149 MARKET ST. NEWARK, N. J.

JACKETS, CAPES, SUITS and FURS

Are you one of the thousands who know that you can save money by buying the Outer Garments of us? Are you aware of the fact that our stock is the peer of any in assortment, newness of styles and quality? Do you know that our leadership was gained through real merit because we constantly and at all times give better values in high grade garments than can be found anywhere. If you haven't seen our stock don't you think it worth while to investigate?

- HIGH CLASS JACKETS \$7.98 Stylishly made of all wool Kersey, fine chevrons and overcoats, with high shawl collars, notch collars and lined throughout with silk, value 10.00, our price... MISSES' FINE JACKETS \$9.98 Made of the best quality English Kersey, in black, brown, navy, green and tan, for sizes 10 to 16 and in sizes 14 and 16, lined with high colored silk, value 12.90, at... CHILD'S REEFER JACKETS \$4.98 One special line made of plain and fancy materials, in one half dozen different styles, with Empire and coat backs and beautifully trimmed with braid, worth 7.50, at... TAILOR MADE SUITS \$14.98 Of the finest whippoorwill, in all shades, with fly front jackets, 24 inches long and lined throughout with fabric silk, lined and interlined, value 19.98, our price... FINE FUR JACKETS \$36.50 Made of genuine Electric Seal, all full skins, brushed in superb manner, 26 in. x 28 inches long, very latest styles and selling regularly at 45.00, special... STYLISH FUR COLLARETTES \$6.9 Made of the best quality genuine Electric Seal, all full skins, lined with heavy satin, full sweep and with high collars, regular 9.98, at...

Fur Repairing

We re-dye, repair and remodel fur garments and will cheerfully give estimates on same, guaranteeing first class work and a saving of at least 25 per cent.

L. BAMBERGER & CO., Market and Halsey Sts., NEWARK, N. J.

The Story of a Shoe!

The story of a shoe is mighty interesting especially its manufacture. I KNOW All about the way my shoes are made. I KNOW My manufacturers put the best of material in their shoes. I KNOW Also that I buy RIGHT therefore can sell RIGHT. H. C. PIKER, Fine Footwear. Broad Street, Westfield. WESTFIELD'S BUSIEST SHOE STORE.

GEORGE SHEELAN BAKER & CONFECTIONER.

FINEST QUALITY AND FULL LINE OF CREAM PUFFS and FRENCH CRULLERS, BREAD, CAKES, PIES, PASTRY, ETC. TIER'S ICE CREAM. Orders called for and delivered. BROAD STREET, WESTFIELD.

BRADBURY PIANOS

"Buy of the Maker." BRADBURY PIANOS are found in the homes of culture and refinement, and are used by musicians for their sterling musical qualities. F. G. Smith, Mfr. Warerooms: 679-61 Broad St., NEWARK, N. J.

ARTISTIC TILING

We make a specialty of ARTISTIC TILING, BATH ROOMS, WET TUBES, Etc. All Work Guaranteed. The largest Mantel and Tile Show Room in New Jersey. CURTIS M. THORPE, 310-312 PARK AVE., PLAINFIELD, N. J.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD
WESTFIELD, N. J., NOV. 2, 1897.

Wants and Offers.

COMPETENT dressmaker wishes a few more engagements, \$1 per day. Refer to R. E. Fisher, Box 2, Westfield.

FOR SALE: 500 lb. double barrel shot gun, 12 gauge, good condition. Also rabbit board. Box 209, Westfield.

FOR SALE OR RENT: Homestead of 1000 ft. Woodford, deceased. Terms easy. Apply to R. H. Woodford at W. S. Welch.

FOR SALE: 9 room house. All improvements. Fine location. Large lot. Cheap. Place in Westfield. Near depot. C. E. Pearson & Co.

TO LET: 1000 ft. lot over Durvall's Drug store for amusement purposes, etc. Also good storage rooms to let. Apply to Edson M. French, Plainfield, N. J., or J. E. Durvall, Westfield.

TO LET: Pleasant rooms with board; also table board. Mrs. Mosler, Broad street.

WANTED: A young girl to do general housework and help take care of child. Mrs. C. W. Clotworthy, Mountain avenue.

Legal Notices.

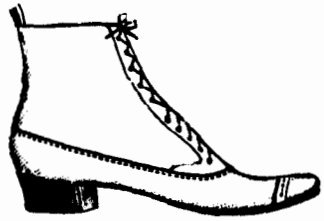
IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.

To John F. Talmage: By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the day of the date hereof, in the case wherein The Franklin Society for Home-Building and Savings is complainant and you are defendant, you are required to appear, plead, answer or demur to the bill of the said complainant on or before the eighteenth day of December, 1897, next, or said bill will be taken as confessed against you.

Said bill is filed to foreclose a mortgage given by Lizzy C. Sears and Norman F. Sears, her husband, to The Franklin Society for Home-Building and Savings, dated the second day of March, 1895, on lands in the township of Westfield, Union County, of this State, and you, John F. Talmage, are made defendant because you hold a mortgage upon the premises in the complainant's bill described, which is alleged to be a lien upon the said premises. Dated, October 18, 1897.

M. M. Fournier, Solicitor for and counsel with complainant, Arlington, N. J.

LEADING SHOE STORE OF WESTFIELD.



Shoes and Rubbers for Laues and Children.

Men's Patent Leather, Enamel Leather, and heavy Calf Shoes for fall and winter.

Children's School Shoes a specialty. Their wearing qualities are so well known that nothing further need be said.

JOHN O'BLENIS

Broad Street, Westfield.

A Monster Clothing Sale.

The New York Clothing Co., 214 West Front street, Plainfield, have bought \$12,000 worth of fine clothing under the auctioneer's hammer. They are making a tremendous cut in prices on the entire stock. Have you read their column adv. in another part of this paper? Do so, it is full of interesting material. *

Winter Coats.

In coat shapes for the winter both semi-lose and fitted shapes are favored. The collars are still the familiar high standing bands finished with braided or braided edged tabs, crested strips of velvet, fur bordered points and other fancy shapes formed and decorated to conform to the rest of the garment. Most of the sleeves are very small coat shapes, or else very much reduced nuton leg styles, finished either with a flare at the wrists or turned back with a deep machine stitched cuff. The greatest novelty in wraps, aside from the widely popular Russian model, is the garment closely fitted back and front, the jacket slightly pointed, and reaching only a trifle below the waist line on the sides.

Over the very close coat sleeves fall loose open circular bell sleeves, which are silk lined and decorated in various ways to match the jacket trimmings. These little garments are designed to accompany a calling or church costume or for other occasions for which a small wrap is requisite. A few of these wraps fasten on the left side and are trimmed across the front with two rows of rather large buttons, giving the jacket a double breasted effect. These wraps are made of various materials, including velvet, brocade, repped silk in heavy cordings or flou cloth, with a handsome trimming of braiding or passementerie in conjunction with fur.—New York Post.

Aluminum Wire.

Aluminum wire is made of various sizes and used for a variety of purposes. Among its newer uses is the manufacture of door and window screens. When exposed to the weather, such screens do not rust. Aluminum wire is used in the manufacture of hairpins. In a few cases in this city aluminum wire has been sold to be put up on roofs for use as clathring. The wire sold for this purpose was No. 6 gauge, which costs 60 cents a pound, and 1,000 feet of which weighs 21 pounds.

Aluminum pigs sell now at about 42 cents a pound, which is about half the price of a year ago. The sale of manufactured articles of aluminum is all the time increasing and things in great variety are made from it.—New York Sun.

Edwards Your Bowels With Cascares.

TOWN NOTES.

—Geo. Frink of Montrose, Penn., is visiting E. W. Rogers of Broad street.

—Mrs. Starnes and daughter have returned from a visit to Salem, N. Y.

—Miss S. Curry of New York is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Torrey.

—Mrs. John Crane has returned to her home at Rosedale after a visit at W. S. Welch's.

—Mrs. I. I. Ross and daughter have returned from a visit to her parents at Scranton, Pa.

—Harvest Home services will be held at Mountain-side chapel on Sunday evening, November 7.

—Miss Ruth Pearsall has returned from a week's visit with friends at Scarsdale, N. Y.

—Many of the citizens of Westfield attended the funeral service Sunday of the late Henry George.

—Miss Jeter went home to Lynchburg, Va., yesterday, after a two weeks' stay with Miss Longhlin.

—Mrs. Geo. C. Benner of Boston, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Simpson of Ross place.

—Melvin Howard of Embree Crescent will remove into one of C. F. Conant's houses on Dudley avenue.

—Miss Anna Kelley has returned from a two weeks' visit to her sister, Mrs. Kells, in Greenpoint, Brooklyn.

—Dr. and Mrs. Townsend of New York will spend to-day with Mrs. Lawrence Bogert, at the Waldemere.

—Quite a number of Westfield people attended the Railway Plainfield game in Plainfield Saturday afternoon.

—Miss Beulah Lightfoot attended a party in honor of Miss Tina Vochl's birthday in Plainfield last Friday night.

—Captain J. W. R. Bennett, formerly in charge of the news stand at the depot, will be 70 years old next Thursday.

—The Westfield Club team managers desire to thank H. Willoughby for donating a bill of \$3.00 for work done on the grounds.

—The large flag of the Jr. O. U. A. M. was raised Thursday in honor of the last day's session of the State Council at Trenton.

—George Nestor moves from North avenue to Central avenue, and E. App takes the house formerly occupied by Mr. Nestor.

—E. W. Affleck moved Thursday from Downer street to his new house on Prospect street, and J. C. Hall took his place on Downer street.

—Miss Clotilde Lignot of Jersey City will spend a few days with her sister, Miss Leona Lignot, at the Waldemere, next week. She comes Saturday.

—T. Wheeler is building a new house on Clark street and Chas. H. Dush on the Boulevard. Peter Frazer has the mason contract for both houses.

—A number of Westfield foot ball enthusiasts journeyed to Cranford Saturday afternoon to see the Cranford-Elizabeth game, only to be disappointed. The Cranford team have disbanded.

—The committee of eleven on Frank Bergen's plan for a county trolley held an important meeting last night. They are to report about November 10, and their report bids fair to surprise some people a good deal.

—John Keenan, well known in Westfield, was arrested Sunday in Scotch Plains for breaking into Lambert's distillery in search of stimulants. He went to Elizabeth Sunday evening for a sojourn of thirty days more or less.

—A grand Christian Endeavor rally and reception to state Christian Endeavor officers will be held Monday evening, November 8, in the First Baptist church, Plainfield. All the young people of the local Christian Endeavor societies and Epworth League are invited to attend.

—A reunion of the workers and mothers of the Union Fresh Air Association will be held at the "People's Home" church, 545 East Eleventh street, near Avenue B, New York, on Tuesday evening November 9. It is hoped that a large number will attend from Westfield.

—On Wednesday evening of this week the members of Westfield lodge, No. 169, I. O. O. F., intend to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the lodge, in their rooms in Arcadium hall. The grand officers of the state are expected to be present, also members from each lodge in the district, from Jersey City, Elizabeth and other places.

—A fire alarm Saturday evening about 8:30 called the department to the home of Booth, on South Broad street, where fire had been discovered in an up stairs closet. The contents of the chemical engine were used to extinguish it. Very little damage was done by the fire, but considerable by the chemicals, and perhaps more by well-meaning friends, who had moved everything out of the house, including a stove with a fire in it. Harry Wagner, the painter, was going to the fire in a sulky at a good gallop when he collided with a wagon. The sulky axle was badly bent and the whiffletree broken, and the horse stopped, but Wagner went right on (for a short distance) flying squirrel fashion, landing on his hands and knees in the road, ahead of the horse. That sulky was the most dissipated looking vehicle in Westfield yesterday.

HERE ARE THE REGULAR DEMOCRATIC AND THE REGULAR REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS. THINK WELL FOR FEAR YOU'RE

REGULAR Democratic Ticket.

FOR SHERIFF, JOHN L. CROWELL.

FOR MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, BENJAMIN L. LAWRENCE, THOMAS J. JACKSON, WILLIAM D. WOLFSKEIL.

FOR CORONER, THOMAS E. DOLAN.

REGULAR Republican Ticket.

FOR SHERIFF, GEORGE T. PARROT.

FOR MEMBERS OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, GEORGE A. SQUIRE, ROGER F. MURRAY, ROBERT G. HOUSTON.

FOR CORONER, CHARLES W. MCCONNELL.

—The vestry of St. Paul's will hold a meeting to-morrow evening.

—A. Wooldspont Sunday in Brooklyn as the guest of his cousin M. H. Hoffmann.

—The Rev. Charles Fiske, the new Episcopal minister, will live at H. A. Lynde's for the present.

—The Methodist pulpit will be occupied next Sunday morning by the Rev. F. H. Knight of Paterson.

—The Methodist Ladies' Aid society held a meeting yesterday afternoon in the church parlors.

—Services at St. Paul's will begin at 7:30 on Sunday evenings hereafter instead of 7:15, as heretofore.

—A New England supper will be served next Friday evening in the parlor of the Congregational church.

—The STANDARD goes to press too early to make any guesses as to the result of the election even in Westfield.

—Mrs. Carrier and two children, of Denver, Colo., are visiting her brother, H. E. Naething of North Broad street.

—The twenty-fifth anniversary of the Roselle Baptist church was celebrated last night. Several Westfielders were present.

—There will be a service to-morrow evening in the Congregational church preparatory to the celebration of "Our Lord's Last Supper."

—The Woman's association of the Congregational church met yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Wm. J. Alpers on Kimball avenue.

—The Rev. Charles Fiske officiated for the first time in St. Paul's church at the All-Saints day service yesterday morning. The congregation was quite large for the hour.

—Tuttle Bros. have presented to all most every small boy and girl in town a box of the "hen and chicken puzzle," but the number who can work out the puzzle is few.

—The Sunday school committee on entertainment of the Baptist church will meet to-night at the residence of Mrs. R. M. French, corner of Elm street and North avenue.

—There is to be a birthday party at the home of Mrs. Ren, on Westfield avenue, Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Members of the Baptist church and congregation are all invited.

—The Rev. N. W. and Mrs. Cadwell accompanied Dr. and Mrs. T. R. Harvey to Gouldsboro, Penn., yesterday. Mr. Cadwell and Dr. Harvey go for a week or ten days' shooting.

—Robert Woodruff is making a new house out of the Italian barracks built to accommodate the laborers on the sewer two years ago. It is on Summit avenue at the corner of Washington street.

—James Moffett is building an addition to John Ingram's house at the corner of Elmer and Pickett streets. It will include a front bay window where the porch was, a south porch and a bath room.

—South Broad street, just over the railroad, is getting to be a bad spot. Only a few nights ago a man fell from his wagon and was badly hurt, and on Saturday evening there was a smash up between two wagons near the same spot.

—There is a cheerful idiot in every community who thinks it a good joke to get a lie or an unfounded rumour published about some one, and who tells an apparently straight story to a reporter with that end in view. It was he who gave out the information that J. Austin Dennis was being congratulated on the arrival of a son. The story was a lie out of the whole cloth, and a very unpleasant one for Mr. and Mrs. Dennis.

—Dr. Morris of New York, who was to lecture before the Clinical society of Elizabeth last Tuesday evening on appendicitis, treated the subject more interestingly by exhibiting models or specimens of the parts at different stages, and after a few explanatory remarks, answering questions concerning the subject by any or all present, who cared to ask them. A short social session with refreshments followed. Drs. Harrison and Sinclair of Westfield were present.

—The Epworth league will give a literary and social entertainment in the Methodist church lecture room and parlor Thursday evening, Nov. 4, at 8 o'clock. The Rev. W. H. Ruth will give a talk on "Sermon Building," and there will also be talks by league members on "Insurance" and "Public Speaking." After the literary part of the program is finished there will be a social hour which is expected to be of much interest. The entertainment will be in charge of the literary and social committee.

GILDERSLEEVE'S

VEILINGS

We have always been noted for our complete line of VEILINGS, and still maintain the high standard we have made for variety and prices.

Every popular style of veiling known is to be found in the assortment we show.

M. J. GILDERSLEEVE

BROAD ST., WESTFIELD.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF Dress Linings & Trimmings.

—The polls are open to day from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m.

—There was a Halloween sociable at Willow Grove last night.

—The board of education will hold its regularly monthly meeting to-night.

—Miss Hattie Terry spent Sunday in Plainfield visiting her brother Edmund Terry.

—The Ladies' Enclave club meet to-morrow at Mrs. Geo. F. Marshall's on Dudley avenue.

—Mrs. Dickerson and daughter of Brooklyn spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. A. E. B. Bogert.

—Miss Stelle P. Clark and Clarence Van Dusen of Brooklyn are spending the day with Mrs. C. E. Thorn.

Nearly every seat in the Methodist church was taken at the Epworth league meeting last Sunday evening.

—Miss Josephine Leveridge, who has been visiting Mrs. Geo. W. Tice, has returned to her home in Brooklyn.

—Mr. and Mrs. Leith have returned to New York after a summer spent at H. A. Lynde's, north Broad street.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert F. Dennis have returned to New York. They spent the summer in Westfield, at H. A. Lynde's.

—There will be a union service at the Methodist church next Sunday evening under the management of the W. C. T. U.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank MacMunnis and their son Master Wallace of Brooklyn are stopping at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gomes.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Andrews, who have been visiting at A. M. Parkhurst's, on the Springfield road, have gone to South Pines, North Carolina.

—The Rev. Dr. M. H. Payson will preach in the Baptist church next Sunday morning, and a collection will be taken on for the Baptist ministers' home.

—John Jackson, now of Embree Crescent, will move on the Terry farm, on South Broad street, now occupied by P. H. J. Krudler, who will remove to New York.

—Many of the Westfield club members are going to the Orange Oval this afternoon to see the great football game between the E. A. C. and the Orange A. C. Game will be called at 2:30 sharp.

—A reception was given to the members of the Woman's club yesterday afternoon by Miss Cowperthwaite, the president, at the residence of J. B. Camp.

—The Empire Engine company have received a fine pair of horse blankets. They are yellow, lettered in blue with the name of the company. They are for use on the engine team at fires.

—Miss Cowperthwaite, the new President of the Woman's club, gave a reception to the members yesterday afternoon at the residence of Mrs. Camp on Kimball avenue. A large number were present, even though the afternoon was very stormy.

—A very enjoyable party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Woodruff of Elmer street last Friday evening. The time was very pleasantly spent with music and singing, and refreshments were served. Among those present were Mrs. W. S. Welch, Mrs. John M. Crane, Miss Dammabarger, of Elizabeth, the Misses Welch, Miss Margaret Miller of Newark, Master Frank and Miss Olive Woodruff.

OUR SPECIAL SALE

IS ON

In Our Household Department

Do not miss the opportunity to take advantage of this sale.

1 Grand Rapid Carpet Sweeper	\$2.00
Stove Pipe, all sizes	10, 11, 12¢ per length
Elbow, all sizes	8¢ each
A large Dish Pan	10¢
8 qt. Tin Pan	10¢
Dust Pans	5¢ each
Baking Tins	8¢ up
Enamelware at your own price	Glassware, all kinds
Willow ware, all kinds	Woodenware, all kinds
Earthenware	

A New Departure in the Stamp Business.

With every cake of Soap you buy at our store we give you one Trading Stamp. We wish to help every lady in Westfield to get her a Christmas present. If you will collect the stamps and save them our mission will be filled.

Fancy Elgin Creamery Butter	28c lb
Second Grade	24c lb
1 lb Powdered Borax	10c
Seeded Raisins	10c lb
Gold Dust	15c pkge
Cleveland's Baking Powder	28c lb

We give you the Trading Stamps. TELEPHONE CALL 8A.

TURRILL'S Cash Grocery, BROAD STREET.

TUTTLE BROS.

COAL

AND

LUMBER

Yards, Westfield Avenue, Spring and Broad Streets, Westfield.

THE NEW ROCHESTER LAMP

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Other lamps may be "like" just as good as the ROCHESTER to appear so, but the ad imitations, lack the peculiar merit of the genuine. Look for the NEW ROCHESTER stamp.

No Smoke, No Smell, No Broken Chimneys.

Made in every conceivable design and finish, for all lighting or heating purposes, and at prices to compete with any.

WHY BE CONTENT WITH ANY BUT THE BEST?

This No. 27425 BANSHEE LAMP has a 12 inch high globe, and a 12 inch high shade of any color desired. Base and hood 12 inch in diameter. Full metal. Combination perfect. Sent anywhere on receipt of price, \$4.50.

96-Page Art Catalogue Free. 42 Park Place and 37 Barclay Street, New York City

JOHN ALBRECHT, 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.

Removal!

Early next week I shall move my gents' furnishing goods to the store on Broad Street now occupied by H. C. Piker.

CHARLES CLARK, HATTER & FURNISHER, ELM STREET.

PIANOS

We are now closing out at a sacrifice several odd styles of new pianos, and a great variety of slightly used organs and pianos to make room for new stock.

ORGANS

Catalogues, full particulars and terms sent upon application.

SOLD ON INSTALLMENTS, IF DESIRED.

Mason & Hamlin Co.

3 and 5 WEST 18TH STREET, NEW YORK.

Did You Ever Notice That

all the Correct Wedding Invitations and Announcements were engraved by CHAS. J. AFFLECK, PRINTER AND STATIONER, 96-98 Fulton Street, - New York.

LOOK UP THE LOWEST NEW YORK PRICES! RICES RIGHT!

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, by the new method, call on Life, for the "Warrant" and "The Warrant" is the only reliable remedy.

James Moffett,

Carpenter & Builder.

Prospect St., WESTFIELD, . . . NEW JERSEY.

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished.

Reflections of a Bachelor.
 Very few women can cry as easily as they can shed tears.
 If Adam had eaten the apple first, he would still have said the woman tempted him.
 Whenever a woman guesses wrong she says she will know enough next time to trust to her own instinct.
 Women that would look well barefooted are just about as common as those that would look well baldheaded.
 At some time in his life every man has wished that he could be the Lord for a few minutes, so he could go around blasting the men who owe him money.—New York Press.



A Labor of Love.
 Business Man (to clerk whom he has caught kissing his typewriter)—Do I pay you to kiss my typewriter, sir?
 Clerk—You don't have to, I'm willing to do it for nothing.—New York Sunday Journal.

On Publication.
 The editor of a periodical that pays only on publication sent the following letter to the ancient address of a contributor:
 "If the author of 'The Cave in the Sea' is still living, he is hereby notified that his story has just been published, and that we have a check in his credit."
 Shortly afterward the editor received the following reply:
 "DEAR SIR—He died 20 years ago, but his great-grandchildren will be pleased to receive the check if forwarded during the present century."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Wrong Train.
 First Train Robber (out west)—Hello, Bill! How'd yer git along wid that job terday?
 Second Train Robber (sadly)—I didn't git along no way. Got the wrong train.
 "Eh? Didn't yer git the express?"
 "Naw. We made a mistake an' struck an excursion of real estate agents, an' they took every cent we had."—Yellow Kid Magazine.

Both Were Charged.
 As he finished drinking his soda he laid his hands upon the fountain in an obtrusive way and remarked, "I suppose this is charged?"
 "Yes," said the drawer, reaching under the counter for a pistol, "so is this."
 "The money's yours," said the clerk, throwing down a dime.—Boston Transcript.

Chicago Versus Boston.
 Packingman of Chicago—Can I do good night?
 Purveyor of Boston—That's a question to ask. You ought to test your physical powers better than Cleveland Leader.

Information.
 —What is the difference between a long ton and a short ton of coal?
 —The miner is paid for both; the tolls and the consumer is for the short tons.—New York

One He Loved Best.
 There is nothing more pleasant than to walk and talk with the one you love best.
 Maud—I should think you would get tired of your own company.—Town Topics.

He Couldn't Stand That.
 "What made Bleacher break off that match with Miss Sokerly?"
 "She refused to have the wedding at an hour that would not conflict with the baseball game."—Detroit Free Press.

What They Thought.
 Young Artist (who has had all his pictures rejected)—I don't see why they didn't hang my work.
 His Sister—I guess they thought hanging was too good for it.—Brooklyn Life.

What She Meant.
 Hewitt—What did your stenographer mean by saying that this was the last day you would ever dictate to her?
 Jewett—I'm to marry her tomorrow.—New York Sunday Journal.

Real Work.
 The Trump—Can you tell me how I can get some work, sir?
 The Citizen (crustily)—Yes; buy a bicycle and try to keep it clean.—Youkers Statesman.

Knew What She Wanted.
 Medium—The spirit of your wife wishes to speak with you, Mr. Jones.
 Jones—Till her I jerk the door and put the cat out every night.—San Francisco Examiner.

My Mother-in-law.
 Who flares the gas up awful bright To make the catnip of night And chokes it down our spindling mit? My mother-in-law.
 Who makes the servants hustle round That not a speck of dust be found? Some everything, hears every sound? My mother-in-law.
 Who makes my wife look neat and bright, Domestic woes keeps out of sight, And takes my part in every fight? My mother-in-law.
 The thought of her my whole soul fills With everlasting grateful thrills, For when her heart she says the bills—

EARNINGS OF ATHLETES.

Money Made by Joyce, Bald, Jockey Sloan and Others.
 William Joyce of the New York baseball team is probably the best paid ball player in the country today. This is not so much due to his ability as a player as to the fact that he combines the offices of manager and captain with third baseman. The National League limits the salaries of ball players to \$2,100 for the six months' work. This is very fair compensation for a man who would probably be earning \$2 a day as laborer had not the national pastime such a hold upon the people. Of course the limit is often overstepped, and Joyce receives in the neighborhood of \$3,500. If the Giants should win the pennant, Joyce's salary will be doubled. On the diamond Joyce's temperamental has earned for him the sobriquet of "Scrappy Bill." Of the ball he is the most companionable of men. His good nature is unfeigned.
 Edward C. Bald, not so long ago a butcher boy in Buffalo, makes his life-cycle and his sturdy legs bring him a handsome income these days. He is one of the fastest riders on the professional circuit, and his winnings and his cycle connections count up more than \$10,000 annually. He receives a salary for riding a certain make of wheel and is compensated for using a certain tire.
 Although a defeated champion, there is no doubt that James J. Corbett is still the best money maker in the pugilistic world. It is claimed that he can earn \$25,000 per annum for years to come. The competitor, Fitzsimmons, is not popular with the public—that is, not to the extent that Corbett is. Strangely enough, the victor was not a favorite until after his defeat by Fitzsimmons. Corbett's earnings this season have scarcely been up to the \$25,000 average, but when his theatrical season opens he expects to make up for lost ground. At present the former champion pugilist is earning cigarette money by playing first base with various baseball teams about the country. He is a strong attraction and values his services at \$500 a game. He is quite a success in his new field.
 Tod Sloan, the famous jockey, is credited with earning more money than any other man in the racing world. Tod is five feet high and weighs 30 pounds. His income from riding race horses is said to foot up \$25,000 annually, which is three times more than the United States government pays John Sherman, its secretary of state. Tod is a modest, unassuming little chap and has an enviable reputation for riding to win all the time. He is a credit to the race track. He does not dissipate and his earnings are piling up. He has a weakness for good dress and a predilection for big, fat cigars.—New York World.

THOUGHT SHE'D MAKE SURE.

Did Not Understand Theosophy and Suspected They Were Muscles.
 The girl who has recently become interested in theosophy was enjoying her self immensely, endeavoring in the most disinterested way, of course, to convert a chance acquaintance to her new views, and the long and hard sounding words tumbled off her nimble tongue in the manner peculiar to an enthusiastic student.
 "The luminiferous ether," she was saying interestedly as the pale young woman across the car closed the book which she had been thoughtfully studying and fell to listening to the scraps of conversation which surrounded her, "is really nothing more or less than a big physical mirror. Everything we have ever done from the beginning of the Manvantara, everything we shall do until we once more reach the repose of the Devalachic plane, is reflected in the Akasas radiance, and—"
 At this point the pale young woman across the car leaned over and touched the speaker's arm.
 "ardon my interruption and the seeming impertinence," she murmured sweetly, as the impromptu lecturer, brought to an unwilling stop in the full tide of her eloquence, glared at her wrathfully, "but would you mind saying those words you just used over again?"
 "What words?" inquired the theosophist, slightly mollified by the implied compliment to her superior knowledge. "Manvantara, do you mean, or was it Devalachic? Oh, I suppose you mean Akasas! Well, that's a Hindu or East Indian or Brahmin word, I'm not quite sure which, and it means—oh, light, or radiance, or something like that any way. Are you interested in theosophy?" she hastened to add, anxious to cover her lack of definite knowledge as to the meaning of the word under discussion, "for if you are—"
 "I'm not, thank you," interrupted the thoughtful young woman more sweetly and apologetically, "but I couldn't help hearing those words, and they made me anxious. I'm just beginning to study anatomy, you know, and I thought you were talking about some new muscles, and as I'm going to have a private examination tomorrow I thought I'd just ask you and make sure."
 But the new convert to theosophy was not listening, and the acquaintance who had been delivered from a dissertation upon the Akasas ether laughed immoderately before proceeding to change the subject of conversation.—Chicago Times Herald.

MY LADY'S SECRET.

My lady always smiled, not much to do, but when the hours and days increase in care, And dreaminess and weariness pursue, When youth and love grow dim in backward view,
 And life is but to bear and still to bear, Ah, then, her gentle sweet face, undimmed by years of bitterness, shone forth, she smiled.
 My lady always smiled, in life and death. Some called her a life that seemed full smiles, And some called out at once a smiling death, Well playing, and the faint room smiled.
 But some, to sorrow's burden roused, Were glad the gladness of her face to see, Through toil and care and heartless sympathy.
 But when they laid my lady with the flowers, To sleep, where waked a thousand smiling spirits,
 A solitary father, praying hours, Beneath grand arch and grave cathedral rose.
 Thought for my lady's rest, the King of Kings,
 He knew her soul had yearned a weary while To sleep and rest the burden of a smile! —Deacon's Weekly.

"MC'S" IN PAST CABINETS.

McKinley the First "Mc" in the Presidential Chair.
 Major McKinley was the first "Mc" to be president, but "Mc's" in the cabinet are no novelty. Washington had one in his second cabinet, he being James McHenry of Maryland, who was appointed secretary of war Jan. 27, 1796. McHenry was also secretary of war under President John Adams.
 The next "Mc" to be chosen to a cabinet position was John McLean of Ohio, who was appointed postmaster general by President Monroe June 26, 1823. President John Quincy Adams continued McLean as postmaster general during his administration.
 Andrew Jackson, remembering his ancestry, made a "Mc" secretary of the treasury. This was Louis McLane of Delaware. His appointment was made Aug. 18, 1823. Two years later (May 29, 1825) Jackson made McLane secretary of state, he succeeding Edward Livingston of Louisiana.
 In 1841 President John Tyler went to Ohio for a "Mc" for secretary of war, choosing John McLean, who had been postmaster general in Monroe's cabinet. President Millard Fillmore had a "Mc" for secretary of the interior. This was Robert McMillan of Michigan, who was appointed March 7, 1850. President Lincoln appointed Hugh McCulloch of Indiana secretary of the treasury, which position he filled while Andrew Johnson was president.
 The secretary of war under President Hayes was a "Mc." This was George W. McCrary of Iowa, who was appointed March 12, 1877, and was succeeded by Alexander Ramsey of Minnesota Dec. 12, 1879.
 The next "Mc" to sit in the cabinet was Wayne MacVeagh of Pennsylvania, who was attorney general under President Garfield.
 There have been four secretaries of war whose names begin with "Mc," two secretaries of the treasury, two postmasters general, one secretary of the interior and one attorney general.
 Of the letters following the "Mc" three have been C's (three distinct positions), two have been H's (the same person, same position), four L's (two persons, five positions), one V.—Salt Lake Herald.

THE CAR ROLLED ON.

And He Was Still a Nickel Ahead of the Woman in Black.
 A red faced woman in a black gown and a black bonnet came aboard a Euclid avenue car last Monday and seated herself next to a young man whose face was concealed behind a Plain Dealer.
 When the conductor came around, she handed him a ticket.
 "Not good on this line, ma'am," he said and handed it back.
 The woman in black gave a sniff. "That's too bad," she said. "I 'posed it was just as good on this line as any other. The conductor told me it was. And I'm sure I haven't got any more change. I'm going out to my daughter's house. She's sent for me. She's very sick and so anxious to see me. I don't know what I'll do." And she sniffed again.
 "Well," said the conductor coolly, "I'm sorry, of course, but no pay no ride." And he reached for the bell.
 The woman in black looked at the young man with the newspaper. He met her gaze.
 "Madam," he said, "I'll buy your ticket for a nickel."
 The woman hesitated, and the conductor smiled and furtively winked at a fat man in the rear seat. The exchange was made, and the conductor passed along.
 "I hoped," said the young man, "that your unfortunate daughter was better by this time."
 The woman in black darted a venomous look at him.
 "Oh, yes," he said, "we have met before, and you are still a nickel ahead of me."
 Then he went back to his Plain Dealer, and the car rolled on.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fascinating John Bright.

Sir Wemyss Reid gives some interesting reminiscences of John Bright in Cassell's Magazine. The great Liberal leader often sat in an old fashioned armchair in the Reform club. He delighted in talk and was fond of repeating poetry. On one occasion he began to talk to Sir Wemyss about his favorite hymns, and as he warmed to his subject he repeated some of them. It was a strange subject, perhaps, for a club smoking room, but it was still stranger to observe that as he spoke with that wonderful voice of his the other men in the room first looked up and began to listen, and then, as though drawn by an irresistible spell, drew nearer to him, until before long he had them all sitting round him in a circle enjoying that "music of the human speech" of which above all living men he was a master. John Bright reciting hymns in a club smoking room! "There," exclaims Sir Wemyss, "is a picture for an artist if he only knows how to treat it."

His Little Mistake.

"John," she said, and she looked at him rather sharply as she said it, "I have an idea that you didn't behave yourself very well while you were away."
 "How absurd!" he protested. "What in the world has given you that idea?"
 "Well," she returned in a quizzical kind of a way, "I noticed in the telegram you sent me you had paid the regular tariff charges on the words 'excuse writing.'"—Chicago Post.

Changed His Strake.

"There's no doubt about it," said one college man, "he's a first class oarsman."
 "Yes," replied the other; "but, like most athletes, you can't tell how he is going to perform."
 "He's one of the steadiest men I ever saw. I know that most men are likely to be erratic, but he is just as fast one time as he is another."
 "I guess you haven't watched his work as closely as I have."
 "I don't think I have missed anything he has done."
 "You must have. Last Tuesday he rowed to the boathouse up the river in less than three-quarters of an hour."
 "That's nothing more than light exercise for him."
 "Yes, but the next day he went over the same course and it took him two hours and a half. I know what I am talking about. I was on the river myself and I beat him easily."
 "I don't see how such a discrepancy can be explained."
 "Easily enough. On the second trip there was a fine looking girl in the bow of the boat for him to talk to."—Detroit Free Press.

A Driver's Daring Deed.

A dervy feat was performed at a recent Bridge-ton, N. S., meeting. At the first eighth of the second heat of the 2:30 class Andrew's rein broke just back of the terret and the rein swung loose from the bit. The horse ran till he reached the home stretch on the first half, when his driver, W. F. Gibbons, with the whip in his teeth, leaped from the sulky to his back, caught the flying rein, threaded it through the terret, got back to the sulky seat with one hand gripping the broken rein at the terret and the other a couple of feet farther back in the holder of the sound one. He pulled Andrew to a trot and drove him to a finish in the bunch. He afterward drove the gallant little gelding the heat of his life, finishing a close second in 2:31 1/2 on a very heavy track.—Horse Review.

The 2:20 List.

Twenty-two years ago Mark Comstock wrote of Goldsmith Maid, laying strong emphasis on the statement: "Thirteen times in the course of her career Goldsmith Maid has trotted races in which she has won three heats in 2:20 or better. No other horse has trotted as many races in which he was placed even one heat in that time." In the light of the present condition of things, how tame Mr. Killogg's enthusiastic eulogy reads! When he penned those lines, the 2:20 list had less than 25 members.—Horse Review.

McCoy and Ryan.

"Kid" McCoy and Tommy Ryan will meet at Syracuse on Sept. 8, fighting to a finish at 158 pounds. There were three bids for the contest. New York made its bid through James McIntyre, who offered \$5,000 for William A. Brady. Nate Fenton and Frank Kelly bid \$3,000 or 80 per cent of the gate receipts for the Empire club of Buffalo. The Empire Athletic club of Syracuse offered \$5,000 or 50 per cent of the gate receipts to be held per sequester.

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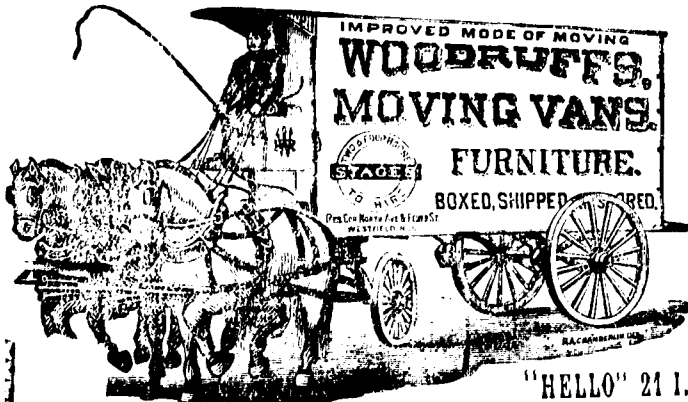
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METHODS OF THE JAPANESE.

You Are Never Sure of Getting What You Pay for.

An American manufacturer, writing from Japan, says that those alarmists who would make the world believe that the Japanese can do everything don't know what they are talking about, and that the people of the Flowery Land, unless they change their entire nature, or at all events their methods, can never become formidable commercial rivals with any civilized Power. The real fact is that the Japs do nothing; they only bait do it, and therein lies the cause of their failure.

The Japs think of nothing but the present; of what he can make now, and how, by making his commodities a little inferior, he can add a few more cents to his profit. There is no such thing as standard quality. You are never sure of getting the quality you are asked to pay for. So much is this so in Japan that a man seldom buys an article without unwrapping and examining it on the spot. The correspondent continues:

The Japanese mind is so small that it is difficult to weigh it with American scales; in fact, it may be said that it is made up of trifles, and it is the attention—the labored attention the Jap gives to these trifles which makes him incapable of ever becoming anything more than a unit in whatever he may be concerned in. As an illustration of what I mean, I will give examples which are of daily occurrence. You want to buy an article, and you ask how much it is. The answer is, say, 1 cent. Then you ask how much the articles are by the dozen, fully expecting that you will get them for 10 cents. You are not a little amazed when the merchant tells you thirteen cents the dozen. You get mad, call the man a fool, and insist that you ought to get a reduction by taking a quantity. Not so with the Jap; that is not his way of doing business. It is the same with the manufacturer. You give him an order for a hundred of a kind, and then wish to make it a thousand. Immediately he demands an advance in the price. Should he, however, reluctantly agree to take the increased order at the original price, you will probably get the first hundred articles fairly up to sample, but as the delivery goes on the quality is sure to fall off. And this smallness is not confined to small people. It permeates the whole country.—Boston Transcript.

A TREE THAT SLEEPS.

The Transformation Takes Place in About Twenty Minutes.

Near the western border of Dupont Circle, in Washington, D. C., stands a tree that goes to sleep promptly every night at 7 o'clock. The tree is known as the Albizzia Julibrissan, having been christened so by an Italian botanist in honor of the Albizzi family in Florence. The tree, however, is an original of Japan and is known there as the Japanese silk tree, probably on account of the silky appearance of its blossoms. Soon after 7 o'clock in the evening a general motion is noticed in the foliage, a quiver, a trembling of the bipinnate leaves. Each leaflet begins to stand up on edge and pairs with its opposite. They clasp each other tightly and then close up with the leaf on the petiole, so that each becomes a coverlet over half of the preceding one. The entire transformation takes place in about twenty minutes, and usually at about 7:30 the respiratory organism of this tree hangs limp or droopy on the branches. Small branches kept in a dark room promptly close at 7 P. M.—New York World.

WIT AND HUMOR.

"I admire the machine very much," she said, as the agent trotted out a new '97 model for her inspection. "It matches my riding costume splendidly."

"Yes," responded the dealer, "our concern rather peddles itself upon the enameling of its machines."

"Well, I'll take it, if you will guarantee me one thing."

"What is that?"

"That the color won't fade."

After some thought he gave the guarantee, and she gave up \$100.

The Parson—Why, Willie, don't you know that good little boys never fish on Sunday?

Willie—Yes, sir; that's just the reason I'm a-fishing. I stand more show of gettin' a bite when the good fellows are to Sunday-school.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Mr. Pneumony—I'll have two pounds of that sage cheese, and I'll have a pound of humidity, too.

Greasy—Mum?

Mrs. Pneumony—One pound will be enough, I guess. Dr. Kiddle says that sage cheese can be eaten with impunity.—Boston Transcript.

"Here, young fellow, I want you to keep your horse off my lawn."

"Say, you're a hard-hearted old bloke."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, dar you old horse is just a practical de Kneipp cure, dat's what."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Casey—I called wavy an thin doods a hair and he says to me, says he, "in quoque." Now fwat might that mean?

Walade—It means "you are another."

"Fwat! An I let um get away with out hittin' um. Ah, that is fwat a man gits for havin' no education."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"There is one queer thing noticeable at all picnics."

"What's that?"

"The man who makes the most fuss about carrying the basket always eats more than anyone else."

THE PROF. HAD TO WED AT ONCE.

Couldn't Become a Member of the Vassar Faculty Otherwise.

Carious verification is said to have been given not long ago to the tradition that no man is allowed to become a member of the Vassar faculty unless he is married. If an unmarried man make application for membership, the rule is to first inquire if he be married.

The proverbial exception to this rule occurred in the case of a young man who sought to fill the Vassar chair of history not long ago, and was so acceptable in every way that his examiners forgot to inquire into the most important thing of all, his state of double or single blessedness. Not until the day for opening the college was at hand did any one of them recall how shockingly they had left undone those things which they ought to have done. The young man, by that time arrived, had to confess that he was a bachelor. Well, there was nothing for it but the one thing, so the faculty hemmed and hawed a bit, and finally got it out that the young man must get married.

"We'll give you just two weeks," they said, "otherwise you'll have to resign your place. Surely, you know of some girl you can get to marry you within two weeks."

It was now the turn of the young man to hem and haw, but he saw that there was no alternative, his whole professional future depended upon it, so he permitted himself to be hustled off the campus before any of the susceptible students caught sight of him, promising to return within a fortnight married. He was as good as his word, though he had a pretty hard time fulfilling the contract to the letter.—Philadelphia Press.

NOT TALL ENOUGH.

A Significant Remark of the Dutch Officer to Bismarck.

Just at the time when vague reports were beginning to creep abroad that Germany was meditating fresh extension of her frontier at the expense of Holland, a Dutch official of high rank happened to be visiting the court of Berlin, and among other spectacles got up to amuse him, a review was organized at Potsdam.

"What does your Excellency think of our soldiers?" asked Prince Bismarck, as one of the regiments came marching past in admirable order.

"They look as if they knew how to fight," replied the visitor, gravely, "but they are not quite tall enough."

The Dutch looked rather surprised, but made no answer, and several other regiments filed past in success on; but the Dutchman's verdict upon each was still the same. "Not tall enough."

At length the grenadiers of the guard made their appearance—a magnificent body of veterans, big and stalwart enough to have satisfied even the giant-loving father of Frederick the Great; but the inexorable critic said, "Fine soldiers, but not tall enough."

Then Prince Bismarck rejoined: "These grenadiers are the finest men in our whole army. May I ask what your Excellency is pleased to mean by saying they are not tall enough?"

The Dutchman looked him full in the face and replied with significant emphasis: "I mean that we can flood our country 12 feet deep."—Tid Bits.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S LAST DAYS.

He Desired a Farewell Look at His Stock When He Knew Death was Near.

An aged husbandman at Marshfield, Mass., who remembers Daniel Webster in his latter days very well, has given some one a very interesting reminiscence of the statesman as an agriculturist, and incidentally drawn a touching picture of his far-well to the acres and the possessions he loved so well. Webster, according to this ancient, loved every tree and flower on the place. He knew all the stock and could tell the name of every animal upon the farm. He was an enthusiastic breeder, and was a fine judge of everything pertaining to farm life and live stock, although he never made a financial success of them. When the end came, and every one, including himself, realized that he had but a few days more to live, he ordered the relator of this incident to drive up to the farmhouse all the stock two by two, and there he reviewed them, passing his hand lovingly over the smooth, glossy coats and putting their flanks affectionately. When the last had passed by he turned with a sigh into the house, giving one longing look behind and never spoke again. Unconsciously the old farmer has given here a picture worthy of a painter or a poet.—Chicago Chronicle.

His Creditors Waiting.

"I had a mighty queer surprise to-day," remarked a local broker last night. "I put on a winter suit on account of the cold snap—one of my suits of last year and in one of my vest pockets I found a big roll of bills, which I must have forgotten, you know."

"Were any of them receipted?" asked a sad-eyed bystander. And the look he received sent the mercury down about ten degrees further.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Bar Cartier (to Keeper). "What does the master aye ask that body tae shoot wi' him for? He canna hit a thing."

Keeper—"Dod, man, I daer say he woshes they w' like him. The same birds does him a' through the season."—London Punch.

"Poor Wakeley leads a dog's life."

"Indeed?"

"Yes, his wife spends all her time waiting on him and calling him pet names."

TOLD OF BUCK KILGORE.

His Jumping Stairs with a Texas Woman in War Times.

There are men in every quarter of the Union who will regret to hear of the death of Judge Constantine B. Kilgore at Ardmore, I. T. For eight years "Buck" Kilgore was a notable man in Washington. In person he was the typical Texan. Above six feet tall, above sixteen stone in weight, above the average Congressman in ability, above the average man in sincerity, straight as an Indian, and strong as an ox, "Buck" Kilgore was a marked man wherever he appeared. It was the kicking down of the door leading from the legislative chamber to the House lobby that gave him notoriety. It was characteristic of the man. He wanted to go into the lobby; the messenger shut the door in his face. He knew he had a right to go into the lobby without asking the consent of Tom Reed or any other man. He raised his foot, clothed in an enormous cowhide boot and kicked the door down and went his way. The notoriety that attached to him on account of the act was always distasteful to him.

During the war he was ordered home to assist in gathering up some deserters. One evening about dusk he was out in the country in quest of a deserter who had been off the "lay-out" for a year. He was very hungry and very weary. He called at a house by the roadside and there he found a woman just taking from the spit a nicely broiled chicken. The savor of the fowl made him ravenous. He had a Mexican dollar in his pocket, which he was much attached to, but he was bound to have that chicken and he pulled out the dollar and proposed a trade, the chicken was for a sick friend and that she could not sell it.

"But," she continued, "I'll jump you for it."

"What do you mean?" said "Buck."

"I mean that we will see which can jump further from this door-still out into the yard, and the one of us that beats shall have both chicken and dollar."

"All right; that suits me exactly," said "Buck." The dollar was placed on the dish beside the chicken and his gun was leaned against the wall by the door, and "Buck" bent his arms and made a tremendous leap of over two feet. He recovered with difficulty, and when he turned to the door there was the lady with his cocked gun in her hands, with the butt against her shoulder and her finger on the trigger.

"Now, you just flit the gravel down that road, young man, or I'll make buzzard's feed of you before hell can sing a knut," she ordered.

There was a shot in her eyes and "Buck and ball" in the gun. So "Buck" flitted the gravel, his bosom swollen with impotent rage and his mouth overflowing with eloquent profanity.

By this time it was dark. Over in a field "Buck" spied a tin house. He went to it and climbed in to the loft, laid down on the floor and was soon fast asleep. After a time he was awakened by voices down below. He listened and made the discovery that one was a female voice, and a moment later he realized that she was relating the "jumping" episode to her companion, who gave vent to peal after peal of laughter. There was the chicken and his dollar which he could see by the light of the tallow dip. Peering about he saw his gun also. There was a big hole in the floor of the loft, and just as the man took hold of the dish to eat the chicken "Buck" plunked through the hole and seized the gun. Before they recovered from their astonishment "Buck" leaped out. "Madam, you just flit the gravel back home, and as for this gentleman he and I will flit gravel to the office of the Provost Marshal. He is the deserter I have been after for a week."

There was shot in "Buck's" eye now. The woman flit, "Buck" recovered his dollar, ate the chicken, and before midnight surrounded his prisoner to the Provost Marshal. It was worth a journey across the continent to hear "Buck" tell the story.—From the Courier-Journal.

JEWS IN THE TRANSVAAL.

Steps to be Taken for Their Better Treatment by the President.

The Transvaal is one of the few countries with pretensions to consideration as civilized Powers that debar Jews from all participation in the legislative and municipal government. Moreover they are disqualified from filling any public office to which a salary is attached, while their schools are the only ones which receive no subsidy from the State. It is largely due to this that the efforts of the Boer Secretary of State, Dr. Leyds, to secure support at Paris and Berlin against the British Government have met with such signal failure, the immensely powerful influence of the Rothschilds and of the other great Jewish financiers who control the money markets of Europe being exercised against the Transvaal. It is to secure legislation removing all the disabilities under which the Jews now labor in the Boer Republic.

"We have parted forever," said the young man, sadly. "She is never going to even write to me again."

"Are you sure of that?" asked his sympathetic friend.

"Yes. She told me so in each of her last three letters."—Washington Evening Star.

"What is unconventional, Uncle Jim?"

"Unconventional? Well, it is being too good natured to get vexed with people who haven't any manners."—Detroit Free Press.

that cough or throat trouble may go to your lungs. What does that mean? HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR

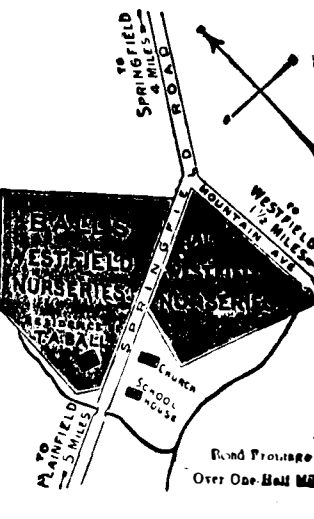
Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar isn't claimed to cure consumption, but it will often prevent it. A positive cure for a cough. Sold by druggists. Hale's Toothache Dispensary one minute.

R.I.P.A.N.S. Packed Without Glass. TEN FOR FIVE CENTS.

This special form of Ripans Tablets prepared from the original prescription, but more carefully put up for the purpose of meeting the universal modern demand for a low price. R.I.P.A.N.S. takes care of your bowels and your liver—your stomach and your nerves. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy. It is a safe, reliable, and effective remedy.

Oysters, Oysters, Oysters, AT JOHN BACON'S, ELM STREET. Fish, Poultry and general SEA FOOD.

HARGRAVE & MILLER, WESTFIELD, N. J. Manufacture of Ovens and Boilers in Sash, Blinds, Mouldings and Doors. ALL KINDS OF MILL WORK. Turning and Scroll Sawing. Window Glass, Ornamental and Plate Glass. VENEERED DOORS A SPECIALTY.



Theodore A. Ball, Westfield Nurseries. Fruit, Shade and Ornamental TREES, And all Hardy Plants for Lawn and Garden.

FALL TERM—24th YEAR The New Catalogue and the Business Education of The New Jersey Business College, 764-766 Broad St., Newark. C. T. MILLER, Principal.

Chilbaster's English Diarrhoea Pills PENNYROYAL PILLS Original and Only Genuine. Sold by all druggists.

The New York and Elizabeth Dispatch, STODDARD'S EXPRESS. Have opened an office with Mr. Curtis, opposite the depot. Prompt service and lower rates than any other line. Daily deliveries between Elizabeth, Newark, New York, and all points between these and Plainfield. Goods forwarded to

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.

EASTWARD.		WESTWARD.	
Leave Cranford	Arrive Cranford	Leave Cranford	Arrive Cranford
8:17 a. m.	8:45 a. m.	9:20 a. m.	9:48 a. m.
1:10 p. m.	1:38 p. m.	2:10 p. m.	2:38 p. m.
6:12 p. m.	6:40 p. m.	7:10 p. m.	7:38 p. m.

It has been a very quiet campaign this year.

Vincent LaRosa is making candy in New York.

The Casino club gave an informal dance last night.

Miss Seward is visiting her cousin Miss Hattie Seward.

Mrs. R. J. Garner entertains a small party of friends this evening.

Mrs. S. Porella is to give a party shortly—Saturday, probably.

The Junior Epworth League meets every Friday afternoon at 8:30.

The polls will be open to day from 6 a. m. till 7 p. m.

J. C. Hunt attended a meeting of the committee of eleven last night in Elizabeth.

Miss Grace Lewis of Brooklyn is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Warren Lewis of North avenue.

Mrs. Wheeler of Brooklyn is visiting her daughter Mrs. Warren Lewis of North avenue.

Walter M. living made an address at the Baptist church last Sunday which was very interesting.

There is to be a W. C. T. U. entertainment in the Presbyterian chapel next Tuesday night.

Mrs. G. F. O'Connell children will return to Cranford this week and take up housekeeping around the house.

The Rev. W. W. Clark of Caldwell will give a bible reading at 8 p. m. Wednesday evening in the Presbyterian church.

Hallowe'en was celebrated Saturday evening by the Dramatic club with appropriate festivities at the residence of J. C. Miller.

Hallowe'en was celebrated last Saturday night by all the boys in the village, apparently. Officers Bindenberger, Hon. nessey and Schindler had a busy evening of it.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist church will meet on Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the residence of Wm. Hughes. All who have envelopes are asked to bring them.

A general public meeting of the Village Improvement Association will be held on the evening of Wednesday, December 8, to which members may invite their relatives and friends.

The Crescent branch of the V. I. A. will give an entertainment on Saturday afternoon next at 3 o'clock, at the town committee rooms. It will be an exhibition of the gramophone. The price of admission to visitors over 12 will be 10 cents; under 12, five cents. The proceeds will be devoted to the purchase of new books.

The board of education met last Saturday night, County Superintendent Holmes being present, and discussed the legal formalities of issuing school bonds for an hour. The committee on plans announced that they had invited thirteen architects to meet them this afternoon in the rooms of the Building and Loan Association, to consult concerning plans for the two new school houses. Complaints were said to have been made as to the way the Early annex school building was being heated and ventilated, which will be investigated and remedied if defects exist. The board went into executive session at 9:30 on the principals' report and other similar matters.

Revival services began last night in the Methodist church under the direction of G. Whitfield Simonson of Spencer Mass. They will continue all this week beginning at 7:30 each evening. The following themes have been announced for the sermons this week: Monday—When Divine Investigation Begins Tuesday—Sounds that Draw Wednesday—Four Tender Questions Thursday—The Mark on God's Hands Friday—God's Estimate of Man Sunday—Morning—Soul Satisfaction—Sunday evening—A Strange Paradox—Wonderfully True.

The Rev. Geo. Francis Greene had something to say of Henry George last Sunday morning in his sermon. It was to this effect: "We all I am sure mourned on Friday when intelligence came to us that the great political prophet Henry George had died. For whatever may have been our views concerning his life things I for one will say that I have regarded them in certain particulars apart from the truth nevertheless we must all have recognized his downright

GREAT LANDLORDS.

ASTOR PROPERTY IN NEW YORK WORTH NEARLY \$200,000,000.

There is no sentiment in the management of this vast property. Tenants must face the music. Not very progressive and wait for others to lead.

We are all inclined to regard the great American landlord with disfavor. He is associated in our minds with the idea of high rents, demanded the instant they are due, with unfulfilled promises as to repairs and little improvements that would add so much to our comfort and with many other small annoyances that make him the man terrible, the man unfaithful, the man hostile.

Though the obscurity of these properties is doubtful if many of us see him clearly or judge him fairly. According to some near moving day or not and as we usually repair we are apt to regard him as a very disagreeable person, indeed, with few of the highest human attributes or else the reverse, and in the meantime we pay rent and tolerate him because he continues to exist and the law protects him.

Perhaps the best example of the American landlord is Astor, or rather the Astors. The interests of this famous New York family are so numerous and so extensive, so widely distributed, and so varied in character, that as landlords they hold sway over all classes of society, occupying every kind of structure. Then, too, the Astors are typical in that no sentiment enters into the management of their properties, and after all, this is true of the management of most real estate in this city.

As landlords, the Astors demand the market rate for rents, and they demand it the first of every month or quarter, as the case may be. Sooner than make material concessions in the amount to be paid on a lease the Astors will allow a house to remain vacant, not one season or year only, but two, three or more years, and if then a good tenant is not at hand the building will be altered, provided the condition of the neighborhood requires it. It is apparent, therefore, that the Astors get the figures they ask. These are not the highest paid, for the estates take no risks, but they are well up to the average.

No one possibly requires more assurance of responsibility in tenants than the Astors. References to character and financial standing must be forthcoming if you would be an Astor tenant, and they must be more than paper references, for they will be investigated carefully. If you are unknown or cannot show who you are and what you have got, and that you are fairly certain of being able to meet the rent for the term of the lease, do not try to rent an Astor house. You will be refused.

As a matter of fact, the Astor rent rolls, if one could secure copies of them, would be an excellent commercial directory, far more reliable within the limited sphere, perhaps, than anything ever attempted in this city. Ninety-five per cent of the persons whose names are on them pay the rent they agreed to pay on the first of every month. Those on the rolls who do not disappear when their leases are up or before if possible. The Astors are not hard landlords, but they are very businesslike, and the despatch proceeding is resorted to whenever occasion demands.

Though of Dutch stock the Astors have no feeling of friendliness for the liquor traffic. The saloon keeper is not wanted, even at the high rates he offers, and neither is any other sort of tenant who is likely to clash with the police. From time to time, of course, persons not in favor with the authorities creep into Astor properties, but when discovered they are ousted as quickly and as quietly as possible.

So far as improvements go, the estates are behind many of the other large landlords and a host of the smaller ones. Up to a very recent period the management of the family possessions was exceedingly unprogressive, and it is hardly up to what might be expected of it yet. It is urged in defense of this policy that various sections of the city in which Astor holdings are large are at present undergoing a change and that alterations appropriate in character will be made later. That is the trouble with the Astors. They are always backward in making a change. Their conservatism holds them in check, while smaller and weaker men take the risk, and often they stand in the way of progress by presenting immense blocks of property directly in the line of great improvements. It changes are effected all around them, they will do so, but they are always the last to do so.

In the matter of individual repairs, decorations and the like they are not liberal, but they have the reputation of doing what they promise. Usually repairs are put in order before the new tenant goes in and then the occupant has got to be very careful. It is not expected by the estates that much money will be spent upon the house except long intervals.

The Astors hold few tenements and flats directly, though they own the ground upon which hundreds of such structures stand. This kind of building is not popular with either branch of the family, and they only have to do with it so far as receiving leaseholders are concerned. Dwellings in great number and comprising all kinds, from one bringing in hundreds yearly to one yielding thousands, and business and office buildings and hotels are chiefly the income producers aside from the leasehold properties.

How much those tenements amount to per heads only the Astors can tell, but the real estate of the two branches of the family is worth nearly \$200,000,000, according to a conservative estimate, and most of it is rented. If it averaged 5 per cent the yield would be \$10,000,000 to \$10,000,000 a year to be divided between two men—New York Herald.

IN THE LONG AGO.

When the St. Louis Spaniards Marched Against the Michigan English.

A Spanish army came to Chicago in the long ago. The minor details of it and the finer statecraft reasons of it are hidden in the catacombs of the Escurial along with tons of other documents that will never see the light again. But we know that those men of war marched over the Illinois prairie, and that they were sent to increase the dominions of their sovereign.

By the treaty of Paris, signed in 1763, France ceded to Spain all of that vast territory known as Louisiana which stretched from the mouth of the Mississippi to the Canadian line. In 1781 Great Britain was at war with the United States, Spain, Holland and France. St. Louis was a Spanish town, and English soldiers attacked it at the head of 1,500 Indians. They were defeated with little trouble and retreat.

In revenge the Spanish commander at St. Louis, which his people called "San Luis de Illinois," planned a raid against the British post of St. Joseph. It was a fort or outpost, located at a point two miles from the present city of Benton Harbor, Mich., and 60 miles northwest of Chicago, across the lake. The force began its long, difficult and longest journey on Jan. 2, 1781. They estimated the distance at 220 leagues, or 660 miles, and subsequent surveys have proved that they were remarkably good guessers. It was officered by Captain Eugenio Parro, commanding, and Lieutenant Carlos Tacon. The interpreter was Luis Chevalier. Chiefs El-turano and Nequizon led the 60 Indians of the Fox and Potawatomi tribes. There were 65 Spanish volunteers, in all 130 men, selected with special reference to their ability to withstand the arduous journey.

They marched up the Mississippi river to the mouth of the Illinois and thence along the track of the French explorers and voyagers. The route took them up the Illinois river past Fort Creve Coeur (Peoria) to old Fort St. Charles (Starved Rock). Here they planted the blood stained banner of Aragon and Castile. A century before from that rocky eminence La Salle had unfurled the fleur-de-lis of France. Subsequently the British flag had waved over it. Now Old Glory waves there in peace and beauty.

Puro's force toiled in snow and ice to the junction of the Kankakee and Desplaines rivers. They followed the Desplaines to a point west of what is now South Chicago and came to the lake at its southern edge. They found it a desolate region of swamps and sand dunes. Thence they marched to their destination.

The small garrison of St. Joseph fled to Detroit at the news of their approach, and all of the stores fell into the hands of the invaders. They proclaimed the sovereignty of Spain over this section and divided the stores. After resting some days they began their return march over the former route. They reached St. Louis in safety after a midwinter march of nearly 1,400 miles through a hostile country. They had few casualties and gathered much plunder.—Chicago Chronicle.

A Little Current.

It is an interesting fact in the records of scientific progress that the United States may have for a long time past been dropping bottles overhead in the Atlantic ocean at the Azores, in deep water along the coast of Spain and from the Madeira and the Canaries southward along the coast of Africa. The fact that all these bottles that have been recovered have been found on the coast of South America, on the Antilles, and some of them as far west as the mouth of the Rio Grande, suggests the inference that every buoyant object which has been dropped into the ocean during the present geological epoch by prehistoric or historic Spaniards, Portuguese or Africans has found its way to America and been stranded somewhere between the tenth parallel south and the thirtieth parallel north. In the northern part of the Atlantic ocean the currents run the other way, and the mails have been delivered from America to Europe. In the Pacific ocean the daily mails delivered on the west coast of America from Mount St. Elias southward have proceeded from about the twentieth parallel north, in the vicinity of the Malay peninsula and archipelago, thence have traveled through the China sea and the Japanese sea to pick up matters designed for the western hemisphere.

Eureka Gas.

The name of Eureka gas is given to a new illuminant, expected to rival acetylene. This gas as described in an invention and originated by M. Hector de Favi of Montefiascone, Italy, is obtained as follows: Lime as pure as possible is employed as a basis, colophony and calcium carbide being added—1,000 parts of the mixture ready for use consisting of 900 of quicklime, 50 of colophony and 7.0 of calcium carbide—and there is said to be no liability of a spontaneously igniting mixture. No heating of water and no special burner is needed. One thousand parts of the mixture give 60 liters of gas at a pressure of 15 millimeters of water, and the photometric intensity of the flames is stated to be 92 candle hours, while the same amount of calcium carbide employed singly would give only 18 candle hours. Thus, it is asserted, the new gas is 50 per cent cheaper than acetylene, of so that at equal cost it will give half as much more light.

An Unerring Barometer.

The advertising columns of legitimate newspapers are now regarded by the more intelligent and thrifty portion of the public as an unerring barometer of the character, energy and success of business men, and those who fail to appreciate the now universally accepted method of reaching the people must fall behind in the race for business profits.—Philadelphia Times.

WAIL OF A FLAT DWELLER.

Mr. Workaday's Remarks on New York Apartment Bathrooms.

"A long and bitter experience in apartments forces me to observe," said Mr. Workaday, shivering as he hopped on the oilcloth of the bathroom with his bare feet, "that the architects who plan the ordinary flat of commerce do not bathe. I don't judge this from their appearance, because they are a particularly clean and nice lot of men. But I cannot believe that any one with the least respect for the importance of the bathroom could treat it with such architectural stupidity."

"It always is shoved away in a dark corner as far from the bedrooms and as near the gutter or dung room as possible. It always is cold and ventilated by an airstift up which there blows perpetually a dismal draft that has something on its mind and keeps about it all the time. It ought to have something on its mind, for it is a sure kill."

"Then, of course, the bathroom being the only place in the house where one takes off all his clothes and gets wet all over, is the place which most frequently has no heating appliances."

"Again, why do so many architects build the washstand in the hallway instead of in the bathroom, where it belongs? I don't know whether they think that a man always taking his bath in sections or whether they get at the theory that he ought to take it gradually, preparing himself for the bath by degrees."

"I asked an architect once why he did it. 'Well,' said he, 'two hardly ever differ in opinion except in private houses.'"

"Has only the proprietor, then, as one European calls him, the right to take a complete bath in one room, or has evolution produced a species of flatters who naturally are incapable of doing it?"

"I suppose that the smallness of bathrooms is explained by the lack of room. Of course every flathouse bathtub is too small for any one except an infant, and I have noticed, not without some awe, that in each new flat into which we move the bathtub is smaller than it was in the one preceding. As I am growing stouter each year, a genuine misfortune for one whose finances make a third or fourth that necessary, I am sure that if we make two or three more, we will, on this scale of bathtub decrease, find a bathtub into which I will not be able to get at all."—New York Press.

A TEST FOR HORSEFLESH.

But Even a Chemist Cannot Always Recognize It.

"People are apt to jump at conclusions," said a chemist in speaking of the latest notable murder case. "Chemistry is a very nice science, but it is possible to make some sad blunders in applying it to law and evidence. There are certain things you can prove by it if you are sure of your premises and certain other things that you cannot. This thing of trying to prove a good deal by chemistry calls to mind the beef extract case that gave a packer in this city considerable uneasiness."

"Somebody got hold of his beef extract and claimed that it was made from horseflesh, and it was proved by analysis—that is, to the satisfaction of the man that analyzed it. The ordinary test for horseflesh, according to the authorities, is glycogen. This is a substance that, speaking in a general way, is found in horseflesh, but does not exist in beef, and it was shown that this particular extract contained glycogen."

"The packer came in with a distress of mind for a way out of the difficulty. He said his extract was made of nothing but beef and he wanted us to help him prove it and we did so to his relief and to the satisfaction of the health officers. We demonstrated that, while an ordinary piece of beef did not contain glycogen, it existed in the heart, liver and blood of cattle, and some of each of these might have entered into the making of the beef extract. The result was that the chemist who had arrived at such sweeping conclusions from the first test had to back down from his position."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The New Ribbons.

The new ribbons are very attractive and are evidently going to be more than ever a feature of dress trimming. There are gorgeous plaids and the most fascinating array of stripes, up and down and across in the Roman fashion. Three or four shades of one color are striped together, with possibly a velvet stripe on one edge, and then again there are many stripes of contrasting colors blending together with a bright, pretty effect. Oriental broaded ribbons add to the variety, and so do glass ribbons with fancy borders. There are velvet ribbons with the ribs running crosswise, some in lovely colors, the newest being a clear shade of purple blue.

Bermuda Lobsters.

In the English channel of the Bermudas the sea is extremely transparent, so that the fishermen can readily see the heads of the lobsters protruding from their hiding places in the rocks, at considerable depth. To entice the crustaceans from these caverns they throw a lot of snails, mussels and dangle them in front of the cautious lobster. When he grabs the bait, they haul him up.

Detained.

"When Professor Fricky goes on his expedition to the North pole," "I can't say. It has been indefinitely postponed. The professor isn't in condition for the undertaking."

"What is the trouble?"

"He took a drink of ice water and it made him sick."—Washington Star.

By the old Saxon law a maiden and a widow were of different value. The latter could be bought for one half the sum which the guardian of maid was entitled to demand. A man, therefore, who could not afford to buy a maiden might perhaps be able to purchase a widow.

ANEMIA

OR PALENESS OF BLOOD.

That thin watery condition of the blood called Anemia which is shown by pale cheeks, bloodless lips and dull eyes can be cured in a month, the ordinary way, by taking the natural purifying iron or Hamoglobin of Capstan.

This iron is extracted from bucklock's blood. All other iron medicines are made with strong acids.

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

BICYCLES!

365 Days Ahead of Them All!



KEATING.

THE KEATING CURVE.

"The teachings of science as regards strains and shocks, has been applied by the builders of the Keating bicycle. The Keating is the only bicycle in the world in which the formation of the Keating frame, the curved path, a resting, the side, stands up, doing away with all tendency to sink seats. This means no binding of bearings by the ends or joints of the frame."

THE RESULT:

"That wonderful smooth gliding motion, a bicycle, the Keating 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.

BARD CYCLE CO.

WESTFIELD, N. J.

PAINT

does not last forever.

But Baker's Paint Preservative

is an article that will lengthen the durability when mixed with lead and zinc for double the ordinary wearing period of any paint on the market, and at the same time make a

Lustre and Finish

on the building never given by any other paint. It is an article that when once tried has proven to be the most satisfactory of any paint ever used.

BEFORE

Winter sets in is the BEST time to have your house painted.

W. H. BAKER,

WESTFIELD, N. J.

ESTIMATES CHEERFULLY FURNISHED.

Fall is the Time to Plant Bulbs.

Best assortment of Hyacinths, Narcissus, Tulips, etc., for planting in the garden or lawn. Chrysanthemums, plants of cut bloom.

W. D. BUSSING,

PARK STREET, WESTFIELD.

A Tale of the Sea.

Two American captains were recently relating their experiences on different voyages. One of them told the following story: "About 1 p. m. on March 9 my ship was proceeding under full sail when a cloud about the size of a man's hand was observed on the horizon. It came on, and as it neared the ship we discovered that it was composed of locusts. They settled on the sails, and you couldn't see a bit of canvas for them. When they flew away, there was not a stitch of canvas left on the yards." "Ah," said the other captain, "I can quite believe that, for at about 8:30 p. m. on March 2 my vessel was proceeding under full sail when we observed a small cloud on the horizon. As it approached the ship we discovered that it was a cloud of locusts, and every man Jack of them had a pair of No. 1 canvas trousers on."—Brazilian

The thought of her my... With everlasting grateful thrills. Her, bless her heart, she pays the bill—

The Empire... offered \$5,000 or 50 percent of the gain... receipts, and he had been accepted.