

SEMI-WEEKLY
THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD.
TUESDAY FRIDAY

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WESTFIELD, UNION COUNTY. N. J., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1899.

\$2 Per Year. Single Copies 3c.

Truthful Advertising Will Always Sell Honest Goods.

THE BEE HIVE
L. S. Plaut & Co.
THE LARGEST DRY AND
FANCY GOODS HOUSE IN NEW JERSEY
NEWARK, N. J.

STORE OPEN

SATURDAY

AFTERNOONS,

EVENINGS,

CLOSED 6 P. M.

FRIDAYS.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 5th,

CLOSED ALL DAY.

Thursday, Sept. 14th,

CLOSED ALL DAY.

NO AGENTS OR BRANCH HOUSES
ANYWHERE. MAIL ORDERS CARE-
FULLY FILLED.

FREE DELIVERIES BY OUR OWN WA-
GONS TO WESTFIELD AND VICINITY
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY.

707 to 721 Broad and 8 Cedar St., - - NEWARK, N. J.

BAYARD PHARMACY.
EST. 1871

HENRY P. CONDIT, Prop.
J. LOUIS OLLIF, Manager.
Broad Street, Cor. Elm, Westfield, N. J.

Acker, Merrill & Condit Cigars. Full line of Colgate's Soaps,
Perfumes and Toilet Waters.

SODA WATER IN ALL FRUIT FLAVORS.

TUTTLE BROS.
COAL & LUMBER.

Yards—Westfield avenue,
Spring and Broad streets, Westfield.

TELEPHONE 328

JOHN INGRAM,

Practical Plumber, Steam, Hot Water, Hot Air Heating,
TINNING, ROOFING, ETC., HARDWARE, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,
AND ALL KINDS OF GARDEN TOOLS, STOVES AND RANGES.
BROAD STREET. WESTFIELD, N. J.

WEDDINGS, RECEPTIONS and
PARTIES a specialty.
Handsome Decorations
BY
DOERRER,
THE ELM STREET FLORIST.

The STANDARD costs but \$2 a year.

Have your Worms got Horses?

Are they getting thin and weak? Are they
"off their feed"? Do they "sweat and worry"?
DR. EMMERSON'S "DEAD SHOT"
will remove Worms, Dead or Alive from Horses
and Cattle. It will purify the blood, correct
and tone up the stomach and strengthen the
Nerves.
Directions with each box. Sold by Drug-
gists or sent by mail upon receipt of 50 cents.
C. B. SMITH & COMPANY,
Wholesale Agents, NEWARK, N. J.

Staggered Them.

There's no art to tell how many lan-
guages a tongue can speak by looking
its owner in the face. An American
woman was met recently in a narrow
hallway of the American embassy by
four young attaches of foreign lega-
tions. They stepped aside to let her
pass and, thinking she did not under-
stand French, made a few audible ob-
servations.

"Look at her yellow dress. It's very
pretty," said No. 1.

"Yes, but she has on white gloves,"
answered No. 2.

"She has good teeth," said No. 3.

"And an enormous mouth," added
No. 4.

"And she understands French per-
fectly," said the owner of the enor-
mous mouth, turning suddenly upon
them, "and would like to say that her
ears are even bigger than her mouth."
This in French and with such an air of
giving personal information to nobody
in particular that it was quite as if
she had been kindly helping strangers
to information out of a guide book.

I do not think I have ever seen four
limper looking young men. They had
just enough presence of mind to flee
the premises.

Brave Men Fall

Victims to stomach, liver and kidney
troubles as well as women, and all feel
the results in loss of appetite, poisons in
the blood, backache, nervousness, head-
ache and tired, listless, run-down feel-
ing. But there's no need to feel like
that. Listen to J. W. Gardner, Ida-
ville, Ind. He says: "Electric Bitters
are just the thing for a man when he is
all run down, and don't care whether he
lives or dies. It did more to give me
new strength and good appetite than
anything I could take. I can now eat
anything and have a new lease on life."
Only 50 cents, at Bayard drug store.
Every bottle guaranteed.

MUSIC IN EVERYTHING.

Pretty Surprises Met With in a Ge-
neva Music Box Factory.

The chief industry of Geneva is the
manufacture of musical boxes. Thou-
sands of men, women and children are
employed in the factories, one of which
was visited by a traveler who gives
some interesting particulars about his
visit.

An attendant invited him to take a
seat. He did so, and strains of delig-
htful music came from the chair. He
hung his hat on a rack and put his
stick in the stand. Music came from
both rack and stand. He wrote his
name in the visitors' register, and on
dipping his pen into the ink music
burst forth from the inkstand.

The manager of the factory explain-
ed the process of making musical
boxes, a business which requires pa-
tience and nicety.

The different parts are made by men
who are experts in those parts and
who do nothing else year in and year
out.

The music is marked on the cylinder
by a man who has served several
years of apprenticeship. Another man
inserts in the marked places pegs
which have been filed to a uniform
length. The comb, or set of teeth,
which strikes the pegs and makes the
sound is arranged by a man who does
nothing else. The cylinder is then re-
voluted to see that every peg produces
a proper tone.

The most delicate work of all is the
revising of each peg. It is done by a
workman who has a good ear for mu-
sic. He sees that every peg is in its
proper place and is bent at the correct
angle.

When the instrument is in its case,
an expert examines it to see that the
time is perfect.—St. Louis Republic.

THE CROSBY & HILL

United Stores

PLAINFIELD, N. J.
WILMINGTON, DEL.
MORRISTOWN, N. J.
PERTH AMBOY, N. J.

Special Saturday Sale!

On account of the extremely low prices of
these lots of merchandise we reserve the right
to limit the quantities of each purchase.

HOUSEFURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

10c Cups and saucers of fine quality imported china,
handsomely decorated. The regular price is 25c.
Not more than six to one purchaser.

10c An assortment of eight kinds of tinware: 12-quart
water pails, 10-lb sugar boxes, 12-quart dish pans, 2-
quart coffee pots, 3-pint coffee pots, copper bottom; 6-quart
preserving kettles, 6-quart sauce pans, etc. All 25c articles.

WASH GOODS DEPARTMENT.

5c Fine, heavy Outing Flannels, light colored, choice pat-
terns, regular price 9c. Only 10 yards to each pur-
chaser.

23c Best quality Sheeting Prints. Only 10 yards to each
purchaser.

5c Fine quality dark colored Percales, new designs and
patterns, full yard wide, regular price 10c. Only 10
yards to each purchaser.

35c Best quality dark colored Dress Prints, regular price
6c. Only 12 yards to each purchaser.

12c Boys' Percale Shirt Waists, the regular 25c quality.
Only 2 to each purchaser.

19c Men's White Shirts, good quality muslin, reinforced
back and front, 3-ply linen bosom. Only 2 to each
purchaser.

CRAYON PORTRAITS FREE!

Anyone purchasing \$1.00 worth at this store will be entitled to a Cra-
yon Portrait of themselves or any member of their family, enlarged to life size,
absolutely free. Please bring the photograph you wish enlarged with you.

Front Street, Plainfield, N. J.

W. P. SCRIVEN,

PROSPECT STREET, WESTFIELD.

BICYCLE REPAIRING.

SUNDRIES. RENTALS.

TRY

Trenchard's SODA WATER.

EVERY DROP DELICIOUS.

WESTFIELD PHARMACY.

TRY

Trenchard's SODA WATER.

EVERY DROP DELICIOUS.

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

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ASSURANCE PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

GOT HIS DISCHARGE.

THINGS CAME JUST RIGHT FOR THE
NAVAL MACHINIST.

An Incident of a Three Years' Cruise
on the Vermont Which Goes to
Show How Small, After All, This
Great World of Ours Really Is.

Several years ago a quiet young
chap shipped as a machinist in the
navy aboard the receiving ship Ver-
mont at the Brooklyn navy yard. He
gave San Francisco as his place of
nativity. He was assigned to a cruiser
about to start for the China station by
the Suez canal route. He was a crack
mechanic and very soon showed the
engineers that he knew how to earn
his rate and wages. He never said
much about himself. He wasn't any-
thing of what is called a "man-o-war
claw," and, although he had been up
and down the world a good deal, he
let others do the talking. He was
perhaps the quietest man in the Amer-
ican navy at the time he served.

His ship got to the Asiatic station
all right and cruised back and forth
there between China and Japan for
close on to three years. Then she was
ordered back to the United States.
She had a lot of "overtime" men
aboard of her by that time, sailors
whose time had expired, but who pre-
ferred to wait until they reached the
United States before they took their
discharges. When the ship was or-
dered back home, a lot of overtime
men from other ships on the Asiatic
station were sent to her to be brought
back to this country.

This machinist—call him Beall—had
just 21 days left of his three year en-
listment when the ship left Yokohama
for San Francisco via the Hawaiian
Islands. All of the overtime men were
talking about their trip around
from San Francisco to New York by
passenger steamer. They had all ship-
ped at the Brooklyn navy yard, and
the navy always sends men to the
point whence it takes them when they
enlist unless they "waive transportation"
for the purpose of stopping off
at an intermediary point.

It took the ship 14 days to "fetch up"
Honolulu from Yokohama, and then
Beall, the machinist, had five days yet
to serve.

"Are you going to waive transporta-
tion and drop off at San Francisco, or
are you going around to New York
with us?" the men asked him when the
ship pulled into Honolulu.

"Don't know yet," the machinist re-
plied.

After coaling at Honolulu—which
took four days, done leisurely—the
skipper of the ship decided to take a
bit of a run around the Hawaiian Is-
lands before up anchoring for San
Francisco. Beall's time expired on the
morning that his ship was headed for
Lahaina, on the island of Maui, a lit-
tle sail of about 85 miles from Hono-
lulu. The ship dropped her anchor
within about 300 yards of the Lahaina
beach along toward 3 o'clock in the
afternoon.

The island of Maui is very beautiful
to look upon—a veritable gem of the
ocean, if such a one was ever fashion-
ed by the hand of the creator. Beall,
the machinist, was off watch and
standing on the to'gallant fo'c'sle,
smoking his pipe, when the ship cast
her anchor off Lahaina. There was
some lounging in his quiet gray eyes.
He knocked the ashes out of his pipe,
stretched his arms and then walked
down to the mainmast and told the of-
ficer of the deck that he wanted to see
the commanding officer. The command-
ing officer came out of his cabin.

"What is it, my man?" he asked the
machinist.

"My time is out, sir," said the ma-
chinist. "I guess I'll take my dis-
charge here."

The commanding officer looked sur-
prised.

"This is rather a queer notion," he
said. "You shipped in New York, did
you not? I should think you would
want to get back to the United States
after your three years on the China
station. Or, at any rate, that you
would prefer to wait until we get back
to Honolulu. If you want to waive
transportation and take your discharge
down here among the islands. Why do
you want your discharge today and
here?"

The machinist smiled as he replied:
"Because this island here, Maui, is
my home. At this moment my father
and mother and seven brothers and
sisters are on this island. They are at

a place not very far from Lahaina, called
Spreckelsville. The girl that I am
going to marry is also there. I was
born in Frisco, but my father came
down to this island as engineer of a
sugar plantation when I was 2 years
old. None of them know that I am
within just a few miles of home now.
I want to give them a little surprise.
I waive transportation, and I'll take
my discharge now."

The commanding officer listened to
the recital with interest.

"Of course we'll give you your dis-
charge, son," he said, "although I'm
sorry to lose you, and I had hoped you
might ship over. Close mouthed men
are wanted in the navy. You owe us
some thanks, I think, for starting you
off at New York, taking you around
the world for three years and then
fetching you up within an hour or so
of your home on the very day your
time is out. To all intents and pur-
poses, we have been a yacht for you."

It was rather a remarkable happen-
ing for a fact. The machinist packed
his things and went over the side, amid
the pleasant salutations of the men,
about two hours later, with his bag
and hammock and a couple of thou-
sand dollars in gold, his savings dur-
ing the cruise. A couple of hours later
he was with his people and his sweet-
heart in Spreckelsville. It is a small
world.—Washington Star.

THE DOORBELL.

It Tells What Manner of Man You
Are by Your Ring.

Doorbells are pretty fair indicators
of character. Probably you have not
been conscious of it, but every time
you pull a doorbell you register what
manner of man you are. Your ring will
not tell everything about you, from
the color of your eyes to your taste in
flowers, but to those who know the
signs the doorbell is as good as a title
page. Any one who has had occasion
to answer bell pulls knows how much
difference there is in them. One per-
son's method varies little from time to
time, though the difference between
that method and somebody else's,
while slight, will be sufficiently well
marked. It is seldom that two rings
are exactly alike.

The housewife recognizes each, the
impatient man, who pulls the bell
twice in quick succession and does not
wait long before trying it again; the
one of more phlegmatic temperament,
whose ring is slower and more sub-
stantial; the hesitating woman, who
draws the knob out in a succession of
nervous jerks; the seedy individual
with matches to sell, who stretches
the wire carefully to its full length
and then allows it to relax with a
faint, apologetic tinkle, and the jolly
friend, who knows he is welcome, and
therefore grasps the knob with a heart-
y swing that is fairly eloquent with
good nature, and sets the bell to shak-
ing its sides with such peals of echo-
ing laughter that it positively cannot
stop at once, but subsides gradually
with a merry, irrepressible little titter.
A doorbell has as many voices as vis-
itors.—Berlin (Ad.) Herald.

A Tough Bantam.

A letter in a Glasgow paper records
a phenomenon much too remarkable to
be reserved for Scottish consump-
tion. The writer says: "An acquaint-
ance of mine, who lives up north, has
among others of the feathered tribe a
little bantam cock. A few weeks ago
he noticed that it was looking the
worse for a slight difference of opinion
with a canine friend, but did not ex-
amine it closely till his mother's and
sisters' vociferations brought him in a
hurry. There was the bantam pick-
ing away at corn, but the corn was
dropping from a rent in the bird's
chest just as fast as it was lifted. Not
wanting to kill the bird, my friend got
a needle and some horsehair and
stitched up the tear, with the result
that the bird now is as good as new."

To Test Wall Papers.

Arsenic is very often present in the
pigment used for wall papers, and as
every one knows, if one covers ones
walls with a paper containing deadly
poison one's health must suffer. It is
important, therefore, to select wall pa-
pers which do not contain arsenic, and
the method of testing them is simple in
the extreme. Take a piece of the paper
and light it, and if arsenic be present
you will notice an odor like that of
garlic. Do not inhale the smoke. An-
other way of testing the paper is to
pour over it a little diluted hydrochloric
acid. If the greens in the pattern
become blue in this treatment it is be-
cause they contain arsenic.—

MAN-EATING LIONS.

Further Facts About Their Savage Among Railroad Builders in East Africa.

Some further facts have been received about the man-eating lions which made such a panic among 4,000 Indian coolies working on the Uganda railroad a few months ago. It appears that the first time the laborers knew anything about lions that make a business of killing men to eat was one day when one of the brutes, in broad daylight, as the laborers were strung along the line with shovels in hand, suddenly sprang among them, crushed one poor fellow's skull with a terrible blow of his paw and maimed another so badly that he could not get away. Of course, all the horrified workmen took to their heels and raised the alarm at the camp a mile away. The district engineer and his assistant at once went to the spot, but the lion had disappeared, leaving all of the two bodies he could not eat at one meal.

After that an armed guard was kept along the line of work, but it made little difference to the animals that were determined to have men to eat. They would spring like a flash out of the jungle, seize a man and bear him off beyond pursuit. Two days after the first man was killed another man was taken, and the next day another disappeared, and within a fortnight 11 men had been seized, all from one camp. The third week brought the list of victims up to 15. The sixteenth victim was one of the coolie overseers, a huge man, standing over six feet and weighing more than 200 pounds. He was the first man to reach the work line in the morning, and just as he was giving some instructions a lion sprang upon him and dealt him a terrible blow on the head, crushing the skull. Then he coolly began to eat his prey, while the shivering Indians stood about 300 feet away feeling that they were safe now that the lion had got his man. Somehow it didn't occur to them to shoot till the brute had finished his meal, and then they blazed away in a terrific volley and ended the animal's career then and there.

It was not till 25 coolies had been killed that the large force of workmen went on strike. They declined to do another bit of work till all the man-eaters had been cleared out of the surrounding country. Work was suspended till a party of hunters had laid low the last of these formidable foes of man, and since then no further casualties of the sort have been reported. —N. Y. Sun.

ALL COMING HERE.

Rich American Collectors Are Fast Stripping England of Her Rare Books.

American book collecting millionaires are rapidly denuding this country of her oldest and most precious volumes. Two years ago the great Shakespearean collection formed by Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, the biographer of the bard, passed into the possession of Martin J. Perry, of Rhode Island. A short time ago the most extensive collection of works from which Shakespeare is believed to have drawn inspiration for many of his plays, or in which references were made to him, ever got together met with a similar fate. They were actually catalogued for sale by the open market, but the deep-pursed collector from America stepped in and made an offer for the collection en bloc, which proved irresistible. And now one of the choicest libraries in the hands of a private English collector has been transferred to the United States. The late James Toovey, of Piccadilly, was an enthusiastic yet judicious bibliophile, whose particular hobby may be said to have been productions of the early English printers. His library was particularly rich in these works, two of the greatest treasures being a fine copy of the extremely rare "Doke of St. Albans," and the magnificent specimen of the first folio Shakespeare which at one time belonged to Sir Robert Sidney, earl of Leicester. All these works, together with the many splendid examples of bindings by the most eminent masters of France, Italy and England, which found a place in the library, have been sold to a wealthy American by C. J. Toovey. The price paid for the acquisition is said to run well into five figures.

Those interested in the social customs of British high life will be curious to learn that at the recent wedding of Lewis Vernon Harcourt and Miss Ethel Burns in London the presents to the bridegroom greatly outnumbered those to the bride. The list of the bridegroom's presents began with those presented by the bride, as follows: A crocodile leather suit case with gold-crested mountings, a large and rare "star ruby" pin, single pearl pin, set of waistcoat buttons and sleeve links in gold with turquoise centers, large turquoise solitaire stud surrounded with brilliant, silver enamel case.—London Letter.

John Knew His Business.
It was just past midnight. "John," whispered to his wife, in a hushed voice, "John, wake up, there is a burglar downstairs."

John jumped from his bed and hastily rushed out of the room. Mrs. John goes to the door, and hearing nothing, calls out: "John, where are you?"

"Here I am," comes voice from above. "What are you doing up there in the attic?"

"Confound you, woman, didn't you say there were burglars downstairs?" —Tit-Bits.

Very Strange.
First Summer Boarder—They advertised that there were no mosquitoes here.
Second Summer Boarder—Well, I haven't seen any.
"Neither have I. Quicker place, isn't it?" —Juck.

Prudential Policies Preferred.

Three members of a Cincinnati business firm have taken out policies in The Prudential. One of them writes: "On examining and comparing the policies very closely, we wish to thank you for inducing us to insure in The Prudential. They certainly knew the value of a good thing when they saw it."



Home Office, THE PRUDENTIAL Insurance Co. Newark, N.J.
JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. LESLIE D. WARD, Vice-President.
EDUARD B. WARD, 2d V. Pres. & Counsel. I. O. REST F. DRYDEN, Secretary.
WILLIAM SEWARD AGENT, Plainfield, N. J.

SEA DOG FEARS FOR HIS SON

The Promising Boy Had Imbued Some Newfangled Words.

"He's right," said the weather beaten old man with a fringe of whiskers under his chin. "The fellow as wrote that is steerin' straight on no mistake," he added as he bit a piece out of a plug of tobacco.

"What's the trouble?" asked the man who had sat down near him on the park bench.

"A father's sorrow. This paper says that boys ain't eddyicated right."

"Well, it's pretty hard to keep them at their books, and that's a fact. I've got a boy whose sole ambition is to run away and go to sea."

"Look out fur 'im. Watch his eddyication before it gets too late. I sent my boy to school, but I didn't take pains to keep an eye on him. I went to see the lad the other day, and while I was talkin' about old times I started in to tell him a fo'e'sle yarn. He looked at me kind o' inquirin' like an says, 'Excuse me, father, but don't you mean fore-castles?' You can imagine a parent's feelings. But I led him on and he could feel myself turnin' pale to hear him talk about bulwarks when he meant bullarks an' referin' offhand to the main topgallant sail. What he meant was the metagalass, but he didn't know any better. I told him better, but he jes' grinned. Now what's that boy's chance in life? S'posen he takes a notion to make a man o' himself an' runs away to sea, fur I wouldn't have the nerve, knowin' what I do, to recommend him. What'll the result be? He'll walk up to the boat-sun an' ask him if he ain't the boat-sun, an' then he'll jes' naturally get dropped overboard."—Washington Star.

WHEN FASTING IS FATAL.

Loss of Weight Below a Certain Point Brings Death.

During a long fast the daily loss of weight becomes gradually less and less. Death comes when the total loss has reached a certain percentage, which percentage varies with the original weight. Fat animals may lose half their weight, thinner ones perhaps two-fifths.

A man or woman of rather spare habit, weighing 143 pounds, could, therefore, lose about 65 pounds before succumbing. Heart action, respiration and blood pressure remain unaltered during starvation, but the temperature of the body falls nearly a degree in most cases. The secretion of gastric juice ceases, but saliva and bile are still formed. The duration of life depends upon the extent and activity of the physiological processes.

Children die after a fast of from three to five days, during which they have lost a quarter of their weight. Healthy adults, however, have fasted 60 days when water has been taken.

Dr. Schaeffer, a German physician, notes the case of a woman, aged 47, who died after a fast of 43 days, during which she drank water freely. Her weight, which was 143 pounds a year before her death, was reduced to 90 pounds. It was a case of suicidal melancholia, and the woman patiently carried out her horrible undertaking so quietly as to scarcely attract the notice of her family and died at last calmly and peacefully without complaint or apparent evidence of suffering.—San Francisco Examiner.

Perry's Big Gun.
Commodore Perry had not yet electrified a grateful nation with his immortal message, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." While the battle was in progress the sound of the guns was heard at Cleveland, about 60 miles away in a direct line over the water. The few settlers there were expecting the battle and listened with intense interest. Finally the sounds ceased. They waited for a renewal. None came; the hull was painful. Then they knew the battle was over; but the result, and that was the point. One old fellow, who had been lying flat with his ear to the ground, soon settled that point. Springing up he clapped his hands and shouted: "Thank God! They are whipped! They are whipped!"

"How do you know?" the others inquired.

"I heard the big guns lost!"

Perry's guns were the heaviest.—Buckeye.

Smelling the Glass.

Bar-tenders who pride themselves on their mixed drinks have a habit of smelling of the empty glass as soon as the customer has drained it. In this way they can tell to a dot whether they "hit it right" or not. I have not seen the bartender who can make two drinks alike, and none is ever certain that he has guessed rightly the proportions of liquor and its disguises until after the olfactory test. "Fred, this isn't quite up to the mark," says Tossopot, who drinks every drop. "That so?" smelling of the glass. "You're right. Not enough curacao. Let me make you another."

The worst telltale is the beer glass. Not one-tenth of the beer sold over the bar or in cases is fit for a dog to drink. If you are fond of a glass and it does not lie easily on the stomach, if there is an unpleasant after effect, a disagreeable taste in the mouth or a sudden disinclination to drink further, smell of the emptied glass, and the chances are that you will conclude you have been putting part of a cow lot inside of you. You will resolve never to touch that beer again, where in you will be wise.

The same test may be applied to whiskies, wines and liqueurs, gins, rums, brandies and cordials. Many a man would save his breath and his stomach by employing his function of smell after the first drink. It is the surest prohibition I know.—New York Press.

Cross in Front of Engine.

"One of the oddest traits in animal nature," said an old time Illinois Central engineer, "is the desire of every living thing to cross in front of the locomotive. At first it filled me with wonder, and I used to lie awake nights trying to explain it. Now it's grown to be an old story with me."

"What goes in front of the engine? Why, everything. Let me see! I've seen snakes—and I'm a sober man, mind you—stick up their heads to see what was making all the rattle along the right of way and then deliberately start to crawl across the rails. I've seen magpies a quail spring up along the right of way, fly along just ahead of the engine and then shoot across in front. Several times when I've been running a mile a minute the engine has struck these birds and killed them. In the old days I used to jump a deer now and then, and the chances were he'd cross the track every time. Cattle invariably do it until they have learned better; so do pigs and all domestic animals. Even chickens will run flitting across."

"It seems to me I've killed enough animals to stock a farm and a menagerie!"—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Coleridge's Cloudiness.

There is in Mr. Ellis Yarnall's interesting volume of reminiscences, "Wordsworth and the Coleridges," a very amusing story of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose thoughts were sometimes too profound even for poets to follow.

Wordsworth and Samuel Rogers had spent the evening with Coleridge, and as the two poets walked away together Rogers remarked cautiously: "I did not altogether understand the latter part of what Coleridge said."

"I didn't understand any of it," Wordsworth justly replied.

"No more did I!" exclaimed Rogers, with a sigh of relief.

What Paper Costs.

Ladies who go shopping have little idea of the cost of their trip, even in such a minor detail as the cost of paper for the packages they have sent home. A Baltimorean has recently compared the weight of paper with the food supplied to the purchaser. In one day's purchases it is said that the paper wrapping amounted to about 10 per cent of the total. In a list of supplies costing about \$1.40 he found that the paper which was weighed with the provisions cost 14 1/2 cents.

The Kind He Bought.

Little Edwin—Mamma, what is liquid air?
Mamma—I don't know. Ask your papa. He's always going out between the acts "to get a little air."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy cathartics, cure constipation forever. 10c. 25c. C. C. C. Co., full, druggists refund money.

SOME GREAT NAMES.

The Nomenclature of the Three Chief Collections of Notable Americans.

Whatever may happen, the three leading collections of men who will always retain their positions in the minds of the people and in the history of the United States are the Pilgrim Fathers, the signers of the Declaration of Independence and the presidents. Of the first there were 41, of the second 56 and of the third 24 up to this time—but how long this list will be before the end is reached no man knoweth. Of the first it is hardly necessary to say that none were born in this country; of the second all were born here except eight, and of the last, we are proud to say, all are native-born Americans—for further particulars on this point see the Constitution of the United States. Looking over the list with special reference to nomenclature, at least christen nomenclature, it is seen that plain Johns lead all the others, with ten of him among the Pilgrims, six among the signers and two among the presidents, and these two are father and son (Adams). John easily leads the Pilgrims, but he is equaled (six) by the Samuels, Georges, Williams and Thomases among the signers, and among the presidents he is led by five Jameses. There are two each of John, Andrew and William, and there is but one each of the other names.

There were six Pilgrims bearing the name of Edward, second in number to John, but he had fallen away to one among the signers and has not yet appeared in the presidential list. Thomas, William and Richard appear four times each among the Pilgrims, gain to six each for William and Thomas among the signers, drop to two for Richard, and William appears twice among the presidents, Thomas once and Richard not at all. There were two Farneses among the Pilgrims, three among the signers and none among the presidents. James makes a good showing, with one among the Pilgrims, two among the signers and five among the presidents—two and a half times as many as any other. There were no Andrews among Pilgrims or signers, but two are among the presidents. John, James, William and Thomas are the only names represented in all the lists. There were two Roberts among the signers, but none among the others. There were three Benjamins among the signers and one president.

Of the surnames no one among the Pilgrims appears among the presidents, which means that no name goes through the entire trilogy of great national names. Among the Pilgrims was a Clarke, Williams and Hopkins, which appear also among the signers, there being a Steph. Hopkins in each. This identity of names appears again among the signers and the presidents, Benjamin Harrison being the name. It may be remarked that Clarke of the Pilgrims spelled his name with an e, while the signer dropped it. Of the names appearing among the signers and the presidents, there are two, Adamses, Harrison, Jefferson and Taylor. Of the Pilgrims not one had a middle name or initial; only three of the signers (Lee, Richard Henry, and Francis Lightfoot and Robert Treat Paine), put themselves down that way, and only seven of the presidents, although Grover Cleveland dropped the Stephen to which he was entitled, and used his middle name. John Quincy Adams was the only one to write his name out in full, as all the middle-name signers did. A list of all the names shows 18 Johns, 12 Williams, 11 Thomases, 8 Jameses and Georges, 7 Edwards, 6 Richards, 5 Franceses, 4 Samuels 2 (each) Roberts and Stephens, and one Isaac, Miles, Christopher, Moses, Degory, Gilbert, Peter, Josiah, Carter, Charles, Elbridge, Button, Lyman, Joseph, Philip, Arthur, Lewis, Caesar, Roger, Matthew, Oliver, Martin, Zachary, Millard, Franklin, Clydesse, Rutherford, Chester and Grover.

Ten of the signers were born in Massachusetts, and nine in Virginia, five each in Pennsylvania and Maryland, four each in New Jersey, Connecticut and South Carolina, three in New York, two in Delaware and one each in Maine and Rhode Island. Of the foreigners three were born in Ireland, two each in England and Scotland and one in Wales, so that Great Britain was fairly well represented on that immortal paper. The oldest signer was Benjamin Franklin (born January, 1706), in his 71st year and the youngest was Edward Rutledge of South Carolina (born November, 1749), in his 27th year. The signer who reached the most advanced age (96) was Charles Carroll, of Maryland, who died November 14, 1832, the last survivor of the signers. John Adams (91) and Thomas Jefferson (83) died on the same day, July 4, 1826. The first signer to die was John Morton, of Pennsylvania, who died in April, 1777, aged 53, who had given the casting vote in favor of the adoption of the Declaration. None died under 45 and three died at that age. The first to sign was John Hancock, of Massachusetts, and the last was Thomas Heyward, Jr., of South Carolina. Of occupations of the signers the lawyers lead with 26, or nearly half. Then come eight merchants, six farmers, six physicians, two soldiers, two statesmen and a minister, printer, sailor, shoemaker and planter—which is the same thing as a farmer, only Mr. Bruxton, of Newington, Va., was probably a little vain and preferred planter to farmer. Not so, however, Benjamin Franklin, printer, and Roger Sherman, a shoemaker.

Mr. Thomas Nelson, Jr., of York, Va., and Mr. William Williams, of Lebanon, Conn., were the only two signers to go on record as statesmen. Thomas Jefferson was not a statesman; he was merely a lawyer. —N. Y. Sun.

What He Weighs.

If the driver of an ice wagon weighs 300 pounds, what does his assistant on the back-platform weigh? Ice. Get up!—Philadelphia Record.

Unquestionably the cheapest place for Reliable Dry Goods.

STRAUS'S
HONEST GOODS, LOWEST PRICES AND LIBERAL TREATMENT GUARANTEED TO EVERY CUSTOMER.
685-687 BROAD ST., 21 W. PARK ST., NEWARK, N. J.

Your money willingly refunded for anything unsatisfactory.

We Still Lead in Bargain Giving!

This grand collection of magnificent offerings show it. Such splendid values must appeal forcibly to the sense of economy of every intelligent woman, and bring her here when in Newark.

Bleached Muslin,
One yard wide, nice, even weave and finish, sells elsewhere at 6c yard, only 10 yards to a buyer, at..... **3 3-4c**

Bed Sheets,
34x24 yard size, made from Lockwood sheeting, finished with deep hem, actually worth 45c each, while they last, only..... **35c**

Bed Spreads,
Extra large size and a heavy quality, wave in beautiful Mar-selles patterns, ready hemmed, reg. price \$1.19, while they last, at..... **75c**

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The best quality, in oak, cherry, mahogany, walnut or ebony colors the price elsewhere 19c here, bargain price..... **12c**

Umbrella Special,
26 inch silk Corolla covers, tight rolling, handsome natural wood handles, with silver trim-mings, a good 1.50 quality, special here at..... **89c**

Bed Blankets,
Full double bed size, wool mixed and good weight, nicely bound, all pretty colored borders; now sell readily at 1.39. A great bargain at..... **98c**

STRAUS'S 685-687 Broad St. 21 W. Park St. NEWARK.

M. H. FERRIS, Sanitary Plumbing.
WESTFIELD, N. J.
Don't Waste Money by having cheap plumbing put in to your house. It isn't there long before something is either bursting or leaking, and the money consumed little by little soon amounts to the same as the original of first class work.

M. POWERS, DEALER IN BLUE STONE, FLAGGING, CURBING AND CROSS WALKS, SILLS, LINTELS AND STEPS.
Westfield Office, Standard Building.
Westfield Yard, at I. H. Lambert's Feed Store, North Av.

For Extra MILK and CREAM....
Send your order to
Mount Ararat Creamery.
We also have a quantity of Milk and Cream at Trenchard's Drug Store for your convenience.
IRA C. LAMBERT, Prop.

Geo. F. Brown, Telephone, 43 Somerset St., Plainfield.
Manufacturer of
Window Shades, Awnings, Tents, Etc.
Also Vail Pav and Interior Decorations.
Awnings taken down and stored for the winter. Estimates cheerfully furnished.
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J. WARREN BROWN, Manager. Residence, Westfield.

LADY OR MAN wanted to travel, \$100 per month salary and expenses. **STOP SMOKING**
Ladies Can Wear Shoes One size smaller after using Allen's Foot Powder to be shaken into the shoe makes tight or new shoes feel easy, gives instant relief to corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Swollen feet, blisters and callous spots. Allen's Foot-Powder is a certain cure for it. It kills, soothes, itches, softens feet. At all drug stores, shoe stores, 25c. Trial package by mail. Address, Allen S. Olinsted, N. Y.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

Semi-Weekly.

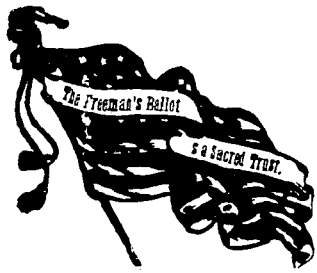
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ALFRED E. PEARSALL, Editor,
C. E. PEARSALL, Manager.

WESTFIELD, N. J., SEPT. 5, 1899.



Poverty in the midst of "Prosperity" and plenty!
Why?

It seems that the country is to be again insulted by the nomination of this man, Bryan.

"I have never thought of losing," says the Englishman. Good for you, Sir John! Win or lose you are the real thing.

Talk of cruelty to animals! If G. Whyte Smith only knew how brutally some of us were overworking ourselves he'd have us up in court and prove his case against us in half a wink.

Do not forget, please, that the United States has a powerful ally in the friendly Filipinos who, having learned the truth for themselves, are impressing the natives in the interior that to the Americans, and not to the insurgents, they must look for protection and happiness.

The international Export Exposition to be held in Philadelphia promises to be a big success. Perhaps it is just as well for New York to remember that calling another city names does not necessarily increase her own export trade.

There is a Westfield young man who started for home at 11 p. m. but did not reach his destination, just around the corner, till 2 a. m. The meantime was consumed in saying "good bye" to her. Surely it is not in our heart to blame him.

This is a romance that suits us quite:—The romance of a man who fell in love, just as a woman should do, and married despite her (to our mind wicked) vows to the church of Rome. For it is self evident that vows of celibacy are contrary to the laws of nature. A bad promise is better broken than kept.

We are told that times are very, very prosperous; but who gets the prosperity? We only wish that the STANDARD's debtors—honest people—would pay us so that we may discount our bills or, even, pay promptly, as they mature. For our business is done with the people, and not with the trusts—and it is the trusts and their allies that have the prosperity.

DEAR BRO. MCGARRAH:

Your welcome letter came too late to be handled in this issue of the STANDARD, Monday being a holiday and our force being short handed to begin with, on account of vacations. We will print your letter in our next number. Just a word: If you and "E. J." are right, success to you, and bad cess to us.

A. E. P.

Polly Pry stopped into our sanctum this morning and whispered that the wedding of one of Westfield's dearest and best old bachelors is very near at hand. Oh, yes, we know the lady's name, but we promised not to tell; which only goes to show that the STANDARD's editor is not a good newspaper man; for if he was he would tell all he knows. However, we strike an average by telling a good deal that we don't know.

"Is Kipling fit for boys and girls to read?" asks a New York newspaper. No! That being the case he is not fit for older persons to read, speaking of his writings in their entirety. For he is often vulgar and immoral; although of course, brilliantly so. We cannot believe that any gentleman's library is sweetened by the average of Kipling's books. However, there is Kipling and Kipling.

Is it anything against Mr. Bryan that he believes in and loves the plain people? Is it anything against him that he is the stubborn and uncompromising foe of over-grown, fair-chance defeating corporations? Is it anything against him that no man has ever been called upon to pay his debts? Is it anything against him that his backing comes from the plain people and that opposition to his nomination comes from the trust classes, regardless of party?

Americanism, not Imperialism, is our word, Mr. Whitehead.

But an Americanism that is not progressive and promptly conformative to new conditions as they rise is something else. "Imperialism" and "Militarism" are words for politicians and small Americans to juggle with; and not as we think for a strictly first class American product such as we know you to be. "Imperialism" and "Militarism" have become mere words already; so frequently have they been repeated since Dewey and Schley knocked the Spanish fleet into smithereens in behalf of poor Cuba; and at the same time, involved our country in responsibilities that cannot now be avoided without cowardice and sin; to desert the Filipinos would not be upholding the principles of our glorious Declaration of Independence.

To leave them to themselves would be to desert them.

The Filipinos have languished under the dominion of tyrants these centuries through ignorance the same as the Cubans have done. In the evolution of the human race America has received her cue for a new advance movement.

We are not afraid to trust Americans with the "inalienable rights of man." Nor are we looking for a fight; but if any nation or set of nations makes us fight it will be no fault of ours if we have to lick 'em; nor have we any fears whatever as to whether we can do it or not.

Yet let us have peace; peacefully if we can. Still, let us have peace! The world moves.

"The world is my parish," said the great John Wesley.

The world is none too big for the American idea.

Yes, "E. J.," we adhere like a porous plaster to the declaration that "to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." But just as the declaration was adhered to and worked out when Louisiana, Florida, New Mexico, Upper California and Alaska were acquired—all long since that declaration was made.

It is a poor principle, "E. J.," that won't work the same for the Philippines as it worked for Louisiana, Florida, New Mexico, Upper California etc! Possibly, dearie, you have worried over the poor Filipinos so much that you've got your principles and policy mixed.

Let us once more mention the magnificent proposition of William McKinley:—

Wherever the American flag is raised it stands, not for despotism and oppression, but for liberty, opportunity and humanity. And what that flag has done for us we want it to do for all peoples and all lands which by the fortunes of war have come within its jurisdiction. That flag does not mean one thing in the United States and another thing in Porto Rico and the Philippines.

But however we may not be able to agree with you, "E. J.," still we are bound to love you. You are a brick—an American one, and good stuff. We are only sorry that your business takes you so far and so long away that we cannot mould you as we would like to mould you.

Well, God bless us all; not forgetting our brothers the Filipinos and the Spaniards.

TOWNSEND'S
FAST TIME.
HYSLIP CAPTURED FIRST
PRIZE.FIFTEEN-MILE ROAD RACE MADE
IN RECORD TIME—39m. 24s.

FORTY-FOUR MEN ENTERED AND THIRTY-SEVEN STARTED IN THE FIRST ANNUAL ROAD RACE ON THE WESTFIELD-FANWOOD COURSE.

The chief attraction at Westfield yesterday was the big fifteen-mile road race on the county road and so well was it advertised that wheelmen from all over the county were present when the time for the race arrived. Forty-four men had entered and of these thirty-seven received their numbers and were at the starting point when the race began. It was 3:05 o'clock when Starter Joseph Vought sent the limit men, William Hyslip, Frank Ricardo and Herbert Burdick on the journey which was to prove whether they were road racers or not. The other men were sent away on time and the race, which has created so much interest in this vicinity, was under way.

As Charles LeMatty and Charles Embleton, of Westfield, were sent off at the thirty-second mark a loud cheer went up and showed plainly who were the favorites. Clarence Bird, of Elizabeth, Frank L. Aggar, of Madison, and Jack Townsend, of Cranford, were scratch men but Bird failed to show up and the others went after the bunch so far ahead of them. Aggar found the pace too fast but Townsend did some excellent riding, and not only captured the time prize but lowered the Union county record for the distance at road racing. Townsend was a little behind his time on the second turn but Ray Poole, of Plainfield, who rode from the fifteen-second mark, pulled him up to the bunch and it was then easy for him to tack onto Embleton and LeMatty. Poole tied Embleton for second time prize and LeMatty came in two seconds behind them.

Peter J. Simmons, Plainfield's fast colored rider, looked in fine trim and started from the same mark with Ray Poole but broke a pedal on the first Fanwood turn and had to get another wheel, which caused him to lose Poole and the bunch following; however, he stuck to it and made up considerable of the time, but not enough to get a prize.

With the exception of Simmons' break down and a fall that Louis Miller, of Westfield, had there was not an accident to mar the race.

The men who started and their handicaps were as follows:—

No.	Handicap.
1 Herbert Burdick, Westfield, N. J.	5:00
2 William Hyslip, Westfield, N. J.	5:00
3 Frank Ricardo, Westfield, N. J.	5:00
4 Charles Vanderveer, Cranford, N. J.	4:30
5 James Brown, Westfield, N. J.	4:30
6 Herbert Lane, Somerville, N. J.	4:30
7 Hugh MacKinnon, Newark, N. J.	4:00
8 James O'Donnell, Westfield, N. J.	4:00
9 Fred Dunster, Paterson, N. J.	4:00
10 Louis Miller, Westfield, N. J.	4:00
11 R. A. Brainerd, South Orange, N. J.	4:00
12 W. Neary, Belleville, N. J.	3:30
13 Newton F. Kitchell, South Orange, N. J.	3:30
14 Fred A. Vanderveer, South Orange, N. J.	3:30
15 J. Martin, New York, N. Y.	3:00
16 William Parks, Newark, N. J.	3:00
17 George Randolph, Paterson, N. J.	3:00
18 W. R. VanDerstine, South Orange, N. J.	3:00
19 Charles Roy, Brooklyn, N. Y.	3:00
20 A. R. Greene, Plainfield, N. J.	2:30
21 William Ten Eyck, Madison, N. J.	2:30
22 A. S. Stewart, Newark, N. J.	2:30
23 David L. Curtis, Westfield, N. J.	2:00
24 James MacCullen, Newark, N. J.	2:00
25 J. W. La Pine, Morristown, N. J.	2:00
26 William Schroeder, Jersey City, N. J.	2:00
27 Lawrence Dehr, Lyndhurst, N. J.	1:30
28 James M. Waller, Elizabeth, N. J.	1:30
29 John Larsen, Perth Amboy, N. J.	1:30
30 Fred Abbott, Rahway, N. J.	1:30
31 Charles Hummer, Plainfield, N. J.	1:00
32 Fred L. Walters, Berkeley Heights, N. J.	1:00
33 W. L. Abbey, Madison, N. J.	1:00
34 Yep Sorenson, Plainfield, N. J.	45
35 W. L. Abbey, Madison, N. J.	45
36 Charles Embleton, Westfield, N. J.	30
37 Charles LeMatty, Westfield, N. J.	30
38 Peter J. Simmons, Plainfield, N. J.	15
39 Ray Poole, Plainfield, N. J.	15
40 Jack Townsend, Cranford, N. J.	Scratch
41 Frank L. Aggar, Madison, N. J.	Scratch
42 Clarence J. Bird, Elizabeth, N. J.	Scratch

Fully a thousand people witnessed the race from the Westfield and Fanwood ends of the course and was as a rule a very orderly crowd, although some would persist in getting in the middle of the road.

The first thirteen men finished as follows:

William Hyslip, Westfield	42:10
A. R. Greene, Plainfield	40:35
Louis Miller, Westfield	42:10
Herbert Burdick, Westfield	43:10
Charles Vanderveer, Cranford	42:40
James O'Donnell, Westfield	42:17
William Ten Eyck, Madison	40:49
Charles Embleton, Westfield	39:40
Charles LeMatty, Westfield	39:42
J. A. LaPine, Morristown	41:46
A. S. Stewart, Newark	41:02
Jack Townsend, Cranford	39:24
Ray Poole, Plainfield	39:40

The race, which it is proposed to make an annual event in Westfield, was run

under the supervision of William K. Embleton and William Goltra, to whom the credit for the success of the undertaking, is due. The money with which to purchase the prizes was contributed by the merchants of this place. One feature of the race was that as soon as the times could be figured the winners of prizes were presented with the same. The fact that the winner in the fifteen mile race held here on the Fourth of July had as yet failed to get the prizes offered had much to do with keeping riders out of yesterday's race.

The officials of the race were:

Referee, Dr. Fred A. Kinch.
Starter, Joseph Vought.
Handicapper, R. M. Stickle.
Scorers, Charles Sutor,
L. E. Hendrickson,
John Goltra,
Alex. Anderson,
Emil Rust,
Arthur Flagg,
Oliver Collins,
Charles Kimball.
Timers, John F. Dorvall,
Harold Francis,
Addison Clark,
Isaac Seeley.
Marshal, John M. C. Marsh.

BOARD OF HEALTH MEETING.

Hiram L. Fink Lodges a Complaint Against W. G. Peckham's Dumping Ground.

At the meeting of the Board of Health held on Friday evening Hiram L. Fink made a complaint against the dumping ground on Mountain avenue owned by W. G. Peckham and the secretary was instructed to notify Mr. Peckham that no more garbage was to be dumped there.

The trustees of the New York Avenue Baptist church were instructed to abate a nuisance at their property within three days or have the matter placed in the hands of the township attorney. L. E. Hart was ordered to clean the closets on his North avenue property.

The report of the township physician showed the sanitary condition of the schools to be good. Inspector Edgar was instructed to inspect the brook between Broad street and North avenue. The secretary was instructed to notify Robert Hohenstein to connect his Prospect street property with the sewer system. After approving a bill of Edward Edgar for \$12, the board adjourned.

Another Letter From E. J. Whitehead.

To the Editor of the Standard.

For my own part I have no reverence for any part of the constitution which may allow of an infringement of the Declaration of Independence in which the rights of man are set forth. Nor have I any reverence for a declaration about the "glorious flag" unless principles, for which the flag stands, are adhered to. The gist of the whole Declaration of Independence is in these words: "That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Do you adhere to that declaration, or do you mean to have us understand that just powers can be secured without the consent of the governed? On the answer to this question hangs the whole Philippine proposition. If in any way whatever you say the Philippines may be governed without their consent, then that Declaration of Independence is a flaming lie. * If you say that you agree that all of the acquired possessions should be made territories with their proper representation and with the privilege of becoming states when they fill the bill, then there is no further dispute between us and the question of law. It would then become solely a question of financial policy. I do not think anyone but the scheming capitalist would claim that they would be profitable to us; indeed, I do not think the islands would be profitable to any but the scheming capitalist; and that is the milk in the cocoanut!

Now as to Louisiana, etc. You must admit that these several acquisitions were over run by people of our birth; they were right on our borders, and they were immediately given territorial representation. No one dislikes to have others say what he shall do and how he shall do it, more than Alfred E. Pearsall, in whom is the very breath of freedom; yet he is now telling us that 10,000,000 Filipinos should, in some way, be ruled for their good without their consent. Think of it!

True, all the world respects the American behind the guns more than ever before; but that don't sound like the peace articles that have adorned the columns of the STANDARD heretofore. No, it was not God's hand that gave us the Philippine Islands. It is Yankee strategy and pluck. The fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man covers the world and knows no territorial limits: they are of human origin, so please do not ask me to discuss the question of God fighting battles in which some of his subjects bite the dust and others raise a victorious banner over his fallen body.

E. J. WHITEHEAD.
* Will you also tell us what changed conditions have come that makes it necessary to change the Declaration of Independence regarding representative government, and then tell us how you would change that document to admit of governing ten millions of people without introducing the essence of Imperialism? A throne may be established in what we call a republic.

BAMBERGER'S
THE ALWAYS BUSY STORE
MARKET & HALSEY STS.
NEWARK, N. J.

Open Saturday Evenings, Beginning September 2nd

THE Greatest
School Supply
Sale!

FOR a number of years our regular sale of school room requisites has proven a gigantic success and those having any appreciation of the many possible money-saving advantages it affords, will not, under any circumstances, allow an unnecessary hour to pass before visiting our lately removed and remodeled first floor Stationery section. It is not unlikely that similar sales will be held elsewhere and possibly prices the same or only a shade higher may be quoted on goods of an identical description, which, on comparison, will be found vastly inferior to ours. Price is by no means the only consideration—have an eye to quality and bear in mind that an article giving double service for the same or less money will be found here without exception.



MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED.

GOODS DELIVERED FREE

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

OUR FALL ORDER

Has been given for DRY GOODS and FANCY GOODS. They will soon be here.

WE MUST HAVE ROOM FOR THEM.
We are Clearing Out at Bargains all Summer Goods.

L. A. PIKER.

New Taylor Block.....

BROAD STREET.

WHEELMEN COLLIDE.

PATERSON MAN DANGEROUSLY HURT ON THE SPRINGFIELD ROAD.

George F. Askew Tried to Pass on the Left Side of the Road and is Now in Bed at Ward's Hotel.

George F. Askew, of 700 East 22d street, Paterson, lies at Ward's hotel with a badly damaged head as a result of disobeying the rules of the road and trying to pass a wagon on the left side. Askew, who had ridden over to Westfield to witness the fifteen mile road race, started for home by way of the Springfield road. When near the Mountaineer hotel he attempted to pass a wagon, which was going in the same direction, on the left hand side, and was run into by another wheelman who was riding at a high speed in the direction of Westfield.

Both men were thrown heavily to the ground and Askew failed to get up. The occupants of the wagon hurried to the side of the fallen man and, finding that he was unconscious, took him into the wagon and returned to Westfield, where the still unconscious man was put to bed at the Westfield hotel and a local physician called. It was found that the patient was badly cut about the head and the doctor refused to let him be taken home, as he was in a very serious condition, although he had regained consciousness.

This morning Askew is much better and no serious results from the accident are feared. His wife arrived this morning and is now with him.

Special Store Closing.

L. S. Plant & Co., of the Newark Bee Hive, announces the special closing of their store Thursday, September 14th, on account of holiday.

"To err is human," but to continue the mistake of neglecting your blood is folly. Keep the blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Leading Shoe Store of Westfield



Before you go out of town shopping just run in and see how nicely we can fit you in Shoes or Oxfords. Black or Russet, they are right up to date, and we don't charge you anything for the name but we do warrant the goods.

JOHN O'BLENIS

Broad Street, Westfield.

William Brown.

PRACTICAL

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

All kinds of Watch and Clock Repairing.

ELM ST., next to P. O., WESTFIELD.

J. J. Wahl & Sons.

CASH BUTCHERS.

Vegetables in Season.

Prospect St. Tel. 21-A. Westfield.

W. N. Sparkman,

CARPENTER and BUILDER.

QUIMBY ST., cor. Elm St., WESTFIELD.

JOBING PROMPTLY DONE.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD
WESTFIELD, N. J., SEPT. 5, 1899.

Wants and Offers.

THE STANDARD is on sale at Tronchard's drug store, on Broad and Prospect Sts., Gale's drug store, Broad St., C. F. W. Atkin's store, Elm and Broad Sts., Union Co., at depot and from all news boys.

WESTFIELD—For sale or to let furnished for the winter 9 room house, all conveniences, a bargain for the right party. Mrs. H. A. Brotherton, 36 Broad street, New York City.

WINE and plain food and machine sewing done. No objection to working at residences by day or week. F. O. Box 171.

FOR SALE—Valuable frontage of 100 feet, North avenue, near depot. E. Harrison.

ARD WOOD—In lengths to suit your grate or stove. Ira C. Lambert.

OST—On South avenue to Broad street, a gold watch. Liberal reward if returned. E. Harrison.

Y farm for sale. Ira C. Lambert.

MISS MOORE'S private school, Clark street, will reopen Wednesday, Sept. 13.

NO LET—A large, light office in the STANARD Building. Inquire of C. E. Pearsall Co.

Legal Notices.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

Notice is hereby given that Fred W. Harlow, of the City of Plainfield, County of Union, and State of New Jersey, carrying on a business of cash, bluffs, doors and house furnishings, at No. 5 Spring street, in the Township of Westfield, Union County, New Jersey, on this day made an assignment to the undersigned of his estate for the equal benefit of his creditors, and that all claims of creditors against said estate must be presented under oath or affirmation to the undersigned, the assignee, at his office in the First National Bank Building, Westfield, New Jersey, within three months of the date hereof, or the same will be barred from coming in for a dividend of said estate.

CHARLES H. ANGLEMAN,
Assignee.

Dated, August 19th, 1899.

IN CHANCERY OF NEW JERSEY.

Cameron L. Macdonell and Mrs. Cameron L. Macdonell, his wife:
By virtue of an order of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, made on the 21st day of August, 1899, in a cause wherein the Franklin Society for Home Building and Savings is complainant, and the said defendants are respondents, and in which the said defendants are required to appear, plead, demur or answer to the complainant's bill on or before the 31st day of October next, or the said bill will be taken as confessed against you.

The said bill is filed to foreclose a mortgage made by Cameron L. Macdonell to the Franklin Society for Home Building and Savings, dated May 15th, 1898, upon lands in the Township of Westfield, County of Union and State of New Jersey.

And you, Cameron L. Macdonell, are made a defendant because you claim to be the owner of said mortgaged premises.

And you, Mrs. Cameron L. Macdonell, are made a defendant because as the wife of Cameron L. Macdonell you have or may claim to have, an inchoate right of dower in said premises.

CORNELIUS DORRUS,
Solicitor for Complainant.

Dated, August 29th, 1899.

Too Much Realism.

Mme. de Navarre has recorded in "A Few Memories" the greatest lesson she ever received against too much realism. In a certain drama the heroine, under great excitement, suddenly stops to gain composure as she hears the approaching carriages of the guests.

"Hark!" she says, "I hear the wheels of their carriages."
We obtained the effects of approaching wheels, but, try as we would, the stamping of the horses' feet upon the gravel before Charlotte's door we could not manage. At last a brilliant idea struck me, which the stage manager promptly indorsed.

It was that we should have in a donkey from Covent Garden to trot up and down behind the scenes on the gravel especially laid for him. We were decidedly nervous on the first appearance of our four footed friend, whose role was to counterfeited the high stepping horses of the brilliant French court.

When his cue was given, there was only an ominous silence. I repeated the word in a louder voice, when such a braying and scuffling were heard as sent the audience into roars of laughter. Although it was one of the most serious situations of the play, I could not help joining in their mirth until the tears rolled down my cheeks.

An Inviting Gun.

The Hon. William Wortham, long state treasurer of Texas, was in a New York jewelry store one day when he noticed a showcase filled with splendid jeweled revolvers with silver and gold grips and chased barrels, having precious stones set into the butts.

"Lemme see one of those guns," he said to the clerk.

"Which one, sir?"

"The gold one with the big ruby in the handle."

The clerk took it from the case. It was marked \$33, and it looked worth even more. The Texan took it tenderly in both hands and held it admiringly up to the light. Then drawing himself up to his full height, which was 6½ feet, he rested the revolver barrel upon his left elbow, cocked for the purpose, and looked over the sights down the long store. Those persons who saw him involuntarily dodged.

"Say," said Mr. Wortham, with quiet but intense enthusiasm, as he returned the weapon, "if I was to wear that gun down in my state the people would be falling down on their knees begging to be killed with it."

"HYDRO-LITHIA"

CURES ALL HEADACHES

TRIAL SIZE, 10 CTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MADE EXCLUSIVELY BY

THE STONEMAN CHEMICAL CO.

BALTIMORE, MD.

LOCAL PARAGRAPHS.

Children's Country Home Entertainment, Monday Evening, October 2nd, 1899. Strong Program.

—The public schools open on Tuesday next.

—Miss Ada Woolley, of Elizabeth, is the guest of Westfield friends for a few days.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Russell and family have returned from the Adirondacks.

—Mrs. T. G. Woodring is entertaining Mrs. Irving C. Belles, of Wilkes-barre, Pa.

—Andrew LaRosa spent Labor Day visiting friends and relatives at New Haven, Conn.

—Miss Mabel Dolbler was a Labor Day visitor at Bayonne, where she was the guest of her sister.

—Mr. and Mrs. C. F. W. Wittke entertained Paul Wittke and family, of New York, on Sunday.

—There will be a preparatory lecture in the Congregational church on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Clark, of Dover, spent Sunday and Labor Day with their daughter in town.

—The remains of George G. Cooper, who died at New York, on Friday were buried at Fairview cemetery on Sunday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles MacDonnell and family are again at home on Rose place after a summer spent away from town.

—Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Bogert have returned from Asbury Park, at which point they completed their outings for the summer.

—Mrs. T. N. Barnsdale and daughter, of Pittsburgh, Pa., are spending several days with Mrs. C. L. Stitt at her home on Central avenue.

—Mrs. Capt. Wm. H. Swaine, of Port La Tour, Nova Scotia, has been visiting Mrs. Jas. A. Simpson, of Rose place, during the past week.

—A large number of Westfielders went to Waverly Park on Monday to attend the games and races of the Union county Jr. O. U. A. M. societies.

—It might interest policy players to know that the riders in the fifteen mile road race turned at the far turn the second time in this order: 4-11-44.

—Tax Assessor John M. C. Marsh has completed the work of making up the tax duplicate for 1899. The duplicate contains 1,800 names and shows a total amount of about \$44,000 to be collected.

—The Congregational church will begin regular services on Sunday. The Sunday school will also resume their sessions at this time. The lesson will be the one for September 10 in International lessons.

—The treasurer of the Children's Country Home, acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following contributions: Mrs. V. O. Burris, \$5; Mrs. Ernest Cotter, \$1; J. J. Wahl & Sons, donation on bills, \$1.67. Taylor's O. O. D. grocery store, 3 dozen eggs.

—The tennis committee of the Westfield club announce a return match game on the home courts, Saturday, September 16, between three teams from the Bergen Point Tennis club and the Westfield club. For the evening a subscription dance has been arranged, with Prof. Westervelt, of Newark, at the piano.

—The closing exercises at the Fresh Air Camp on Sunday afternoon were largely attended and very interesting. The Rev. George Wolfe, the president of the camp association, made an address, and a report of the finance committee was read by Arthur N. Pierson. Miss Curry, the matron of the camp, also spoke, telling of the work done at the camp during the past season. The choir from the Park avenue Baptist church, Plainfield, furnish 1 excellent music.

—At Vailsburg on Sunday Charles Embleton, of this town, although he failed to get a place in the half-mile handicap, made the winner ride the fastest half mile ever made on the track. Embleton started from the sixty-yard mark and at once sprinted, leading the bunch past the quarter before he was caught, and in such fast time that W. F. Wahrenberger, of New York, the scratch man, covered the distance in 1.04 3/4. Embleton won second prize, a silver medal in the quarter mile novice.

—Miss Ada Marion Arkell, of St. Thomas, Canada, for a month and more the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James W. Arkell, has returned to her home with only the loveliest and liveliest impressions of Westfield; and leaving in Westfield only the loveliest and liveliest impressions of her own gracious and charming personality. Nor was it necessary that she should go for rumor has it that one of those occurrences at first night materialized in a residential proposition, which, like Coney's dance at the party, had to be denied, however, owing to a very full Canadian card.

COMMITTEEMAN WELLES

TELLS SUPERINTENDENT OF ROADS CHAMBERLIN THAT HE CAN RESIGN HIS POSITION.

The Township Committee held a Very Warm Session at the Town Rooms on Friday Evening—The Kimball Avenue Extension Will be Stopped in Preference to the Older Streets of the Township—Middlesex Street to be Turnpiked.

There was a very warm time at the township committee meeting on Friday evening over the matter of stoning the extension of Kimball avenue, recently opened by Messrs. Hiram L. Fink and James T. Pierson. Mr. Fink appeared before the committee and asked why the work was not done, as he understood that Superintendent of the Roads Chamberlin had been instructed to do the work when he had finished the work at Embree Crescent. Committeeman Welles said that he was in favor of stoning the street at once and that he understood that Mr. Chamberlin was waiting only until Messrs. Fink and Pierson had put the street to proper grade.

The committeeman "called Mr. Chamberlin down" and when the latter made a remark that he was doing the best he could and that at the request of the committee he had gone to Branch Mills to stone the roads there. Mr. Welles said: "If you are not satisfied with your position as road overseer you can resign." Committeeman Harden then took a hard in the discussion, saying, "I have talked with Mr. Fink on several occasions and find that his statements are not always the same, and I think that Mr. Chamberlin should be heard in this matter also; further, if you (Mr. Welles) are willing to let the streets and avenues which have been paying taxes to the township for many years, long before Kimball avenue was thought of, why, go ahead; I'm willing."

Mr. Welles said that he was willing, and after a little further talk on the subject it was decided to stone Downer street and then do the work at Kimball avenue. It is only right to state that Mr. Chamberlin was acting according to his orders from the committee when he went to Branch Mills to do that work in preference to Kimball avenue. Committeeman Harden, when asked by Mr. Fink to explain what he meant when he said that his (Mr. Fink's) statements did not always agree, explained that Mr. Fink had told the committee that he never received the tax bill for the Kimball avenue sewer extension assessment and that Mr. Clark, the collector, had told him (Mr. Harden) that he had given them to Mr. Fink at his office, and while two other gentlemen were present: "and," said Mr. Harden, "I have every reason to believe Mr. Clark." To this hot shot Mr. Fink had nothing to say, except that he had no recollection of ever having received the bills.

Then came another warm time when Frank S. Smith appeared and notified the committee that he would hold the township responsible for any injury which he or any member of his family might sustain through the change of grade on Summit avenue, which was cut down when the trolley road was built on that avenue. Chairman Dennis explained that the grade on Summit avenue now was the correct one, but Mr. Smith claimed that this was not so. He said that he and Ben Ries had borrowed the grade map and had figured out the grade and afterward, N. B. Gardner, then a member of the township committee, and Mr. Dunham, of Plainfield, then the township surveyor, had looked it over and stated that it was correct. A. K. Jones, of the same avenue, wished to ask the township attorney who would be responsible if an accident should occur through the cut in the grade, but Chairman Dennis said that he would not allow Mr. Oliver to answer the question in the capacity of township attorney.

It was finally agreed to have Mr. Dunham come before the committee and if he stated that the grade then put at Summit avenue was the correct one the township would bear the expense of placing the sidewalks at the proper grade, but if he stated that it was not the correct one the property owners would be obliged to change it at their own expense.

Township Clerk Reese reported that T. V. B. A. F. A. Wood and Mr. Rowanell had taken out pedlar's licenses at \$10 each. An agreement was received from the Westfield & Elizabeth Street Railroad company, also a statement that they accepted the terms in the ordinance recently granted to them.

Superintendent of Sewers Chamberlin reported the sewer system in good working order and turned over a check for \$30 for ten permits to connect with the sewer. Township Attorney Oliver reported that the committee could not compel the telephone or electric light companies to raise or lower their wires unless they obstructed travel. The clerk was then instructed to notify the Suburban Electric company to raise the wires on Westfield avenue and Prospect street as they now binder travel.

In compliance with a request from George B. Dickerson the Suburban Electric Light company was asked to change the position of the light at the corner of Dudley avenue and Prospect street so that the light would shine on Dudley avenue. Superintendent of Roads Chamberlin was instructed to get bids for the work of turnpiking Middle-

GILDERSLEEVE'S.

Something more must be said about our clearing sale of Summer goods.

The sale has been very satisfactory so far, but there are still many goods that we must dispose of to make room for fall stock.

Have you availed yourself of this opportunity to buy seasonable goods at half their actual value? If not, come in and see what we have to offer—it will certainly pay you.

M. J. GILDERSLEEVE
DRY GOODS,
FANCY GOODS.
BROAD ST., WESTFIELD.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Dress Linings & Trimmings.

sex street which was recently opened as a street by the surveyors of highways. This work will be done at once, but it will be necessary to borrow money to pay for the same and carry it over until the next tax levy, as the duplicate for this year is already made up. Messrs. Fink and Pierson, who own all the property on this street from Kimball avenue to Mountain avenue, agreed to do the work between these points and they were given permission to do the same.

John O'Brien.....\$ 57.60
Edward Edgar.....12.00
W. B. Touney.....7.35
A. E. Decker.....2.50
M. B. Walker.....31.00
F. C. Decker.....16.55
B. H. Woodruff.....51.00
C. E. Love.....6.67
Paul Q. Oliver.....10.00
Standard Publishing Concern.....2.50
Edward Edgar.....15.00
John Darrh.....85
Barney Falley.....2.00
A. E. Decker.....2.00
John Darrh.....3.91
Hatfield & Chamberlin.....216.64
George Gulick.....13.50
Robert Woodruff.....25.50
Thomas Kinney.....18.00
George D. Burrill.....15.00
E. W. Chamberlin.....100.00
George Clark.....11.25
John Darrh.....4.44
George Gulick.....23.50
George W. Young.....38.00
George D. Burrill.....18.00

SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY

Of Central Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., Celebrated Friday Evening.

At nine o'clock last Friday evening, after the regular business of Central Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., had been transacted and the regular meeting adjourned, the doors were thrown open and a large number of visiting brothers and their friends were admitted to help celebrate the seventh anniversary of the council. John C. Hall, Senior Past Councilor, acted as master of ceremonies, and after a few selections on the graphophone introduced brother S. W. Reese, who gave a stereopticon lecture on the "Battle of Gettysburg," which was very interesting and much enjoyed by all. He was assisted by Edwin Ralph Collins, Brother LaRue, of Bound Brook, a National representative, then gave a very instructive address, and remarks by several brothers followed, after which the refreshment committee served refreshments and cigars. It was a late hour when the visitors started for home, all agreeing the evening was well spent. About seventy-five brothers were present from the following councils: Overlook, of Summit; Union, of Rahway; Twilight, of Scotch Plains; Franklin, of Plainfield; and Somerset, of Plainfield.

FREE DELIVERY FOR WESTFIELD.

Indications are that Westfield Will Have it About July First of Next Year.

Westfield residents need not be too much disappointed in not getting the free postal delivery system, for a letter received by Martin Welles, president of the Board of Trade & Improvement Association, indicates that we will have it July first of next year. The letter is as follows:

Washington, D. C., Aug. 20, 1899.

Martin Welles,

President Westfield Board of Trade & Improvement Association.

Sir: I am in receipt of a petition, signed by your committee, urging the establishing of free delivery service at Westfield, and while I recognize the right of your arguments in favor of such establishment, I am compelled to inform you that as the Postal laws and regulations require that a place, to be entitled to the free delivery service, must have a population of ten thousand, or a revenue from its post office of not less than ten thousand dollars for the preceding fiscal year, the Department has no discretion in the matter, inasmuch as the gross receipts of the Westfield office, for the year ended June 30, 1899, were but \$9,548.50. I have no doubt that the revenue for the current year will be sufficient to warrant the establishment of the service on July 1st, next.

Very respectfully,
GEORGE M. ALLEN,
Acting First Assistant Post Master General.

Hotel Beechwood SUMMIT, N. J.

All the appointments are those of a first-class Modern Hotel—140 rooms.

An ideal Fall and Winter Resort. 260 feet of piazza enclosed with glass. Send for Descriptive Booklet.

JOHN A. HICKS, Proprietor.

HAVE YOU

Tried our Suburban Java Coffee? 25c lb.

REMEMBER we are the only Grocers who sell Royal Scarlet Canned Goods.

A fresh lot of Canned Peas just received. They are the finest money can buy.

A. C. FITCH & SON,
...GROCERS...

Hello, 24-a.

157 Broad St.

One More Week of it.

We refer to our Clothing Sale. It can't last much longer because our Summer Goods won't hold out. Nevertheless there are some of the best things left yet, in small quantities, of course. Lots have dwindled down to 5 and 6 suits of a style. We don't expect to see any of them here after Saturday night. Ask to see the following:

Our Fancy Cheviot Suits at \$3.00

Our All Wool Cheviot Suits at \$3.75

Our Fancy Dress Worsted Suits at \$5.00

These are some of our best values and are worth looking after. We make all our clothing.

SCHEPFLIN & SCHULTZ,

M. J. CASHIN, Manager, Retail Store.

322 WEST FRONT STREET, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

MOUNTAINSIDE AROUSED.

YOUNG GIRL'S ASSAULTER CHASED THROUGH THE WOODS AND CAUGHT.

Frederick Knock Now Safely Lodged in the Lock-up Preparatory to Being Sent to the County Jail.

The monotony at Mountainide was broken and the residents aroused this morning when it was reported that Lella, the twelve year old daughter of James O'Connor, had been assaulted by an unknown man. The girl gave a very good description of the man and Mr. O'Connor and several neighbors started on a hunt for him. He was at last sighted and then a close and exciting race began which only ended when George Fritz, who gave chase in a carriage with a swift horse, overtook the man on Chestnut street, just off Broad street.

The man came to the door of the O'Connor home this morning and asked the little girl, who answered his knock, for something to eat. She told him she had nothing and for him to go to the next house where he would no doubt get a meal. She had no sooner answered him than he struck her across the face and attempted to choke her. He then ran away and the little girl, badly frightened, hurried to where her father was and told him of the occurrence. The race was the result. The man, who has papers in his pockets stating that he is Frederick Knock, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was lodged in the lock-up by Constable Todd and will be sent to the county jail to await the action of the grand jury. He is a German about 40 years of age. Some of the residents of Mountainide were very much excited over the affair and it would have gone hard with the man had he been caught sooner when they were all together.

The Bayard Pharmacy's New Clerk.

The Bayard Pharmacy has added to their corps of employees William C. Youngs, who is a graduate of the New York College of Pharmacy, and is registered in both New York and New Jersey. Mr. Youngs has been managing clerk for the Moy Pharmacy, in Plainfield, for the last three years and has had a wide experience as a prescription clerk. Mr. Condit is now ready to have all prescriptions put up and delivered promptly, and at all hours.

To Remove Mildew From Linen.

The stained parts must be well rubbed with soap, then chalk should be scraped over the mildew marks and the linen be laid out flat on the grass. As the chalk dries in the air, be careful to moisten it slightly again, and when eventually washed in the usual way the mildew marks should be eliminated.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No. 288, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c per box. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

SANITARY PLUMBING AND HEATING

—ESTIMATES FURNISHED—

JOBBER PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

H. C McVOY, Elm St.

Augustus Frenz,

Contractor

Builder.

FANWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

Scotch Plains Post Office.

Big Borax Soap, 5c bar.

(1 lb. double cake.)

Stanleys Berkley Oval Soap,

3 cakes 5c.

Love's Pure Borax Soap,

7 cakes for 25c.

G. E. LOVE, Grocer, Broad St.

Fish...

Vegetables...

Everything nice and Fresh.

Deliveries made to suit our patrons. Prices as low as consistent with best stock.

FRITZ & LEAR,

Broad Street.

Do You Read Good Books?

Your choice of these for 10 cents each:

Life of Admiral Dewey,
The Little Minister,
Life of the Pope,
In His Steps,
Lena Rivers, by Mary J. Holmes,
The Philippines,
That Doggy, by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon,
Let Us Follow Him, by author of "Que Vadis," and hundreds of others just as good for 10 cents each

AT

HARKER'S BEAUTIFUL STORE

ELM AND GARRY STREETS,

WESTFIELD, N. J.

Store closes at 7 o'clock every evening except Saturday.

WHEN SAM'L SINGS.

Hyeh dat singin' in de medders
Whain de folks de meikin' hay?
Work is pretty middlin' heavy
Fu' a man to be so say.
You kin tell dey's some'n' special
'Fom de canter o' de song;
Some'n' sholy pleasin' Sam'l,
W'en he singin' all day long.

Hyehd him wa'bin' 'way dis mo'nin'
'Fo' 'twas light enough to see.
Seem lak music in de evenin'
Allus good enough fu' me.
But dat man commenced to hollah
'Fo' he'd even washed his face;
Would you b'lieve, de scan'lous rascal
Woke de birds erroun de place?

Sam'l took a trip a-Sad-day;
Dressed in blue, so he had,
Tuk a cane an' went a-strollin'
Lookin' mighty pleasin' glad.
Some folks don't know what de matiah
But I do, you bet yo' life;
Sam'l smilin' an a-singin'
'Ca'se he been to see his wife.

She live on de fu' plantation,
Twenty miles erway er so;
But heh man is mighty happy
W'en he git de chasnt to go.
Walkin' allus an' de nice—
Mo'nin' an' him on de way—
But he allus comes back smilin',
Luk his pleasure was his pay.

Den he do a heap o' talkin',
Do he mos'ly kin' o' still,
But de words, dey gits to runnin'
Lak de watah fu' a mill.
'What's de use o' havin' trouble,
'What's de use o' havin' strife?
Dat's de way dis Sam'l teaches
W'en he been to see his wife.

An' I reckon I git jealous,
Fu' I haf an' jolse an' sco'n,
An' I say: "Oh, go on, Sam'l,
Dey go on, an' blow yo' horn."
But I know dis comin' Sad-day,
Dey'll be brighter days in life;
An' I'll be ez glad ez Sam'l
W'en I go to see my wife.

—Paul Laurence Dunbar, in Philadelphia Evening Post.

Practical Philosophy

I DIDN'T catch her name when Cousin Edith introduced us at the garden party, but she was unquestionably interesting. We ran through art and music and drama in half an hour. Then we came to philosophy.

"There is such a difference," said she, "between practice and theory."

I conceded the point. She was so charming, in fact, that I wished it had been a larger point to concede. "But," I ventured to remark, "that doesn't make the theory wrong."

She leaned her cheek thoughtfully upon one gloved finger, possibly to display the smallness of her hand, possibly because the pose suited her, probably for both reasons.

"When you say that the regeneration of the universe can only be accomplished by white men marrying black women—"

"And black men, white women."

"No, thank you!" She shrugged her shoulders. "Well, as a matter of fact, you do not care anything about the regeneration of the universe?"

"I don't believe I do," I laughed.

"Nor contemplate marrying a negress yourself?"

"Unfortunately my personal taste lies so strongly in the direction of the blonde," Edith had remembered this, with her usual discretion.

"If I were black you would say you preferred ebony to ivory."

I raised my hands in protest. "I assure you," I averred, solemnly, "I prefer you as you are."

"But you haven't seen me any other—"

"How?"

"I am clear that improvement is impossible."

She laughed a delightfully saucy laugh.

"What a stock in trade of compliments you keep! I can understand why your cousin described you as a tonic for a diffident young person—like me."

"There is not," I declared, "another like you so far as my experience goes."

"You are putting me in a glow of satisfaction with myself. Please go on. There ought to be one or two nice points remaining in me."

I regarded her with calm scrutiny.

"An appearance of impudence becomes you," I said, "but—"

"But?"

"So do all appearances."

"Pray don't think that you have exhausted my appearances." She sank back in another attitude. "Why, you've barely known me an hour!"

"An hour," I said, feelingly, "of exquisite quality."

"An hour," she suggested, "which should rightfully have been devoted to a black woman." She looked as if she would like to add something, but refrained.

"You were going to say—?"

"Poor black woman!" Her eyes sparkled wickedly. "I don't mean it," she hastened to add.

"According to my theory," I explained, "you should have been delighting the eyes and ears of some dusky gentleman, and—er—"

"Poor black man!" I never saw such a girl to laugh.

"On the contrary. If you were to adopt my theory I should paint myself black."

"But you wouldn't be so black as you were painted!"

"Stop, stop! I'll assume that you've paid me all possible compliments. Let us get down to the bedrock of serious conversation."

"Umph! One so rarely gets there that I doubt if I have any serious conversation. You are not a missionary in disguise, are you?"

She didn't answer for a minute. It was curious to watch her face change from merriment, through thought, to seriousness. First, the laughter died gradually in her eyes; then the little curls and turns went out of her lips; then the dimples in the cheeks smoothed themselves out like ripples widening into nothingness on the sea; then she lifted up her head, a little on one side, and looked at me with solemn child eyes.

"Rascal!" she said, and, "I wish

I were. Sometimes I wish a missionary would come to me. I get tired of making fun of things, and think that perhaps they are serious after all."

I twirled my mustache and felt my own smile fading out. "They are serious enough," I said, "if you look at them in that way. It isn't a good way to look at things—things in general—I think."

"But one looks sometimes," she said absently, "at things in particular, and feels very, very serious."

"Then," I said, leaning forward, "one doesn't talk about them much. There is rarely anyone to whom one cares to talk about them."

"I don't think," she went on, with a little catch in her voice, "there is ever any single person to whom anyone would like to tell them all—the serious particulars," I mean."

"I don't think there is, so usually one doesn't tell them."

"Or unburdens oneself in installments, as opportunity offers." She sighed again.

"Exactly. That is why there are such odd confidences now and then. The critics lashed a scene in my last book because he told her one of his secrets in the first half hour of their acquaintance. It was natural enough, really."

"He was bound to tell some one," she assented, "and she was the fitting confidante for that particular secret."

"Quite so. She was the response to that one item of his nature."

"The worst of it," said my fair acquaintance, "is when one's nature is many-sided; because—well, you know what I mean."

"Society expects us to find a single hundred spirit which is to respond to all the calls, and it cannot."

"No, it cannot," she spoke with sudden energy; "though it may answer so well—so very well—to one." Her hands trembled in her lap.

"Wherefore," said I, speaking half to myself, "we find it a sound theory not to expect too much from anyone, to be thankful for what is given and compassionate to what is missing."

"You look at the matter more calmly than I," she cried, passionately, with her lips quivering.

"Perhaps," I told her, "I have looked at it oftener or longer ago."

She studied the floor for a time, and I studied her. She certainly was very pretty.

"What percentage of one, do you think, Mr. Nugent," she asked at length, "ought to meet with a response in a friend?"

"Well, I'm hardly prepared for examination in the mathematics of the subject. It depends on the 'one' and the 'friend' and the kind of demand."

"Take yourself, for example," she proposed.

"All right," said I, shrugging my shoulders; "if it pleases you I'll dissect myself. My aesthetic demands upon 'the friend' I have already formulated; they are approximately satisfied by several people whom I know—for example, you."

"Your aesthetic requirements are evidently very reasonable, but they are a minor matter after all."

"Theoretically they may be; practically they are all-important. Then my intellectual demands I hardly know—some people satisfy 80 per cent. of them. You would answer to quite 95 per cent, I imagine."

She laughed again. As I have stated, she had a charming laugh.

"Most people's intellectual demands are small," she said. "The emotional demands are the difficulty."

"Ah, yes! A general answer is impossible there. You can never tell without trial, and when you try the demand changes, and when you fail you pay a price. It is always a risk."

"Is there no way of forecasting?" she inquired, eagerly. "Cannot even an author with a reputation for analysis of character—I wish I had—make an estimate?" I shook my head.

"Scarcely, I think. He might make a good guess. Do you want me to sum up someone for you?"

"No—o. I merely wanted an example."

"Well," I said, smiling, "I'll take my unworthy self again, and my emotional needs. You would, I judge, answer to 99 per cent. of them!"

"But, you see," she objected, "I am already appropriated!"

"For the matter of that," said I, "so am I!"

Then we gave way to laughter—which is the practical philosophy—Black and White.

The Crescent.

The origin of the Turkish crescent is lost in antiquity. As the emblem of progress and increase it figures in the worship of Astarte, the chief goddess of the Phoenician Pantheon, who, under various names, was adored by every Semitic race. It is not, therefore, surprising that the crescent should be the chosen emblem of a conquering and spreading people. The hordes of Genghis Khan carried it on their banners from the great wall of China to the Indus and the Volga in the thirteenth century, yet these were Mongols and enemies of the very people with whom the crescent is generally associated. The Ottoman Turks, who first got lands in Asia as a reward for assisting the Seljuks against the Mongols, seem from their first arrival in these regions to have displayed the well-known symbol. It appeared on the banners of the Janissaries of the Sultan Orkhan in the fourteenth century, and subsequently the Crusaders fixed it in the eyes of Christendom as the counter emblem of the crescent. It is sometimes held that the Turks borrowed the crescent from the Hellenistic Greeks, but this is evidently not the case. On the contrary, the Greeks had probably at an early period adopted it with other religious symbols and ideas from the east.—Detroit Free Press.

Money.

Money talks—but it isn't on speaking terms with a good many people.—Chicago Daily News.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

A Few Items Which May Contain Information of Value to Her.

These are dangerous days for the bottled baby, unless the greatest care is exercised in the cleansing of his bottles. Even the most carefully prepared food may be poisoned if carelessness is permitted in the washing of baby's utensils. Very few people know how to wash a bottle clean. Don't call a bottle clean unless it shines like new glass. It cannot be made clean enough for baby's use with hot water or soap, and especially if one of the "wapsy" things usually sold for a bottle brush is used. The bottle brush must have good bristles and a strong handle. After all the milk has been rinsed off from the bottle that can be with cold water, then put in some powdered borax, and with the strong brush it can be made to shine. Now place the bottle in cold water to completely cover it, and let the water heat slowly and boil for 20 minutes. Then let it cool enough so that you can comfortably handle it. The day's supply of food being ready, it can be put immediately into the bottles, and tightly corked with absorbent cotton. About ten minutes before baby's meal time place the bottle in a pitcher of warm water. When warm enough remove the absorbent cotton, put on the nipple, and it is ready for baby.

In making chocolate at the table, it will simplify matters to have the milk warmed and the materials in readiness before sitting down. Then the evolution of the beverage can be carried on while the meal progresses. Put into the outlet pan two squares of unsweetened chocolate cut or broken into small pieces, two tablespoonsful of sugar, one level teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonsful hot water or milk; cook until smooth and shiny, remembering that long cooking before adding the milk will make the chocolate less greasy and less liable to settle in the cups. Then add gradually one full quart or 1½ scant quarts of warmed milk. When smooth, whip lightly with a lover egg-beater, and flavor with cinnamon or a half teaspoonful of vanilla. If you use whipped cream, put the cream in the bottom of the cup and pour the chocolate over. Some use a chocolate muddler, instead of the egg-beater, thinking the orange wood of which the muddler is made, imparts a pleasant flavor.

A most practical suggestion for the nursery appears in a recent English magazine. A friend of mine, says the writer, has a card three feet long by two wide, which is hung over the nursery mantelpiece. At the top of the card are the names and addresses of the three nearest doctors. Then follows a list of accidents most common with children and the remedies to be applied—bites, broken limbs, bruises, sprains, burns, convulsions, croup, cuts, falls, nosebleeds, poisons, scalds, stings, substances in the eye, ears, nose, swallowing coins, buttons, etc. Accompanying the card, which is headed: "What to do and how to do it," is a small box, which stands, locked, upon the mantel shelf, the key being hung on a nail within reach of the nurse, but out of the reach of the children. This box contains the remedies required, court plaster, absorbent cotton, lint, etc. With this bureau of information and pharmaceutical outfit there is no excuse for nurse or mother to wait idly by until the doctor comes.

Cauliflower au gratin is a dish that finds universal acceptance. To prepare it first boil the cauliflower, then break into small flowerlets. Butter a pudding dish and lay them in alternate layers with white sauce, and grated cheese. Cover the top with buttered crumbs and bake until the sauce bubbles through.

Before going away in the summer grease all iron kettles, frying pans and the like that they may not rust during your absence.

Save all soft bits of paper for polishing lamp chimneys or for wiping grease from kettles and frying pans before putting into the dish water.

Camphor gum laid in the drawers when silver is packed away prevents tarnishing.—Washington Star.

Boiling Starch.

"More starching is a failure than the starch being half cooked than from any other cause," said a capable housewife who was complimented on the perfection of the starched goods that came up from her laundry. "I made it a rule to have the starch boiled steadily an hour before it is strained. After this some of it is thinned to the proper condition for dresses, shirt waists and other pieces that require light starching. Starch that is not boiled enough will stick to the iron. If starch is not strained there will be uneven places in it. It is very little trouble to boil starch. It needs to be stirred a few times after it begins to boil. Stretch a triangular bag across a pail and pour the starch through it. It will nearly all soon drip through and it requires very little squeezing to press the remainder through. There is always some starch left in the strainer that cannot be used. It saves time to skim off the film that gathers over starch that has been boiled for a considerable length of time.—N. Y. Tribune.

When the Baby Has Convulsions.

There is little to be done when a child has convulsions except to put it, as quickly as possible, into a warm bath. Moisten a tablespoonful of dry mustard, rub it smooth, and add it to the water in the bath after the child is in it; do not wait to do it before. The doctor will order one or two teaspoonfuls of syrup of ipecac, until vomiting is produced. If the convulsion has been caused by undigested food, if from nervous irritation, as in teething, five or ten grains of bromide of soda dissolved in water may be given.—Ladies' Home Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

Good paper is made in Holland of the stalks of potato plants.

It is estimated that 40,000 Americans went to Europe this summer.

Within the last 20 years 3,000 houses in Dublin have been closed for sanitary reasons.

The maximum number of visitors to the Royal Gardens at Kew, England, on any one day last year was 71,871, on May 30. The smallest, 61, on November 21.

The 130-year-old vine at Hampton Court, England, is reported to be as vigorous as ever, although it is not now allowed to produce as many grapes as in its prime.

The finest-looking people of Europe are said to be the Tzigars, or gypsies, of Hungary. Physically they are splendid specimens of men and women and are rarely ill. So pure is their blood that their wounds quickly heal without the application of medicaments.

It has been found that the pain caused by the sting of nettles is due partly to formic acid and partly to a chemical resembling snake poison. Our nettles are comparatively harmless, but in India, Java and elsewhere, there are varieties the painful effects of which last weeks, and in some cases months, like snake bites.

The famous clock in the Palais de Justice in Paris dates from 1870, and is the work of the celebrated De Viek, whose turret clocks are the earliest on reliable record. The carved figures of Pity and Justice and the angels supporting the royal coat of arms were executed by Germaine Pilon. It is believed that it was the bell of this clock that rang the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew in 1572.

Mastication does not separate fresh bread, but condenses it into a soft, doughy, glutinous mass, very difficult for the saliva to affect. In weak stomachs, the saliva-coated ball, like any foreign body, irritates the stomach and brings on indigestion. If the person is strong and has plenty of outdoor exercise, the new bread is finally digested, but the effort of digestion is greater than it should be, and is liable to overcome the strength and produce more or less of trouble. Stale bread is more "crumbly" and does not stay together so firmly in a sticky mass.

WORK-TABLE NOTES.

Some Points About Needlework of Various Kinds—Crocheting and Knitting.

There is a slight indication in the distance of a revival of landscape embroidery, but of a vastly superior sort to that which obtained in our great-grandmothers' time. The new stitchery will be of the impressionist order, and not show the pre-lapsarian minuteness of detail of other days.

The stitches that are used in this revival are stem-stitch, running or darning-stitch, and long and short-stitch, and flossie the working material. The coloring of the sky will be given by the material wrought upon, accentuated or emphasized or paled by the coloring of the flossies employed. Art lines of soft colors make the best ground to work on.

A high authority on needlework says that the secret of successfully applying linen on linen is to fasten the laid piece with very bold buttonhole stitches that reach far into the lenf or petal, sometimes carrying a short stitch across a long one. After the linen is cut away, a row of stem stitch the color of the buttonhole is carried around the design.

A beautiful frieze design for a curtain has the tops of bamboo trees for its subject, and a por tin of the long, slender trunk or main stem. The trunks can be expressed by three parallel lines of running stitches of equal length and equidistant, with spaces at regular intervals; this gives an idea of the way the real stem grows. Wind-blown bamboo tops are the most graceful; the stems may be in the natural bamboo color, and the tops in brown or soft green.

Do not waste time crocheting or knitting lace to trim white petticoats, but rather crochet or knit artistic insertions and laces to beautify a set of curtains. Use creamy flax-threads and not white cotton. Flax-threads have a lustrous beauty of their own that cannot be equaled by the best of cotton.—Ladies' World.

An Oddity in Railroad.

"The craze for fast time on railways is taking a new feature," observed a prominent railroad official to a Star writer recently. "It is the shortening of lines and reconstruction of surveys in order to make a given line as straight as possible between two points. It is, in fact, a scheme to make time by saving distance. A railway without a curve or a cutting is, of course, a splendid thing from an engineering standpoint, but it is a very tedious affair to the passenger. To thoroughly realize how extremely monotonous a long journey on a railway without a curve or cutting is, one must travel on the road from Buenos Ayres to the Andes. That railroad beats all known records for having over 200 miles of trucks almost on a line, such as mathematicians describe as the shortest distance between any two points. No one who has not seen this remarkable stretch of road, straight in front and behind as far as the eye can reach, even when aided by a field glass, can grasp what it means or what an amount of weariness monotony it involves and entails."—Washington Star.

A Handy Definition.

It was in a Philadelphia Sunday school not long ago that a teacher asked the question: "What is a lie?" Of course, there was a small boy who thought he knew; and this was his definition: "A lie is 'an abandonment unto the Lord and an ever present help in time of trouble.'"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

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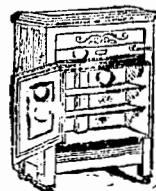
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Trapped by a Novel

"A GENTLEMAN—a Mr. Portman
—to see you, sir," said my land-
lady, looking in at my door.
"Show him up, Mrs. Jennings," I re-
plied, without glancing up from my
manuscript.

A few moments later Mr. Portman,
an entire stranger to me, was ushered
into my room. He came forward—a
man of large build, some 40 years of
age, with a slight stoop—and, fixing a
pair of dreamy, dark eyes upon me, he
inquired, in a low, earnest tone:
"Mr. Cecil Lawrence, I believe?"

"Yes. Be seated a moment, will
you?" I replied, indicating a chair.
He accepted the offer silently, and
waited his leisure, his eyes fixed upon
the crackling logs in the grate, and his
chin resting upon his hands.

"What can I do for you, Mr.—Mr.
Portman?" I asked, presently, putting
down my pen and turning round upon
my visitor.

"You are Mr. Cecil Lawrence, the
author, are you not?" he returned.

"Yes."

"The author of 'A Romance in Blue
Dye'?"

"Yes."

"Do you mind telling me how you
came by the plot for that story?" he
said, his dreamy eyes lighting up for
an instant.

"I'm afraid I cannot give you any in-
formation upon that matter," I replied.
"Authors do not generally communi-
cate their methods of work and thought
to strangers, and my time is at present
so much occupied that, unless you really
have some important business with
me, I really—"

"I have important business with
you!" he exclaimed, almost angrily.
"Do you fancy that I have come down
all the way from Lancashire to ask a
mere slip of an author his methods of
work?"

"From Lancashire?" I said, in sur-
prise. "Indeed, no; no sane man would.
But please state your business."

"Will you answer my question?" he
cried, rising impatiently and folding
his hands behind his back. "How did
you come by the facts in your story?"

"Since you attach such undue im-
portance to the matter," I replied cold-
ly, "I can only say that I owe some of
the plot of my 'Romance in Blue Dye'
to a newspaper paragraph I glanced
upon some 18 months ago."

"Can you show me this paragraph?"
"Really, unless you can tell me in
what way this matter is of so much
importance to you, I fear I must de-
cline to continue this interview, for,
as I have already told you, I am exceed-
ingly busy."

He looked at me steadily for a mo-
ment in silence, and the light came
into his eyes again.

"My name is Portman—John Port-
man, of Portman & Staley, Dyers and
Cleaners, Rochdale," he said, in a pec-
uliar tone I could not understand.
"Do you understand?"

"No. I may be very dense, but I
don't understand in what way the
statement of your identity proves the
importance of your visit," I responded,
becoming annoyed with him, his man-
ners and his tone.

"You don't, eh?" he blurted out.
"Well, Staley, my late partner, was the
man who was found in the vat of dye.
You are a picturesque liar, you know!"

I started—not at the fellow's insult,
but at the germ of an idea that was
dawning upon me. This man, then,
was the actual being whom I had cre-
ated, as I thought, in the person of
James Saxon, the murderer of his part-
ner. I fully understood now how
greatly this man, whose actual exist-
ence I had never suspected, must have
been annoyed by my book; for, doubt-
less, persons who had read it and knew
of the manner in which my visitor's
unfortunate partner had met his death
had commented upon the matter un-
pleasantly to my visitor.

"Do you understand me now?" my
visitor demanded, seeing I was not pre-
pared to say anything about his pre-
vious speech.

"Yes, I fear so," I replied, with a
silly smile. "But, if you have come
here with the intention of bullying me,
you made an error in the address. My
solicitors, Messrs. Wright & Wright,
Ely Place, are the people to call upon."

He looked at me and frowned. Then
he crossed the room, locked the door,
and put the key in his pocket.

"What the deuce do you mean?" I
cried, starting up indignantly. "You
are presuming upon my ignorance! Re-
place the key and unlock the door!" And
I went over to him as I spoke.

"Gently, gently, my good sir," he
said. "I am not nearly satisfied with
our chat yet. Look at this, and sit
down quietly."

"This," which he held in my face,
was a revolver. Was I at the mercy of
a madman?

"You are at the wrong end of it, you
know, so sit down and be civil."

I shrugged my shoulders and returned
to my chair, having the unpleasant
sensation that he was "covering" me
all the time.

When I had seated myself he came
and sat down at the other side of my
table, laid his revolver in front of him,
and began to bite his nails. I waited his
pleasure silently, wondering what I
could do best.

"It's like this!" he said, so suddenly
that he startled me out of my thoughts.
"I had a partner. That partner gets
drowned at our works in a vat of pur-
ple—not blue, mind you—dye. You see
the bare facts mentioned in the papers
(this is what you say!), write a story
about it. You make me, John Saxon of
your accused book, murder my part-
ner, and you bring me to justice, eh?"

"Yes, that's it," I replied, as evenly
as I could. "I offer you my sincerest
apologies for the unpleasantness it
must have caused you; but I assure
you, upon my honor, I never dreamed

that you really existed, or I should not
have used such a plot."

"But you must have known! You
must have seen!" he cried, leaning over
the table and hissing his words into
my face.

What would have happened if the
meaning of his words had flashed, in-
stead of dawning slowly, upon me I
cannot think—I never want to know.
But, coming upon my worried brain
slowly, the meaning did not make me
start, and my visitor, who evidently
realized he had spoken without think-
ing how he spoke, probably trusted I
had missed his second sentence.

To help him to that belief I answered:
"How could I have known the unfor-
tunate dyer had a partner. I realize
my horrible mistake now, of course.
I ought never to have written the book
without first inquiring whether my plot
would encroach too much upon actual
facts."

He did not seem to hear me, he was
staring over my shoulder, deep in
thought, like a man who dreams his
thoughts.

"Bahl!" he said, suddenly with great
passion. "How did you learn all you
know, eh? You could not have guessed
what no one else had suspected!"

"I fear I do not understand you," I
said, with a smile.

"You lie! You know you lie! Do
you think I have come here to be suck-
led on such prevarications? Do you
think I brought this with me for any
reason but to get from you an account
of how you discovered the purple spot
on my shirt, how you saw how it hap-
pened, as you must have done, though
you don't say so in your accused story?
Can't you see, ingenious puppy, that I
mean to know, and when I know to
send you where you cannot run a man
down by novel-writing, nor put the
law upon him? It's your life or mine!"

"With all your threats," I said,
"you're a big bit of a fool, Mr. Portman,
or else your mind is unhinged. The
book was mainly written upon the
merest conception of my own, suggest-
ed to me by a short paragraph. I have
already told you that. The manner in
which my murderer, John Saxon, was
brought to justice for his crime was
pure fiction work. Now are you satis-
fied?"

"No!" he replied, throwing himself
back in his chair. "What you say may
be true; I don't know. In any case,
your story has put me under the suspi-
cion of the police and the people of
Rochdale. I am a marked man, I don't
doubt. Probably the police are hunt-
ing me down now—now! But they
won't find the shirt."

"Probably you overrate the interest
the police and people of Rochdale take
in my novels and the death of your
partner," I said, with an effort at calm-
ness not too easy to assume.

"Possibly I do!" he replied, in a
hoarse voice, with a fugitive glance at
the door. "But there is you to reckon
with now!"

"Me?"

"Yes, you! Do you think if I knew I
was as safe from suspicion as before
your book was written, I could leave
you after what I've said to you to-
night?"

"What do you propose to do, then?
Give yourself over to the police, eh?"
I asked ironically, for I was weary of
the terrible nervous strain.

"It is you or me, and, by my soul, I
will seal your lips!"

To my uttermost surprise he made a
sudden dash round the table at me,
but in the moment of his heightened
passion he forgot his revolver. I thrust
out my arm and snatched it from the
table as I quickly dodged my assailant,
and, stepping back, I held the barrel in
his face.

"Stand back, John Saxon, or I fire!"
I cried.

He staggered back and leaned against
the wall.

"Give me the key, John Saxon," I
said, sternly.

With his wild eyes fixed upon the re-
volver, he took the key from his pocket
and threw it upon the table. I took it
up and drew toward the door.

As if he realized that the door would
open only to let him pass out to the
gallows, he made a desperate, sudden
spring at me as, with my left hand, I
slipped the key into the lock.

"Stand back!" I cried, as I pushed the
revolver into the hollow of his ashy
cheek.

"Stop!" he ejaculated hoarsely, as
with an impetuous gesture he pushed
his hand off his moistened brow
with both his hands. "What are you
going to do, old man? A price, price,
price! A price—my life! I'll buy my
life! A price?"

He crept toward me, shaking his
trembling arms above his head. Sudden-
ly he stopped, and his eyes started
from their sockets. He threw his chin
forward as if trying to swallow some
lump rising in his throat. Then, as I
sprang to him, he twisted on his heel
and fell in a heap upon the floor.

A price! Nemesis had refused his
price for life.—Chicago Herald.

WANT PRAIRIE DOG REMEDY.

The Animals Are Rapidly Becoming
a Pest to the Stockmen
of Nebraska.

The buffalo and the antelope once
found on the prairies of Nebraska dis-
appeared long ago, but the prairie dog
still lives and flourishes. As a matter
of fact, he is flourishing so greatly that
appeal after appeal is coming to the
zoologists of the state university for
aid in ridding the northwestern part of
the state of a great pest.

The prairie dog is not a beautiful
animal, but as a propagator of his spe-
cies he stands near the top of the list.
He is exceedingly gregarious and builds
towns with a rapidity that gains the
respectful admiration of even the most
successful town boomers. So far the
ravages of the prairie dogs have been
confined to the stock-growing country,
and stockmen say that unless some-
thing is done a large part of the state
will be abandoned to the animal. The
damage done by them consists in the
killing of the grass wherever they are
located. Especially are they common
in Sheridan county, an almost exclu-
sively stock-growing district. Ten
years ago there were few prairie dogs
there and all in one town. As an illus-
tration of how fast they multiply it is
stated that three years ago there was
a dog town north of Rushville, the
county seat, which covered less than
100 acres. To-day it extends over four
sections of land, or 2,560 acres. Within
a radius of four miles of Rushville there
are now nine towns, covering some
eight sections of land, all of which is
useless for grazing purposes.

So elusive are the little fellows that
the marksmen no longer waste their
time on them. The best hunters say
the dogs can dodge a bullet between
the grass and its arrival in their neigh-
borhood. No certain remedy to get rid
of the pests has yet been invented, and
the scientists at the experimental sta-
tion here have taken up the subject,
and as soon as they arrive at a conclu-
sion will publish it for the benefit of
the sufferers.

The only practical method that has
been tried so far is the use of poisonous
gases and virus. Carbon bisulphide is
sure death to the dogs, but the price
and the labor involved in applying it
prevents its universal adoption. The
difficulty experienced in finding a vi-
rus that will spread contagion and
death among the dogs is that all sug-
gested are equally fatal to domestic
animals and human beings. The wily
little fellows also decline to walk right
up and partake of the poisoned bait
as soon as it is set; they wait until
exposure in the air has weakened the
poison.

The scientists are also at a loss to
tell what food to use with the assur-
ance that the dogs will eat it. The
dogs seem to be very wary of man and
keep such a close watch on him that
anything he does in their neighborhood
is looked upon with suspicion, and a
conference is almost invariably called
as soon as he departs. The scientists
hope for eventual success, despite the
fact that scientific literature upon the
prairie dog and his habits is very scant
and ancient. Careful record of every
test is kept, and the labor, time and
cost are computed with the object of
demonstrating the least expensive and
most effective method.—N. Y. Sun.

PROPER VENTILATION.

The Windows Should Be Kept Open
Winter as Well as in
Summer.

So much has been said upon the sub-
ject of ventilation that it is impossible
to say anything new; and it should be
unnecessary to say anything at all,
were it not for the fact of the many
stuffy rooms we encounter.

In winter, windows are opened far
too infrequently for proper change of
air. Cold air is not necessarily pure air.
Fresh air will heat much more quickly
than the lifeless air of a room impreg-
nated with the noxious exhalations of
its occupants. We all object to take an-
other's breath at close range. It is just
as deadly as longer distance. This is
not a matter of ultra fastidiousness. It
is harmful to rebreathe one's own ex-
halations.

At night many fear to open windows
whatsoever for fear of "night air."
What air can there be at night but night
air? There are few occasions when out-
side air at night, with proper precau-
tions as to direct draughts, is not vast-
ly superior to that within.

Of late successful warfare has been
waged upon high hats in large places of
assembly. The disgusting nuisance of
public expectation has been met and
fairly vanquished. Why not now enter
a crusade against foul air?

How refined and cleanly people can
sit complacently inhaling the exhalations
and effluvia of a mass of surround-
ing bodies, many in diseased condition,
passes comprehension. Flying a fan
will not purify the air. Temperature
has absolutely nothing at all to do with
the quality of the atmosphere. If ush-
ers are frequently requested to open a
window, the idea that his patrons want
to breathe, as well as to obtain a good
view of the stage, may, in time, pen-
etrate the slow brain of the caterer for
public amusement and—wholesale suf-
focation!—Lester Monthly.

Heavenly Minstrel.

Mrs. Uperton—No, Albert; we can-
not take our money to Heaven with us.
Albert Edward—Certainly not, mam-
moot that would be decidedly vulgar. I
suppose a letter of credit from the arch-
bishop would be about the proper thing.
—Judge.

The Ice-man.

Oyer—There goes a man who lives on
nothing but water the year round.
Myer—Pshaw! That's impossible.
"Oh, no, it isn't. You see he gathers
it in winter and sells it in summer."—
Chicago Evening News.

HUMOROUS.

Jaggles—"I see there's a new keeper
in the menagerie. Didn't the animals
like the old one?" Waggles—"I guess
so. They ate him up."—Judge.

He—"I'm thinking of proposing to
you." She—"I hope you will postpone
it awhile." He—"Why?" She—"I don't
know you well enough yet to refuse
you."—Town Topics.

"There's a mountain of evidence
against you," said the young lawyer to
his first client. "Tunnel it, my boy, tun-
nel it!" cried the old sluice robber.—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Alas! Yes.—Mrs. Bjerkas (se



CRANFORD.

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

WON BOTH GAMES.

CRANFORD BASE BALL TEAM FURNISH GOOD LABOR DAY SPORT.

Linden Team Defeated in the Morning and the Perth Amboy Visitors Get Only "Second Place" in the Afternoon.

Labor Day in Cranford was celebrated with two excellent games of base ball, and the home team succeeded in capturing the laurels in both.

In the morning the Cranfordites faced the strong Linden team and for a while it looked as though they had met their Waterloo; but such was not to be, for they pulled out and won by a score of 11 to 9. Both sides had a great many errors marked up against them, as the sun was so strong that fielders could not face it in getting under the ball. Hennessey and Hall each got two big buggers and F. Higgins and W. Higgins, of the visitors, each received one. Crahan, of the Linden team, and Tabor, of the home team, both pitched good ball but their support was bad.

Score by innings:
Cranford. 3 0 1 2 1 0 4 1 x—11
Linden A. C. 3 1 0 3 0 0 0 2—9
The afternoon game with the Perth Amboy team was not so interesting, as it was more one sided, the Cranford team doing about as they pleased and allowing the visitors to score only one run, that in the third inning. Hennessey pitched a fine game and allowed only four men to hit for a safe. He struck out five men and let two walk to first.

Klase got one three-bagger and two two-buggers. Bates, Hennessey and Tabor also hit for two bags. The Cranford team had only three errors, two of these being credited to Bates and one to Howell; while the visitors had seven, the first, second and third basemen getting two each and the catcher one.

Score by innings:
Cranford. 4 0 0 2 3 0 0 0—9
Perth Amboy. 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—1

MILLIONS GIVEN AWAY.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine; and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness and all diseases of the throat, chest and lungs are surely cured by it. Call at the Bayard drug store, and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

Be Comfortable.

Devote your energies to being comfortable. Nothing will aid you so much as simplicity. Don't try to follow all the fads invented by fools. In the first place, get a comfortable place to live. Get a good cellar. Get a good cistern. Fix your water pipes so they won't freeze. Fix yourself so that you can be warm in winter and reasonably cool in summer. Have things "handy" around the house. Give up your membership in literary and card clubs and devote your attention to your own affairs. If you can't find enough to keep you busy, it is a sign you don't look very closely.—Acheson Globe.

He Knew Her.

Von Blumer—How is it you are taking luncheon alone? I thought I saw you going down town with your wife this morning.

Witherly—You did. But she saw something in a window that she wanted to look at, and I told her I would wait outside. I'm going back late this afternoon to catch her as she comes out.—Detroit Free Press.

A Neat Selection.

"That's a nice umbrella you have there."
"Ain't it? Reflects credit on my taste, doesn't it?"
"It certainly does. Where did you get it?"
"Picked it out of a bunch of seven that were straggling in the boarding house hall this morning."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Work For the Jaws.

John Bulwer, a quaint writer of the seventeenth century, recommends the following three dinner rules: Stridor dentium, alium silentium, rumor gentium, which has been humorously translated, "Work for the jaws, a silent pause, frequent ho-hum."—What to Eat.

"To Err is Human."

"But to err all the time is criminal or idiotic. Don't continue the mistake of neglecting your blood. When impurities manifest themselves in eruptions or when disordered conditions of stomach, kidneys, liver or bowels appear, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will make pure, live blood, and put you in good health."



TITLED MARRIAGES.

Marrying Noblemen Is Not Always a Pleasant Thing for American Girls.

Marrying an English title is not all honey. It depends, though, on the motive whether the woman feels she is compensated by adding a handle to her Christian name. The transaction may be entirely for barter, and in that case no sympathy need be wasted on either party. The title is bought with a fortune by the bride, and if it does not pan out well she must simply regard it as a bad investment, like many another made in business. Now less than a year ago a handsome and exceedingly wealthy widow, not satisfied with her affluence in New York society, married an English earl of broken down fortune and health, whose sole claim to distinction existed in the fact of his associations with the royal house of England.

By the aristocracy he was tolerated because he was one of them, but outside of that sacred band he was a nobody; he was poor as a church mouse. However, his great name counted for something and the rich American widow fancied it would be "jolly" to be countess, when so many other New York women were Ladies Somebody or other. There was no love lost, evidently, for the earl threw himself in front of an express train, or had a fit, the coroner said, and left a will that ignored his new wife, whose millions had given him ease from creditors and taken his establishment out of quod.

No arrangements had been made for her and the consequence is, beyond the privilege of using the coat-of-arms of the Straffords and being called a dowager countess, the former Mrs. Colgate, of New York, is precisely where she was a year ago, as far as society is concerned. It may be this was all understood in the marriage settlements, yet the lady scarcely counted on so brief a tenure of the coveted position; she gave so much for so little, she should have all there was to it for some years to come. Alas and alack! for the gratitude of man.

The earl bequeathed every bit of property he possessed to his two daughters, not even making provision for a possible heir, which the countess now lends the new earl to expect. One really hopes the expectation will be realized, if it is only to see the complications that then will arise unsnarled themselves to the satisfaction of the handsome American widow. But Lord Strafford did not have an easy life of it. His daughters married indifferently. Lady Mary Byng, the younger one, who was the queen's maid of honor, contracted a disastrous alliance with an impetuous French count, and the pair kept a sort of young noblemen's boarding school in France until the other day the authorities went and shut it up on the plea of politics. Perhaps the father-in-law of this Viscount De Mauny Talvande became discouraged with the outlook for his favorite daughter and concluded life was not worth living, and then, again, he may have had a real fit and tumbled under the wheels of the train.—Chicago Chronicle.

GLASGOW FUNCTIONS.

University Ceremonials Which Are Conducted with Great Pomp and Show.

The conferring upon Sir Henry Irving of an honorary degree by the University of Glasgow and the ceremonial proceedings which, as usual in such cases, marked the occasion have drawn attention to the peculiarly gaudy character of Glasgow university's academical functions. At other great seats of learning, however brilliant the plumage of the "domini doctores" and other members of high degree, your mere student, or undergraduate, must wear a gown or cloak of sober, often rusty, black. But at Glasgow the students are still divided into "Togati" and "Non-Togati," and the former—"students of humanity, Greek, logic, ethics and natural philosophy classes"—must, according to the university statutes, wear "the ancient academical robe—a scarlet cloak."

Owing, probably, to the anti-papistical tendencies of Glasgow, the authorities of that university are not given to emphasizing the circumstances in its history which this scarlet cloak really commemorates. St. Andrews, the oldest university in Scotland, was founded in 1411 by Bishop Henry Wardlaw, and on petition of King James I. and many great men of his realm was sanctioned by a bull of Pope Nicholas V. two years later. Next in order of antiquity comes Glasgow. But no Scottish name is recorded as that of the founder of that university. In fact, it was not founded by any Scot, but by this same Pope Nicholas V., who issued his bull for the establishment of a "studium generale" at Glasgow in 1450, and endowed the same, so far as it was endowed at all, out of the funds of the church. It is this fact that the Presbyterian students of humanity and the other "ingenious arts at Glasgow owe their 'scarlet cloaks.'" And the origin of the university is unique, as is the garb of its students. It is the only surviving purely papal foundation in the British Isles.—N. Y. Tribune.

Keeping Milk from Souring.

The city boarders whojourning at the farmhouse were seated at dinner. On the outside a storm was raging.
"Is it true," asked the young man in the striped shirt front, as he had his glass refilled for the fourth time, "that thunder sours milk?"
"Sometimes it do," replied the old farmer, from the far end of the table, "but I guess they ain't none of them round here givin' it a chance to sour."—Ohio State Journal.

Recently Private Thought.

No man would care to have his wife know just exactly what he thinks of himself.—Philadelphia Record.



The wide-awake theatrical managers are showing unusual activity in presenting plays to the public; after in most cases having rejuvenated the playhouses beyond the recognition of last season's play goers. This week at the Star to-morrow night "The City of New York," a five-act melodramatic "thriller," is the attraction. The piece is a nerve-tender and it includes a railroad wreck; a train crashing through a bridge, and a wild slide for life down a mountain lumber flume. Some of the scenes are located at Grant's Tomb, the Bowery and Wall street.

The Grand Opera House opened last evening with "The King of the Opium Ring," which is replete with thrilling and novel features, ending with a cake walk.

Hurlig & Seaman's Music Hall will be reopened on Saturday, with Louise Beaudet as one of the stars. A good vaudeville program is promised. The house has been remodelled and handsomely decorated.

"Why Smith Left Home," at the Madison Square Theatre, will continue there for some time. In the cast are such clever people as Annie Yeamans, Maelyn Arbuckle, Marion Giroaux, Dorothy Usner, Fred W. Peters, M. B. Snyder and Rose Snyder.

Willie Collier is at the Manhattan Theatre. A very smooth gentleman "Mr. Smooth" is. He should have an easy run. The theatre has been handsomely decorated in white and gold and many arrangements for the comfort of the audience have been provided.

From all accounts "The Girl from Maxim's" has turned out to be a mighty popular sort of a young lady. The Criterion has been crowded ever since the opening night.

"A Young Wife" continues the attraction at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, where it opened last week.

At the Academy of Music Andrew Mack, in "The Last of the Robins," remains until further notice. His new play has added greatly to his popularity.

"A Little Ray of Sunshine" broadens steadily at Wallack's and Managers Smyth & Rice are encouraged to hope for a repetition of the London success.

Crowded houses for twenty weeks is the record of "The Man in the Moon" at the New York. A jubilee of new features in preparation for the one hundred and fiftieth performance to be celebrated Monday night, September 11.

"The Rounders" continues to fill the Casino. Contrary to all Casino precedent, every jest, song, situation and every bit of business remains just exactly as it was on the successful opening night of the newest Smith & Endlander company.

Tony Pastor has on his big list of entertainers this week Foy & Clark, in "The Man Across the Street," the Stewart Sisters, Fields and Ward, Williamson and Stone, Ada Jones, the Le Reaues, in their acrobatic acts, and Bertha Wagner and Bruno Arnim in "Opera in the Kitchen."

Red Hot From the Gun.

Was the ball that hit G. B. Steadman of Newark, Mich., in the Civil War. It caused horrible ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Bayard Drug Store.

Tells Its Own Story.

In a pretty Wisconsin town not far from Milwaukee there is a "spite fence" which tells its own story to all the world. It is a high and tight board affair and cuts off a view across a number of beautiful lawns. The man who lives on one side of it evidently feared that the fence would bring down on his head the condemnation of his neighbors. Not wishing to be unjustly blamed, he has therefore painted on his side of the fence in letters that can be read a block away these words:
"He built this fence. I didn't do it."
The man on the other side also had no idea of letting a false impression get out. Accordingly he has painted on the other side of the high barrier:
"I had to do it."

Sharpness of Location.

Having an appointment to preach at an insane asylum for the first time, the editor of The Christian Register asked the medical director for some points. He said the most important thing was to avoid any attempt on the part of the preacher to accommodate himself to his audience as if they were different from other people. He said:
"If you attempt to adapt yourself to their condition, they will instantly discover it, and they will hate you."

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How Are Your Kidneys?

Dr. Richter's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ailments. Add. Union News Co., Chicago or N. Y.

END OF THE WORLD.

A Scientist Figures Out That It Is Yet Three Billions of Years Off.

Scientists do queer things sometimes. One of them has attempted to calculate in cold mathematics how soon we may expect the judgment day; and has prepared a paper on the subject which he expects to read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science when it meets next month in Columbus. Starting with the total energy stored in the sun and the fact that the orb of day is continually distributing energy equivalent to the work of seven men for each area of the earth's surface, our statistician calculates that it will require 3,375,000,000 years of outpouring before a sensible diminution of the quantity of energy given out can be detected. Up to this distant period mountains will stand, rivers will run, plants will grow and animal life will exist much as it does to-day.

If you realize that solar energy is so soon as used reasserts itself in some other form, either as sound, electricity or simple motion, it is easy to see that this estimate is too small rather than too great. At any rate the world is not liable to stop going for a few years yet, according to his reasoning.

Some idea of the vastness of the force that is meted out to us from the physical source of earthly life may be gained, he says, by considering that if the energy that the sun gives to the earth in a single day could be bottled up and directed against Niagara falls it would cause that great body of water to dash back again up hill for 4,000 years. If turned into a single blast of heat it would cause every living creature instantaneously to blight and wither; the ice around the poles would be melted in 1 1/2 minutes and in another 11 seconds all the oceans would be turned into steam.

If transmuted into electricity, a spark would flash from the earth as far as the planet Jupiter. If collected into a single sound the vibration thereof would not only break every ear drum in the world, but would uproot the giant trees of the forest, and even level mountains. If changed into a momentary flash of light its burst would be so blinding as to penetrate the walls of the deepest dungeons and destroy the sight of every living creature. In brilliancy this flash would exceed the brightness of the sun itself over a million times.

For one man to expend an amount of energy equivalent to that which the earth receives from the sun in the tenth part of a second he would have to work hard continuously for 57,000,000 years.

This calculation is remarkable in that its result differs by more than 3,374,000,000 years from the period when scientists generally believe that the world will come to an end. Such experts as Darwin and Huxley believed that it could not sustain life 2,000,000 years hence.—N. Y. Herald.

ALUMINUM'S NEW STAGE.

Is No Longer Merely the Theme of Speculative Writers But an Assured Success.

"Aluminum has passed its pipe-dream period," said John H. Bentley, of Buffalo, N. Y., "and has settled down into a quiet respectable metal. The person who first brought it into public notice was a novelist who has foreshadowed more great scientific developments than any other one man who ever lived. I refer to Jules Verne. In his 'Journey to the Moon' he described the construction of a gigantic projectile of aluminum and indulged in some remarkable conjectures as to the probable part that the metal would play in the industrial world. At that time a new German process of reduction had reduced the price to something like four dollars a pound, which was thought to be amazingly cheap, but Verne foresaw still simpler methods, and his prediction was fully verified by the electrolysis system, which has scaled it down to about 30 cents. That was only a few years ago, and the pseudo-scientific scribbles immediately declared the 'new metal,' as they called it, would usurp the place of steel. They filled the papers with extravagant stories of aluminum steamships, engines, carriages, derricks, portable houses and even cannon, all of which was pure wind. It was found in actual practice that the pure metal was unsuited to almost all the innumerable purposes that were suggested, but it proved a most valuable and excellent alloy. Nowadays its practical utility is pretty well understood, and the consumption is steady and enormous. A great deal of it is made into wire, something to which it is peculiarly adapted by its tensile strength of 40,000 pounds to the square inch, hard drawn. There is a good deal of talk at present of its being used as a substitute for copper in electric cables, owing to the recent big advance in the price of the latter metal, but I am skeptical of the practicability of the scheme. To begin with, copper is still nearly 15 cents a pound the cheaper of the two, and aluminum has only about three-fourths its electric conductivity. Moreover, the chances are that the copper boom is due to a speculative movement in stocks rather than any serious shortage in the supply, and if that is the case it is bound to soon take a drop."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Inequalities in the Language.

Mrs. Brown—Our language is full of misnomers. For instance, I met a man once who was a perfect bear, and they called him a "fellow engineer."
Mrs. Smith—Yes, but that's not so ridiculous as the man they call "fellow" in a bank. He won't tell you anything. I asked one the other day how much money my husband had on deposit and he just laughed at me.—Catholic Standard and Times.



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