

# THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD.

TUESDAY

FRIDAY

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### People Who Live Long.

Among the many curious things noted by the actuaries the following are a few of the most interesting. Women have a much better prospect of long life than men, and the chances of married people are distinctly higher than those of bachelors and old maids.

From the data provided by the records of various churches it has been deduced that the peaceful Quakers have most frequently received the blessings of long life promised in the fifth commandment, while the death rate is remarkably high among Methodist clergymen. Annuitants as a class live from three to five years longer than other people, and this is not due to human perversity, as some humorists have suggested. It is undoubtedly due to the lack of worry regarding the changes of fortune when a regular income is a certainty.

Although no statistics have been collected on the death rate in the civil service, where the yearly income almost partakes of the character of an annuity, it would perhaps be found that there is some scientific basis for President Grant's cynical observation regarding this class, "Few die and none resign."—Ainslee's Magazine.

### A Man of Resource.

A big, uncomely looking stranger, with shoulders like a Hercules, walked into a department store late one afternoon, and, after gazing about a minute, stepped up to a salesman and made known his wish to buy a shirt. A couple of samples were shown him, and he informed the salesman that either one would do.

It was an article that sold for \$1.50, and in making payment the stranger pulled from his hip pocket a huge roll of bills. He apparently skimmed them over in search of a small bill, but he could not find one of less denomination than \$5.00. One of these was handed the surprised salesman, but he arose to the occasion and sent it away with the cashier. When the change came, it was nearly all in small bills. The stranger interrupted the salesman in his work of counting the bills by reaching for the pile and wadding it into his hip pocket.

"Oh, I guess it's all right, and you give that shirt to a porter if you can find one big enough to wear it. All I wanted was the change. You see, it was after banking hours, and I am a man of resources. Good day."—Philadelphia Record.

### Mutton in Parvo.

"John," said the old man to his son, "I will give you £100 to go away with. Maybe, as you don't like my business, you will find a better one."

Three weeks later the young man landed in New York. A month later, finding but £3 in his possession, he determined to return home again. It was best to let his father know beforehand, but how? A letter would be too slow, so off went John to the telegraph office.

"A quarter (one shilling) a word to London, sir," answered the polite clerk to his inquiry.

"I want to tell my father I've spent all my money, and I'm sorry, and I'm coming home and want him to forgive me and a lot of other things, and I can only pay for six words to tell him everything," said John.

"Cut it short," replied the clerk. John sat down and thought. Soon after, to his immense astonishment, the old man received the following telegram:

Squills, London: Fatted calf for one.

—Chicago Journal.

### A Critic's Evenson.

It is risky to give one's honest opinion about a man's horse or dog, a house designed by himself or a picture which he values highly. He who gives the opinion stands on a slippery place, and should the judgment be unfavorable he will slide far from the man's esteem.

Fuseli, the eccentric artist and professor of the Royal Academy, was invited by a nobleman to see a painting of which he was the proud owner. Fuseli went, taking a pupil with him. The painting was shown by the nobleman himself. The artist examined it and exclaimed, "Extraordinary!" The nobleman, greatly pleased at the exclamation, landed the picture to the skies, pointed out its beauties, and Fuseli cried: "Extraordinary! Extraordinary!"

On their way home the pupil said: "Mr. Fuseli, I don't think much of that picture. What did you mean by 'extraordinary'?"

"Extraordinarily bad," was the reply of the artist, who had not cared to offend a lord who might become a patron.—Youth's Companion.

### Benny Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarella's Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and keeps it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sticky, lillous complexion by taking Cascarella's Candy for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 20c, 50c.

### "The Best Laid Plans."

"When I was a young fellow, I was a dreamer," said a benevolent citizen. "I thought that my greatest pleasure would be to give money to the poor and live a life of simple, unworldly devotion and gentleness. That was when I was about 20."

"At 25 I came into some money rather unexpectedly. The first thing I did was to give a dinner. I got tipsy—the first time in my life. I had a fight with a waiter and nearly punched his eye out. I was arrested and had to be bailed out by my lawyer. The waiter sued me for damages, and I was so angry with him and myself and the downfall of my great ideals that I refused to compromise as my lawyer advised. The waiter lost most of his savings in fees and expenses, and his family came waiting to ask me to pay his doctor's bills and help him get a position and they would drop the suit."

"I came to my senses and did more than that for them. My old ideas, modified and modernized, took hold of me again, and while I am a hard headed business man today most of my friends are poor people. But my first use of money shows how flimsy the pedestals of most ideals are and how foolish it is to say what we would do if we could."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### He Told the Lawyer.

Lawyer S. is well known for his uncomely habits. He cuts his hair about four times a year and the rest of the time looks decidedly ragged about the ears. He was making a witness describe a barn which figured in his last case.

"How long had the barn been built?"

"Oh, I don't know. About a year, maybe. About nine months 'p'raps."

"But just how long? Tell the jury how long it had been built."

"Well, I don't know exactly. Quite a while."

"Now, Mr. B., you pass for an intelligent farmer, and yet you can't tell me how old this barn is, and you have lived on the next farm for ten years. Can you tell me how old your own barn is? Come now, tell us how old your own house is, if you think you know."

Quick as lightning the old farmer replied:

"You want to know how old my house is, do ye? Well, it's just about as old as you be and needs the roof seeing to about as bad."

In the roar that followed the witness stepped down, and Lawyer S. didn't call him back.—London Globe.

### "Ark, the 'Erald Angels Sing."

Two turns brought me from the crowded highway along which cab and omnibus were speeding toward London's center of attraction to the quiet street in which fire and food awaited me. As I made the second turn I saw, through the murk of a mid-December evening, three figures pressed close against the area railings—surely my own area railings. And through the murk came in a treble bawl the sound of "Peace on earth, good 'ill ter men."

The area door opened with a clatter.

"Now, then, be off with yer! I'd smack yer 'oss if I could get near yer. Makin' that noise! Now, then!"

"Garn! Want yer airy window broke?" said the biggest of the trio, pulling himself up by the railings and resting his chin between the spikes.

As I entered at the gate they scurried away in fear and trembling, and, distracted, slammed the area door. A minute later a want of discord came down the street:

"Ark, the 'erald angels sing."

—Academy.

### Where Coleridge Was Wanting.

Coleridge has a lamentable want of voluntary power. If he is excited by a remark in company he will pour forth in an evening, without apparent effort, what would furnish matter for a hundred essays. But the moment that he is to write not from present impulse but from preordained deliberation his powers fail him, and I believe that there are times when he could not pen the commonest notes. He is one of those minds who, except in inspired moods, can do nothing, and his inspirations are all oral and not scriptural. And when he is inspired he surpasses, in my opinion, all that could be thought or imagined of a human being.—Charles Lamb and the Lloyds, by E. V. Lucas.

### The Bridge of Lions.

The largest bridge in existence is not, as one would imagine, the work of some famous English or French engineer. This bridge, comparatively little known, was constructed long ago, in China, in the reign of the Emperor K'ang Long.

It is situated near to Samsung and the Yellow sea, and measures not less than eight miles and a half.

The Bridge of Lions, as it is called, is supported by 800 immense arches and its foundation is 31 meters under water. On each pile of this wonderful bridge is a marble statue of a lion, three times larger than life size. The couple of these 800 enormous lions, each one supporting an arch, is stupendous in its magnificence.

## ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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### SUNDAY IN ENGLAND IN 1760.

The Pleasure Seekers Were More Numerous Than Churchgoers.

Would you like to know how the people of London observed their Sunday 150 years ago? The churches were open, of course, and there were two services in every one, and in some there were three; also the responsible and respectable citizen took his family to church, as a matter of course.

He made his apprentices go to church as well and demanded the text when they came home as a proof of attendance. Alas, he little knew that the boys were larking all the morning, and when the congregation came out stopped the old women and got the text from them!

However, those who went elsewhere formed the majority. The fields round the town were filled with companies of men, called rural societies, who rambled about all the morning and dined together at a tavern. The high constables went their rounds among the villages pretending to prevent profanation of the day, but they were squired by the publicans.

Informers were about threatening publicans, barbers and greengrocers for carrying on trade on the Sunday morning unless they paid a little blackmail. A shilling was understood to meet the case. Barbers sent their apprentices on Sunday morning to shave the prisoners in the Fleet for nothing, so that they might get practice.

Children were baptized after afternoon service, and a supper was given afterward to celebrate the occasion. At this supper the nurse, it was allowed, could blamelessly get drunk.

The benches of churches were bribed by beggars to let them sit on the steps and ask charity of the congregation coming out. It was the best business of the week. The rails before the houses of gentlemen were crowded with beggars.

When the ladies got home after church, they did not disdain to slap their servant if dinner was delayed. The fields between the Tottenham court road and the Foundling hospital were the resort of the sporting fraternity, who were assembled to enjoy the innocent diversions of duck hunting and cat hunting, with prizefighting, quarterstaff, wrestling and other sports.

The pleasure gardens were open all day long. People crowded to them in the early morning for breakfast and staid all day. At 3 there was an ordinary, in the afternoon and evening an organ recital; there was tea in the alcoves, and in the evening there was supper.

In the evening, when they reluctantly came away, with as much punch as they could hold, they formed themselves into bands for purposes of protection, while the footpads looked out on the road for single passengers, or, haply, drunken passengers, whom it was easy and a pleasure to rob.

And this was the way of a Sunday in June or July, 1760.—London Queen.

### JAMES COULDN'T IMAGINE.

A Story That a New York Clubwoman Tells About Herself.

Here is a good story which a clubwoman tells about herself.

"At one time," she says, "we had a colored butler who staid with us for years, and who admired my husband immensely. He thought that Dr. H. was a marvel of manly beauty, as well as the embodiment of all the virtues, domestic, professional and otherwise. Of course I quite agreed with the butler on this point, but the fact is I sometimes pined to have him pass his enthusiastic compliments around to the family and not bestow them all on the doctor. So one morning, when Dr. H. had just left the breakfast table and was even then to be seen, an imposing picture, as he stood on the front steps drawing on his gloves, I remarked to James:

"Dr. H. is a handsome man, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am. 'Deed an he is, ma'am!" with gratifying enthusiasm.

"Then, hoping to get a rise from James, I added with an absentminded air, as if I scarcely knew what I said, but was just uttering my inmost thoughts:

"How in the world do you suppose that such a handsome man as Dr. H. ever happened to marry such a homely woman as I am?"

"Well, James just stopped short and rolled his eyes and shook his head as if he gave it up. Then he ejaculated:

"Heaven knows, ma'am!"—New

### IN THE TWILIGHT OF LOVE.

If years ago you told me, dear,  
That on a day our dreams would fade  
To these half hearted fancies drear,  
I should have grieved and felt dismayed.

But yet so softly has the rain  
Of dead years' ashes settled on  
Each glowing passion that the pain  
Was smothered ere all light had gone.

Ah, be it thus with love's decease!  
Its day is done; its shrine too high  
To brave time's destined tragedies.  
Let us steal down ere night comes by.  
—Thomas Walsh in Bookman.

### EYES LIKE TELESCOPES.

The South African Bushmen Are Gifted With Marvelous Sight.

It has often been remarked that civilized people tend to become shortsighted. This is because in towns and cities their vision is mostly confined to short distances. Savage races, on the other hand, are generally gifted with remarkably keen sight, and few tribes are more noteworthy in this respect than the African bushmen, whose eyes are veritable telescopes. This power is no doubt a wise provision of nature, for the bushmen are a small race, and if they were not able to see danger a long way off they would soon be exterminated by their various enemies, whether savages of other tribes or wild beasts.

A traveler in South Africa relates that while walking one day in company with a friendly bushman the savage suddenly stopped, and gazing across the plain cried out that there was a lion ahead. The traveler gazed long and earnestly in the direction indicated by the bushman, but could see nothing. "Nonsense," he said, "there's nothing there." And he went forward again, with the bushman following at his heels, trembling and unwilling and still asserting that he could see a lion.

Presently the native came to a dead stop and refused to budge another inch, for this time, he declared, he could see a lioness with a number of cubs, a fact which made the animal more dangerous than ever. But the European, who could see no lioness, much less its cubs, pushed ahead, declaring the bushman was dreaming. After walking a quarter of a mile, however, he could dimly make out an object moving across the horizon. Still doubting that it could be the object which the bushman said he had seen, he continued to advance, and at last was able to distinguish a lioness, with her cubs around her, walking leisurely toward the woods.—Chums.

### In the Hands of an Enemy.

"Saw a strange thing in Toledo the other day," said a citizen who was being shaved in a Griswold street barber shop. "I was walking from the hotel to the office of a lumber firm and met a man one side of whose face was black as your hat."

Every razor along the line was suspended in the air and the white of every eye became more prominent.

"Wouldn't that kill you?" gasped the artist in charge of the narrator. "Dat takes da rag su'. An de odder side wa' white?"

"No; that was black too."

There was no work done for some time, as all but the man who had done the questioning were shouting their hilarity. He looked so fierce and made such unprofessional slashes with his razor that the citizen decided to let his mustache grow, didn't want his hair combed and left a half a dollar without mentioning change.—Detroit Free Press.

### Gussie's Big Brothers.

"Yes," said the principal of the young ladies' seminary to the proud parent, "you ought to be very happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, all the members of which appear to be so devoted to one another."

"Devoted! Large family!" gasped the old gentleman in amazement. "What on earth do you mean, ma'am?"

"Why, yes, indeed," said the principal, beaming through her glasses. "No fewer than 11 of Gussie's brothers have been here this term to take her out, and she tells me she expects the full one with the blue eyes again tomorrow."—London Tit-Bits.

### A Remembrance.

"Have you anything besides this photograph by which I can identify him?" asked the detective.

"Yes, I have," replied the hard featured matron, whose husband had deserted her. And, going to her bureau drawer, she took out a bunch of ginger colored hair, tied with a ribbon. "I'll and me had some words one day," she said, "and I pulled all this out of his head."—Chicago Tribune.

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## UNAPPRECIATED KISSES.

He never sunk a collar  
To huddle up a fleet,  
But the pretty maidens kiss him  
And exclaim: "Oh, ain't he sweet!"

He never scoffed at danger,  
Nor made a poet sing;  
He has never done a single  
Extraordinary thing.

Still the women, when they see him,  
Utter words of wild delight,  
And at once begin to kiss him,  
Each of them with all her might.

But it hasn't swelled his head up—  
Hain't spoiled the little chap—  
He is three weeks old and doesn't  
Care a continental rap.

## THE CRAMPTON MYSTERY.

"Please tell Mr. Crampton that I must see him—I have something of the utmost importance to tell him."

"Very well, sir."

The maid left Fred Palmer, a hustling youth, with an habitually "sensational" air, standing by the back door, and ran upstairs as fast as she could. The parlor seemed deserted, for there was no fire in it, though it was mid-winter. Altogether, the house had a disagreeable feeling of sadness about it. No wonder, considering that the only son of the family had been missing for over a week, and nothing but a crumpled and battered hat found in a passenger coach on the railroad to give a hint of his fate.

Presently the maid came running down the stairs with, "Please come up to Mr. Crampton's room, sir." Which message she delivered breathlessly before she could touch the last step of the flight.

The young man found a picture of bereavement in Mr. Crampton's room. A week before that Leonard Crampton would have been set down by any chance acquaintance as a robust, prosperous man of forty-five. This evening he looked, wrapped in a drab flannel dressing gown, and seated in an armchair close to the fire, like a man of seventy.

"You have something to say to me, Mr. Palmer?" he asked, in a shaky voice.

"Yes, sir, and it would not wait, or I would not have troubled you at this hour. To come to the point, I have traced the murderer."

Mr. Crampton pulled himself forward by the two arms of his chair and stared with open mouth.

"Then poor Bob—my boy has been murdered?"

"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," said Palmer, starting back and hesitating—"I thought—why, everybody says—I thought you were all reconciled to this view."

"Yes—yes; go on and tell me. I suppose it must be so. Sit down."

"The man has left Chicago, sir. The police think he has made his way to Oregon or Washington. They are looking for him on other charges."

"Yes, but I care nothing about other charges. Tell me about this—about my boy."

"Yes, sir," said Palmer; "I am coming to that. This man—commonly known as Nipper Cary—was seen here a week ago last Wednesday, wandering about the town. He had on an old brown traveling cap and a dilapidated summer suit. Said he was looking for work. The police here had no idea as to his identity. Thursday he was seen speaking to poor Bob—"

"Good God!"

"Yes, sir. Then he followed Bob down toward the freight yards. You remember that was the night—"

"Yes. Never mind that—"

"Well, sir, it seems that the wife of the gatekeeper at the Love Lane crossing heard some one call for help—a woman's voice. She went out and spoke to her husband about it, and he told her she must be dreaming, that it was a drunken man trying to sing up the lane. Seen after that this same gatekeeper admits that a man answering the description of Cary, only with a derby hat, came to the crossing, carrying a bundle under his arm."

"And which way did he go?"

"Well, the gatekeeper says he turned and walked up the line away from town. It was just after that that the No. 9 train went out, you know, sir. And it was on the No. 9 that the porter found Bob's hat—a derby—under the seat. The conductor said, you remember, that a rough-looking man boarded the train at Whitiger's and paid his fare as far as Evanston."

The unhappy father was sobbing, and Palmer respectfully paused a moment in his story.

"What do you think this scoundrel did with my son? Where is the body?"

"I have been looking through Love Lane this afternoon," Mr. Crampton, "do you know the cedar clump at the edge of the Carpenter place, just about fifty yards from the crossing?"

"Well?"

"I found the bushes a good deal trodden at one place there. The long grass in the ditch at the roadside is dry now, of course, but at this place it was broken and stamped. And two rails of the snake fence have been let down there. Mrs. Carpenter told me that she had never known any one to make a short cut through the cedar clump at that place. But I went and looked about among the trees and found a well there, which has not been used for years, and the story goes that it is a used-up oil well."

"And you think?"

"Yes, sir. I think that the murderer threw poor Bob's body down that well."

"But isn't it filled up?"

"Not up to the top, sir."

"Isn't there any machinery in it?"

"No, sir. The machinery was all removed long ago."

## IT WAS HIS FATE.

"Then," said Mr. Crampton, "I'll have that well opened, if I have to pay ten thousand dollars for it."

Here was where Palmer found his difficulty in the task he had set himself. The Carpenters—two brothers and his wife or one of them—refused to allow the well to be touched. When Mr. Crampton, accompanied by Palmer, visited the Carpenters' place on the morning after this interview, the Carpenters pointed out that the short, thick undergrowth of brushwood at the mouth of the hole was not disturbed, as it would be if a dead body had been dragged thither and thrown in only a week before. Mr. Crampton pointed to the disturbed fence rails and trampled grass at the break in the fence, and the unquestionable evidence that some one had passed in that way, walked to the old well and gone back again the same way.

But the Carpenters, though they admitted all these evidences, denied the force of Palmer's theory that a murder had been committed thereabouts on the Thursday night of the previous week. It must be said that the Carpenters were in a minority. Fred Palmer, in whose ability to ferret out a mystery most of his fellow-townsmen had great confidence, had discovered fresh evidence in the shape of a rag with blood on it in the ditch. Apart from all this strong circumstantial evidence, Fred Palmer was the assistant editor of a local morning paper, and at least once before had successfully traced the guilty party in another lesser crime to the guilty party.

In the previous case, a small gambling swindle, the opposition paper, and most of the inhabitants had ridiculed Palmer's pretensions to being able to solve the problem; this time, at least, the citizens were very wary of premature ridicule.

The upshot of all this was that, while Mr. Crampton consulted lawyers to find a means of compelling the Carpenters to allow their old well to be excavated, local public opinion in the space of forty-eight hours pretty generally came round to Palmer's views; that young Bob Crampton had been murdered for his watch and the considerable sum of money he was known to have had in his pocket; that the murderer was a tramp who had disappeared from the neighborhood on the night of Bob's disappearance, and that Bob's body had been thrown into the abandoned well.

"If you will only bring that villain to justice," Mr. Crampton said to Fred Palmer at a second interview, "you may command any service I am able to do you from now on."

That was just what Palmer wanted to hear from Bob's father, chiefly because Bob's father was also the father of Clara. There was more than mere reportorial ambition in this activity of Fred Palmer.

Palmer knew that Nipper Cary was supposed by the Chicago police to have made his way to Oregon or Washington state. He did not hesitate to follow the desperate villain whose description answered so completely to that of the tramp with whom Bob Crampton had been seen.

He had \$500 of his own within easy reach. He resolved to send that sum in his struggle for justice and Clara. So he went and spoke about the matter to his editor and chief.

"And you want to go all the way to Seattle to hunt this desperado?" the editor-in-chief asked, incredulously.

"Just that," said Palmer. "See here; suppose I end by finding the fellow, the paper gets fame, doesn't it? Suppose I don't find him, what does the paper lose? You can get Giles to supply for me."

"Go ahead," said the chief.

And ahead Palmer went. But he did not leave town without one brief interview with Clara, in which he got that young lady—she was very young, besides being heart-broken about her brother—to promise that if he brought her brother's murderer to justice she would honestly try to love him. The promise was not given very willingly, but it was sincere, and it meant an indefinite deal to Palmer, who was very sanguine.

So Palmer, leaving Mr. Crampton to fight with the pig-headed Carpenter family, set out for Oregon by way of Chicago.

Two days later a letter with type-written address came to Clara Crampton. Don't be shocked. I have just met that ass, Palmer, coming out of a police station. He rushed up and grabbed me by the shoulder. His jaw dropped when he first saw me. He says you all think I am dead. I am not.

"The fact is, a tramp I came across last week followed me all the way out of Love Lane, trying to bulldoze me into giving him something. You know, I meant to go out there and make a moonlight study. It ended in my giving him a bloody nose. Then I went on my way, carrying my sketching box and book under my arm. The tramp tumbled so head-like into the ditch that after I had left him I gave up the idea of making my moonlight sketch and came back to see if he was hurt badly."

"I found that he had crawled on to the Carpenter farm. Then he and I made friends, and I took an idiotic notion to go tramping with him. I had read so much about that sort of thing in magazines. Some days ago I caught on to it that my tramp was not a regular tramp at all, but a big criminal the police here are looking for. Then he suspected me and gave me the slip."

"Since then I have been having a great time looking for him in the slums of Chicago—the police and I."

"I shall be home to-morrow. I am an ass, I know, to frighten you like this. But Palmer is a still bigger ass. He says he will go to the Pacific and begin life afresh. I told him it was the best thing he could do. Your own brother, H. C.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat."

"I found the bushes a good deal trodden at one place there. The long grass in the ditch at the roadside is dry now, of course, but at this place it was broken and stamped. And two rails of the snake fence have been let down there. Mrs. Carpenter told me that she had never known any one to make a short cut through the cedar clump at that place. But I went and looked about among the trees and found a well there, which has not been used for years, and the story goes that it is a used-up oil well."

"And you think?"

"Yes, sir. I think that the murderer threw poor Bob's body down that well."

"But isn't it filled up?"

"Not up to the top, sir."

"Isn't there any machinery in it?"

"No, sir. The machinery was all removed long ago."

## IT WAS HIS FATE.

"It's very evident that I have come down in the world—I am a working man; but I'm not the average kind of working man, I'll swear," said Archibald resolutely, as he drew on a pair of made-to-order jeans trousers which contrasted strangely with the several other costly suits decorating the bare garret walls.

He began to think of how little use his fifteen years of careful school training had been to him in his struggle for existence. He pictured himself in his recent search for work, going from door to door asking for employment, and not knowing what on earth he should do if any were offered him.

His father had died in New York and left him penniless in San Francisco, or nearly so for a man of his habits.

Archibald, naturally unpractical, had been rendered doubly helpless by a seven-year college course and the settled conviction that he would never have to work for a living.

The five hundred dollars which the estate yielded went no further than his father's blessing. Archibald had used the former to finish his education by a trip around the world, but owing to an over-indulgence in curiosities he had found himself stranded in San Francisco, and, if the position of "plumber's cub" had not been vacant, he could hardly have seen anything ahead but starvation.

Just then he heard footsteps upon the outside staircase, leading to his garret. A glance through a broken pane of glass disclosed Polly, the laundry girl; she would probably come later.

"They're deeply accommodating about my wash," he said to himself. "I owe them for two months back. I bet that girl pays for it out of her own pocket."

In the midst of his perplexities Archibald had fallen in love without intending it.

Polly lodged in the same tenement; she had seen him ascending and descending the long outside staircase and had marked his troubled and discouraged mien.

Casually, at the "Plumbers' Rag," and later at the "Laundry Hop," she had become acquainted with Archibald.

Polly had now visited all the other tenants; she would be here in a minute.

The room was in a sad plight. Archibald hastily donned a tennis jacket, pulled his hair with his long, slim fingers, and made the bed.

A knock and she entered. Archie tendered her the soap box, but she sat down on the edge of her basket and begged him to keep his "chair."

They fell to chatting lightly about any and everything, and Archibald presently forgot to feel out of place; he even became hilarious, but a question of Polly's brought him suddenly to himself.

"Why won't you go to the 'Working Ladies' Hop'?"

"I shouldn't enjoy it."

"But you go to the 'Plumbers' Rag'?"

"Yes, I do; my business requires it and the boys demand it."

"Well, it wouldn't hurt you to come to the hop. Do you know what the boys call you at the shop?"

"The dude plumber. I take it as a compliment."

"You needn't think the 'Working Ladies' Hop' isn't proper. Nothing but ice cream and cake—lights out at two o'clock. There, now, take your ticket and we'll look for you."

"This is drawing rapidly to a crisis," Archibald thought, as he stood meditatively holding a dance-hall ticket in his hand, while the sound of Polly's quickly descending steps upon the stairs echoed through the garret. "But what of my Eastern relatives? Well, there's not much argument there."

His eye lit upon his latest telegram from them. It said:

"Archie, you'll have to scratch for yourself, now."

This is what the financier of the family had wrote when he sent for ready money.

"I've about half decided to let the girl have her way," he said, as he tore the yellow dispatch to fragments.

That night the tall, frame tenement went up in flames. Archibald stood at the top of the stairs, watching the others making frantic efforts to escape.

"Why are they so anxious to save their miserable lives?" he thought.

Just then the volumes of smoke rolled away; he saw that the long, iron banister was still intact, and decided to slide to the second story.

He found the feat an easy one.

At the second landing someone was opening violently at a door which opened inward. The knob was gone. Archibald threw his full weight against it and broke the lock.

"How stupid of me not to think it was your room!"

But Polly was too badly frightened to speak even after they had reached a place of safety.

In a few days, however, she was as bright and buoyant as ever, and in some mysterious way which will never be told by either, Archibald felt it was time to surrender.

"I'm going to start a steam laundry of my own. I've saved the money up. All I want is a man."

In all seriousness Archibald suggested—

"Why don't you get a Chinaman?"

It didn't sound half so brutal until it was spoken, and then there was only one way to apologize. Archie was the man needed, and he gave his consent.

## A DAKOTA MONSTER.

The rain, which had turned to icy pellets since sundown, beat against the rugged, storm-rent covering of a ricket covered wagon slowly wending its way along a lonely road in the western part of North Dakota.

Within the vehicle was a heart bowed down by the touches of a recent bereavement; and there was another heart therein also—one as yet incapable of understanding emotions.

A mother and her child were on their way toward the setting sun, to a home that had been offered them when the death angel came and visited their own. The mother hourly realizes the distance growing between her and her husband's grave; and the babe, awed to silence by the choking sobs and caresses of the heart-broken mother, was finally lulled to sleep by the sighs of the quivering lips and the soothing pattings of the tremulous hand.

Afar in the distance ahead, beyond the fagged horses whose limbs rose and fell mechanically, reared an ominous cloud whose import was well known to the African who held the reins in his hands. East, west, north and south, the plain stretched away into the distance—cold, cheerless, merciless, frozen into ghastly melancholy by the silver glitter of the stars, and white-coralled by the frosty grass-blades, sere and brittle.

"I reckon dar's gwine fo' to be one ob dem nasty blizzar's soon. Whoof! Dem's de debil's own bref fo' blowin' de life out ob folkses. G'long dar, ole Gray! You'r allses hingin' back fo' Sandy. Ill, golly! I hope de good missy won't look out now. She'd be down—"

"What is the meaning of that cloud ahead, Joe?" asked the woman, as her eyes ranged the sky beyond the horses' heads.

"Nuffin', miflin', missy! Jess a cloud, or'nary cloud, dat's all," responded Joe, as he touched old Gray with the goad.

"Joe, why not stop here for the night? The jolting of the wagon makes me ache all over; and I am so tired!"

"Honey, yo' see dat brack hill 'way ober dar?" asked Joe, as he pointed toward the dark outlines of an object rising from the plain. "It's gwine fo' to reach dat hill if old Gray gotter bust a shoe."

"I see the hill, Joe—it must be some miles away; but why so anxious to reach it?"

"Case-dat's all!" laconically replied Joe, urging on the tired horses. "Well, I suppose you know best. Oh, shall we never reach home? Home! What a strange word that seems to me! I have no home—no home!"

"We'll git dar party s'un, honey; an' when the babby an' yo' aur dar, why—yo'll be dar, chile, press yo'!"

There was but slight consolation to be derived from the honest fellow's words. So the widowed mother withdrew her face and closed the opening in the canvas.

"I—I donn dar tell poo' missy 'bout de nasty blizzar' dat's comin'. If dem poo' nags kin hold out little longer we'll reach de hill—an' dat'll keep off de wusser part ob de debil's bref."

The cloud beyond grows larger and larger every moment. It swells and spreads as it approaches the wagon, sweeping like a giant crescent between earth and sky, obscuring the blinking stars, and murmuring ominously like the sullen roar of the distant tempest.

With gaunt, gloomy, ghostly arms the giant monster of the Northwest approaches. The cold, like the grim premonition of death's draught, penetrates the canvas of the wagon, piercing the flesh of mother and child with daggers as of ice.

"Joel! Joel! What is it?" cries the voice from within.

"Nuffin', nuffin', honey!" chatters the negro, as his frozen fingers mechanically clutch the reins. "Yo' jess pull dem blankets close 'bout yo' an' de babby. We'll git dar, hress God! Yes, chile, we'll git dar by-by de bright light!"

The wo ds flatteringly fall from the half-palsied lips like the murmurs that come when the speaker is slowly but surely drifting into the land of slumber.

Five, ten minutes pass; the tempest increases. The pale face of the woman again appears in the rent in the canvas. She speaks. Joe is silent. Again she speaks, and louder. The faithful black's lips are locked, and he does not answer. She reaches out her hand and shakes him. Merciful heaven! The rigid form topples over the side of the wagon and falls upon the ground, stiff, frozen! His eyes are wide open, and they stare up out of the depths of chaos into the illimitable eternally beyond the swishing gusts of snow and leaden, sullen sky.

The sudden drag upon the reins stops the horses. The poor creatures lean to the pole and rub their noses together; and thus standing they freeze, freeze inch by inch, while their legs turn to ice, rigid, supporting.

And then the monster, the white wrath of the Northwest, engulfs the fated wagon. It rips the canvas from the stays and bears it away with shrieks of laughter. The mother and child are now exposed to the pitiless buffetings of the whirlwind raging furiously about them. The entire plain seems one heaving undulating mass as far as the eyes can reach. Like the swallowing waves of the ocean the clouds of snow beat against the skeleton-like wagon as though to tear it from earth and bear it away in fury's arms.

One last yell of demoniac laughter and the monster has performed its work. The icy lips of the mother are pressed to the icy lips of the dead baby. A life goes out to its God in a sigh of prayer, and all is over.

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Remnants of good Table Linen, 36, 42, 48 and 54 yard lengths, extra heavy, the quality of bleached and silver bleached, worth from \$1 to \$1.50 each, remnant price... 69c

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A lot of about 50 dozen towels, consisting of knotted fringe, plain hem, hemstitched satin damask and huckaback, extra large size and heavy quality, worth \$3.50 to \$4.00, special... 25c

## Table Linens.

25 pieces extra fine quality Silver Bleached Table Linen, large assortment of patterns, all new, worth \$3.00 to \$3.50 a yard, special... 21c

## Fringed Towels.

A lot consisting of about 75 dozen Towels, extra heavy, knotted fringe, in satin damask, different colored borders, worth 35c, special... 17c

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10 pieces extra fine heavy quality silver bleached Table Linen, extra wide, good assortment patterns, worth 60c to 85c a yard, special... 53c

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38 inches wide, pure Mohair, rich lustre, both sides, regular 30c yard, special at yard... 23c

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Black Satin Rhadame, extra fine finish, warranted pure silk, suitable for ladies' waists, separate skirts or entire costumes, regular \$5.00 quality at, yard... 49c

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Changeable Taffeta Silks, extra heavy quality, all the latest colorings, reg. 55c value, while lot lasts, yard... 56c

## Black Peau de Soie.

Extra heavy quality and superior finish, excellent wearing material, well worth \$1.25 a yard, special at... 75c

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Missses' Spring Weight Ribbed Combination Suits, lace trimmed neck, value 35c, special... 15c

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Twill Furniture Cretonnes all new designs, heavy quality, large assortment of colorings, worth 80c yard, special at... 48c

## Bleached Sheets.

Full double size, made of firm even thread muslin, sheets torn not cut from the piece, regular 30c, special... 32c

## Crochet Spreads.

Crochet Bed Spreads, extra large size, woven in handsome Marseilles designs, hemmed ready for use, regular \$1.10, special... 85c

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Semi-Weekly.

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WESTFIELD, N. J., FEB. 14, 1899.



THE Citizens of Westfield are confronted by a large question in the proposition to build another school house. In considering that question it will do to remember that school taxes do not increase as the anti-school house contingent and alarmists are prone to predict in their short-sighted policy of economy. The same is true regarding any other public improvement. The explanation is easily found in the fact that public improvements mean local popularity, and local popularity means increased population and increased population means a low per capita of taxes. That has been the history of Westfield and every other place on the good Lord's footstool, the world over, that is fit to live in. Of course public improvements cost money and the people must be public spirited enough to provide them and wait for results. Westfield's splendid record and reputation in this respect is no accident. Now another knock is heard at her door. It is by the kindly hand of her Board of Education; a hand that has never rapped in vain. The call this time is a loud one. Good reasons are given for it. We believe Westfielders, proud of the reputation of their beautiful town; and, ambitious, and wordly wise and worthy, will respond to that call and thank their faithful representatives in the School Board by honoring them by making it.

We congratulate Daniel B. Burnham in that he had sense enough to marry according to the leadings of his heart instead of conforming to the wishes of the Vanderbilt circle of which he was a democratic member. That he gave his heart and hand to Alice Sunderland, the pretty and well educated housemaid, was his affair and, as it appears, his good fortune. He will have a good wife to make a home for him, and one that can look after it. He has married into the aristocracy of Worth. God bless 'em both.

It remains for Congress to say what next is to be done now that Spanish sovereignty has been obliterated in the archipelago. For our part we favor annexation; believing that the ends of humanity will be best attained by that means. Others believe that the Filipinos should be accorded self-government at once with the promise of protection by the United States. We trust that the latter policy will not prevail, as we hope for a more speedy triumph of virtue and intelligence in these islands than immediate self-government by the natives can bring. First, Education! Second, Education! Third, Education!

Now that we have decided that where the American flag has once been planted it shall not be hauled down only with our consent; it is well to weigh the Philippine question. We have them to sell or trade as it suits our convenience or profit. Is the commerce of the Islands worth the large Asiatic Squadron and Army that will be necessary to protect them? This is a question to be decided. Are they not worth more to some of the countries across the water than to us? Will they not be liable to entangle us in foreign complications? These questions come up for consideration now that we have decided to call them ours.

To-day Cupid claims to be arch ruler; and all climates must certainly accord a high place to the chubby lit-

It is hardly fair to call every Expansionist an Imperialist.

Do nothing to close that "Open Door;" nor seek to avoid or shift the "White Man's Burden." It is Destiny.

We are opposed to capital punishment on principle. But if capital punishment is right, Mrs. Place deserves it; and she should not be excused on account of her sex. Still we deplore the inhuman law that permits anything of the sort.

A year ago the world was startled by the blowing up of the United States battleship Maine. Contemplate what has happened since then in the way of history making. The results have been so vast that the mind is dazzled by their contemplation. It was the March of Ages; the Maine's explosion was a mighty foot fall in the tread of coming generations.

## The Power of Lyddite.

It is a very difficult problem to ascertain the numerical superiority of lyddite over other explosives. It is certainly six times more powerful than nitroglycerin, which in turn is at least eight times more powerful than the same weight of gunpowder. Further, all experience shows that its effects are spread over a much greater area than in the case of nitroglycerin or dynamite, which are intensely local in their action. It has been frequently erroneously stated that lyddite or melinite may be used as a substitute for cordite or gunpowder in propelling a projectile. Such could not be the case, however, as the explosion takes place so rapidly that the chamber of the gun would be inevitably shattered.

Probably one of the greatest advantages of lyddite is its absolute safety to handle, which we can realize when we recall its use in the arts for over a century without its powers being even suspected. In this respect, combined with its superlative destructive capacities, lyddite approaches an ideal explosive for shells, and it is safe to predict that it will play an extremely important part in the great military operations of the future.—Chambers' Journal.

## Mother Love Conquered.

A pathetic incident which happened recently in this city shows that a strong will can sometimes do more in combating dread disease than all the skill of the medical fraternity. An entire family, consisting of both parents and four children of tender age, was stricken with malignant pneumonia. The wife was apparently the worse sufferer, and her case was given up by the doctors as beyond hope. Meanwhile her husband became suddenly worse and died. Everything that medical science could do had been done for the wife without avail, and after consultation the physicians decided to take a desperate risk and tell her of her husband's death, reasoning that the shock might kill her, but also might arouse her ebbing strength and assist in checking the coma which was already presaging dissolution.

The experiment was tried, and when the devoted mother learned that her death would leave her children without a protector, her mother love aroused her last energies and she not only survived the great shock of her life partner's death, but she actually recovered.—Philadelphia Record.

## The Evolution of the Steamship.

When it seemed that the limit had about been reached with wrought iron as the main reliance of the designer, mild steel had been so perfected as to enable progress to be maintained. The large boilers necessary to withstand the high pressures and furnish the power for high speeds would have been impossible but for mild steel, and the same thing is true of the moving parts of the engine. It may be noted also that workmanship had improved, and the use of antifriction metals for bearings, combined with this improved workmanship, enabled the high rotational speed to be carried out with safety and reliability.

The machinery of Wampanoag, designed in 1865, was so heavy that only 3.24 i. h. p. per ton of machinery was obtained. The San Francisco, one of the earliest of the modern cruisers of the United States navy in which advantage was taken of all the factors for reduction of weight, obtained 10.68 i. h. p. ton of machinery.—Commodore G. W. Melville, U. S. N., in Engineering Magazine.

## Six Months in a Bath.

Life in a bath must be somewhat monotonous, but it is quite common in the best of our modern hospitals. At first it was tried only in a few absolutely hopeless cases, but the results were so satisfactory that various forms of disease are now systematically treated by continuous immersion in water.

Some time ago, for instance, a young girl was dying from a complication of terrible diseases. She was a mere shadow, and not long but death was before her under ordinary treatment. But an ingenious doctor placed her on a sheet and sank her into a warm bath, so that only her head remained above water. The bath was kept constantly warm, and in it she ate, drank and slept for 188 days and nights. At the end of the time she stepped out fat and strong. In skin diseases the continuous bath is invaluable, for it can be medicated, and many hopeless cases of burning have been successfully treated in this extraordinary way.—Exchange.

## Coronets.

The coronet of a duke consists of alternate crosses and leaves, the leaves being a representation of the leaves of the pursley plant. The princes of the blood royal also wear a similar crown. The stato headgear of a marquis consists of a diadem surrounded by flowers and pearls placed alternately. An earl, however, has neither flowers nor leaves surrounding his circlet, but only points rising each with a pearl on the top. A viscount has neither flowers nor pearls, but only the plain circlet adorned with pearls, which, regardless of number, are placed on the crown itself. A baron has only six pearls on the golden border, not raised, to distinguish him from an earl, and the number of pearls render his diadem distinct from that of a viscount.

## Change of Climate in Asia.

Professor Muskheloff records the fact that observations at eight glaciers in the Caucasus extending over a period of eight to ten years show that they are steadily receding. The termini of the glaciers are retreating from 9 to 38 meters every year.—American Geographical Society's Bulletin.

## She Recalled an Instance.

"Mrs. Peckleford," said that lady's husband, "did you ever say anything that you afterward regretted saying?" "Certainly," said "Yes" once and have been sorry for it ever since."—Detroit Free Press.

## AT THE THEATRE.

Of all comic operas seen in recent years "The Three Dragons" is spoken of as the brightest and most melodious. It is now in its third week at the Broadway Theatre, New York, and is acknowledged to be the growing success of de Koven and Smith, authors of "Robin Hood" and "The Highwayman." It is comic opera in the full sense of the term, and the librettist deliberately planned an attack on the risibles by keeping the comedians almost constantly in view, with comic songs and laughable situations. Breathing spells occur when delicious waltz songs, stirring choruses, love airs, and rousing march music are sung. A big feature of the performance is the dancing. What with a big chorus of shapely and pretty girls in bewitching costumes in a series of beautiful stage pictures, enchanting scenery, and the big cast of most capable lyric artists, the new opera seems destined for a long and prosperous run at the playhouse known as "the home of the magnificent productions."

"Mlle Fili," frisky and frolicsome has pirouetted to a third week at the Manhattan. "Fili" is certainly getting herself talked about and is literally jangling the theatre with hilarious audiences of the best composition, that go away delighted with its novel theme, farcical complications, throughout which run a vein of tender sentiment, and the skillful art of Rose Coghlan, Grace George, Louise Bennett, Aubrey Bonciani, John T. Sullivan, Thos. H. Burns and the other admirable players who interpret it. Seats can be secured now for Washington's Birthday.

## You Should Know

What Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to do for those who have impure and impoverished blood. It makes the blood rich and pure, and cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, catarrh, rheumatism, nervousness. If you are troubled with any ailment caused or promoted by impure blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient easy to take, easy to operate.

## The Wrong House.

A weather beaten member of the tired fraternity, who had lost a leg and had it replaced by a wooden substitute, stumped his way up the main street of a Lamarkshire village the other day and paused at the door of the first likely looking dwelling. Knocking at the door, which was opened by a brisk, businesslike housewife, the man began his stereotyped whine:

"If ye please, mum, I lost my leg!"—And before he could unfold another word of his tale the sharp retort came: "Aweel, ye didna lose it here!"—And bang went the door in his face.—Liverpool Mercury.

## Satisfied.

Opulent Father-in-law—What ails you, George? Since you have married you seem to have lost all your ambition. George—Well, you see, sir, I reached the height of my ambition when I became your son-in-law.—Harlem Life.

## Poetics Squelched.

Weary Watkins—Oh, that I had the wings of a bird! Hungry Higgins—They's less meat on the wings than they is on any other piece.—Indianapolis Journal.

## Volcanic Eruptions

Are grand, but Skin Eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve cures them; also Old Running and Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, Warts, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains. Best Pile cure on earth. Drives out Pains and Aches. Only 25c. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Bay and Drug Store.

## Why He Stays.

"No, sir," said the red faced alderman with great emphasis, "I'm in the franchise fight to stay."

"I suppose, then," said the little man with wide ears, "that they don't give you your wad until the whole thing's ended."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Not Entitled to It.

"He wants a divorce," said the lawyer, "because he says his wife refuses to cook for him."

"He's not entitled to it," replied the dyspeptic partner. "No man is entitled to a divorce unless his wife insists upon cooking when she can't."—Chicago Post.

On the Yukon at a distance of from 700 to 800 miles from the sea there are many points where the river is 20 miles wide.

A Chinaman eats twice as much meat as a Japanese.

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THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD  
WESTFIELD, N. J., FEB. 14, 1899.

## Wants and Offers.

THE STANDARD is on sale at Trenchard's drug store, on Broad and Prospect Sts., on Elm street, centrally located; commo-  
n, C. E. Pearsall & Co., Agents.  
C. E. Pearsall & Co., Agents.  
C. E. Pearsall & Co., Agents.

FOR SALE—A Wilcox & Gibbs sewing ma-  
chine, in good order and immediately  
available. Annie E. Weeks, care STAND-  
ard.

FOR RENT—Or sale, the Henry residence,  
on Elm street, centrally located; commo-  
n, C. E. Pearsall & Co., Agents.  
C. E. Pearsall & Co., Agents.  
C. E. Pearsall & Co., Agents.

FOR SALE—Fresh Jersey Cow. Apply to  
Mountain Side Post Office.

HARD WOOD in lengths to suit your  
gate or stove. Ira C. Lambert.

IF YOU have a house to rent or sell this  
spring, list it at once with C. E. Pearsall &  
Real Estate Agents. See them about it  
once.

OST—Saturday, Black & Pocketbook with  
a card. Miss Hattie. Please return to  
standard office of Mrs. D. Williams, Dudley  
avenue.

WANTED—Gentleman boarders at Mrs.  
M. H. Ferris', corner Summit and  
Union avenues, opposite depot. First-class  
and. House has all the improvements.

WANTED—By women, each with an infant  
or young child, situations in the coun-  
try (general housework, baby, etc.) ex-  
pectations. Apply State Charities  
Association, 105 East Twenty-second  
street, New York city.

TO LOAN at 5% per cent on im-  
proved Westfield property. C. E.  
Pearsall & Co.

## PUBLIC NOTICE

County of Westfield,  
County of Union.

Public notice is hereby given that ap-  
plication by petition has been made to  
the Township Committee of the Town-  
ship of Westfield for the purpose of said  
Committee to construct a street  
from the Clark Township line over a  
private right of way to Grove street, and on  
from Grove street to the line of the  
Borough of Mountainside, that said petition  
was presented by the Westfield & Eliza-  
beth Street Railway company, a corporation  
organized under the laws of this State, that  
said petition was filed with the Clerk of the  
Township of Westfield on the twenty-seventh  
day of January, 1899, and that the road intended  
to be constructed, operated and maintained, is  
a public street, and the motive power to be  
used thereon is electricity to be supplied from  
outside wires supported by poles and the  
tracks through which the same shall extend  
are above mentioned. The Township Com-  
mittee of the Township of Westfield has fixed  
the seventh day of February, 1899,  
at 8 o'clock in the evening, as the time, and the  
place, at which said Township Committee will consider  
said application and petition and will receive  
all persons interested there-  
in.

THE TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE OF THE  
TOWNSHIP OF WESTFIELD.

IRVING ROSS,  
Township Clerk.

Westfield, N. J., January 27, 1899.

Does Coffee Agree With You?

If not, drink Grain-O—made from pure  
grains. A lady writes: "The first time I made  
Grain-O I did not like it, but after using it for  
a week nothing would induce me to go back  
to coffee." It nourishes and feeds the system,  
the children can drink it freely with great  
benefit. It is the strengthening substance of  
pure grains. Get a package to-day from your  
grocer. 16c. and 25c.

A Remedy for the Grippe.

A remedy recommended for patients afflicted  
with Grippe is Kemp's Balm, which is  
especially adapted to diseases of the throat and  
lungs. Do not wait for the first symptoms of  
the disease, but get a bottle to-day and keep it  
handy for use the moment it is needed. If  
applied the Grippe has a tendency to bring  
on pneumonia. The Balm prevents this by  
keeping the cough loose. All druggists sell the  
Balm.

Florida and Cuba

Via Pennsylvania, Southern Ry., F., C.  
& P. and F. E. C. The only route  
operating through Pullman sleeping car  
service. New York to Ormond Rock  
edges, Palm Beach and Miami. Con-  
nection for Havana, Key West and Nassau.  
Route of the "New York and Florida  
Limited." Finest train in the world,  
oriented solid between New York and  
St. Augustine, composed exclusively of  
dining, library and observation, com-  
partment and drawing room sleeping  
cars. Two other fast trains, 4.20 p. m.  
and 12.05 a. m. For detail information,  
apply to J. L. Adams, G. E. A., F., C.  
& P. R., 538 B'way, New York, or  
A. S. Thwait, E. P. A., Southern Ry.,  
321 B'way, New York.

Birds of Significance.

"Peace is represented by a dove, isn't  
it?" asked the man who was looking  
over some allegorical pictures.

"Well," answered the official who  
had been to a diplomatic banquet,  
"doves used to figure in that connec-  
tion. But quail on toast appears to be  
more popular now."—Washington Star.

From a quarry of soft redstone in  
southern Minnesota, the only stone  
probably of its kind in the world, the  
Indians for centuries obtained materials  
for the pipes, which were probably articles  
of commerce, as they are found in  
Indian graves from the Gulf to Canada.

Poor and Weak

Catarrh and Bronchial Trouble—  
Had no Appetite—Now Better in  
Every Way—A Delicate Child.

"Some time since I took a sudden cold  
and could not get rid of it. Being subject  
to catarrh and bronchial trouble I coughed  
terribly. I lost my appetite and grew  
poor and weak and I did not feel like  
work. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.  
In a short time the cough disap-  
peared, I slept well, had a good appetite  
and I was better in every way. Last  
spring I was not feeling well, I had no ap-  
petite and no strength. I resorted to  
Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon felt more  
like work. My little nephew was a deli-  
cate child and had a humor which trou-  
bled him so he could not rest at night.  
He has taken a few bottles of Hood's Sar-  
saparilla and now he has a good appetite  
and is able to sleep." Mrs. Anna J.  
FARMAN, South Duxbury, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, 25c.  
Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner  
pills, aid digestion, use.

25c. per bottle. Hood's Sarsaparilla

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## TOWN NOTES.

—The township committee will meet  
this evening.

—Regular monthly meeting of the  
Social club to-night.

—Runners have been placed on the  
Hook & Ladder truck.

—Mrs. Edwin Woodruff died at  
Brooklyn Saturday afternoon.

—This is St. Valentine's day and the  
poor girls can't get to the post office.

—The township committee held an im-  
portant meeting on Saturday evening.

—E. J. Whitehead paraded around  
town with an umbrella yesterday slip-  
slap.

—Miss Virginia Bartlett, of Newark,  
has been the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C.  
E. Thorn.

—The Pearsall's went to New York  
yesterday so as to be there to-day to do  
nothing.

—N. B. Arnold rolled to the depot this  
morning, the rest of the commuters had  
a good path.

—The annual election of officers of the  
Westfield Fire Department takes place  
this evening.

—The state convention of the You g  
Men's Christian Association begins at  
Rahway on Thursday.

—Miss Mabel Craue, of Montclair, has  
been visiting at the home of Mr. and  
Mrs. J. B. Wilson, on Park street.

—Mrs. C. R. Hobson presented her  
husband with a young son on Sunday.  
Both mother and baby are doing nicely.

—Freeholder Milford Scudler has a  
gang of men at work breaking the snow  
on the county roads through Westfield  
township.

—Bauman, the Elm street photogra-  
pher, took a flash light picture of Hook  
& Ladder Company at their dinner last  
evening.

—Bucket & Engine Company has placed  
their hose on a sleigh so that they can  
answer an alarm of fire quicker than  
with the hose carriage.

—Senator Barber has introduced a bill  
making it a misdemeanor, punishable by  
a fine or imprisonment or both, to ob-  
tain board under false pretences.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Gomes are at  
Lakewood with four bicycles. They  
prepared for relays in wheels. They  
need it wheeling in such a snow.

There were a large number of child-  
ren present at the Westfield Club house  
on Friday afternoon when the club gave  
a Children's Entertainment.

—The entertainment which was to  
have been given by Mrs. Fanny Crosby,  
the blind poet, at the Presbyterian  
church on Thursday evening has been  
postponed.

—Residents living near the fire  
hydrants are requested to clear the snow  
from around the same so that the fire-  
men may the quicker get water in case  
of an alarm of fire.

—The ladies' bowling tournament at  
the Social club will be rolled this eve-  
ning instead of Thursday evening as on  
that date the club team plays the team  
from the New York Press club.

—James McCarty, of this town, and  
Miss Gussie Bowers, of Bayonne, were  
married at Cranford on Sunday after-  
noon by the Rev. Farther Murphy.  
The newly married couple will make  
their home on the Rahway road.

—A chimney in the residence of John  
E. Gaffery on Central avenue caught  
fire on Saturday afternoon and the fire  
alarm was rung but only Bucket &  
Engine company responded as the fire  
was not serious, being confined to the  
chimney. About \$50. damage was done.

—The bowling game between the  
New York Press club and Social club of  
Westfield takes place on Thursday  
night. Dancing will follow. The Press  
club fellows will bring their ladies  
and the Social club members have  
been requested to turn out in force  
to welcome them; bring the ladies.

—Harry Steele Morrison, the boy  
traveller and reporter of the New York  
World, delivered a most interesting ad-  
dress at the Presbyterian chapel on  
Saturday evening and the fund for  
the building of an addition to the Sun-  
day school room was swelled by the re-  
ceipts as a large attendance was present.

—Walter Titus, of Washingtonville,  
drove from Newark to this town on his  
way home yesterday. He became un-  
conscious from the intense cold and  
was found in that condition in his  
sleigh at the corner North avenue and  
Broad street. He was taken to the  
North Avenue hotel and revived and  
this morning he left for his home.

A Woman's Answer.

She (contingently)—I feel like a por-  
cupine.

Her Dearest Friend (sympathizingly)  
—You look it. —New York Sun.

Spain has greater mineral resources  
than any other country in Europe, in-  
cluding iron, copper, zinc, silver, an-  
timony, quicksilver, lead and gypsum.

Some naturalists are of the opinion  
that the whale was once a land animal,  
and that it was forced to take to water  
as a means of protection.

To-Do-Do for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cured, makes weak  
men strong, blood pure. 50c. per bottle. All druggists.

## FIREMEN AT DINNER.

THE BLIZZARD COULDN'T KEEP THE  
FIRE LADDIES FROM EATING.

The Annual Banquet of Hook & Ladder  
Company Held at the Westfield Hotel  
While a Blizzard Raged Outside.

A fierce storm raged last evening but  
it in no wise affected the members of  
Hook & Ladder Company who were  
holding their annual dinner at the West-  
field hotel. The storm did, however, keep  
a few of the members away from the  
dinner, still there were 22 who sat down  
to the festive board to do justice to the  
excellent bill of fare which main host  
Ward had prepared. And a jollier lot  
of men could be found no where in the  
state than these same men who proved  
that they could do as good work in ex-  
tinguishing a roast turkey as in doing  
the same service for a burning building.

CLAMS—On Half Shell.  
SOUP—Ox Tail.  
FISH—Mollet Halibut, Caper Sauce.  
ENTREE—Quail.  
ROAST—Turkey, Ribs of Beef: Mashed Po-  
tatoes, Creamed Potatoes, Cauliflower,  
Spaghetti.

SALADS—Lettuce, Potato  
DESSERT—Tarts, Ice Cream, Fruit.  
CHEESE—Roquefort, Brie: Coffee, Cigars.

After the inner man had been satisfied  
and cigars had been passed around the  
firemen and guests were treated to some  
very interesting addresses by Charles H.  
Dunham, James R. Paterson, J. T.  
Smith, E. R. Pearsall, W. H. Grogan  
and M. M. Scudler. Others told stories  
and helped to pass the evening most  
pleasantly. Music was furnished dur-  
ing the dinner by Prof. Frazee, of Plain-  
field.

Among those present at the dinner  
were: Foreman, E. R. Pearsall; first  
assistant foreman, Eugene W. Chamber-  
lin; second assistant foreman, James T.  
Paterson; ex foreman, Fred C. Decker;  
W. B. Toucey, foreman of Empire En-  
gine Company; Charles Cox, foreman of  
Bucket & Engine Company; Freeholder  
M. M. Scudler, Assessor John M. C.  
Marsh, Irving I. Ross, J. T. Smith, C.  
H. Dezman, W. H. Chamberlain, Fred.  
Hiltner, J. W. English, J. P. English,  
Jr., E. H. Francis, W. H. Grogan, L.  
Westbrook, J. E. O. Scheele, A. W.  
Stiles, Lonie Hendrickson and R. M.  
Stickle.

The annual meeting of the company  
was held in the rooms on North avenue  
before the dinner and the following  
officers were elected for the ensuing  
year: Foreman, E. R. Pearsall; first  
assistant foreman, E. W. Chamberlin;  
second assistant foreman, J. R. Pater-  
son; secretary, E. J. Wilcox; treasurer,  
D. E. Miller.

The best way to avoid sickness is to  
keep yourself healthy by taking Hood's  
Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

An Empress' Pen.

I heard an interesting fact regarding  
the former empress of the French the  
other night which shows in what direc-  
tion her thoughts run. Whenever she  
has occasion to write anything about  
her lamented husband, she always uses  
the diamond pen which signed the  
treaty of Paris. All those who partici-  
pated in this historical occasion wanted  
the pen as a memento. But so keen was  
the empress on possessing it that she  
begged that only one pen should be  
used, which she thought she had a  
right to retain as a souvenir. This was  
agreed to. The pen takes the form of a  
quill plucked from a golden eagle's  
wing and richly mounted with dia-  
monds and gold.—Woman's Life.

The Collier and Amen.

I once witnessed a phase of prompt  
evolution of practical and of devotional  
religion in Scotch sheepdogs on a com-  
munion Sabbath among the mountains.

The churchyard was crowded with  
shepherds, accompanied by their dogs,  
which lay quietly asleep at the feet of  
their masters. The sermon was finished,  
the psalm had been sung, the final  
prayer was being offered, and there was  
no sign of impatience, but the moment  
the benediction commenced the devo-  
tional doggies all roused themselves,  
and before the "Amen" they were in  
marching order.—"Newman Hall," an  
Autobiography.

Preparing for the Feast.

Lieutenant (to his orderly)—John,  
go to the restaurant and bring me a  
beefsteak with onions.

Orderly—Lieutenant, I take the li-  
berty of reminding you that you are in-  
vited out to dinner to-day.

"Where have I been invited out to  
dinner?"

"You have been invited to dine with  
Mr. Holkfast."

"So I have to dine with the old miser?  
I must not go there unprepared. John,  
go to the restaurant and bring me two  
beefsteaks with onions."—London Tit-  
bits.

To be Prepared

For war is the surest way for this  
nation to maintain peace. That is the  
opinion of the wisest statesmen. It is  
equally true that to be prepared for  
spring is the best way to avoid the pe-  
culiar dangers of the season. This is a  
lesson multitudes are learning, and at  
this time, when the blood is sure to be  
loaded with impurities and to be weak  
and sluggish, the millions begin to take  
Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies, en-  
riches and vitalizes the blood, expels all  
disease germs, creates a good appetite,  
gives strength and energy, and puts the  
whole system in a healthy condition,  
preventing pneumonia, fever, and other  
dangerous diseases which are liable to  
attack a weakened system.

## GILDERSLEEVE'S

We are preparing to take ac-  
count of stock and in anticipation  
of same have got all our odds and  
ends (odd sizes, short lengths,  
etc.) and same will be found on  
tables in the centre of store,  
marked in plain figures at very  
much reduced prices.

Perhaps this is the chance for  
the bargain you were looking for.

## M. J. GILDERSLEEVE

DRY GOODS,  
FANCY GOODS.

BROAD ST., WESTFIELD.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF  
Dress Linings & Trimmings.

A SOCIAL SUCCESS.

ANNUAL MASQUERADE BALL OF THE  
SOCIAL CLUB, FRIDAY EVENING.

Many Handsome as Well as Grotesque  
Costumes—A List of Those Present and  
the Characters They Represented.

The yearly social event in Westfield  
social circles is the annual masquerade  
ball given by the Social Club, and this  
year's ball, which took place on Friday  
evening, proved the most successful of  
these always successful functions. At  
no other affair of the kind have the dis-  
guises been more complete or have the  
participants enjoyed themselves more  
than did they on Friday evening.

Dancing commenced at 9:30 o'clock,  
and at 11:45 the dancers unnumbered.  
There were about 100 unnumbered guests  
present, who were not allowed to dance  
until after midnight, when refreshments  
were served. Those in mask and the  
characters they represented are as fol-  
lows:

J. D. Ritchie, Monk  
J. H. Hendricks, King Satan  
Dr. E. Kinch, White-Wing  
R. W. Harden, Twin Clowns  
W. W. O'Brien, Old Irish Gentleman  
Mrs. N. B. Arnold, Egyptian Princess  
Carl Whitehead, Reversible  
Frank Warrack, Summer Boy  
G. B. Arnold, Old Dime  
G. B. Dickerson, Garibaldi  
Mrs. J. D. Ritchie, Morning Star  
Mrs. V. Bartlett, Newark, Gay  
Mrs. J. H. Hendricks, Witch  
Mrs. L. Bennett, Trained Nurse  
Mrs. F. A. Kinch, Study in Scarlet  
Miss B. Morrow, Kate Greenway Girl  
John C. Morrow, Stinky  
A. L. Russell, Monk  
Miss M. Lynde, Butterfy Girl  
H. Hale, Clown  
Miss E. Starr, Maid of 1770  
Miss K. Embleton, French Cavalier  
Miss G. Harden, Sister of Charity  
Mrs. W. B. Donnell, Colored Woman  
Miss M. Donnell, Marie Antoinette  
Miss T. Peck, Peasant Girl  
C. E. Pearsall, Colored Dude  
Miss A. Moore, Yum Yum  
C. E. Wilson, The Clown  
Mrs. B. R. Williams, Lady of 1880  
Miss J. Starr, Spanish Girl  
B. Rio, Pierrot (French Clown)  
W. E. Aikman, Sing Bull  
W. E. Aikman, Dutchman  
Miss M. Crane (Montclair), Summer Girl  
W. Lynde, Ghost  
J. B. Morrow, Jr., De Lome  
Mrs. A. L. Russell, Roman Girl  
Harrold Kent, Twin Clowns  
D. C. Peck, Flower Girl  
Miss Ash (Newark), Colonial Gentleman  
M. B. Wilson, Colonel Fisherman  
H. H. Brown, Lone Fisherman  
Mrs. H. H. Brown, Organ Grinder

The characters were so well taken that  
it would be hard to make special men-  
tion.

His Mustard Plaster.

The mustard plaster is a harmless  
looking wafer, but it must be handled  
with as much circumspection as a  
woman. There was a newly married  
man once whose wife told him to put  
on a mustard plaster to cure a cold. He  
had faith in her, and put it on. Then  
he went to sleep, being gifted with the  
power of sleeping under torments which  
is not given to one man in a thousand.  
The plaster seemed to him somewhat  
unreasonably hot, but he argued that  
the hotter it was the better. Besides,  
he had confidence in his wife. Next day  
he found a well developed blister on his  
chest, and his wife only laughed and  
said she had supposed any one would  
have sense enough to take off a plaster  
when it hurt him. Though that was 11  
months ago, the mark of the plaster is  
still upon the man like a brand, and he  
now regards his wife's remedies with  
suspicion.—New York Commercial Ad-  
vertiser

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarella's Candy Cathartic, 10c. or 25c.  
If C. C. O. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Difference Between Them.

"After all," said the bachelor, "the  
difference between love and dyspepsia  
is purely relative. It is a matter of time  
only. One is future and the other past."

"How do you mean?" asked the be-  
wildered maid.

"The lover doesn't want to eat, and  
the dyspeptic wishes he hadn't," an-  
swered the bachelor, thereby thinking  
he had secured one on the sex that was  
continually disturbing his peace of  
mind.—Chicago Post.

Edicate Your Bowels With Cascarella.

Only Cathartic, cure constipation forever,  
10c. 50c. If C. C. O. fail, druggists refund money.

## NOTHING

BUT FIRE PLACE GOODS

AND

## EVERYTHING

FOR THE FIRE PLACE.

CURTIS M. THORPE

310-312 Park Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

## GREAT REDUCTION SALE.

By paying Cash for your purchases you save from 20 to 40 per cent.

Fancy Elgin Creamery Butter, the best,  
20c. lb.  
Pure Leaf Lard, 7c. lb.  
Lard Compound, 5c. lb.  
Pork Loin, by the piece, 9c. lb.  
Pork Chop, 10c. lb.  
Sausage, 10c. lb., both kinds.

Nice Spring Chickens, 14c. lb., they're fine.  
20 lbs. Granulated Sugar, \$1.00—the last  
week.  
6 cakes Kirkman's Soap, 23c.  
Best Java and Mocha Coffee, 28c. Try it.  
Good Coffee, 12c. lb.  
3 lbs. of our 50c. Tea, \$1.00. Try it.

We are Headquarters for  
Household Supply Goods.

Telephone Call, 8-a.  
Turrill's Department Store.

And Turrill, he pays the freight.

STORM SWEEPED COUNTRY.

A FIERCE BLIZZARD VISITED THIS  
PART OF THE COUNTRY.

Great suffering of the poor in the large  
cities—Railroads blocked and the County  
Roads impassable—The storm in West-  
field.

The worst storm that has visited this  
section since the blizzard of 1888 began  
on Saturday night and ended this morn-  
ing. Yesterday Westfield was all "by  
herself," the railway trains were all  
snow bound and those which reached  
New York were so long in getting there  
that it was time for the passengers to  
leave to come back home. The morning  
mails came in from New York all right  
but the afternoon and evening mails  
failed to reach town until this morning  
and then very late. So far to-day one  
train has gotten to New York, the others  
being stalled at Roselle and Bayonne.

It is said that the fault is at the Jersey  
City yards, it being impossible to get  
the snow away.

The streets about the town are in fair-  
ly good condition with the exception of  
a few large drifts on some of the cross  
streets, such as Elm, Prospect and Clark  
stre



## A SWELLED HEAD.

If asked who is the greatest bore,  
By truth we are compelled,  
If we make answer, this to say—  
The man whose head is swelled.

His own ideas and weighty thoughts  
So fill his little mind,  
In others no good trait he sees,  
To his own faults he's blind.

So great is his own self esteem,  
So mighty is his worth,  
He thinks all things would cease to  
move,  
If he'd step off the earth.

He sees much that he'd criticize,  
And much that makes him frown,  
Not only this, he has the gall,  
To "call his betters down."

These swell-head people we all know,  
Can to themselves give thanks,  
If some fine morning they awake  
And find they're only cranks.

S. G. C.

## THE HUSBAND'S JEALOUSY.

She was only eighteen when Gilbert Amydon married her—a bright-eyed little thing, with hair like gold, and a complexion like the pink-and-white of a conch shell.

"Gil, you're a fool!" said his plain-spoken uncle, who had money to leave, and comforted himself in a proportionately unworldly manner. "You're like all the rest of the world—infatuated by a pretty face."

"I confess, dear Gilbert, I am surprised at your choice," said his elderly maiden sister, "after having told you that Sylvia Simmerton was inclined to look favorably upon your attentions—why, Sylvia has three hundred a year of her own."

"I'm really afraid, Gilbert," said his mother, "that Florence is rather young and inexperienced."

"She'll grow older, mother," said the bridegroom cheerily; "and there's plenty of experience to be had in this world, if one only lives long enough."

And Gilbert Amydon and his pretty little wife were as happy as the day was long.

Florence cried a little when her husband was obliged to go away on important business connected with the firm in which he was a partner. They had been married only a few months.

"I wish I were going with you, Gilbert," said she; and Gilbert Amydon laughed and patted her rose-leaf cheek.

"Why, what should I do with a little saphy of a creature like you?" said he. "How would you endure traveling all night and running about all day? No, no; you must stay at home and keep house till I come back."

So Gilbert Amydon went away. He had not been gone many weeks before a long and acrid letter from his maiden sister, Drusilla, infused a bitter element into the current of his reflections.

"Florence is very well," wrote Miss Drusilla, who, although by no means either fat or fair, was forty at least, "and apparently very happy. She had friends to tea last night. Of course, I was not invited, although most inopportunistly I called in, about the Dorcas Sewing Club, just as they were sitting down to tea. The Misses Myrtle were there, with their cousin, Major Darrock is very handsome—these words were underscored with two vicious slashes of the pen—and, judging from their conversation, Florence and he were old friends before she met you. I dare say it is all right—indeed, Florence told me that when she invited the three Myrtle girls she didn't know that Major Darrock had just arrived on a visit to them. But, nevertheless, I hardly believe it is well to re-light the ashes of an old flirtation on the altar of an absent husband's hearthstone. However, as I said before, Florence is very young, and can hardly be expected to comprehend these things."

Gilbert Amydon felt a sharp sting of latent jealousy go through his heart as he read his sister's words, but presently he broke into a smile, and tore up Miss Drusilla's letter unceremoniously into cigar-lighters.

"They would shut her up in a nunnery if they had their way, said he to himself. "Poor, dear little girl! she must have some amusement."

But Uncle Crawley's next letter was more vaguely annoying still.

"I suppose you have heard from your wife about the fancy masquerade ball," said he. "The young folks are all wild about it. Your wife is to go as Rowena to Major Darrock's Ivanhoe. The costumes are to cost no end of money, I am told. When I was a young man people didn't squander their incomes in that sort of way. But I suppose if you are willing, it's not my business to object."

Gilbert Amydon knit his brows and bit his lip, as he read the words that his Uncle Crawley had penned with such malicious pleasure. This was quite a different affair from the tea party to which Drusilla Amydon had taken exception. And for the first time in his life Gilbert felt in his heart a strong, surging tide of anger toward the beautiful young wife whom he had promised at the altar to love and cherish.

"If she is really going to this ball," he said to himself, "I don't know what the consequences will be. She knows I hate masquerades, and she knows, too, that she has no business to go with that major fellow when I am away. Drusilla was right—she is too young for a wife. I should have thought twice before I gave up into her hands such unbounded power to sting and torture me. At all events, I

won't stay here to be made a fool of. I'll go back home, and judge for myself whether she is losing all her common sense and discretion.

He glanced at his watch. "If I start at once," he thought, "I can be at Dedlington on the evening of the ball. And I'll do it!"

What a long, dreary ride that was—midnight joggings through endless stretches of woods and meadow-lands and tunnels of echoing rock—days when sleep and waking seemed oddly jumbled together! And the one pervading idea that filled his brain was Florence, robed in pale blue silk with her golden hair dressed as in an old picture, he had once seen of the beautiful Saxon Princess Rowena. And all the time his heart was as heavy as lead within him.

Florence, whom he had loved and trusted—Florence, who had grown into his heart as the clinging ivy makes its way into the crevices of the granite rock—Florence, whose pure innocence and singleness of nature he had worshipped—what would life be worth to him if she should prove untrue? Not that he feared any such misery—no, he knew Florence too well for that—but a plum with the bloom brushed off was no plum for him. He had told himself, with a hot, fevered anger throbbing through his brain; of what value were the smiles whose sweetness was lavished liberally on all alike?

And as he rode along, with folded arms and traveling cap drawn sullenly over his eyes, Gilbert Amydon felt like one who was already bereaved.

The house was dark as he ascended the steps and opened the door with his latchkey.

"Gone!" he said to himself, with a bitter smile. "Gone! Well, I know it. What else could I have expected? She is no longer my sweet, home-loving Florence, but—Rowena, the Saxon Princess!"

With these thoughts in his mind, he strode up the passage, and opened the drawing-room door. To his surprise, it was neither dark nor deserted. A cheerful fire burned in the grate—the shaded lamp threw its circle of light on the red-covered center-table—and there, all alone, sat Florence, her cheek resting on her hand, her soft eyes fixed intently on something in her lap—his photograph!

It was the prettiest little tableau in the world. Amydon stood for a second, scarcely willing to disturb it.

"Florence!"

"O, Gilbert, Gilbert!"

And with a low, sobbing cry of joy she sprang to his breast.

"So you haven't gone to the fancy ball, after all," said he, as he sat down beside her, passing his hand fondly over her golden hair.

"To the fancy ball? I never thought of going, Gilbert. I knew you did not like balls; and, besides, where would be the pleasure of going, with you away?"

"They wrote to me that you were going as Rowena, the Saxon Princess," said Amydon, half ashamed of the words he uttered.

"O, I know!" said Florence, laughing. "Fanny Myrtle did want me to go. She was to be Rebecca, the Jewess, you know, and Major Darrock, her cousin, was to be Ivanhoe; and she thought it would be a nice party. She even ordered a costume for me, but I told her all along I shouldn't go; so Clara Myrtle is wearing it to-night."

"While you are sitting here all alone, and studying my photograph?" he interrogated fondly.

"I—I'm afraid I was crying a little," confessed Florence, "for I was so lonely, and I wanted to see you so much."

"My own darling little wife!"

This was the last of Gilbert Amydon's brief madness of jealousy. Drusilla's spite and Uncle Crawley's quiet malice had all fallen short of their mark.

And Florence reigned undisputed queen at last over her husband's heart.

## Holland and Her Colonies.

It is not the fiercest nations that have been the greatest successes at colonizing and getting rich out of gentle toil. Next to England, little plegmatic Holland has the most valuable colonies in the world. She still holds Java, containing 25,000,000 people, and although the natives are Malays they are very loyal. She also has other rich possessions in the east, the island of Sumatra being four times as large as Cuba, and the island of Celebes being larger than all New England, to say nothing of her six islands in the West Indies and her possessions in South America. The good-natured Netherlands, like the British, have held on to their profitable territory by keeping the spirit of trade alive rather than the spirit of autocracy, and avoiding the levy of murderous taxes, and nothing in return to compensate.

## About Mosquitoes.

Mosquitoes, it is to be presumed, exist for some useful service, but what it is known only to entomologists. To the majority of people there is no information regarding them so welcome as the fact that they are gradually being exterminated by the advance of civilization. This being so, it should be additionally interesting to those who live in districts where mosquitoes abound to know how their departure can be expedited. Permethanate of potash, says a medical paper, can be used against them with deadly effect. Minute parts of the crystal are sufficient for the purpose. The same authority informs us that only two and a half hours are required for a mosquito to develop from its first stage, a species resembling cholera bacteria, to its active and venomous maturity.

## HIS HARD LUCK.

How He Won Money on a Mystical Quarter.

"Talk about hard luck stories," said a reformed western gambler, "I think I can discount anything you ever heard in that line. It was in the early days of Leadville, just about this time of the year, and I tell you it does get cold up in the hills about now."

"Well, I was broke, didn't have a copper, and had strolled into a gambling house to get a warm-up. There were several games going on, and when I had thawed out a little I walked over to the faro layout where I went broke the night before. As I said, it was a very cold night, and feeling a great draught at my feet, I happened to glance down at the floor to see where it came from, and there by the side of my right foot was lying what I thought to be a quarter."

"I had been watching the game closely, making imaginary plays. 'I'll play 25 cents open on the ace,' I said to the dealer, and in a moment more it won."

"The dealer handed me two white chips. I played again and again won, and before the end of the deal I had a nice stack of chips. It seemed to me I couldn't lose a deal, and in half an hour I had a couple of hundred dollars' worth of chips before me."

"I concluded to cash in, and stacked my chips, pushing them toward the dealer. He counted them, and looking up at me, said: 'Where's that quarter you made your first bet on? I had forgotten all about it. I looked on the floor; the quarter was gone. Then I lit a match and saw that what I had supposed to be a quarter was simply a wet spot. It was originally a bit of ice, but the heat from my boot melted it. Of course the dealer promptly refused to cash the chips.'—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## COUNT YOUR CHANGE.

How Careless People Leave Money Where Ticketvare Sold.

Certain windows where tickets are sold here in town bear above them the sign, "Count your change before you leave the window." Of course, it's good advice, not for you, understand, but for the next man.

A theatrical manager was once employed in the box office of a Boston theatre during an eleven weeks' run of "Black Crook." In those long ago days of our theatrical innocence, when "Black Crook" was counted wicked and drew as things considered wicked—and "Black Crook" is a kindergarten pastime compared to them—draw nowadays. At the reckoning at the end of the engagement the box office coffers contained \$1,200 that they were not entitled to—\$1,200 of money that people who didn't count their change before they left the window lost.

Of course, the ticket seller didn't give short change intentionally, but accidents will happen, and they are just as likely to happen here as in Boston, so just tell the man next you to count his change before he leaves the window.—Washington Post.

## A New Shaped Anchor.

For hundreds, perhaps thousands of years, the general shape of the anchor has remained unchanged. The one found in the woods of a West India island and supposed to have been brought over from Spain by Christopher Columbus, differs little from those in use at the present day, though somewhat longer in the shank.

Last fall, however, an anchor was patented that has no stock and can be stowed by hauling in the cable until the shank is drawn up into the hawser pipe, leaving only the head and flukes projecting, and these lying flat against the side of the vessel. The head and flukes are cast in one solid piece and attached to the shank by a ball and socket joint which permits them to rotate freely for a certain distance in any direction. Thus when the anchor is dropped to the bottom it lies flat upon the ground and there are no projecting parts for the cable to catch upon. As soon as the strain comes the flukes turn downward till they form an angle of about forty-five degrees, with the shank, and strike into the ground just as the blade of a hoe will strike into soft sand when drawn forward by the handle. In the old anchor only one fluke took hold at a time, but in the new one both work together, giving much greater holding power.

A fisherman who has made a practical test states that a twelve-pound anchor of the new type will hold an eighteen-ton boat in tidewater and that it is entirely too heavy for small boats.—Chicago Record.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

Jones—I wonder why "The Seasons" are always represented as women?  
Smith—Because you're never satisfied with them, no matter what kind you get, I suppose.—Puck.

Club Secretary—What have you against Mr. Snobson, Jenkins—has he been abusing you?  
Club Walter—It ain't so much 'is abuse, sir; it's the humbugmatic way in which 'e done it.—Harper's Bazar.

"Winter is full of sad memories to me."  
"Why so?"

"I once fed a girl on expensive ice cream all winter, and she broke our engagement just as the chilling-fish season set in."—Brooklyn Life.

"Do you know," said the old colored man, "that cukes, like chickens, come home to roost?"

"I's hyund it," replied Mr. Brantley Pinkley, "an I specks it's so. But ter tell de troof, I allow thought chickens was takin' big risks 'bout getting home in dis neighborhood."—Washington Star.

## THE COWARD'S SUBTERFUGE.

How a Paper Kept the Editor From Well-Deserved Praisings.

"Years ago," said Mr. Hal Gentry, of New York, "a certain publication whose habitat was on Manhattan Island, made a specialty of defaming people. The most scurrilous articles, generally lies from the whole cloth, were printed about well known citizens, and no man, however high his standing, was safe from outrageous calumny."

"The proprietor of the sheet knew that in a big city like New York few would go to the length of seeking personal satisfaction, and he had no dread of libel suits. Now and then, however, an irate individual who had been 'roasted,' smarting under a sense of wrong, would seek the office of the paper bent on finding the scoundrel who had written the injurious paragraph with a view to punishing his face."

"But never was such a visitor successful in his mission. When in tone of blazing wrath he would demand the name of the author he would be invited to some little dingy room at the top of the house. In this boudoir there was no human being, but on a desk lay a woman's hat and gloves, and the visitor would be told that Miss Blank would be in presently. Miss Blank, then, was the perpetrator of the outrage, but how was a man to fight a female, no matter how dastardly her misconduct."

"And thus it came to pass that a mythical woman was used as a buffer to mollify men who were bent on having gore. At the worst they could only indulge in profanity, and this didn't hurt anybody's feelings about that establishment.—Washington Post.

## WHAT LOVE CAN DO.

Pluck and Energy Shown by a Soldier Who Had Lost Both Arms.

Speaking of a man's pluck and what he can do if he has courage and a good wife, reminds me of a chap who lost both his arms in the civil war, says one of our contributors. He found the most devoted woman I ever knew joyful on his return home. He had married just as the war began and that marriage was his salvation. I mind me now of how they struggled just after the surrender. The man could do nothing without arms. It was thought, but he did do something, and love for a good wife will make any sort of man do something.

At the surrender this family found themselves without a thing to go upon. But a crop must be made, said the wife. It was no sooner decided upon than this frail little woman gathered a hoe and proceeded to plant corn. The armless man went with her to the field and watched her at work, and you can better imagine how he felt than I could tell.

At last a happy thought hit the soldier. He could pull a plow. He was strong and healthy and willing, and he soon persuaded his wife to hitch him up, and their first day's work showed the great advantage over the hoe. To make the story short, this armless confederate, as a horse, with a frail wife as the plow hand, made a plenty to do them the next year, and to buy a horse besides, and they have prospered ever since.—Atlanta Constitution.

## Animal Paradise.

The animals which are lucky enough to live in Holland are fortunate creatures. Cows and pigs dot the landscape in every direction and roam with the sheep and horses in the pastures bordered by the canals, which they cannot cross. In Switzerland, on the other hand, the cattle are kept shut up most of the time in dark, stifling little stables because there are no fences, and otherwise the animals would stray.

The happliest dogs live in the Hague, for muzzles are not compelled and every one seems to take his dog along when he goes for an airing. A touching story connected with the history of William the Silent, Prince of Orange, may have had an influence in disposing the Dutch people to a general regard and love for dogs. On a monument of his prince in a church at Belfort is an inscription referring to a favorite dog of his. On one occasion when he was in great danger from Spanish assassins who were about to enter the tent where he lay asleep, the dog jumped on his bed and by barking loudly awoke him in time to make his escape. Afterward, when he was assassinated, the same dog is said to have pined away and died in grief. The fine statue of William at The Hague also has the dog at his feet, looking affectionately up to the face of his master.—Chicago News.

## Quaker Courtship.

"Martha, does thee love me?" asked a Quaker youth of one at whose shrine his heart's fondest feeling had been offered up.

"Why, Seth," answered she, "we are commanded to love one another, are we not?"

"Ah, Martha, but does thou regard me with that feeling the world calls 'love'?"

"I hardly know what to tell thee, Seth. I have tried to bestow my love on all, but I have something thought, perhaps, that thee was getting more than thy share."

## The Smallest Soldier in France.

The smallest soldier in France is said to be only two feet four inches in height. He is a dwarf with a slight mustache. When he presented himself to draw his number out of the conscription urn it was discovered that his head did not reach to the top of the tube on which the urn was placed, so a gendarme held him up by the collar to enable him to put his hand in the urn.—New York Herald.



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### THE COURAGE OF A COWBOY.

Swings Himself and Horse Across a Chasm By a Rope.

"Speaking of the dare-devil characteristics of Western cowboys," said an old plainsman, "I recall an adventure that might have proved fatal to myself and a man named Henry, but for the great presence of mind displayed in an emergency by my cool-headed companion. The incident happened in Montana three years ago last spring. We were travelling along a narrow trail on the border of the Grande Ronde River, when we suddenly came to a landslide that was about twenty-five feet across and left no trail in the smooth, precipitous rock. The trail was so narrow that our horses could not turn back, and realizing that it would be folly to expect the animals to jump the chasm, it looked as though we were trapped. Just directly above the twenty-five foot break in the trail there was a huge rock which was split in the centre. Henry saw the crack in the rock, and having a strong rope seventy feet long on his saddle he coiled it up, steadied himself in his saddle, swung the rope over his head and then hurled it high in the air. Being an expert in the use of the rope, it went true to the mark, and was soon firmly fixed in the crevice of the rock.

"While I was wondering what he was going to do with the rope, he took in the slack and wound it around the horn of his saddle, which was very strong and supplied with double cinches. Then he urged his horse to the edge of the precipice.

"The faithful beast stood firm. He would not step over, but Henry again drew up the slack and pulled with all his might. Inch by inch he drew the straining horse forward till his feet slipped and he swung over the yawning chasm. For a moment, I held my breath and closed my eyes, expecting to hear the slender rope snap and its burden disappear into the raging water below.

"When I did open my eyes he had swung across the gap, and, dismounting, he backed up the trail, and tugged at the reins to aid the horse in galling his feet. He pulled hard and the animal lunged up into the trail, with the chasm far behind.

"Safe on the other side, Henry urged me to make the perilous trip in the same way as he had done. For some time I couldn't muster up the necessary courage, but at last, when I realized that there was no other way of continuing the journey, I consented to swing myself across the chasm. After landing on the other side Henry returned for my horse, and having swung the beast safely across the gap, we rode away and left the rope dangling for the use of the next wayfarer who chanced to come that way."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Lunacy Developed in an Instant.

"Some years ago," said a lawyer, "I defended a fellow for murder in a little Southern town, and the worst witness we had against us was an old German who was a stackbuilder by trade. A stack, by the way, is merely another name for a big chimney. The old fellow was perfectly honest, and gave his evidence in such a clear, straightforward manner that I felt my client was doomed unless I could think of some way to break him down. While I was indulging my brains a friend whispered to me to ask him how high he could build a stick. 'What do you mean?' I asked in surprise. 'Never mind,' said my friend. 'Just slip in that question and see.' So at the tall end of the cross-examination I paused, as if struck by an afterthought, and said: 'You are a stackbuilder, I believe?' 'Yes, sir,' replied the witness. 'Well, sir,' I continued, 'about how high can you build?' I never got any further. A swift, inscrutable change flashed over the German's face, and he rose excitedly from his chair. 'As high as der sky!' he roared. 'So high does angels come around it like birds!' In five seconds he was raving.

### Pine Timber Waste.

An abundance of the finest cork pine that grew in Michigan was lumbered from part of Lapeer County, in those interesting old pioneer days when the shanty boys were numerous and hard times never known. Already nearly a score of years have intervened since the passing of the pine; to-day there still remains in the wake of the steadily forests in many sections, acres of stumps, those unmistakable and stubborn evidences of the harvests that is past. In those days of abundance of timbered wealth the waste of the woodsmen was by no means an insignificant item, as subsequent years attest. Many farm buildings, fences, etc., have been erected from this second crop, which has proven by no means an unremunerative one. In more recent years the yards of the saw mills that still remain are principally supplied with hardwood timber, and the time is near at hand when even the remnants from the pine cullings will not be in evidence.—Detroit Journal.

### He's a Teetotaler.

He tried everything he could hear of, winding up at a Keeley institute, but the drink habit could not be eradicated. One day he said he would try an original experiment on himself. He would take a large bottle with him for a day, and whenever he wanted a drink would pour it into the bottle instead of into his gullet. He denied himself nothing, but went the same old rounds, a glass of eye here, a glass of Bourbon there, beer yonder, gin somewhere else, cocktails everywhere. When the day was done the bottle contained a mess that looked so unpalatable and emitted so foul an odor the man got frightened and swore off for life.—New York Press.

### PEOPLE WHO GAMBLE.

Chinese and Italians Especially Addicted to Games of Chance.

Of all the nations of the earth who gamble—and they all do it more or less—the Chinese come in an easy first. Superstition and the gambling mania go in double harness, and while the mandarins fly kites to decide what should be done about Wei-Hui-Wei and Talien-Wan the humbler Celestials gamble for dear life to pass the time away. "The Chinese play night and day," says a traveler, "till they have lost all they are worth, and then they usually go and hang themselves," from which it would appear that the yellow danger is not so formidable after all.

The Chinese laborers in the United States squander their earnings in a game called "white pigeon's ticket." White, by the way, is the unlucky color for the gamer and the lucky one for the keeper of the gaming house. These gentry keep orange peel in a box, believing that it will bring them luck.

The Italians are no less superstitious, and they gamble persistently, the poor people especially, in the government lotteries. Everything has a number; a cat, a dog, a gondola, and the "Libro dei Segno"—the lotto player's oracle—will tell you what the number is and the rules for interpreting the appearances in dreams. Visitors to Venice, which has always been a stronghold of gambling, may have seen the declaration of the winning figures from the Campanile of St. Mark's—the silent, eager crowd gathered in the square and the group of officials gathered round the boy with the bandaged eyes who draws the numbers from the cage.

There is a story told in Venice of a madman who hailed a gondolier from the window of the madhouse on the island to tell him the numbers he had dreamed. The man put his money on them and won, and from that day to this the gondoliers go near the window as they pass in the hope that the madman will call again. The story is true.—London Chronicle.

### VORACIOUS LITTLE ROBINS.

Each Required Fourteen Yards of Angleworms Every Day.

A would-be philanthropist relates his experiences trying to play mother to a nest of little robins, which had by some accident been deprived of their rightful mother's care. He diligently set to work digging angleworms, and supposed that he was fulfilling his whole duty, when one of the poor little songsters died. Upon examination of the body, which was reduced to skin and bone, the foster parent came to the conclusion that it must have died of starvation.

Deeply grieved at his shortcoming, he redoubled his efforts, determined to at least save the other two. It was not long, however, before a second one died, evidently of the same malady. The good man then resolved that, whatever the third one died of, it should not be starvation, and took off his coat and went to work in earnest. He kept on with the angleworm diet until he found that his one little bird was consuming from 14 to 18 yards of angleworms a day. This was too much for his patience, and he proceeded to substitute the more easily managed diet of bread and milk and other delicacies, which were, however, not nearly so much to Miss Robin's taste.

Wanting to discover whether he had been catering to a family of abnormal appetites, our friend took to watching the methods of a real mother bird and found that she fed her young every two minutes. He then consulted the learned books upon birds and discovered that 14 yards of worms a day, with meals every two minutes, is the average rate of feeding fledglings. He has therefore decided that he does not care to take up raising birds by hand as a business.—Boston Transcript.

### Its Natural Effect.

"How many of these sheep got out of here?" asked the angry farmer. "I don't know," replied the new hired man, rubbing his eyes. "After I'd watched five or six of 'em jump over the fence I seemed to lose the count. That always puts me to sleep."—Chicago Tribune.

### Of No Avail.

"Prisoner," said the court, "have you anything to say for yourself?" "What's the use?" replied the culprit; "you guys wouldn't believe me."

### ROMAN WEALTH AND WASTE.

Pearls Dissolved in Wine and a Relay of Dinners for Mark Antony.

E. H. House, writing on "Bright Sides of History" in St. Nicholas, tells this story of ancient extravagance: "The pearl which Cleopatra drank to Antony's health was valued at nearly \$400,000, so at one mouthful she disposed of as much as the cost of California's supper. I suppose that was the most valuable pearl we have any knowledge of. Though Julius Caesar owned one worth \$250,000, which he gave to the mother of Brutus—the same Brutus who afterward helped to kill Caesar. Pearls seem to have held out particular temptations to people who took pleasure in wasteful follies, perhaps because no other jewel could be so easily swallowed.

"Cleopatra's prank was not the first of its kind. The sumo absurdity had been committed by a silly fellow in Rome named Esop—not your favorite fable teller, for he lived centuries earlier, and was a very wise man. The Roman Esop was the son of a rich actor, and, just to make himself talked about, he took a pearl from the endrop of Ciccilia, the wife of the tyrant Sylla, and, according to writers of that age, drank it in vinegar. I believe that the possibility of dissolving this kind of gem is disputed by many modern authorities, but the ancients appear to have had no doubt on the subject, for the instances recorded by them were numerous and were attested by men of scientific standing. A Japanese naturalist, who has studied pearls minutely, states that he has found them of such various quality and structure that the existence of specimens which might be melted does not seem to him inconceivable. But whether Esop liquefied his pearl or not the performance certainly cost him a sum equivalent to \$40,000—quite enough, though nothing in comparison with what Cleopatra squandered. Hers was the wildest piece of extravagance that I can recall.

"It was the fashion to be extravagant then. Mary Antony was not far behind the Egyptian queen in that respect, though his fancy was not for beverages flavored by trinkets. Substantial food was more in his line. A visitor who once went into the kitchen of his palace in Alexandria saw eight wild boars roasting at the same time and thought there must be an immense number of guests expected, but the cook told him only 12 persons would dine that day, and the reason of the extensive preparations was that no one could say exactly when Antony would go to the table. But whenever he gave the signal the meat must be just in proper condition at that moment. So it was the rule to get ready a series of diners, overlapping one another, you might say, at intervals of 15 or 20 minutes. Only one could be eaten, and the rest were wasted, but the waste did not matter. Antony was never kept waiting, and that, in his opinion, was the thing to be considered."

The farmer's boy looks with scorn at the city boy, who doesn't know which the off horse and which the high horse is.—Somerville Journal.

Many a man loses a job trying to support the dignity he thinks ought to go with it.—Chicago Journal.

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### THE BABY'S FORTUNE.

"Bring me the baby," Hammond said, and the nurse, used to sick people's fancies, complied with the request, setting the baby down on the bed.

"Now, if you please, I'd like to have you leave us alone a while. You see," he added apologetically, "I want to have a little private conversation with him."

The nurse smiled faintly and went away. Hammond looked at the baby for a few moments in critical silence. "You're a bouncer," he said at length. "You must certainly are."

The baby gurgled and laughed and showed four small teeth.

"Oh, it's a great old joke, of course," Hammond went on rather bitterly, though he was smiling back into the boy's big, bright eyes.

Hammond tipped the small head forward and closely examined the top. The thinnest of ringlets were beginning to curl themselves thereon, and when he let the baby straighten up a small damp spot had appeared down among the curls. Hammond fumbled about under the pillows for his handkerchief but failed to find it, so drew his sleeve across his eyes.

"Don't you imagine, my boy, that I'm crying. Not a bit of it! It's just this beastly cold I've got that gets into my eyes' sometimes. I wonder if you've noticed the doctor? He was here this morning, and do you know, that fellow told me I can't get well, all on account of this cold? He even seemed to think that I might be going before long, for he shook hands with me before he went away and told me not to worry, that it wouldn't be hard at the last, that I'd just go to sleep."

Hammond regarded the baby whimsically for a moment, then his face changed. "How I could have loved you if you had been mine!" he said, intensely. "Great God! How I do love you, any way!"

"Perhaps, when you get big, you'll like to tell people about that money of yours; that it's gold from the Klondike. It's all right to preach against going to the Klondike; for it's a nasty kind of place; but the gold is there and some men find it and get home with it, too, even though they do catch their death doing it, and have to leave the stuff to kids like you."

"One fellow was fool enough to expect when he got back to find a lovely girl whom he could make comfortable and happy forever after, and who would make a heaven on earth for him. He stayed a long time, I'll admit; but then, he was grubbing out more and more every day. And what does he find when he gets back? You, sir, yes, you!"

"Not that I'm blaming you for it—not at all. I don't intend to blame anybody, not even her mother; that is, not now. But it's been hard on me, you know, uncommonly hard on me. Besides," he added reflectively, "you mustn't take offense at my mentioning it, but you dad's distinctly commonplace, even if he is a friend of mine. But then, I'm rather on the commonplace order myself."

He was growing weary, so it was a relief to have the nurse enter and to hear her say, "The baby will have to be going now, Mr. Hammond, he's stayed long enough." So Hammond kissed the baby's cheek and his forehead, his knees and his hands, and the back of his neck; and closed his eyes while the nurse carried the child away.

"That was about six o'clock, in the evening, and some twelve hours later the nurse drew the sheet up over Hammond's face and went to tell Mr. and Mrs. Margrave what had happened.

It was a week after this that Mr. Margrave came home trembling with suppressed excitement. "What do you think Marie?" he exclaimed to his wife.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Margrave, trying to show an interest which she did not feel.

"There's been a good deal of speculation at the club as to what Hammond brought back from the Klondike. Nobody had any idea how much it was. Well, to-day I received an invitation from Judge Morehouse to be present at the reading of his will. And what do you think?"

Mrs. Margrave was non committal, partly because she feared to trust her voice. It was not easy for her to talk about Hammond.

Mr. Margrave's face was flushed and his eyes shining. "It's a hundred and fifty thousand! It's a cent, and he's left every penny of it to the baby, our baby, Margrave, Jr., if you please. What a stroke of luck that I asked him here when he got so desperately sick! It was dreary at the hotel, but his dread of the hospital was more childishness. I felt at the time that it was rather a weakly sentimental thing to do; but you know I am soft hearted, and he was an old friend, though I never thought he amounted to much. Supposed at one time that he was in love with you, but I never was certain about it. Poor old Hammond! I wish I liked him better; he must have been very fond of me. Well, I shall always regard his memory with gratitude and affection."

Mrs. Margrave was silent. She held the baby up close to her face, so that her husband did not see her tears or that she had grown very pale.—Carrie Clark Nottingham, in Munsey's.

A Distinction.  
"Isn't that new neighbor of yours rather eccentric?" inquired the commercial traveler.  
"No," answered one of the village's prominent citizens. "He ain't rich enough to be called 'eccentric.' He's just a plain crank."—Washington Star.

## REAL ESTATE ACTIVITY.

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## HUMOR OF LUNATICS.

ASANE MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN AN INSANE ASYLUM.

By the Time He Got Through Being Fooled by the inmates He Was Ready to Distrust Even the Superintendent of the Institution.

"I never knew until I went out to California this time that insane people have a powerful sense of humor," said a Washingtonian who recently returned from a trip to the coast. "I confess that I've always found a morbid sort of interest in going through noted insane asylums, and so I armed myself with the proper credentials in San Francisco and went up to Napa county to have a look over the splendid asylum for the insane there. Inasmuch as I wanted to see a few things without the attention of a guide, I didn't present my letters, but just rambled around the beautiful, spacious grounds for awhile. I hadn't spent three minutes examining the extraordinary rose gardens in front of the main asylum building before a tall, slender young man, well dressed and exceedingly well groomed, emerged from a clump of oleander trees and approached me.

"Taking a look around, eh?" said he to me.

"Yes," I said. "I only arrived here a few minutes ago, and I'm taking the liberty of nosing about without any official guidance."

"Well," the tall young man said, pleasantly, "I don't suppose I fall out of the classification 'Official guidance,' seeing that I am the assistant superintendent here, yet I should be pleased to show you about and at the same time try not to place any restraint upon you by my awe inspiring presence."

"Well, the young chap's manner was so pleasant and winning that I could only thank him for his kindness, and we started over the grounds. We hadn't gone far before a middle aged man, also well dressed and well groomed, appeared some distance in front of us down the gravel walk, and he beckoned to my companion. The young man excused himself courteously and went up to the middle aged man. The two conversed earnestly together for a few minutes, and then, linking arms, what do they do but coolly walk off, leaving me standing there in the middle of the gravel path, a good deal nonplused.

"Surprised over the way they deserted you?" said a voice right back of me. "You mustn't mind a little thing like that, though. Both of those men are as crazy as loons."

"I turned around, and there, standing behind a hedge about ten feet to my rear, was a little old gentleman, neatly dressed in black, and with a quizzical smile on his features.

"Surely," I said, "you cannot mean that that rational speaking, pleasant mannered young man who was conducting me about the grounds is bereft of his wits?"

"Mad as a March hare," repeated the old gentleman flatly. "Incurable case. Harmless, but incurable. The man that he went off with is also a very sad case—very. Think he is the Maharajah of Bhadbad, or something like that. But you mustn't mind 'em. Lots of visitors are taken in the same way. If you care to, I'll just show you around. I am one of the board of visitors of this institution and just happened to be here in my unofficial capacity today."

"Much marveling over what the old gentleman told me, I fell in with him, and we rambled around the huge geranium arbors, and finally entered the enormous glass building where the cultivation of violets is carried on.

"Nice array of flowers, isn't it?" the old gentleman inquired of me, waving his hand at the beautiful beds of violets in bloom. "I am not inordinately vain, my friend, I hope you will understand, and yet I cannot but congratulate myself upon the introduction of this violet raising feature here, for I myself was responsible for it and only succeeded in having this hothouse constructed after enormous exertions with the authorities of the institution."

"I congratulated the old gentleman upon the result of his labors and was just about to ask him to take me into the main building and introduce me to the superintendent when he suddenly excused himself, saying that he had left his spectacles on a bench in the gardens and would be back directly. I waited for him for fully ten minutes, but as he did not return I started on out of the glass building.

"You didn't really expect him back?" I heard a voice say, and then a pleasant faced man, dressed as a laborer and carrying a watering pot, came from behind a group of palms. He spoke with a Scotch brogue.

"The old gentleman you were with is very bad up here," said the man with the watering pot, touching his forehead. "He's been here for 20 years, and he fancies he owns the place. I run the head gardener here, and he tries his best to run me. But he don't—no, sir, he don't. He can't. No crazy man can run me." And the Scotchman went down the length of the raised violet beds, watering the plants.

"I passed out of the glass building and started for the entrance to the main building, there to present my letters. As I was about to walk up the steps to the entrance a man with side whiskers and rather a sharp, piercing eye walked up to me.

"You have business here?" he inquired of me in a rather sharp tone. Well, I thought he might be another of 'em, and so I kept right on. He followed me up the stairs and into the office, and I had to hand my letters to him. He was the superintendent. He smiled when I told him of my experience in the grounds.

"Which of them was really insane?" I asked him.

"All of them," he replied. "—Washington Star.

## POPULAR PROVERBS.

SOME THAT ARE FAIRLY BRIMFUL OF ABSURDITY.

Maxims Often Quoted and at Times Advanced as Arguments Which Have Neither Wit Nor Wisdom to Command Them—Contradictory Sayings.

There is a mistaken notion abroad, says a writer in London Tit-Bits, that proverbs are epitomes of wisdom, the concentrated experience of generations, and that to quote one of them in a discussion is to advance an unanswerable argument. And yet what is there to recommend many of them beyond their jingle? Take our familiar friend:

Early to Bed and Early to Rise, Makes a Man Healthy, Wealthy and Wise.—Obviously, the main idea was to find a word to rhyme with "rise," and "wise" was the unfortunate word chosen. And now, trustful little boys are persuaded to go to bed at unreasonably early hours in the hope of becoming a sort of Sandow-Rothschild-Solomon, though we all know milkmen and market gardeners who get up at 5 a. m. and are neither rich nor clever, and members of parliament who go to bed late and are, if not clever, at least not poor and infirm. Since the invention of gas and electric light this ridiculous old proverb has outlived its original modicum of truth, and proves we must not venerate proverbs on account of their hoary antiquity.

The Early Bird Catches the Worm.—The mistake made here is that it assumes we are all birds. But some of us are worms. If we were not, what would become of the birds? And, therefore, while the birds do well to be early, let the worms be late—the later the better.

The Pitcher That Goes Off to the Well Is Broken at Last.—Note, it does not say "is broken first," but "is broken at last." Of course, every pitcher, whether it goes to the well or stays on the shelf, is broken at last, and the only result of this absurd proverb is to encourage lazy folk to do as little work as possible and unnecessarily keep out of harm's way.

If You Want a Thing Well Done, Do It Yourself.—There's a shocking bad advice with which to start a youth on life's journey. If he wants a button well sewed on, he's to do it himself; if he wants his hair well cut, he's to cut it himself. He must mend his own chairs, shoe his own nag, darn his own socks. In short, from buying a horse to blacking his boots, he must do it himself. Poor fellow!

A Contented Mind Is a Continual Feast.—Can any one say what that means? Does it mean that the owner continually feasts on his contented mind or that the contented mind is continually feasting? Probably the latter, as we sometimes hear that "a hungry man's an angry man," and we all know that a satisfied appetite is the source of contentment. Hence it is not the contented mind which makes the feast, as the silly proverb implies, but the continual feast which produces the contented mind.

There's No Rule Without an Exception.—This is not only a proverb; it is also a rule. But obviously there is no exception to this rule, because if there were a rule with an exception this proverb would be untrue. But the proverb is a rule which has no exception, which, as Mr. Euclid would say, is absurd. Which was to be shown.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss, 'Tis Folly to Be Wise.—For oracular stupidity this proverb may be classed with the one about the pitcher. Granting it true, the difficulty is to know where ignorance is bliss and of course the proverb gives no assistance where it is most needed. Most people quote it as "ignorance is bliss," in their blissful ignorance, but if a proverb gives rise to error it is not only absurd; it is also dangerous. When people say—

A Little Learning Is a Dangerous Thing.—They make that a reason not for learning more, but for learning less. Love Me, Love My Dog.—If I go a-courting, and my lady love bids me love her scented, dyspeptic puddle, which is not necessary to her health and comfort, must I not much more love her glass eye and false teeth and hair, which are? Yet common sense revolts at the notion, and I therefore assume that a proverb which, logically treated, makes such unreasonable demands on my affections is wrong and absurd.

Seeing's Believing.—How can any reflecting person repeat these words? For very often we believe we see what really exists not. If a conjurer were to take this proverb as his motto, every one would see its absurdity. A straight stick half submerged in water looks crooked. Fortunately, another proverb says, "Trust not to appearances." And this brings us to the exquisite absurdity of popular proverbs which run in contradictory pairs and support both sides of an argument. Thus one proverb says, "Look before you leap;" another, "Who hesitates is lost." Sometimes we hear that "Second thoughts are best;" at other times that "Delays are dangerous."

The desperate man relies on "Nothing venture, nothing have;" the cautious man on "Never venture out of your depth till you can swim." The impatient matrimonial candidate believes that "Happy's the wooing that's not long a-doing;" the tardy one that "no man can marry in haste and repent at leisure." And so on ad infinitum. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder;" "Out of sight, out of mind;" "It's never too late to mend;" "A fool at 40 will never be wise;" "Too many cooks spoil the broth;" "There's safety in numbers;" and "Two heads are better than one."

Therefore, let us examine our proverbial cologne before we pass it into the moral currency.

Change Wanted.—What some people need more than anything else is change—they have dollars, and they need sense.—Jewish Comment.

## Vanity in Somaliland.

If you wish to make a Somali woman absolutely happy, you give her a looking glass. She will never before have seen one, but feminine instinct will teach her how to use it. Mrs. Alan Gardner, on one of her big game shooting expeditions in Somaliland, gave a native woman a looking glass for a Christmas present. She was so delighted with the first clear sight of her dusky countenance that she sat through two entire days and nights outside Mrs. Gardner's tent gazing with rapture at her own reflection.

On the morning of the third day the fame of the looking glass had spread through the country, and a row of 40 Somali women, collected from far and near, was engaged in taking an admiring turn at the magic mirror. When Mrs. Gardner came on the scene, she was greeted by 40 feminine Somali voices joined in chorus and each begging for a looking glass "all to herself." But, alas, for the limitations of a sporting outfit, the dusky belles were obliged to content themselves with the one communal mirror. And the woman with the looking glass remained for many weeks the most important person in Somaliland.—London Illustrated News.

## Why He Liked Him.

The barber was perhaps a trifle more talkative than usual, and the customer was scarcely in a good humor. The portly gentleman had come straight from the dentist's. In blissful ignorance of this little fact the knight of the razor opened fire. He discussed the weather, foreign politics, the rival barber opposite, and was just explaining his views on the education question when the customer suddenly growled:

"Where's that assistant of yours, the one with the red hair?"

"He's left me, sir. We parted last week—on friendly terms, you know, and all that, but—"

"Pity!" growled the portly gentleman. "I liked that young fellow. There was something about his conversation I thoroughly enjoyed. He was one of the most sensible talkers I ever met, and—"

"You'll excuse me, sir, but there must be some mistake," gasped the astonished barber. "If you remember, poor Jim was deaf and dumb."

"Just so. Just so," was the curt rejoinder. "That's why I liked him."

And the barber went on shaving.—Pearson's Weekly.

## Rewarded for His Honesty.

An English farm laborer recently went to a small store kept by an old woman and asked for "a pahnd o' bacon."

She produced the bacon and cut a piece off, but could not find the pound weight.

"Oh, never mind t' pahnd weight," said he. "Ma fist just weighs a pahnd. So put ther bacon i' t' scales."

The woman confidently placed the bacon into one side of the scales while the man put his fist into the other side, and, of course, took good care to have good weight.

While the woman was wrapping the bacon up the pound weight was found, and, on seeing it, the man said:

"Nah, you see if my fist don't just weigh a pahnd."

The pound weight was accordingly put into one scale and the man's fist into the other, this time only just to balance.

The old woman, on seeing this, said:

"Wha, I niver seed aught so near afore! Here's a red herring for thee honesty, ma lad!"—New York Tribune.

## Had to Get Up.

Some years ago Dr. Oscar Blumenthal, the director of the Lessing theater in Berlin, had an unpleasant experience of the vigilance with which the authorities carry out their duties.

In his comedy, the "Orient Reise," one of the characters was afflicted with a mother-in-law of the most objectionable kind. This lady died and, according to the belief of her relatives, went to heaven. The prospect of a fresh acquaintance with his dreaded mother-in-law so terrified her son-in-law that he announced that, if this should be his fate, "when the resurrection comes I shan't get up."

This was sufficient for the authorities. Two or four hours after the production of the piece an ominous blue envelope arrived at the Lessing theater containing a peremptory order from the president of police that the lines in question should be immediately suppressed, "as being calculated to wound the religious feelings of the laities."—Paris Herald.

## Some Fifteen.

In The Courant of March 10, 1784, we printed the following queer story, which our readers will pardon us for repeating. Some of them may have forgotten it:

HENSON, Feb. 15, 1784.—This day departed this life Mrs. Lydia Peters, the wife of Colonel John Peters and second daughter of Joseph Peters, Esq. She was married at the age of 15 and lived with her consort three times 15 years and had 15 living children. She was alive and the youngest 15 years old. She hath had three times 15 grandchildren. She was weak 15 months and died on the 15th day of the month, aged four times 15 years.

—Hartford Courant.

## Pathetic and Practical.

Here is a "personal" that appeared not long ago in a London newspaper: "Willie, return to your distracted wife and frantic children! Do you want to hear of your old mother's suicide? You will if you do not let us know where you are. Anyway, send back your father's colored messenger."

And yet we say the Briton has no very lively sense of humor.

## Mammoth's Iron Nerve.

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy were not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, read Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c. at Bayard Drug Store.

## THE WILY SEA OTTER.

ITS PELT IS HIGHLY PRIZED AND HARD TO OBTAIN.

The Animal Is All Eyes, Ears and Nose When Alive and All Fur When Dead—Its Capture Is Attended With Great Dangers and Hardships.

Fifty pounds sterling, or \$250, per skin is not an unusually high average price to pay for the fur of the sea otter, and at fur sales in London a much higher price has often been asked and received. Much, of course, in the matter of price depends upon the condition and size of the skin. The animal when it is alive and wearing the fur itself is from three to five feet in length from nose to tail tip, though the skin lying upon it in loose folds, the actual "pelt," is of fair size.

Ever since Bering, sailing from Russia, discovered Alaska and found its natives clad in otter skin this fur has been the prime object of the pelt hunters' desire. Sable, marten, mink and even ermine can be trapped or shot without extraordinary trouble. Seals are driven inland like fools to be slaughtered and skinned at their captors' leisure. But the sea otter must be sought diligently as the diamond, for three centuries of experience have made him wise.

Upon the map of North America may be seen jutting from the southern corner of Alaska, which is the northwest corner of the continent, Alaska, a peninsula, which breaks off into a chain of islands called the Aleutians. Just where the peninsula ends and the islands begin a point may be noticed marked Belkovsky.

This is the headquarters of the sea otter hunters, and between here and Chirambor island to the south and Suamuk island to the southwest the bulk of the sea otters are taken.

Thoroughly impressed with the value of his own skin, the sea otter takes care of it by living far away from the mainland, sleeping with one eye open, upon the floating weed beds or a sea washed reef exposed to the full fury of the north Pacific.

At the slightest sign of the approach of man he dives deep, and stays below for 20 minutes at a time.

Sometimes a stray otter may be shot from the land as he plays in the surf, but the chief methods of his capture are "the surround" and clubbing. In the former case a party of Aleutian islanders are conveyed to Suamuk, there to encamp for two or three months.

Woo to the hunters if the wind be off the shore, for then no fire may be lit to make the beloved tea, no pipe of tobacco smoked, or the hope of a capture would be vain. For the otter is all eyes and ears and nose when alive; all fur when dead.

Upon a calm day the hunters paddle gently over the sea in their skin canoes, keeping an eager eye upon the rolling surf for a sign of the prey. A hunter sees an otter and makes a quiet signal to his mates. Like a flash the quarry has dived. Raising his oar aloft, the man who found the otter remains as a buoy above the place of the animal's disappearance, while his mates form in a huge circle with him in the center.

In 20 minutes, at most, the otter comes up again in sight of some of the canoe men. A frightful yell drives the poor brute below again before he has had time to fill his lungs. Shortly he is again seen, and the process repeated, till at length his body is so gas inflated that he cannot sink, and falls a prey to the lucky hunter whose spear first pierces that too rich coat of his.

Luck varies, and the sea otter is yearly rarer and more shy, but, if fortunate, each hunter may have from two to five skins for the traders as the result of his three months' catch.

To be a successful hunter requires a Spartan scorn of comfort, huge patience, keenness of vision and readiness of resource, as well as great dexterity in the handling of a risky craft and an intimate knowledge of your quarry's habits which it requires a lifetime of observation under trying conditions to gain.

"The surround," then, is no joke, but clubbing next door to suicide. The hunters encamped upon Suamuk have been for a day or two prevented by a howling gale from doing anything save sleep or smoke. One or two of the men, knowing, seemingly by instinct, that the gale has almost blown itself out, prepare for a clubbing expedition.

Should they in the dark and turmoil miss the islands some score of miles away they are carried out into the ocean and certain death. If, on the other hand, they make their haven, they land and creep, club in hand, over the rocky coast to the ocean swelled reef where the otters sleep.

The roar of the gale drowns the sound of their approach, and the poor otter is a mere "pelt" before he knows of his danger. Scores of otters have been killed in one night by a clubman or two. But otter clubbing is not a means of livelihood likely to become generally popular. —Chambers' Journal.

## Chinese Housewifery.

The housewifery of China have no need to agitate for women's rights—they possess them. The housewifery, whether she be a single woman or a wife or a widow, is the head of the household—that is to say, of the boat. If she is married, the husband takes the usual but subordinate place of deckhand or bow oarsman. She does the steering, makes bargains with the passengers, collects the money, buys supplies, and in general looks it over everything.—Keystone.

Ivory billiard balls, freshly turned, have to be treated very carefully, as a sudden change in temperature may cause them to crack. To prevent this they require to be placed for at least three months in a warm room in order to shrink them gradually and dry true before they are finished and polished.

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