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WESTFIELD, UNION COUNTY, N. J., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1899.

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Truthful Advertising Will Always Sell Honest Goods.

THE BEE HIVE
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THE LARGEST DRY AND
FANCY GOODS HOUSE IN NEW JERSEY

Greatest Sale of American Rugs!

Country's Most Celebrated Makes—Every Price a Marvelous Bargain Special.

The next six days will put you in touch with a Rag Sale, whose money-savings on the best Rugs America produces will be prodigious. A congress of the most famous Rugmakers of two continents have met upon bargain basis without a precedent. The richest colorings, latest weaves, choicest designs, most celebrated makes are at your bargain mercy—begin Monday. The great "Carpet Hall" on the third floor is strewn with economies. Great Oilcloth and Linoleum specials add to the occasion.

- Smyrna Floor Rugs.**
Size 16x24 inches, should be \$1.00; special sale price **49c**
Size 20x30 inches, should be \$1.50; special sale price **75c**
- Cocoa Mats.**
Heavy brush, size 25x14, should be \$1.00; special sale price **38c**
- Smyrna Rugs.**
Bromley Royal Smyrna Rugs, very high quality made:
16x24 inches, should be \$1.25, special sale price **\$1.00**
20x30 inches, should be \$1.95, special sale price **\$1.50**
24x36 inches, should be \$3.75, special sale price **\$2.75**
28x40 inches, should be \$3.25, special sale price **\$2.50**
32x44 inches, should be \$4.75, special sale price **\$3.75**
42x54 inches, should be \$8.50, special sale price **\$6.75**
- Wilton Rugs.**
Bandhar Wilton Rugs, 27x54 inches, very rich color, should be \$3.45, special sale price **\$2.65**
- Art Squares.**
The celebrated Hartford make of All Wool Ingrain Art Squares, in very new designs:
12x12 yards, should be \$5.75, special sale price **\$4.75**
12x12 yards, should be \$4.95, special sale price **\$3.95**
12x12 yards, should be \$7.75, special sale price **\$6.45**
12x12 yards, should be \$8.75, special sale price **\$7.45**
- Lamb's Wool Mats.**
Size 36x42 inches, colored centres, borders trimmed with angora; would be a great bargain at 1.95; special sale price **1.00**
- Goat Skin Rugs.**
White and gray, size 34x68 in. should be 1.95; special sale price **1.39**
- Smyrna Rugs.**
Novel patterns of the great Bromley Princess grade:
21x45 inches, should be \$1.19, special sale price **85c**
25x54 inches, should be \$1.69, special sale price **\$1.29**
30x46 inches, should be \$1.99, special sale price **\$1.55**
30x72 inches, should be \$3.49, special sale price **\$2.49**
- Oilcloth Special.**
The celebrated Sampson make of Floor Oilcloth, regular 85c a square yard, special sale price **25c**
- Linoleum Special.**
Nairn's Linoleum in a great variety of the choice patterns, regular at 48c a square yard, special sale price **39c**
- Carpet Size Smyrna.**
The same well known grade:
5x9 feet, should be \$12.50, special sale price **\$9.95**
7 ft. 6 in. x 10 ft. 6 in. should be \$18.49, special sale price **\$15.49**
9x12 feet, should be \$25.00; special sale price **\$21.49**

NO AGENTS ON BRANCH HOUSES ANYWHERE. MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED.

FREE DELIVERIES BY OUR OWN WAGONS TO WESTFIELD AND VICINITY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY.

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EST. 1871
HENRY P. CONDIT, Prop.
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Broad Street, Cor. Elm, Westfield, N. J.
Asker, Merrill & Condit Cigars. Full line of Colgate's Soaps, Perfumes and Toilet Waters.
SODA WATER IN ALL FRUIT FLAVORS.

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AND ALL KINDS OF GARDEN TOOLS, STOVES AND RANGES.
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WEDDINGS, RECEPTIONS and PARTIES a Specialty.
Handsomer 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. EMERSON'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.
Bottled with each box. Sold by Drug Dealers or sent by mail upon receipt of 25c.
C. B. SMITH & COMPANY,
Wholesale Agents, NEWARK, N. J.

Just In Time.

"Hello! Is that Mr. Highmus' residence?"
"Yes."
"Is that you, Fanny?"
"Yes."
"Are you alone?"
"Yes."
"So am I. Everybody else at the office has gone. I want to talk to you a little. Dar?"
"Sh! Don't you know the girl at the central office is listening?"
"Darkness, I was going to say, may come on before I get around this evening. It's a nice day, isn't it? Well, goodbye."—Chicago Tribune.

Too Hard For Him.
A Frenchman at a certain hotel the other evening, who was boasting that he had thoroughly mastered the English language, was asked to write the following dictation:
"As Hugh Hughes was hewing a Yule log from a yew tree, a man, dressed in clothes of a dark hue, came up to Hugh and said, 'Have you seen my ewes?' 'If you will wait until I hew this I will go anywhere in Europe with you to look for your ewes.'"

Money has been and always can be made more easily out of simple patented inventions than out of any investment or occupation.
To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult to Mohammedans in the east.
Effect of Opulence.
When a man gets beyond wondering where his next meal is coming from, he falls to wondering who his neighbors were. —Detroit Journal.

WANTED—SEVERAL BRIGHT AND honest persons to represent us as Managers in this and close by counties. Salary \$300 a year and expenses. Straight bona-fide, no more, no less salary. Position permanent. Our references, any bank in any town. It is mainly office work, conducted at home. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 3, Chicago.

THE WINDOW IN THE TENT.
An Old Soldier's Way of Securing Ventilation When in the Field.
"I never pull down the window at the top to let in a little fresh air when I go to bed," said the old soldier, "without thinking of how we used to open the window in the tents in the army in wartimes. An A tent, seven feet square at the base and running up, wedge shaped, to a ridgepole seven feet above the ground, made comfortable enough quarters for four men if you could leave the tent open, which was equivalent to leaving off the front of the house, but if it were cold or rainy and the wind blew on the front of the tent so that you had to close it, why then you wanted ventilation somewhere, and you got it by unhooking an opening in the back of the tent."
"There was a seam, overlapped, running down the middle of the back of the tent from the ridge pole to the ground, and we used to cut the stitches along that seam, up near the top of the tent, and spread the sides apart by putting in a stick six or eight inches long across the middle, making there a diamond shaped opening about a foot long, which served the purpose admirably."
"The men's guns stood at that end of the tent, butts resting on a piece of cracker box, the barrels held in some sort of a holder secured to the tent pole. If the wind changed on some rainy night and came around to blow against the back of the tent, the rain would come in on the guns and on us, and then somebody would get up and shut the window—that is, take the stick out and let the canvas come together again there and then open the tent a little at the other end, at the front."

THE CROSBY & HILL
United Stores
PLAINFIELD, N. J.
WILMINGTON, DEL.
MORRISTOWN, N. J.
PERTH AMBOY, N. J.

Fall Dress Goods.

The display of Fall Dress Materials is very comprehensive and combines a very choice collection of imported and domestic dress materials of the latest and most fashionable sorts. We offer a great many very nobby kinds of high class materials in exclusive patterns for dresses and skirts with no two alike and no duplicates, in rich Camel's Hair and Cheviot Plaids and Golf Suiting. The display of staple dress stuffs is very large and includes every desirable thing. The following items represent unusual values.

- 59c....All Wool French Whip Cord Suitings, 40 inches wide, ten of the newest Fall colorings.
50c....All Wool English Covert Suitings, dark mixed effects, 38 inches wide.
50c....All Wool Gilbert Cloth Suiting, 54 inches wide, forty-four different colors and mixtures.
\$1.00...Camel's Hair Cheviot Suiting, 54 inches wide, five different shades in gray, brown and blue mixtures.

Carpets.

We make, lay and line all carpets free of charge. Unquestionably the most complete assortment of carpets is shown here. All the very brightest and best fall patterns and standard qualities.

- 85c....Best quality ten wire Tapestry Brussels Carpets in a very fine assortment of new patterns.
85c....Saxony Axminster Carpets, a handsome assortment of new Fall patterns.
95c....Fine Velvet Carpets, rich effects and coloring; the new Fall line of patterns and colorings.
We are agents for Up-to-Date Dress Patterns. The best and cheapest patterns on the market.
10c....Ask for the advance Fashion Sheet.

Crayon Portraits Free

By purchasing \$1.00 worth at this store you are entitled to a Crayon Portrait of yourself or any member of your 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.
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SUPPLIES. RENTALS.

WESTFIELD PHARMACY.
TRY
Trenchard's SODA WATER,
EVERY DROP DELICIOUS.
W. H. TRENCHARD,
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Broad and Prospect Streets
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ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

THE BRAIN IN SLEEP.

INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL CAUSES THAT PRODUCE DREAMS.

The Influence on the Nerves by the Stomach and the Food That It Contains—Events That Occur in a Fraction of a Second.

Dreams are generally a repetition of thoughts unguided by reason. Those caused by internal action or brought about by action within the body are due entirely to the action and state of the stomach, which in turn is affected by the quantity and quality of food consumed.

The first ends or feelers of the nerves are located in the walls of the stomach, and as the food is digested they draw up the nourishment and distribute it throughout the nervous system to replace the waste that has taken place during the day. If the stomach be surcharged with an abundance of heating food, too much nourishment is forced upon the brain, causing an abnormal filling of the channels, thereby expanding them, bringing them in touch with others and causing the matter from one to overflow into or to mix with the fluid of neighboring channels. Whenever the fluid traverses a channel more or less forcibly the thought which originated that passage is reproduced more or less vividly; hence it is the general mixing up of thoughts which originally had no connection with each other.

An overloaded stomach also causes a flow of blood to the brain, sent there by nature to assist in assimilating the extra nourishment, and the overcharged blood vessels, pressing upon the nerve channels near the brain, cause even more turbulent disturbances. This accounts for the advice of so many medical men that no considerable quantity, especially of animal food, should be taken immediately before bedtime. The crossing, recrossing and touching of these thought channels brought about in this way produce the absurd mixtures of fancies that often come to us when we sleep.

The stomach, too, is a mill which keeps on forever grinding, the walls acting as the grindstones. When, therefore, there is nothing between them, or, in other words, when the stomach is empty, one wall grinds upon the other, causing an irritation of the nerves which produces that peculiar sensation of falling from some great height.

To understand how external action will affect the dream of a sleeper it must be borne in mind that those dreams which seem to take hours, and even days, in passing really occupy but a minute fraction of a second. If, therefore, we are awakened by some loud, strident noise, say by the cracking of a whip, then between the time that the sound strikes the ear while we are yet asleep and the time that we are fully awake to realize what has caused the sound a few moments only have elapsed, but those few moments were sufficient to allow of a dream of apparently several hours' duration.

As an example: A milkman, driving up beneath an open bedroom window, cracks his whip smartly. Immediately the thought produced by the sound causes a dream. The sleeper imagines himself a soldier who has fallen into the hands of the enemy. He is led out to be shot. He stands blindfolded, with hands tied, before the platoon of soldiers. He hears the click, click, click as the rifles are cocked. He hears the word given, and the noise of the volley rings out on his ears. Then he awakes with a start, to hear the rumble of the milkman's wagon as he cracked his whip and drove off over some rough cobblestones.

A blow, a cut or a sensation of pain will operate in the same way and awaken certain channels of thought connected with pain just as the noise awakes those connected with sound.

For instance, a sleeper dreams that he is closed up in some close traveling carriage and is being driven rapidly off in an unknown direction by a man who has designs upon his purse and life. He tries to shout, in vain he struggles to get free and in the tussle drives an arm through the glass window of the carriage. The hand is cut and bleeding. It smartens fearfully, and he awakes to find that in his sleep he had carelessly thrown out an arm, and his hand has smashed some fine medicine glass on a stand by the bedside. The whole dream passed between the time that the hand first struck the glass

creating the sensation of pain, and the moment that the sleeper awoke to realize the fact.—Chicago Record.

A Woman's Compliment.

"After you had been at my house the other day," said one woman to another, "my little maid said she thought you were such a pretty woman. I don't like to correct her too often for taking such an interest as she does in every one who calls to see me. The first time Miss Blank called she thought she ought to say something, so she said: 'Isn't Miss Blank a nice lady; she's so quiet.' And you know she isn't that either!"

And silence reigned while the other woman digested it.—New York Sun.

Blissful Moments.

Hanlon—He assured me he was very sorry that I made myself appear so ridiculous.

Melville—That's all right. There are a great many persons who are never happier than when they are feeling sorry for somebody else.—Boston Transcript.

The gravestone over the burial place of John Foster, almanac maker, in the old burying ground at Dorchester, Mass., bears the inscription, which was dictated by himself, "SUN was his cash."

Walking Up Stairs.

A physician who declared that few people knew how to walk up stairs properly was asked to describe how it should be done. He said: "Usually a person will tread on the ball of the foot in taking each step. This is very tiresome and wearing on the muscles, as it throws the entire suspended weight of the body on the muscles of the legs and feet. You should in walking or climbing stairs seek for the most equal distribution of the body's weight possible."

"In walking up stairs your feet should be placed squarely down on the step, heel and all, and then the work should be performed slowly and deliberately. In this way there is no strain upon any particular muscle, but each one is doing its duty in a natural manner. The woman who goes up stairs with a spring is no philosopher, or at least she is not making a proper use of her reasoning faculties."

"The habit, too, of bending over half double when ascending a flight of stairs is exceedingly reprehensible. In any exertion of this kind, when the heart is naturally excited to a more rapid action, it is desirable that the lungs should have full play. The crouching position interferes with their action, the blood is imperfectly aerated, and there is trouble at once. Give the lungs a chance to do their work everywhere and at all times."—New York Sun.

Why There Was No Room.

When he was a young man, Senator Hale of Maine, like many young men who have later on in life made their mark in the world, was not without that egotism which is said to be an element of success.

On one occasion Mr. Hale was riding in an old fashioned stage coach with Senator and Mrs. Frye. The only other passenger was an Irish woman past middle life, rather comely of face, who wore enormous hoops, fashionable at that period. To amuse his fellow passengers Mr. Hale pretended to be much enamored of Biddy and would slide up close to her as if he were about to put his arms about her, look unutterable things at her and entertained himself and his companions at the good natured creature's expense. Finally at one of the stations a man put his head in the door and asked if there was any room to be had inside the coach.

"No," said Mr. Hale. "All the seats are taken." Then turning to the Irish woman and looking into her eyes with great tenderness he said:

"There isn't any room in here, is there? We don't want any one else in here, do we?"

"No," said Biddy, with a delightful brogue. "My hoops are pretty large, and I see you feel pretty large, and there is no room here."—Detroit Free Press.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, to magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-Tobacco, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or 75c. Cures constipated, bookish and simple free Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

A MEMORY OF BYGONE DAYS.

Ah, these dear, delicious Bohemian days
When we lived at the house, you and I
Far above the grime of the city ways
And close—quite close—to the sun and the sky.

It was your lover, you were my wife,
My world, my heaven, my bride of a week;
For it was the honeymoon of life,
And our troubles—and triumphs—were yet to see.

I sketched and I painted, with palette on thumb;
Your little forehead was steeped in ink;
Both prophesied fortune and fame to come,
Yet were happy for all their delay, I think.

Who would have guessed that a snowy bed
Lay snugly beyond the Japanese screen;
Or that tea things and cheese and a bit of bread
Behind the tapestry lurked unseen?

Just a window to raise, and a step to go,
And there lay our garden and lawn in one,
Clothes-lines above, and leads below,
With a glorious view of the rising sun.

Ah, what rejoicing that fortunate day
I sold my marine—the "Ebb of the Tide"—
I bought you some roses, we went to the play,
Paid bills, had a little left over beside.

Do you ever fashion a wish like mine?
Such a foolish wish—and all so vain!
When weary of bowing at fashion's shrine
You long for the old life back again?

I wish, and I wish it night and day,
That honor and riches and place and power
Would take to them wings and fly away
And land us back at that spot and hour!
—The Puritan.

An Amazing Fish

How Daniel Lost the Job as Town Constable.

THE night of town meeting, after the votes were counted," said the man from the Knob country, "Ell came in."

"Dan," says he, "it was the pickerl that done it. I knowed it would. You'd orto said you speared it," says he. "The pickerl's what done it," says he.

"There mout be a bigger pickerl," leched in the Knob country some time, or other than that one, but I never heard of it. Leastways, I'll bet a farm a tougher or fiercer pickerl or voragelous pickerl never was leched nowhere. When I seen it, more'n a hundred foot up in the air, a wigglin' and a squirming, and a fightin', 'By Josh!' I says, 'you're an amazing fish, but I'm thinkin' that your sands of life is runnin' to a skeerece at last!' I says. 'It ain't in natur,' you know! I says. 'But that pickerl must a had sands of life enough to fill a peck measure.'

"Dan," says young Eph, over to the Eddy, one day, 'there's a feller here from New York or some's that's plinn' for a few poun's or so o' frogs' legs. Is the frog crop promisin' in the Knob country waters?'

"Never better," I says. "How many poun's does he want?" I says. "Oh, fetch over eight or ten poun's," says Eph.

"So I went over to the point and gathered in a couple o' dozen o' frogs and skinned their saddles out. I strung 'em up, nipped, and darned if they didn't size up like a ten-pound hunk o' pork. I was givin' 'em a dip or two in the water, longside the boat, to kind o' clean 'em up, when suddenly all-lyosh! came something agin' 'em, and the water flew around so that I couldn't have been any wetter if I'd tumbled in the pond. The big lot o' frogs' legs was snatched away from me so quick I couldn't think, and I seen 'em goin' off into the weeds nigh the shore in the jaws of a big pickerl. The water was shaller, and the pickerl stopped at the edge of the weeds, turned his amazing snout square around so I could see the hull performance, and then he gobbled them frogs' legs in less time than it would take me to swallow a jigger of apple, and that's a doin' of things about as hasty as they kin be did. And glibly! Why, darn if that pickerl's eyes didn't look like a couple o' blazin' coals, down there amongst them weeds!

"By Josh!" I says. "Guess I'll go home and rig up for pickerl!" I says. "I'll rather git that feller than a wagon load o' frogs' legs," I says.

"So I roved away and went home. I rigged up for pickerl."

"I must land that pickerl fore town meeting day," I says. "Cause then I'll be elected constable, and I won't have no time for pickerl, even fer as amazing a one as that voracious and voracious feller that snatched and gobbled my ten pound o' frogs' legs," I says. "Constables is beln' kep' consarned busy in the Knob country these days," I says.

"My feller citizens had put me up fer constable and was rallyin' round me as one man. Deezar was runnin' agin me, and Beezer, so folks said, had been weighed in the balance and found wantin', owin' to a few loss trades he had made and to an idee that had took hold o' folks that three loads o' railroad ties Beezer got out and sold, over to the Eddy, had growed on land he didn't hold the deed fer."

"I won't never, never do!" my feller citizens said. "It won't never do to let Beezer git in as constable! We must rally round Dan!" as one man, they says, "and give Beezer belk!"

"So they was rallyin', and as consequently I wouldn't have no time for pickerl after town meeting, owin' to beln' elected constable, I sot out to land that amazing chap somehow, fore that day come round. I tried all the ways I knowed, but that pickerl wouldn't be lanted. I knowed he was there, 'cause I could see him. Town meeting was only three days off, and something had to be did if I got that pickerl," so I judged I'd better take my gun over and see how n dose o' lead mout set on him. I loaded her heavy and roved over to where the pickerl lay himself amongst the weeds. There he was, and when he sees me comin' you orto see him glare! I pulled up and whinged away at him. The water was lanted up as if a rock had fell in it.

When it quieted down, up riz the pickerl to the top, with his belly turned to the sun, and he lay there as stiff as a post! I just riz one yoop.

"Hooray!" I yooied. "Now let town meetin' come and go! This'll be somethin' to talk about as I make my rounds as constable!"

"I roved over, scooped the carcass up, chucked it in the boat and started for home. I hadn't gone more'n ten rod when I heard a tremendous rumpus in the boat. I looked around. The constable pickerl had come to and was jumpin' himself and tossin' about fierce as a wildcat. As I riz up he made a spring for me. I dodged him and he shot past me and out into the pond. He turned and there ain't no kind o' doubt that if he hadn't seen me grab my gun he'd a jumped back into the boat and tackled me. As it was, he shook his head and glared, and dove out o' sight fore I could give him a shot.

"By Josh!" I says, 'I'm going to get that amazing pickerl even if town meetin' comes and goes,' I says, 'and I have to resign as constable.'

"I hung around there, waitin' him to gether back to his den agin. While I was waitin' I see a flashin' as big as an eagle sailin' round over the pond, and by and by he began to drop. He came down like a cannon ball fallin', and when he hit the water, nigh where that pickerl's den was, it looked like a spoutin' fountain. The hawk went clean out o' sight, and when he came up he had a fish in his claws. The fish was an old socker, and was fightin' like a tiger."

"My ferocious and voracious pickerl," by Josh! I says.

"There wa'n't no doubt about it. I was so sot back that I just sot back in the boat and gawked at the fish as the hawk tugged and tussled to git up and away with it. It was a hard tussle, the way that pickerl wriggled and squirmed and fit, but the hawk riz and riz, and got more'n a hundred foot high. "You're an amazing fish," I says to the pickerl, "but I'm thinkin' your sands o' life is runnin' to a skeerece at last!" I says.

"But they wa'n't! Suddenly I see the hawk waver in the air and then begin to drop. It come down in two pieces, for that pickerl had reched up and got his jaws sot on the hawk's neck, and just chawed the big bird's head square off. The head and the body came tumblin' down, but the hawk's claws was sot deep in the pickerl's back yit, and clung there. They didn't let loose till they all came plunkin' down in the water, when the holt was broke, and the pickerl was free. But he lay there on his back as if he was stunned. I come to my senses jest then, and riz my gun to finish him, when he give a hop, grabbed the hawk by the leg and down he went out o' sight, taking the hawk with him, all but the head, which lay there on the water, and still a gup!"

"By Josh!" I says. "This gittin' interestin'! I'm going to git that pickerl fore I quit! If I have to fetch a cannon over here and bombard him!" I says. "He bein' all natur!" I says.

"I hung around, thinkin' I mout get a shot at him fore night. He hadn't been down with the hawk more'n two minutes fore there come a swirl and a swoosh, and up he swooped and got the hawk's head!"

"He flewed all o' that big bird away in his maw," I says, "and is toppin' off on his head! I'm thinkin' he'll be taken a nap now," I says, "and then I'll give him his settler!"

"I scrooled down in my boat, and jest then I drift. I had been driftin' round maybe ten minutes; waitin' for the time that the pickerl'd about be in his place amongst the weeds, when I heard a noise and lookin' to the shore see a shrimmin' big bear come wadin' out into the pond. I wasn't londer forberin', but I ought to be, 'cause that pickerl needed that kind o' food, so I kep' still to see what the bear was goin' to do. He come on out a piece and then laid down in the water, with a grunt and a snort."

"Bruin is coolin' hisself off," I says. "Dogs has been after him, I guess."

"The bear laid there, a comfortin' of himself, maybe three minutes, when suddenly he riz up as if there'd been a blast sot off under him, and jumped for shore with a howl that made everything shake. As he riz and jumped I see what was the matter of him. That amazing pickerl had its jaws sot in the bear's flank, and was holdin' on and chawin' for all it was worth! The bear rove off into the brush and the pickerl hung to him and went along. I roved ashore and follered the trail. In an openin' 50 rods from the pond I come to the pickerl. He was almost standin' on his tail, and was splittin' out big wads o' bear hair, and stretchin' hisself and glarin' the bear had clumb a tree, and was luggin' a limb and lookin' down at the pickerl with bulgin' eyes. The pickerl turned on me, but I give him a couple o' whacks over the head with my gun and settled him at last. I didn't stay to bother with the bear, fer I felt sorry for him, he was so skeert. I got the pickerl to the boat, roved in and lugged him home."

"Jumpin' Jonathan!" folks says. "Where did you spear him, Dan?"

"Spear him!" I says, "constable!"

And then I told 'em how it happened. I didn't notice it just then, but it sot o' struck me afterw'ds that my feller citizens wa'n't rallyin' so much as one man as they had been, and the night o' town meetin' after the votes was counted, Ell come in.

"Dan," says he, "it was the pickerl that done it. I knowed it would. You'd orto said you speared it," says he. "The pickerl's what put Beezer belk," says he. "You'd orto said you speared it, Dan!"

"What!" I says, "he jont to be constable? Ell," I says, "hoover!"

"Ell got up and looked at me out-mugued."

"If you didn't spear it, Dan," says he, "who did?"

"And me and Ell ha'n't never been very thick since,"—N. Y. Sun.

The Iron of Remorse.

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON.

IT IS never well to be too sure what you would do under given circumstances, until you have tried and found out. A course of action which you know to be absolutely foreign to every instinct within you—when you sit down to reason about it, after the manner of the age—may be the very one you will follow when there is no time for reason. If anyone had told Mackworth that under fire he would be a coward, Mackworth would have knocked the informant down then and there, and have reflected upon the danger to his commission afterward.

Mackworth had been graduated, too, but being a right-minded boy, he remembered that it was to Horntius that the molten image was made, and not to the fellow who built the bridge; so he very properly chose the cavalry, and heaven rewarded him by sending him straight to the frontier. And this was in the days when there was a frontier; when men endured discomforts that they sigh to know again, as none ever sigh for the luxuries of the past; when the Apache and the Chiricahua were in the land, and still struggling to be masters of it; and when a woman was truly a blessing of the gods, and might, even under disadvantages, have her pick of the department. But as there is no woman in all this, that is irrelevant.

Except after the manner of cadets—which is not to be taken seriously—Mackworth had not let woman enter into his scheme of existence. His ideals were of another sort, just then. He was young and full of belief and things, and he thought that the way to win the approval of the war department and the gratitude of his country was to avoid wire-pulling, and to kill Indians. Therefore he rejoiced greatly when, after only six weeks of his thoroughly undesirable garrison, Chitto took the Chiricahua on the warpath, and he was ordered out in the field. He had had his kit all rolled in a rubber poncho, and his mess chest pretty well stocked for the whole of the six weeks. He believed that a soldier should be always in readiness. He believed so many things, then, though before long the bottom fell out of his universe, and he was filled with an enduring skepticism. And this was how it came about.

The first time he was under fire was when they were caught at rather a disadvantage among the pines in the Mogollons. The fight began about dusk and lasted well into the night. It may have been the result of some bugaboo stories of his babyhood, which had fostered unconquerable fear of the dark; it may have been just blue funk which overcame him. Anyway, he hid behind a boulder, crouched and covered there, trembling so that his carbine fell from his hands.

And Morley, his captain, found him so: "What are you doing?" he demanded. He was an Irishman and a soldier of the old school, but he didn't swear. Mackworth knew, from that, how bad it was. He scrambled up and babbled. "Get out of there," the captain said. He would have used a better tone to one of the troop cur.

Mackworth felt for his carbine and got out, staggering, but no longer afraid, only, ashamed—slightingly, ashamed—beyond all endurance. He tried hard to get himself killed after that. He walked up and down in front of his men, giving orders and smoking cigarettes, and doing his best to serve as a target. The captain watched him and began to understand. His frown relaxed. "You'd better get under cover," he suggested; "you are taking needless risks." Mackworth looked at him with wide, blank eyes, and did not answer. His face was not only white now, it was gray and set, like the face of a corpse.

Morley's heart softened. "It's only a baby, anyway," he said to himself, "and it is unhappy out of all proportion." And presently he went to him again: "Will you get under cover, Mackworth?" he insisted.

"No," said the lieutenant, "I won't." The captain swore now, fierce oaths and loud. "I order you back under cover, sir."

Mackworth glanced at him and went on smoking. Morley did not fancy his own position, arguing with a green boy, fully exposed to an invisible enemy. He knew that wasting officers is pretty, but is not war. "I shall order you to the rear under arrest unless you get back there with the men immediately."

Mackworth retired, with a look at his superior for which he should have been court-martialed. After that the scout went the way of most scouts, taking a chaw of the intangible, up mountain ranges, when you pulled your horse after you down them, when he slid atop of you; across mauls and desert, from the level of the mesquite and the greasewood to that of the pine and the juniper. Chitto's band was at the north, to the south, to the east and west; but when the troops got to the spot, after forced marching, there was nothing.

It went on for two months and all the while Mackworth's despondency grew. The weight of years was upon his yet barely squared shoulders, the troubles of a lifetime were writ upon his face, despite the growth of yellow beard. He would not be comforted. He was silent and morose. He would not lift up his beautiful baritone in song, be the camp never so dull. Only his captain knew why, of course—and he didn't tell. Neither did he attempt consolation. He thought the remorse healthful, and he knew, besides, that in such cases a man has to work out his own conclusion and salvation. This is the

way Mackworth eventually tried to work out his.

There came one day a runner from the hostiles—a fish-faced, straight-locked creature of sinews—who spoke through the White Mountain interpreter of the troops and said that the chief was ready to go back to the reservation, but that he must go upon his own terms. And the chief stipulated, moreover, that one white man—one, alone and unguarded—should go to the hostile camp and discuss those terms. If a force attempted to come he would retreat with his braves and stay out all winter.

Morley made answer that he had no fear of the chief staying out all winter among the mountains when the agency was so comfortable, but that if he did the white man could stand it as long as could he. Moreover, he said that none of his soldiers had any intention whatever of walking into a death-trap of the sort.

Then Mackworth spoke up. "I have," he said.

"Get out," said the captain, incredulously.

"I mean what I say," said Mackworth, "and I shall consider your permission to go the greatest and the only favor you can do me. Something may be effected by it."

"Your death, that's all; and a little preliminary torture."

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders. "Shall you let me go?" he insisted.

"Not by a long sight."

"I wish to go, Capt. Morley."

Morley considered, and he decided that it might not be wise to refuse. There was no knowing just what the set-faced boy might do. So they parleyed together for a time, then Mackworth mounted his horse and went. He did not expect to come back, and the officers and men did not expect to see him again. They watched him go off into the distance of the plain, toward the mountains, following the hostile, who swung on at the long, untiring dog-trot.

After four hours they came to the mouth of a narrow canyon. The runner had given no sign or sound, and the fixed look had not gone from Mackworth's face. Well within the canyon the hostiles were in camp. They had hobbled their lean little ponies, the squaws were gathering wood, and the bucks were squatting upon the ground or playing monte with cards of painted hide, around a cow-skin spread under a cedar tree. Four of them rose and slouched forward. There was a prolonged scrutiny upon both sides.

The chief waited for Mackworth to begin, but the white man's instincts were good. He beat the sudden silent retreat at his own game, and in the end the chief spoke. The runner displayed for the first time his understanding, and interpreted. Mackworth made answer with decision, offsetting his own terms. The bucks scowled, and the chief began to argue. The white man, with the unflinching eyes, would not compromise. "Tell him," Mackworth said, "that this is my will. If he will not do this, I go back to the soldiers and we follow you and kill you all, man and woman." The face of the chief grew black, as growl rose from the crowd of bucks, and the watching squaws began to chatter in voices sweet as the tinkle of glass bells.

The chief stepped suddenly forward and caught the bridle above the curshanks. Not so much as an eyelash of the stern, white, young face quivered, and the heart of the red man was filled with admiration. One movement of fear would have cost Mackworth his life then; but he was not afraid, not though he knew that torture might await him. He sat looking at the lowering, cruel faces. The chief turned and spoke to the bucks, and there was a growl of protest; the squaws joined with a shrill little chorus scream. But the chief flung away the bridle with a force which made the horse back.

"He do same you say," he go back to reservation to-day. He say you ukshes quick," said the interpreter. Mackworth turned deliberately and walked back, with no show of haste and without a backward look.

He reported his success and went to his tent. His look of stolid wretchedness was unchanged. Morley began to be nervous. He went to the tent himself and found the lieutenant writing a letter by lantern-light. It was not a normal opportunity to take for that, so the captain being filled with misgivings, trumped up an errand and sent him off on it. Then he looked at the letter. It was to Mackworth's mother. Morley did not read it, but he guessed the whole thing in a flash. He took up Mackworth's carbine and slid it under the tent-flaps into the outer darkness. Also he broke the Colt's, which had been thrown down upon the bedding, and put the cartridges in his pocket. Then he replaced it in the holster, and going out picked up the carbine and hid it in the brush.

After the camp was all asleep and Morley snoring loudly across the tent, Mackworth groped under his pillow and brought out the revolver. He cocked it and waited a moment; then he placed the barrel well in his mouth and pulled the trigger once—and then again.

At first call for revenge Morley awoke. Mackworth was already up, and turning he studied his captain's face with the faintest and most unwilling of smiles twitching the corners of his mouth under the beard. It was the most natural and healthy look his face had worn in weeks.

"Well?" said Morley.

"Well," answered Mackworth, "I should like my carbine and the loads of my Colt's, please."

Morley's face broke into a broad grin. "Will you be good? I let you have them?" he asked.

"I'll be good," promised the lieutenant.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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HUMOROUS.

"What are they taking O'Hanlon away in an ambulance for?" "Per balin' his wife."—Life.

"Yes, my foot caught as I jumped from the car, and I made a San Domingo." "What's that?" "A revolution."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Jack—"Why do you always refer to your watch as the 'dear girl'?" "De Wit." "Because its dainty little hands command so much of my attention."—Jewelers' Weekly.

"Your meter in this poem limps a little," said the editor. "Ah!" replied the poet. "But please observe that it is about the wooden-legged hero of the street-cleaning gang."—Philadelphia North American.

"Doctor, what do you think is the matter with my husband?" "Well, from the indications, I should say that it was an unmistakable case of gastritis." "I knowed it!" I told him he'd get sick foolin' with that gas meter."—Richmond Dispatch.

Foosle—"What is the difference between an elephant and a man who has to leave his hotel for not paying his board?" "Dunker." "I don't know, Spring it." Foosle—"An elephant always carries his trunk before him; in the case of the man he has to leave his trunk behind him."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Gushwell—"Then you have seen Mr. Weaver, the poet of soulful emotion. Does not he look as though he was inspired?" Mr. Squelcher—"Yes, I think he does. He shows all the marks of an inspired writer—shiny clothes, shoes down at the heel and hirsute indications of a coolness between himself and the barber."—Boston Transcript.

"Have you heard the news?" Mr. Von Meyer, of the stock exchange, is bankrupt!" "Indeed! That's too bad! It was only yesterday that I went to ask a favor, and he promised just what I wanted. But now I can't with a clear conscience, hold him to his promise." "Very generous of you, I'm sure! What was it?" "His daughter's hand."—Der Floh.

EYES TAXED IN VACATION.
Many Feel the Effects of Their Outing in Impaired Vision—The Causes.

It is not generally known, but is an unquestioned fact, that the vacation season is the worst in the year for the visual organs of many people. There are several reasons for this. The principal of these were referred to by a leading specialist the other day. "Persons going away for their summer's rest or coming back to work," he said, "almost invariably use their eyes while on the train. If they do not read they watch the scenery. You seldom see a person reclining comfortably—even on a 'high back'—paying no attention either to a book or the scene just outside the window. The worst of it is that the books that are sold on the trains

are usually in the poorest of print. The paper is cheap and thin and of a dull color—drab or gray rather than white. The type does not show up nearly as distinctly as it should.

"When travelling by train and reading you try to hold the book or paper steady, but the types juggle irregularly back and forth as the result of the motion of the car and the shakiness of your hand. Your eyes also do a great deal of dancing, not only in pursuit of the bobbing letters, but in addition because you are also shaken about more or less by the motion of the train. Imagine the effect on the muscles of the eye! First, mind you, the eye itself has an unsteady rest; second, it is trying to fasten itself on that which is more unsteady still. I wonder more people are not bothered with defective sight."

"But reading is not the only ill. Fix your eye on things close to the car—on flowers, fence posts, culverts, trees—and the effect is as bad as would be brought on by reading. Why will people persist in injuring themselves? You don't have to have the toothache long before learning its cause and attempting a cure, but people go on ruining their eyesight along for the sake either of killing or economizing a trifle of time. A headache is the first warning, but that becomes common after awhile and is not heeded, any more than a headache that follows unwise eating. There is closer connection with the stomach on the one side and a headache on the other than most people imagine, but perhaps the public some day will be willing to watch out for its eyes as well as with them, just as it is being taught to take care of its teeth."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Reliable Cowatcher.
This whimsical incident reminds us that in real life, as well as in the dictionary, words have more than one meaning.

"Pardon me," said the tourist, as he gazed at the country's first locomotive, "but why is that loco hanging under the smoke-stack?"

"That," responded Amber Pete, noting engineer, "is the cowatcher. That was an iron concern that came with the engine, but the boys didn't exactly understand how it could catch a cow, so they unscrewed it, and put on one that they knew something about. It's the best cowatcher this side of Denver, too."—Youth's Companion.

Great Circus Town.
Baraboo, Wis., claims to be a great circus town. It is not only the winter quarters of one of the greatest of modern menageries, but is also the home of several other like organizations. No other city of its size has organized and started on the road more shows than Baraboo, and all have been successful. The little Wisconsin city, however, makes another claim for championship honors. The hundreds of geological students and professors who visit Baraboo every summer declare that within a radius of ten miles of the city more different formations of rock were found than in any other similar section of the country.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Among those who are most confident of the decadence of preaching ability in these days are the men who never go to church.

Bishop Hanlon writes from Uganda that 7,000 natives have been converted to the Catholic church during the last four years.

A church clock at Harborne, near Birmingham, England, was found to have stopped, on account of bees swarming in it and filling the works with honey. It took two days to get the honey out. Hubert Herkomer has been elected professor of painting in the schools of the Royal Academy in place of Sir W. B. Richmond. He is responsible for the mosaic in St. Paul's cathedral, and who has resigned.

Heidelberg students do their best to enliven the town. In four weeks in July 192 students were arrested for disorderly conduct, which on several occasions amounted to a "riot," in which a dozen or more students were engaged.

Since 1500 the Catholic church has canonized 96 saints and beatified 320 other persons. Of the 416 only 68 were women; 76 in all were Italians, 66 Spaniards, 37 Portuguese, 14 French, 13 Dutch, 5 Belgians, 2 Poles and 4 Germans.

In remote parts of Scotland the old Covenanters' love for long services on the bare hillside still lingers. At Dingwall a recent communion service in the open air lasted from ten a. m. until four p. m. without exhausting the staying power of the congregation.

Russia is putting the screws on students. In future all students who create or instigate disorder, whether in the university or out, will be sent into the army to serve from one to three years. The regulation applies also to those who persistently refuse to continue their studies. Another regulation orders the removal from the lists of all married students, as imprudent marriages are a cause of pauperism.

SETS HATS STRAIGHT.

Man Who Defies Feminine Tradition in This Way Is a Window Trimmer—Says It Draws Trade.

To ask any man to put a woman's hat on straight would be considered the height of the ridiculous by ninety-nine women in every hundred, but there is a man in Chicago who sets more female headgear straight in a day than the most fortunate woman in the way of millinery, possesses in a year, or even in several years.

To be seen at work in a State street store recently, and his fellows around the curiosity and wonder of pedestrians until they came near enough to see what he was about. With a crush felt but pulled down over his eyes, he stood on the sidewalk in front of a large millinery store and gazed intently into the window. Every few seconds he made a motion with his hand like that by which a surveyor in running a level directs the

work of an assistant who holds the rod. "A little higher; not quite so high; now a little to the left." All this he said by silent gestures many times.

For three hours he kept at his task, and when he finished the large window was filled with women's hats, every one of which some woman would be likely to call a "dream" or a "dear little bonnet" when looking into the window next day.

"It makes all the difference in the world," he said, when asked why it was necessary to take such pains in placing the millinery on view. "A fine hat in the window, if not set straight and true, will look as ugly as the same hat on a woman's head when not properly put on. It is the experience of every large downtown milliner whose sales depend in a measure on trade attracted through window exhibits that if hats are placed in the windows topsy-turvy little attention is paid to them, no matter how choice or expensive or in how good taste they may be. The aim is to place every hat in the window in such a position that from the street it will look just as it would appear to one woman if seen by her on another woman's head and worn at the proper angle."

And every leading milliner and dry goods merchant in Chicago, for this reason, keeps in his employ at least one window trimmer who is an adept at putting women's hats on straight, and who could give lessons to most women in this art.—Chicago Tribune.

Has Most Bicycles.

Denver, Col., has more bicycles in proportion to its population than any other city in the country. Imagine 40,000 wheels in a city of 160,000, or one to every four persons, whether men, women or children, and you have an idea of the extent of the bicycle in daily service. They are used in every line of business, and the street car companies claim they lose traffic valued at \$1,000,000 a year since the general application of wheels to business. In fact, one company went into the hands of a receiver two years ago, alleging that the universal wheel had impaired its earnings to such an extent that it could not meet its interest demands. The open weather and fine natural roads are largely responsible for the popularity of the wheel, as it is conceded that ordinary riders can use their wheels daily for 40 weeks out of the 52 and not suffer any annoyance from mud or snow. Add to this the fact that neither lights, brakes or bells are required, and the ability required of the non-rider in taking care of himself can be appreciated. Denver is also said to be the only city in the country where the bicycle vote controls elections on municipal issues.—Chicago Tribune.

The Window Artist.

New England cemeteries are fertile fields for those in search of curious epitaphs. A tombstone in Stone bears this line, indicative of a reticence carried beyond the grave: "I was somebody—who, is no business of yours."—Youth's Companion.

An Intelligent Censor.

No play may be publicly performed in England until it has been passed upon and agreed to by the stage censor. A certificate must be secured from the lord chamberlain. The lord chamberlain himself does not, of course, read all the plays submitted to him, but the work is passed on to the examiner of plays, who is not always a man of education or discretion and who in many cases has been suspected of letting things pass because managers have made it profitable to him to close his eyes to supposed faults.

The story is told of one of these examiners who was moved to strike out "drunk as a lord" in one of the plays submitted to him. There used to be an old rule that the word "heaven" should be substituted in stage lines wherever the name of any of the persons of the Trinity came up. So this clever examiner changed the line to read "as drunk as a heaven."

The penalty for disobeying the examiner is a fine of \$250, which may be levied on any person connected with the forbidden performance—criticboy as well as star.

Real Greatness.

An exchange gives this story of a pompous member of parliament who attended an agricultural show in Dublin. He arrived late and found himself on the outskirts of a huge crowd. Being anxious to obtain a good view for himself and a lady friend who accompanied him, and presuming that he was well known to the spectators, he tapped a burly coal porter on the shoulder and peremptorily demanded, "Make way there."

"Guru, who are you pushin'?" was the unexpected response.

"Do you know who I am, sir?" cried the indignant M. P. "I am a representative of the people."

"Yah," growled the porter, as he stood unmoved, "but we're the bloomin' people themselves."

Pooling the Youngsters.

Mrs. Grimes—How in the world do you get rid of all your stale bread? I have to throw lots of mine away.

Mrs. Smarte—There is no need for you to do that. Why not do as I do? I just hide it away from the children.

Mrs. Grimes—Hide it away from the children? What then?

Mrs. Smarte—Then the children find it and eat up every morsel of it.—Boston Transcript.

His Repertory.

"What have you been playing during your present tour?"

"We played 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear' on the stage," answered Mr. Starbuckton Barnes.

"Were there no comedies in your repertory?"

"Only one. When we came to count up the box office receipts, it was so small 'Much Ado About Nothing.'"—Washington Star.

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A seedy looking man is not necessarily a ripe thinker.

It is no worse to whitewash the devil than to paint him blacker than he is.

It sometimes happens that the man with the biggest head is the biggest fool.

We view with alarm the growing tendency to substitute the chainless bicycle and the automobile for the mother-in-law as joke material.

How would it do to lay out a few new towns to accommodate the Elizabeth gangs in the matter of county offices for the machine runners and heelers down there wanting places?

From the large amount of knife-grinding that is going on in Union County political circles one might be excused for guessing that some throats are to be cut before the chestnut crop shall have been all gathered and safely marketed.

It is to be concluded that perfumery, good, bad and indifferent, (and the best of it is often of nuisance) is a substitute for a bath. We, also, have our suspiciously aroused many a time respecting this. Less perfumery and more plain castile soap, please.

We have in mind a man who made a million on a sudden rise in pork; but he has no more sentiment than a pound of putty has. The world calls him rich. But is he rich? A bird sings to him. He hears not the song. A flower smiles in his pathway. He carelessly trends on it. He looks into the face of a magnificent painting and wants to know how much the frame cost.

"Jones, of Toledo" said a good thing. Read it, and applaud it in your American heart of hearts:—

"In partisan politics, we have the worst expression of the evils of our competitive life. First it is a fight between partisans, who pretend to hate one another that they may make tools of the people. After the contest between the parties is decided then the 'fight' is carried on between the victors over the question of who are to have the post office and revenue office, who are to have the other offices, and so the never ending struggle goes on. The basis of partisan politics is the machine. It is formed by or for the interest of those who want to 'get something of politics.' Its engineers run it for one purpose only—and that is to win. No public need, no urgent problem of humanity is permitted to interfere with its purpose; the spoilsman must have the office.

"If the spirit of independence is cultivated in every voter it will end bossism, and that is the only way in which it can be ended."

When Brigham Young died he had seventeen wives and fifty-six children. Mormon Roberts believes in the late B. Y. as a first class divinity, along with the original Jacobs, Mr. Mahomet and his ribs, Joe Smith. And Mormon Roberts can believe that the moon is made of green cheese if he wants to do so. But the laws of this country are constructed upon the theory that a man can have but one wife at a time and experience shows that the average man can make that one wife sufficiently miserable, without ex-

tending his opportunities for trouble making by means of polygamy; self-evidently immoral and degrading to the last degree.

Now that the Utah voters have elected to send Mormon Roberts to Congress we want Congress to slam the door plumb in his face and to telegraph Utah to guess again.

No pow-wow over this business. Act!

A New York newspaper thus describes the ending of a prize fight between a man by the name of George McFadden and a man known as "Kid" Lavigne. The fight was made in New York city where such disgraceful exhibitions of brutality are of almost nightly occurrence, with the city politicians, who make and execute the laws, present in large numbers:—

"Lavigne came up for the nineteenth round. McFadden went in and met a right swing on the jaw. He did not attempt to stop it, but threw in right and left with lightning rapidity. He pounded Lavigne to his knees. As he came up McFadden rushed at him, swinging his arms to the head like hammers. He lashed him across the ring and Lavigne sank. Before the count he tottered up again. McFadden tore at him, and Lavigne saw nothing but gloved fists as he overbalanced a second time.

"The Kid could scarce raise his arms as McFadden flew at him for the third time. As he arose for the fourth time he lunged to McFadden's neck, bringing him over with him. McFadden jumped up, and when Lavigne was on his feet he discharged another volley. Lavigne was receiving a terrible beating, but he took it with wonderful pluck. After the next knockdown McFadden kept away. He watched his chance. He took his aim. He unshipped his left. It struck the spot. The fight was over."

Blushes upon blushes for politician cursed New York, that appears to be too degraded and too besotted to blush for herself!

As the time for the republican county convention grows near the prospects of Major J. A. Hicks getting the nomination for the county clerkship grows brighter and it now looks as though the townships are to have, at last, representation on the county ticket.

The Elizabeth Journal, the ring's official mouthpiece, in an editorial published recently, indicated that the ring management was a little frightened, if not greatly so, and the Journal very kindly forecasted a ticket which gave Major Hicks a place on it for member of the Assembly.

"The Journal and the ring may be able to jolly the voters of the county seat city but it is hardly likely that the townships, which have been fooled so many times and have been without representation in the county offices, so long, will listen to any proposition which does not include Major Hicks as the county clerk nominee.

It has been said that a township candidate could not carry the county, and that if a weak man, as the ring calls a township candidate, were nominated he would be defeated and the rest of the ticket would suffer. This argument can be knocked out by citing the case of James L. Miller, a Westfielder, who ran for senator some years ago and, although the county was at that time inclined to be democratic, was elected by a large majority.

However, the date of the county convention is almost here and at that time it will be seen whether or not Major Hicks has withdrawn, or has no chance for the nomination, as the Journal intimated in the afore mentioned editorial.

Gregg College Notes.

Every young man purchasing a scholarship at the Gregg College for either day or evening courses, between now and November 15th, will receive a ticket entitling him to all the privileges of the Y. M. C. A. excepting the educational department.

Over a dozen young men and lady graduates of the Gregg college have been placed in positions in less than two months time.

The college now has an attendance of over fifty and new students are being enrolled each week.

MRS. DEWEY ENTERTAINS.

MUSIC PUPILS "EAT, DRINK AND ARE MERRY" AT HER STUDIO.

Pupils Did Their Part Toward Making it a Most Enjoyable Occasion By Rendering an Excellent Musical Program—Party Guests Took Dinner at J. J. Schmitt's Dining Parlors.

The pretty studio of Mrs. J. L. Dewey, on Central avenue, was the scene of much merriment on Saturday when Mrs. Dewey gave an informal reception and lawn party to her large class of pupils from this town and Greenville.

Mrs. Dewey went to Greenville on an early train and brought the pupils from that city to Westfield, where they were joined at the studio by those from Westfield and some from Somerville. The morning was spent in a way enjoyable to the younger people although an informal musical program was also rendered by the pupils.

At 11 o'clock a lunch was served, after which a large grab bag, containing presents for the guests, was brought out and a great deal of amusement was had from this novel way of distributing gifts. After spending a most enjoyable afternoon with music and song the whole party adjourned to the dining parlors of J. J. Schmitt on Broad street where they sat down to a spread which would do any enterer proud.

Mrs. Dewey is to be congratulated on the success of this delightful way of entertaining her pupils, while the weather clerk is to be thanked for the excellent weather he sent on that day, and the pupils are not to be forgotten for the share they did in the way of furnishing such appreciative music, both instrumental and vocal, which must have made the hostess feel proud to think that it was due to her training they were fitted to render it so admirably.

We give the program below but special mention should be made of Miss Case, of Somerville, a soprano singer, who sang several selections in a most charming manner, Miss Belle Morrow, of Westfield, who did herself proud in the singing of a selection from the "Wizard of the Nile," and of little Miss Lydia Edgar, who although but eight years of age, showed no signs of bashfulness as she sang her several songs.

PROGRAM.

Duet, "Morning Dew," Minnie and Tillie Westenfelter; overture, "Poet and Peasant," Gussie Barr; "Martha," Ruth Hay; "May Bells," Ida Loeschler; "Second Mazurka," Beale Witt; Duet, "Lullaby," Misses Case; "Kamenie Ostrum," Myrtle Tauchill; Duet, "Postillion D'Annon," Misses Koerle; "Child of Misfortune," Mary Clark; overture, Emily Schultz; song, "Bunch of Violets," Mrs. Snyder; "Sweet Bye and Bye," Mattie Edgar; "Polka Impromptu," Tillie Westenfelter; song, "The Rose," Miss Schmitt; "Polish Dance," Kathryn Forster; "Pansy Waltz," Maud Trenchard; overture, "Aida," Lillie Phillips; "Minuet," Emma Lambert; "Peri Waltz," Miss Morris; "Gallop," Edna Westervelt; "Scherzo Caprice," Hunter Delatour; "La Dolcezza," Carrie Brown; "Martha," Nellie Barr; duet, "Lutspiel," Gussie and Nellie Barr.

Flue glassware holds an ever-expanding place among wedding gifts. To find the best, visit C. D. Dorringer & Sons, 615 Broadway, near 21st street, and 30 Murray street, New York.

He Fooled the Surgeons.

All doctors told Remick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from rectal fistula, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest cure on earth, and the best salve in the world. 25 cents a box. Sold at the Bayard drug store.

Good He Didn't Accept.

During the second Dreyfus court martial, M. Quesnay, de Beaupre, ex-president of the civil section of the court de cassation, who was bitter against the accused captain, received a very polite letter dated from the Chateau de Prefargier, near Neuchatel, in Switzerland, and signed, "A. de Prefargier," praising him for his efforts in the Dreyfus case and inviting him to come and stay at the writer's residence.

M. de Beaupre replied in his usual flowery style, saying he would continue the struggle as long as he had strength, and that he would remain at the breach like a valiant soldier to set an example of duty to God and the fatherland, even should he stand alone. He did not positively decline the invitation, holding out hopes that some day he might be free to accept it.

The Chateau de Prefargier is the lunatic asylum for Neuchatel.—St. Paul's Budget.

Man's Million Years.

According to the conclusions of Mr. A. H. Keeno, a well known English ethnologist, the first creatures that could properly be called men appeared on the earth in what geologists know as the pleocene period, somewhere about a million years ago. The precursor of man, Mr. Keeno thinks, was some such apelike creature as the Pithecanthropus erectus, discovered by Dr. Dubois in Java a few years ago. Four varieties of men were developed: Homo ethiopiens in Africa south of the equator, Homo mongoliens in central Asia, Homo americanus in the new world and Homo caucasiens in northern Africa. From these the existing races are descended.

AT THE THEATRE.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

The Byrne Brothers new version of that popular acrobatic, musical and pantomimic comedy "Eight Bells", will be presented at the Grand Opera House next Monday, October 16th. The present version of "Eight Bells" is filled with new and novel tricks and transformations. "Eight Bells" will draw crowded houses during its week at this theatre.

AT THE FOURTEENTH ST.

Next Monday night Oct. 16th at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, "The Dairy Farm," a new and picturesque rural drama by Eleanor Merion, will have its first production in this city. The scenes of the play are laid in the village of Hurley, Ulster County, N. Y. between the years of 1864 and 1866. The comedy element is supplied by Joel Whitlock, the village peevish, Araminta Whitbeck, his grand daughter, Jehu Sparanley, "Minty's" bashful lover, Benico June Perkins, a new Mrs. Malaprop and "Ranah" Lize Shears, the best singer in the school and papa Shear's pride and joy.

The attraction at Wallmann's Opera House for the week commencing Monday matinee, October 16th, will be Jacobs & Lowry's Merry Maidens Burlesque, and organization that is well known in this city from its former visits here. The company is headed by jolly Nellie Hanly. Others on the bill are W. J. Mills, Jose Flynn, Madden and McCarty and Revere Sisters. The first part of opening is called, "The Merry Maidens at the French Ball." The closing burlesque is called "The Merry Maidens' Seminary," and is a lively skit in life in any young ladies boarding school. Matinees will be given as usual.

AT THE BROADWAY.

The closing weeks of "The Ghetto," at the Broadway Theatre, New York, are announced. The last performance will occur on Saturday evening Oct. 21 and on the following Monday Julia Arthur will begin her engagement at this playhouse. "The Ghetto" has proven to be one of the most dramatic and artistic plays that New York has seen for several seasons. Playgoers of this town who expect to visit New York before the termination of the run of "The Ghetto," and who relish a strongly dramatic and genuinely artistic performance, should not fail to visit the Broadway Theatre. Matinees are given on Wednesday as well as Saturday during the engagement of "The Ghetto."

Always a capital program of completely enjoyable vaudeville features of the highest class will be found at the Proctor continuous performance theatres in New York City, to wit, Proctor's 23d St. Theatre, west of Sixth Ave., and the Pleasure Palace, at 58th St. and 3d Ave. At the 23d St. Theatre, week of Oct. 16, the dramatic feature is Robert Downing and his company in a new piece, "Paris in 1793." Others are the Beaumont Sisters, last season, Weber & Field's favorite comedienne; Favor and Sinclair, popular comedy pair. At the Pleasure Palace, week of Oct. 10, some of the features are Caron and Herbert, the funny clown and the acrobat; Patrice and Co. in her repertoire of charming playlets; Genaro and Bailey, enkaewalkers; Duffy, comedy trio; and many more.

Verdi's "Aida," one of last season's greatest successes at the American Theatre, where it ran for two weeks to a continuation of packed houses, will be given next week. Next Monday night's cast will introduce two singers new to the American Theatre patrons: Mme. Selma Kronold, and Miss Mary Liner, who will be heard as Aida and Amneris. The production will enlist the services of over one hundred and fifty people, including the great singing chorus of sixty and a group of supernumeraries. The Castle Square Opera Company will celebrate its five hundredth performance of opera in English on Monday night. The souvenir of the occasion will be a handsomely bound volume, containing the stories and the casts of the operas given since the inception of the enterprise at the American Theatre on Christmas day 1897, and photographs of the company.

A Book on Poultry

Containing 110 pages, a beautiful lithographic plate of a group of different fowls in natural colors, engravings of all kinds of land and water poultry, descriptions of the breeds, plans for poultry houses, how to manage an incubator, all about caponizing, and the value of different breeds. It will be mailed to any of our readers for 15 cents by the Associated Fowls, 400 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Appetite of a Giant

Is envied by all poor dyspeptics whose stomach and liver are out of order. All such should know that Dr. King's New Life Pills, the wonderful stomach and liver remedy, gives a splendid appetite, sound digestion and a regular bodily habit that insures perfect health and great energy. Only 25 cents at any drug store.

As a Doanall.

Sunday School Teacher.—In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life? The Quiet Boy—Dend, sir!—Ally Sloper.

BAMBERGER'S
"THE ALWAYS BUSY STORE"

MARKET & HALSEY STS.
NEWARK, N. J.

SPECIAL SALE

-OF-

UPHOLSTERIES.

Months of diligent search and painstaking selection have resulted in an accumulation of values that it would be useless for us to attempt to duplicate for much if any less than our regular markings. Ignoring present costs and making enormous concessions during the next few days we expect to do a much greater business than in any previous sale. Our designer will furnish estimates on all kinds of interior decoration, and will assist you if so desired in the selection of materials for cosey corners or draperies of every description.

Send for Special Sale Price List.

Major Crique the Smallest Man

Will be with us throughout the present week. The little fellow is exactly 38 inches high and weighs only fifty pounds. It may be last opportunity to see him here so that those who can should come during the next few days.

THE BEST LUNCH OR DINNER IN NEWARK AT A
REASONABLE PRICE IN OUR RESTURANT
ON THE FOURTH FLOOR.

MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED.

GOODS DELIVERED FREE

L. BAMBERGER & CO.

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FRONT STREET AND PARK AVENUE, PLAINFIELD.

FALL SPECIALS.

Parlor Stoves and Ranges, Parity Oil Heaters, Home Comfort Heaters, Horse Blankets and Robes, Horse Storm Covers.

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Coal Hods, Shovels, Pokers, Lifters, Dampers, etc; Stove Furnace repairs.

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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,

...GROGERS...

Hello, 24-a.

157 Broad St.

...NEW LINES OF...

Flower Pots, Jardinieres, Pedestals.

ELEGANT Lamps in RUBY and BLACK.

All grades of goods,
Cheaper to Best.....

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318 W. FRONT STREET, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

NOTHING BUT FIRE PLACE GOODS

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EVERYTHING FOR THE FIRE PLACE.

CURTIS M. THORPE, 310-312 Park Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD
WESTFIELD, N. J., OCT. 13, 1899.

Wants and Offers.

BOARDS WANTED—Good board, furnished heated rooms. Mrs. Hale, Mount Pleasant.

FOR SALE—A Cleveland bicycle, in good order. \$30 cash. Box 475 P. O.

FOR SALE—One Biltz Corn cormet. Apply to T. C. Wilson, at Mrs. H. Miller's, Central Ave.

Y farm is for sale. Ira C. Lambert.

LET—8 room house on First street. Improvements. \$30 per month. S. D. Winter.

LET—A large, light office in the Standard Building. Inquire of C. E. Pearsall.

LET—Six room flat, 2nd floor \$12.50. W. S. Welch.

STANDARD is on sale at Tronhard's drug store, on Broad and Prospect Sts., Gale's drug store, Broad St., O. P. W. Co.'s store, Elm and Broad Sts., Union Co. at depot and from all news boys.

Block below C. R. R. Station.

Jacoby's FRENCH RESTAURANT,
Broad Street, Newark, N. J.
LUNCH, 12 to 3 P. M., 40c.
ABLE D'HOTE DINNER, 5 to 8 P. M., 60c.
TER THEATRE SUPPER, 10.30 P. M. to 12 P. M., 60c.

COAL

Superior LEHIGH VALLEY COAL.

The superiority of Lehigh Valley Coal lies in the fact that it is harder, burn longer, gives forth more heat, burns up cleaner, is the best, therefore the cheapest.

S. D. WINTER,
First St., Westfield, N. J.
Box, PICTON, N. J.

How Are Your Kidneys?
Hobbs' Sprague Pills cure all kidney ills. Remedy. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

BROOM CORN SEED.

Benjamin Franklin Planted the First One in This Country.

Every housewife is supposed to know how to handle a broom, but it is safe to say that not one in ten has any idea of what her sweeping utensil is made of or how it is made or where the material came from. Brooms are made from the heads or brushes of broom corn, a first cousin to our common field corn. And in this connection is told a very pleasant little story concerning Benjamin Franklin. "Poor Richard," by the way, seems to have been about the last jack of all trades that ever the United States to become the most and most powerful nation of the world. If this story is true, he is a patron saint of the housewife and broommaker, as well as a kitchener, lightning catcher, printer, publisher, editor, author, philosopher, and many other things "too numerous to mention."

Broom corn first grew in India. From there it was carried to Europe. The story goes that Dr. Franklin was examining a whisk broom that had been sent over from England in the before we had any broom corn of our own. He found a single seed on the broom, picked it off, planted it and a stalk of corn from which is made, so to speak, all of the broom corn of the United States. However this may be, broom corn is much like its first cousin, our common field corn, which originated here. The stalk is larger, however, and the seeds are on the head instead of in ears. Heads are cut off, leaving about an inch of stalk, and the seeds are cut off by a machine, which does a job and does not injure the panicle. The seeds are valuable in a number of ways. They are fed to horses and poultry and ground into meal for cattle. The making of the brooms, the corn is cut around a handle of hawthorn or maple turned in a lathe. Each is wound tight with twine or until the desired size is attained. The broom is then pressed out flat and to keep it in that shape. Whisk brooms are made in the same way.—Express.

HYDRO-LITHIA

CURES ALL HEADACHES

TRIAL SIZE, 10 CTS.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MADE EXCLUSIVELY BY
THE STONEBRIDGE CHEMICAL CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

LOCAL PARAGRAPHS.

—A. E. Decker is having his livery stable improved by a concrete floor.

—Louis Miller, of Central avenue, is able to be about again after a week's illness.

—C. W. TenBroeck and family have moved from Middlesex street to Easton, Pa.

—St. Paul's Sunday school meets at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon in the Royal Arcanum hall.

—Charles Mumford and family leave to-morrow for the south, having leased a farm in Florida.

—The S. O. H. will hold a stag party at the home of Ernest Alpers on Kimball avenue this evening.

—There will be a cake sale Saturday afternoon in St. Paul's parish rooms, corner Broad and Elm streets.

—John C. Morrow will lead the Christian Endeavor meeting at the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening.

—The entry list for the pool tournament to be held at the Social club is now open and many of the members are entering.

—The leader at the Christian Endeavor meeting at the Congregational church on Sunday afternoon will be Miss Jennie Williams.

—A number of Odd Fellows from this town will go to Plainfield on Monday evening to assist in selecting a deputy for this district.

—James W. Gage, formerly of this place, now employed by the L. V. R. R. company at Perth Amboy, was in town on Wednesday evening.

—The High School foot ball team are arranging for a game with some out of town team on the Broad street grounds for to-morrow afternoon.

—The board of education and the advisory board will hold another meeting at the Prospect street school building Tuesday evening, at 8 o'clock.

—Miss Beth Morehouse entertained a number of her friends at Embree Crescent on Tuesday evening, the occasion being her birthday anniversary.

—A large majority of the women of Westfield went to Newark on the big free excursion arranged by the drygoods merchants of Newark on Wednesday.

—Several of Westfield's fast wheelmen will take part in the twenty-five mile road race to be run over the Elizabeth-Railway course on election day.

—Watch Tuesday's issue for the program of the entertainment to be given by Fireside Council, Royal Arcanum, in Westfield Club hall next Thursday evening.

—A bread and cake sale will be held at the store of Fred C. Decker, on Broad street, to-morrow afternoon, by the Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist church.

—A new fireman arrived at the home of Chief W. H. Chamberlain, on Westfield avenue Wednesday morning. Mrs. Chamberlain and the boy are both doing nicely.

—"Lost Opportunities" will be the subject at the Epworth League meeting at the Methodist church on Sunday evening. The meeting will be led by P. R. G. Sjostrom.

—Several members from Central Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., went to Plainfield last evening to visit Franklin Council and to hear an address by State Councilor L. L. Hansell, of Jersey City.

—At the vesper service in the Congregational church on Sunday afternoon special music will be rendered and Mrs. E. R. Rundle, whose reputation as a singer is well known in Westfield, will sing.

—George W. Wrennick has retired from the shoe business and his store will hereafter be conducted by the Piker Shoe company of which W. F. Brainerd is the proprietor and Henry Piker the manager.

—Constable Chamberlain arrested a boy rumpster on Wednesday for stealing articles from his yard on Broad street but let him go upon his promising to leave town and keep away from it in the future.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Downes have moved into the new house erected at the corner of Park street and Summit avenue by E. J. Whitehead. Mr. Whitehead will make his Westfield home with the Downes.

—The ladies of St. Paul's church wish to remind their people of Westfield that their cake sale will be in progress from 3 to 5 p. m., Saturday, at the parish rooms in the Schmitt building. Take your children along and treat them to ice cream and cake.

—Letters remaining unclaimed for at postoffice, Westfield. Persons calling for same please mention advertised: Miss Alice Haines, George Jones, E. M. White (2), Miss E. L. Wolfe, Martha Hays, Mrs. Nicollie Blance, Mrs. L. B. Clark. L. M. WHITFARRE, P. M.

—The Italian Sunday school, in charge of Miss Emma Starr, is held every Sunday afternoon at 8 o'clock and a service in Italian every Sunday evening at 8:30

o'clock in the W. C. T. U. hall. Visitors to these services are always welcome.

—John Ledley has started the erection of the foundation for R. A. Fairbairn's new barn on the property recently purchased by him near Oakland. The barn will be 40x80 feet and will be used to stable the string of fast horses owned by Mr. Fairbairn.

—St. Paul's church people will hold services again on Sunday in the rooms of the Royal Arcanum, the Bishop's visit for the opening of the new chancel having been postponed. There will be services at 7.30 and 10.30 a. m., and Sunday school at 3.

—At the meeting of Fireside Council, Royal Arcanum, held last evening it was decided to celebrate the 17th anniversary of the council, which occurs next Thursday, by giving an entertainment, to which the public is invited, in the Westfield Club hall.

—The state convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union held at Atlantic City last week will be reported by Mrs. John Z. Hatfield at the regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. next Tuesday afternoon at 3.30 o'clock, in the hall on Prospect street. The public are cordially invited to be present.

—The annual meeting of the Children's Country Home Association will be held in the Baptist church on Monday next, at an hour to be announced in the churches on Sunday. At this meeting all interested in the work of the home and everyone who has contributed to its support in the past year is earnestly invited to be present.

—The choir of St. Paul's church is to be vested when the church is reopened, and the Women's Guild members are busy making the choir vestments. The church services are to be held in Arcanum hall Sunday, but the vested choir is expected to sing in the church the following Sunday. It will be under the leadership of George Veltin Steeb.

—Donations to Children's Country Home: Mrs. T. B. Green, vegetables; Mrs. Perry, basket of fruit; Mrs. Cotterill, vegetables and cake; Mrs. Wm. Miller, vegetables and cake; Mr. Endicott, vegetables, apples; Mrs. Cotterill, vegetables and cake; Mrs. Wm. Miller, cake; Mr. Perry, ice; Mrs. Naething, ride for children. Mrs. William Miller, Committee.

—The treasurer of the Children's Country Home acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following contributions: Martin Welles, \$6; Mrs. Martin Welles, \$10; Lient. Roger Welles, U. S. N., \$5; Mrs. M. J. Gildersleeve, \$5; Mrs. J. G. Foster, \$1; Mrs. Caroline G. Clark, \$2; W. H. Grogan, \$1; Lawrence Powers, 50 cents; post office box, 4 cents; Mrs. Howard MacDougall, \$2; Mrs. Frank S. Smith, \$1.

—A joint meeting of the Board of Education and the advisory committee was held at the Prospect street school building Tuesday evening, at which time the matter of more school facilities was talked over but nothing done except to name next Tuesday evening as the time for holding another meeting. The board at this meeting will probably decide to ask the people for an appropriation to build one large school building on the Henry property.

—A large number of the members of Empire Engine company, with their chemical engine, went to North Plainfield yesterday where they took part in the firemen's parade. It is needless to mention the fact that no company in line looked better or marched better than Westfield's representatives. Foreman Toney was in command of the company, while W. H. Barton, very proudly, held the ribbons over the team which pulled the engine.

—There will be an evening of music and song at the Presbyterian chapel on October 23 for the benefit of the Sunday school fund. Clarence Walther, a violinist from New York, will render several selections, using a violin over 100 years old, owned by and used at that time by David B. Miller, Mrs. Lettie Hart's father. This violin is very sweet and much superior in tone compared with those more modern, which are used at the present time. Mrs. Hart will accompany Mr. Walther on the piano.

Somerville's Gula Day.

Thursday, October 19, Somerville will have a gula day. There will be firemen's parade and business men's carnival. At least ten fire companies will be in line, and each will have a band. The business men will have about a hundred representative floats in line. In the evening there will be a bicycle carnival, with prizes.

The railroad companies have reduced the fares, and no doubt a large crowd will be present to witness what promises to be the biggest event in the history of the town and in Central New Jersey.

Hayward Pharmacy Uses Distilled Water.
We want your prescriptions, and are doing everything in our power to get them. Did you ever think about the water used in the compounding of drugs? Pure water or hygienic water, which would you like? We are now using DISTILLED water only.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Only Cascarets, pure constitution forever. 10c. 25c. O. C. C. Fall, druggists refund money.

GILDERSLEEVE'S.

EVERYTHING READY FOR FALL BUSINESS.

Stock complete in every department, and our display of fall and winter goods is larger than ever.

To the careful housewife we appeal with a complete assortment of

BLANKETS, COMFORTABLES, FLANNELS and

TABLE LINEN, READY-MADE SHEETS and PILLOW CASES,

FALL DRESS GOODS, UNDERWEAR, HOSIERY, Etc.

M. J. GILDERSLEEVE

DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS.

BROAD ST., WESTFIELD.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF Dress Linings & Trimmings.

WON THEIR FIRST GAME.

Westfield High School Foot Ball Team Played a Tantalizing Good Game.

The Westfield High school foot ball team opened the season on the Broad street gridiron Saturday afternoon by defeating a team from the Park A. C., of Orange, in a lively game, which, although one sided, was interesting and exciting from start to finish.

In the first half, Howe, with the able assistance of H. Tice and Taylor, made a good run and a touch down, and the rooters of the Westfield team set up a shout that could be heard all over the town. Bogert failed to kick the goal.

In the second half Manning made a good run but was downed before he could get over the line for a touch down. Howe also made the second touch down and Bogert succeeded this time in kicking the goal. The score was 11 to 0.

The teams lined up as follows:

WESTFIELD POSITION ORANGE
Todd center Robinson
H. Tice right guard Vanierstein
Pierson left guard Morrison
Taylor right tackle Becker
R. Tice left tackle Nathan
Manning right end Pryor
Alpers, Miller, left end H. Brainerd
Bogert quarter back Brainerd
Knight right half back Hedge
Brown left half back Dean
Howe full back Gardner

After the game the players on the Westfield team were taken by stage as the guests of Leland Van Ransdiele, for a ride about the town, after which they were treated to refreshments.

MORE GOOD TROTTING.

At October Meet at the Empire City Track.

There will be another race meet at the Empire City track on October 25, 26, 27 and 28, and the management is arranging for a number of special features, some of which are almost sensational in character, embracing a proposed race to wagon between the great road wagon kings, Joe Patchen, 2 01, and Bumps, 2 03, the latter's record having been made to wagon, and being the world's record for that hitch; also a race between the three noted guideless pacers, Cute, Albatross, and Neil Alcyoner, to go without sulky or driver, and the first and only time they have appeared together; also a race between the champion teams of New York and Philadelphia, and yet other specials that are both novel and highly interesting.

Hayward Pharmacy Cigars.
Our line has created a demand among connoisseurs. Some new choice brands in our case this week. That's all.

An Unthought Pardon.
Among the stories of that former governor of Texas familiarly known as Sam Houston is more than one amusing tale.

There was a financial agent of the penitentiary who had warmly opposed the election of Governor Houston, but was particularly anxious to retain his own pleasantly lucrative position. Consequently the governor was soon in receipt of a petition in which the man's years of faithful service and special qualifications for the place were set forth in glowing terms by himself.

The governor sent for him and said gravely, "It appears from this petition that you have been in the penitentiary eight years."

"I have," was the reply.

"And during that time you have performed faithfully every duty that has come in your way to the best of your ability?"

"I have," answered the agent, his courage swiftly rising.

"Then, sir," said the governor, with the air of one conferring a precious favor, "I pardon you out!"—Youth's Companion.

Extra Fine Table Butter,

23c

4 lb package Washing Powder, 16c
12 Cakes Laundry Soap, 25c
New Tomato Catsup, bottle 5c

WALKER'S Grocery,

BROAD STREET, WESTFIELD.

OUR FALL & WINTER STOCK

Of Men's, Boys' and Childrens' Suits and Overcoats are ready.

STYLES AND PRICES TO MEET ALL DEMANDS

Double Breasted Coats, Single Breasted Coats With Double Breasted Vests.

All Garments Our Own Manufacture.

SCHEFFLIN & SCHULTZ,
M. J. CASHIN, Manager, Retail Store.
322 WEST FRONT STREET, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

WRENNICK'S

SCHOOL SHOES

Wear like Iron.

Full line of all descriptions. Prices to suit you.

We give free with every pair of school shoes a box containing slate pencil, lead pencil, penholder and ruler. Just the thing for school use.

GEO. W. WRENNICK,
SUCCESSOR TO H. C. PIKER,
WESTFIELD'S BUSIEST SHOE DEALER.

NEW FALL NOVELTIES

In Dress Goods. We have made extensive purchases in Fall Goods and can surely satisfy the most exact in quality and price.

Don't fail to visit
L. A. PIKER'S,
New Taylor Block..... BROAD STREET.

School Supplies.

Handkerchiefs,	3c
Lunch Boxes,	15c, 25c
Knee Pants,	15c, 25c
Umbrellas,	39c
Suspenders,	9c
Stockings,	10c

CLARK, THE HATTER,

OF COURSE!

A BIC SCRAP

Bic scrap, while a necessary and useful article for the business house, is a nuisance in the home, and an eye-sore to the artist's housekeeper, and we have therefore secured

A FINE COLLECTION OF LOVELY LITTLE ONES

pretty enough to satisfy the most fastidious, and at prices to suit all pockets. Also quite an array of work baskets and lunch baskets from 10 cents up. Come and see them for yourself, at

HARKER'S BEAUTIFUL STORE

ELM AND QUIMBY STREETS, WESTFIELD, N. J.

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

J. J. Wahl & Sons,

CASH BUTCHERS.

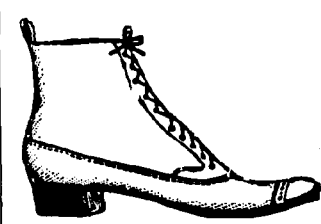
Vegetables in Season.
Prospect St. Tel. 21-A. Westfield

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day, to show you a package of Grain-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. Grain-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. The price of coffee, 15c and 25c per package. Sold by all grocers.

Indisputed.
First Lawyer—You are a cheat and a swindler.
Second Lawyer—You are a liar and a blackguard.
The Court (softly)—Come, gentlemen, let's get down to the disputed points of the case.—Philadelphia North American.

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.

House : Painting

AND
Decorating.

Having purchased the sole right for the sale and use of the famous

Brooks Scaffold & Gang Brush

I am able to do far better work than other painters, and the new apparatus allows me to do the work at a lower figure than heretofore. All work is absolutely guaranteed.

W. H. BAKER,

South Ave. Westfield, N. J.

Horton's Ice Cream

IN BRICKS, ALSO LOOSE.

Orders taken for receptions and weddings.

J. B. MARENGHI

310 AD STREET WESTFIELD

The Cranford Gas Light Co.

Incorporated 1872.

**GAS for Illuminating
and Fuel Purposes.**

BE UP-TO-DATE

USE

GAS RANGE
For Cooking.

The Cranford Gas Light Co.,
OFFICE, HART'S BUILDING,
ELM ST., WESTFIELD, N. J.



Archbold & Scudder,
VARIETY MARKET,
WESTFIELD.

OUR MOTTO:

BEST GOODS, LOWEST PRICES.

POLITE ATTENTION

QUICK DELIVERIES.

WALL PAPER
WALL PAPER
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WALL PAPER
50 PER ROLL
AND UPWARDS.

Welch Bros.

Painters and Decorators.

Broad Street, near Elm.

WESTFIELD.

New England Bread.

Westfield Bakery

Bihlmann & Koenig Props.

Cakes, Pies and Pastry.

ICE CREAM delivered in quantities to suit.

Wagon makes regular calls. Drop us a postal card and your wants will be attended to.

Broad St. Westfield.

NEW YORK MUSEMENTS.

KEITH'S CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES.
8th and 9th. Noon to 11 p. m. Union Square Theatre, 14th St., New York.

PROCTOR'S PLEASURE PALACE, 8th street, New York.
Continuous performances, 1:30 to 11 p. m. REFINED VAUDEVILLE.

PASTOR'S CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES.
12:30 to 11 p. m. Seats 200 and 300. Program changes every week.

PROCTOR'S CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES, REFINED VAUDEVILLE.
23d St. Noon to 11 p. m. All balconies, 25c; all orchestra seats, 10c.

Waldmann's VAUDEVILLE AND BULESQUE.
Opera House Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Matinee, 2:30 p. m.

Location of Fire Alarm Boxes
IN WESTFIELD.

307—Summit avenue and Park street.
400—Elm street and Kimball avenue.
570—Broad and Middlesex streets.
630—Cumberland street and South avenue.
893—Fire Department house.

After sounding in an alarm stand near the call box until arrival of apparatus.

Have You Anything to Advertise?
Put your "want" ads in the next issue of the STANDARD—send them in early. Don't forget that persistent advertising pays! to a word.

Lazy Liver

"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them, and secured a supply of the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend CASCARETS whenever the opportunity is presented."
J. A. SMITH.
2830 Sunquahanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER
Pleasant, Painless, Instant, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Injures. See box for full directions.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Medicine Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 190.
NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all drug stores to CURE Tobacco Habit.



"XODIA"
This Great Malarial Remedial Agent—This wonderful Nerve Tonic and Vitalizer, which promotes the circulation of the blood, invigorates and strengthens the spinal cord, hardens the muscles and gives the skin a ruddy glow of health, is not the result of a miracle, nor is there attached to it any weird history of enchantment such as is told about many of the useless nostrums that are flooding the market, but is a purely vegetable product, based upon exact scientific investigation and calculation, the results of the wonderful strides lately achieved in the knowledge of chemistry.

The United States Government—This wonderful specific, used in government hospitals with great success during the late Spanish-American War. The following testimonials received from United States Army Surgeons, who were attending the sick soldiers, are convincing proofs of its efficacy:—
"I have used 'XODIA' in Malaria, and especially in its most pernicious form, and found it very satisfactory."
J. A. ROM ALLEN, Surgeon, U.S.A.
"I have used 'XODIA' and found it satisfactory in malaria."
W. E. HAMLEN, Surgeon, U.S.A.

"XODIA" is for sale in 50c.
First-class druggists. If your druggist does not happen to have it, he will get it for you.
XODIA MEDICINE CO.
158 E. 23d St., N. Y.

UNION WATER COMPANY

Incorporated 1870. Organized 1897.
The Union Water Company supplies the inhabitants of the villages of Fairwood, Westfield, Cranford and Roselle with water for domestic use.

"The Purest and Sweetest that Nature can Yield."

In June 1895 the water supplied by the Company was analyzed by John H. Hixon, a leading hydraulic expert of Boston, and pronounced by him to be "water of great purity, and in a letter to one of the Company's directors he said: 'You are to be congratulated upon having so good a supply, and you need have no anxiety whatever as to its wholesomeness.'"
The interest of the Company is identified with the villages in which its plan is located, and it is the policy of the management to do its full share to promote their growth and prosperity.

The Company refers to all its Patrons.
A representative of the Company will be pleased to call on parties who do not at present use water from its mains, and explain rates, terms, method of service.

Union Water Company.
At 68 Broad Street, Elizabeth.

A BUSINESS EDUCATION.

FALL TERM!

The New Jersey Business College.

located at 683 Broad Street, Newark (Opposite Military Park).
Day sessions continue without interruption. Night sessions begin Sept. 6. Tuition for day sessions very reasonable and low. Night sessions \$10 per month. Nearly all qualified students of the past year are now in attendance. Write or call for Free Catalogues. Office help furnished. Refer to thousands of former students.

C. T. MILLER, Proprietor.

NEW GREGG COLLEGE

Business and Shorthand.

Holbrook Building, Plainfield, N. J.
Business, Shorthand, Typewriting, English, Penmanship, Mathematics.

TERMS:—Day session, four weeks, \$30; evening, forty weeks, \$80, or tuition may be paid for in easy monthly payments.
Free instruction until Sept. 1st.

W. E. VAN WERT, Prin.

Wood's College.

876 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.
207 stenographers and book-keepers placed in 30 months.
The largest and most successful commercial school in New Jersey.
Our specialists are business studies, shorthand, typewriting and practical bookkeeping. Twelve as many students as any similar school in the State.
Second, third and fourth floors of the Kramling Building and Kramling Annex, 876 to 878 Broad Street.
Opened Monday, August 21st. Day and evening sessions. Send for circular and statement of students placed.

Pennyroyal Pills

Chickadee's English Diamond Brand.
Original and Only Genuine.
Pills, always reliable, never injure, and are the only pills that can be taken with absolute safety. They are the only pills that can be taken with absolute safety. They are the only pills that can be taken with absolute safety.

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Chickadee's English Diamond Brand.
Original and Only Genuine.
Pills, always reliable, never injure, and are the only pills that can be taken with absolute safety. They are the only pills that can be taken with absolute safety.

ARREST FOR HAVING MONEY.

Police of Vienna Suspicious of Persons Displaying Unusual Wealth
—Frequently Eat Humble Pie.

There is an old story, which goes down from generation to generation, among the merry Viennese, of how a gay young nobleman won a curious wager. He declared that it was quite possible to be taken up by the Vienna police without committing any crime whatever. To prove this Count Sandor appeared one day, shabbily dressed, at an obscure inn, ordered some refreshments, and paid with the Austrian equivalent for a £100 note, which he pulled out of the shaft of his dilapidated topcoat. This was quite sufficient to bring a guardian of law and order upon the scene, who took the "prisoner" to the nearest police station in order that he might justify the possession of so much wealth.

The Vienna of to-day is vastly different, in most respects, from the Vienna of the time of gay Count Sandor. This, however, does not prevent similar accidents from happening. Thus, the German papers are just now full of righteous indignation because a German was taken up the other day by an Austrian detective when he tried to change a £100 note at midnight in a Viennese cafe. It was only at the police station that the detective could be convinced of the fact that even an honest man might occasionally have a £100 note in his possession, and that it is even possible he may wish to exchange it at a restaurant.

But even this recent occurrence did not suffice to quench the zeal of the Viennese detective. Only a few days after the episode with the German crook a foreigner drove up to a Vienna night cafe, sat down, and ordered a bottle of champagne. Night cab, champagne, foreign accent—these were quite enough to cause such emotion that the band ceased playing for a moment. However, the stranger was jovially inclined, treated everybody, the musicians included, to champagne, beer, etc., and all went on merrily, till a hind was laid upon his shoulder, and a low voice said into his ear: "Don't make a fuss, and come with me at once."

"I with you!" the stranger exclaimed. "Is it to another cafe you wish to take me?"
"Not exactly," was the reply. "You come to the police station with me and explain who you are and where the money comes from which you are scattering about so freely."

The "criminal," offering the man of law and order a seat in his cab, did as he was bidden, and once more the Vienna police had to eat humble pie, and beg pardon of the stranger, who, so far from being fraudulent, or worse, was only a Russian trying to get rid of some of his great wealth in the gayest capital of Europe.

It is to be hoped that the zeal of the Austrian detective will, after this, be blunted with a little more discretion than his hitherto been the case.—St. Paul's Budget.

IT TOUCHED HER.

The Stationery the Soldier Wrote On Caused the Indifferent Girl's Heart to Soften.

The recent marriage of an ex-soldier from the first infantry, who conducted his courtship in correspondence from the front, set the conversational ball rolling in a hotel lobby the other night, and one of those present told a quaint story. "I have a pretty cousin," he said, "who knew it all in Roosevelt's rough ride. He was a South Carolina boy, and had been courting her a good while without the slightest encouragement. It was a sort of Dr. Fell case—she had no reason, but simply didn't like him. Well, when the regiment started for the front he began to write her letters, and tip-top letters they were—bright, cheery, full of graphic description and at the same time gently pressing his suit, but they made no special impression. My cousin used to hand 'em round for the family to read, which was the worst possible sign, and whichever answers were friendly, they were certainly nothing more. Then came the fighting, and after the storming of San Juan hill I naturally supposed the rough rider would have things all his own way, but the girl was apparently as cold as ever. To come to the point, she showed no signs of weakening until one day a letter arrived in a queer-looking dirty brown envelope. The letter itself was scribbled on a piece of coarse wrapping paper, and the writer apologized by saying it was the only thing he could find in the entire camp. When my cousin received it her eyes lit up. Her imagination was touched. She began to realize the horrors of war. The next letter was written on the back of an embossed beef label, and when she read it she shed tears. The next was two feet long and one inch wide, being the margin cut off of an old newspaper. It caused her to weep more, and when still another missive arrived, penned on the reverse side of a dirty linen collar, she openly surrendered and announced to the household that she was engaged. They were married last April, and are as loving as a pair of turtle doves. But it was all on account of that eccentric stationery. If my cousin-in-law had provided himself with a box of scented note paper he would still be single. Nothing like visible signs of privation to move a woman's heart."—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Fun on Olympus.

"Watch me," remarked Jupiter Tonans, and drawing a thunderbolt, he hit the earth.

"Good eye!" shouted Mercury. For it was known among the immortals, even at that early day, that the earth was a ball.—Indianapolis Journal.

Gifted Ambition.

"I know the colonel was very anxious to sit in congress. What did he do there?"
"He just sat."—Luck.

RUGKELSHAUS.

228 MARKET ST., NEWARK, N. J.

It is a well known fact that you can always get better value for your money here than anywhere else. Don't stay away because you haven't the money—Remember

Easy Terms of Credit to Everyone.

PARLOR SUITS.

We now showing over 20 styles of Parlor Suits, upholstered in silk, damask, tapestry, brocade, silk plush and velvet, beautifully finished frames and over-stuffed silts from

\$14 to \$200.

SIDEBOARDS.

Nowhere else can you find such a display of solid oak sideboards. We have all the new styles, handsomely finished sideboards, plain polish, with French bevel plate mirror, from

\$10.75 to \$100.

Special Sale of Morris Chairs.

We are now offering 150 Morris Chairs, with hair cushion and in three colors velvet, solid oak polished frames, at \$4.98. The greatest value ever offered. Other styles up to \$30.

Parlor Stoves.

Cylinder Parlor Stoves at \$2.75.

Square Parlor Stoves.

Handsome nickel-plated parlor stoves; the regular \$10 kind, for \$7.98.

If You Need a Range Get One of Ours
We Sell the Best.

Couches.

Corduroy or Velvet Couches, all hair, strongly made, good springs. Regular value \$14, at \$10.98. Other styles \$3.98 up.

Carpets.

For over 30 years we have been the recognized Carpet store of the state and we still hold the lead. We are showing all the new Fall designs, and our prices are always the lowest.

See our immense stock of Dining Room Furniture.

You can always have a nicely furnished home if you buy at

RUGKELSHAUS.

228 MARKET STREET, NEWARK.

All Trolley Cars transfer to our store.

Telephone 1043.

Elevator to Every Floor.

THE FINAL SMASH UP

MANY PREDICTIONS CONCERNING
THE END OF THE WORLD.

These Prophecies Have Started the Inhabitants of This Old Earth From their Beds as the Year 1900—The Fear of Comets.

In 1521 John Stoffer, a German, plunged Europe into terror by predicting a universal deluge in 1584, owing to the conjunction of several planets in a "water" sign. The water signs are Cancer, Scorpio and Pisces. At his ominous words thousands fled to the mountains and others took refuge in boats. A wind of doom of law and canon of Toulouse, given built a sort of ark on four pillars, as a haven of refuge. There was no need of such excitement. No flood came. On the contrary, the season was even calmer and drier than usual. Stoffer had, indeed, made a serious blunder and one for which many of his fellow astrologers, including Cardan, never pardoned him.

Stoffer, however, is only one in a long list of prophets whose predictions in regard to the end of the world have proved utterly false. As far back as the year 1600 many communities in Europe were driven half distracted by rumors that the day of judgment was close at hand, and again, in 1780, whole cities were paralyzed with fright for the same reason. Now and again during the latter part of the middle ages the same extraordinary phenomenon was witnessed, though in a lesser degree, and ever since the modern revival of occultism there have not been wanting erratic prophets of the Jean Stoffer type.

Years ago a Mr. Baxter created a sensation in England by his prediction that the world would certainly come to an end in 1887. Thousands believed in him, and great was their surprise when they discovered that he was mistaken. Yet such is the credulity of human nature that their faith in him remained unshaken, and, no matter what year he selected as the final one of the world's existence, they accepted his prediction as gospel truth. Equally bold, though doubtless not as popular as Baxter, is the Abbe Dupin, cure of the village of Dion, in France, and author of a book with the following extraordinary title: "The grand coup or universal cataclysm will ravage the world between the 10th and 21st of September, 1890, according to the Scriptures. The prophecies of the Old and New Testaments, compare with those of the fathers and with the secrets of La Siete, in which is foretold the great war which will destroy nine-tenths of the human race, the coming of antichrist and his reign, after which the church will triumph over her enemies and the

reign of Christ begin on earth." The author fixed September, 1890, as the time when the great "coup," as he called it, would take place, but he added that if it did not take place then it would certainly occur before the close of 1890.

The appearance of comets has frequently given rise to similar predictions. This was the case when the famous comet of 1850 appeared. Whiston ascribed the deluge to its former appearance, and such an excitement did it cause among all classes of the people that Bayle wrote a treatise to prove the absurdity of belief founded on these prophecies. Miss de Lesigne, writing at the same time, said:

"We have a comet of enormous size. Its fall is the most beautiful object conceivable. Every person of note is alarmed and believes that heaven, interested in their fate, sends them a warning in this comet. They say that the courtiers of Cardinal Mazarin, who is despaired of by his physicians, believe this prodigy is in honor of his passing away and tell him of the terror with which it has inspired them. He had the sense to laugh at them and to reply facetiously that the comet did him too much honor."

M. Camille Flammarion, the distinguished French astronomer, says on the same subject: "In this century predictions concerning the end of the world have several times been associated with comets. It was announced that the comet of Biela, for example, would intersect the world's orbit on Oct. 20, 1832, which did not happen. There was great excitement. Once more the end of things was declared at hand. Humanity was threatened. What was going to happen? The orbit—that is to say, the path of the earth—had been confounded with the earth itself. The latter was not to reach that point of its orbit traversed by the comet until Nov. 30, more than a month after the comet's passage, and the latter was at no time to be within 20,000,000 leagues of us. Once more we got off with a good fright."

In his entertaining book, "La Fin du Monde," M. Flammarion gives a graphic description of a collision between the earth and a comet which is to take place some time in the twenty-fifth century. "These two heavenly bodies, the earth and the comet," he writes, "will meet like two trains rushing headlong upon each other with resistless momentum, as if impelled to mutual destruction by an insatiable rage. But in the present instance the velocity of shock will be 805 times greater than that of two express trains having each a speed of 100 kilometers per hour."—New York Herald.

It didn't Fall the 10th.
"Here's a poem on our Daily Bread."

"Can't use it. What we want on our daily bread is butter."—Atlanta Constitution.

BOB-TAILED ROMANCE.

A Cavalry Officer Whose Ideas of Matrimony Got a Severe Shock.

The presence of a young cavalry officer in Chicago lately and his subsequent evolutions in the saloons of the city have furnished the denouement of a "bob-tailed" romance of the Spanish war.

The young man, who begged the reporter to refer to him merely as Jackson, registered at a downtown hotel and then struck into a double-quick for the clubs of his friends. After the customary shuffle of introductory sentiments, the lieutenant burst out:

"Say, fellows, I want you to get me into Chicago society."

"There isn't any in the summer," replied one of the group. "Besides, we couldn't anyway; we have our reputations to look after, and we don't know what you and Hobson have been doing out there in the Philippines."

This and similar gibes were evidence of the fact that only a full confession would suffice, and one by one the men were taken aside and allowed to view the photograph of a beautiful young woman. The warrior swore by the blood of a hundred victories that he would find the original of that picture. In the event of failure he expressed a desire to be eaten alive by the Filipinos.

None of them recognized the young woman. They introduced him to scores of other society men and women, but they all stared blankly at the photograph and shook their heads. In final desperation Lieut. Jackson produced in evidence:

"Chicago, Ill., April 11, 1898.—My Dear Lieutenant: I have just seen your likeness in an April magazine and take the liberty of writing to you to ask a favor. I am getting old; I am nearly 21, and begin to fear that I shall never be married. Now, all the spinsters I ever knew gave as the reason of their single state the plea that their lovers went away to the war and never came back. I believe that the present war again offers the same opportunity to every young woman."

"And this is the favor: In the event of your death in the war will you give me permission to say that we were engaged to be married? I inclose my photograph and remain sincerely,
X. Y. Z.,
General Delivery, Chicago Post Office."

The return mail carried an affirmative reply from the young officer, together with his photograph. Though he begged her to write to him, he never received any further communication. He served through the war in Cuba without wounds or sickness, and was then transferred to the Philippines, where the climate undermined his health. Two weeks ago he landed in San Francisco on sick leave, and came immediately to Chicago on his will-o'-the-wisp mission.

After days of continued search the young woman was identified as a prominent member of North side society, and a mutual friend volunteered to call with the officer on the following evening.

At the sight of the bronzed face and sound of the name the girl was startled out of her self-possession, but rallied during the preliminaries sufficiently to continue the conversation.

"Lieut. Jackson has called," said the friend maliciously, "to assure you of his best wishes."

"Oh, how nice of you, lieutenant," she exclaimed, with visible relief. "And can't you stay for a wedding too? It will be next week."

The officer looked mystified. "You don't mean to say you're engaged?" he gasped.

"Why, yes; didn't you know it?" she replied, with a smile at the mutual friend.

"But I—you—why, your letter?"

"Oh, yes, I know, lieutenant. But we were to be engaged only in case you died," was the consoling response.—Chicago Tribune.

A FAMILY QUARREL.

It Happened in a Soudanese Household Where There Were Seven Wives.

Family quarrels are always tragic for those concerned, but for outsiders they occasionally contain an element of comedy. This is certainly true of sundry families of the most primitive type. We quote a single instance from "Under the African Sun," by W. J. Ansorge, a medical officer in the British service.

Imam Abdalla Effendi, a Soudanese officer in command at Kibero, had seven wives and five children. I was sent to enforce a judicial decision in favor of one of his wives, who had lately been divorced and demanded her dowry back.

He at once told me how his undutiful wife, instead of serving him with dinner, had thrown it at his head, and how, under the great provocation, he had divorced the woman. I told him I had not come to hear an argument, but simply to enforce a sentence. As a specimen of what one has to put up with from the natives, I give a few sentences of what was said on the occasion:

I—You are to refund this woman her dowry.

He—Heaven knows I have done so already.

She—It's a lie! He has only given me eight yards of silk.

I—I call Heaven to witness. I have nothing.

She—It's a lie! He has cows, goats and sheep.

And so the squabble went on. I insisted Imam troubled for his best cow, and finally I suggested five sheep as an appropriate amount, and told him that if he selected the worst in his flock the woman should have the cow. Frightened at this, Imam brought out five beautiful animals, and, wiping the perspiration from his face, he entreated the woman to accept them and depart. This she was graciously pleased to do.—Youth's Companion.

ABOUT THE COUNTY

FANWOOD.

Mrs. Palmer has entirely recovered from her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Christensen have been entertaining John Wogan, of New Orleans, La.

The fickle weather we've been having has played havoc with the health of Mrs. William Gibbs.

Benjamin Urner, who has been visiting his grandmother for the past week, will leave to-day for his home in the west.

For the past week Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Seabury, prominent residents of Newport, have been guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. Harry Hall.

The new basket ball team, consisting of the Misses Madeline Robinson, Muriel Robinson, Lillian Fancher, Mary Westcott, Florence Ertman, Janet Carter, Florence Nichol, Nanon West, Gergette Niederer and Elizabeth McAnany, met yesterday afternoon to practice on the new grounds on North avenue. The team has lately been favored by the assistance, as coach, of a young athlete from Plainfield.

GARWOOD.

The STANDARD is on sale at the Union Newsstand.

The railroad crossing at the depot is being repaired.

The trolley company is now busy putting the streets through which their tracks are laid in condition.

Mrs. Poyer sailed on the steamship "St. Louis" of the American line, Wednesday for England where she will hereafter make her home.

While working on the grinding machine at the C & C works yesterday George Hague, of Dannelen was hurt on the left hand so that he is now kept from his work.

ROSELLE.

A smoker will be the attraction at the Casino on Saturday evening.

Miss Sadie Fisher is spending a few days with friends at Rahway.

Miss Grace Allen, of Morristown, is spending a few days with friends in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Clarkson, of Brooklyn, were guests of relatives in town yesterday.

An account of the nineteenth annual convention of the Union County Sunday School Association held here will be found in the next issue of the STANDARD.

CRANFORD.

Miss Dorothy Gibbons, of Philadelphia, is visiting friends here.

James Fitzpatrick, of Newark, was a visitor in town, yesterday.

Dr. Rosier has been renewing old acquaintances in town for a few days past.

Mr. and Mrs. James V. King, of New York, spent Sunday with friends on Union avenue.

The people of Cranford are still getting their mail at the post office, the free delivery system having as yet failed to materialize.

RAHWAY.

A large new pipe organ is being placed in Trinity church.

Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Moller, of Hagerstown, Md., are visiting friends in town.

Stephen G. Perkins is confined to his home on Poplar street by a severe illness.

Miss Clara Maddell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome R. Muddell, and Amos M. White were married on Wednesday by the Rev. F. C. Mooney.

BRANCH MILLS.

Miss Fannie Carter, of Newark, spent Sunday as the guest of Mrs. George French.

Mrs. Jonas Miller, of Union, is spending a few days at the home of E. D. Miller.

At a recent business meeting of the Christian Endeavor society E. D. Miller was elected president for the coming year.

Discovers a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Discover" fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severest tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night, and with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz. Thus writes W. C. Hummel & Co., of Shelby, N. C. "Trial bottles free at the drug stores. Regular size 50c and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed."

Old Mr. Hudson's Bible.

By Mary Emily Hall

"MY SON George gave it to me," Mr. Hudson was explaining to an old neighbor, Caleb Sawyer, who had come in to chat for a few minutes. "George is in New York, you know. He's a lawyer, and I guess he must be doing pretty well, for Letty says—she just got back yesterday—that he lives in a fine, big house, and they keep three hired girls, besides a man to drive and look after the horses. Oh, George is smart!"

The old man rubbed his hands and smiled in evident satisfaction. George was his only son, and Letty, who kept house for him, was the orphaned child of his only daughter.

Mr. Sawyer wiped his gold-rimmed glasses on his faded silk handkerchief, adjusted them carefully, and began to examine the present—a large Bible—very critically. He was a small, weathered old man of an extremely pessimistic temperament; quite the reverse of cheery Grandpa Hudson.

"The print is clear," he said, after a survey through Genesis.

"Yes, George knew my eyes were getting dim," Mr. Hudson said, "so he sent me one with good large print. I can almost read it without my glasses."

"But it seems to me the binding ain't overstrung," the neighbor continued. "Looks as if it might come to pieces."

"I guess it will last me," the old man answered, quietly, "though I should like to leave it to Letty when I'm gone. I keep a newspaper around it most of the time."

"Is that your son's writing?" Mr. Sawyer asked, as he turned to the first fly-leaf and gazed with wonder on the elaborate flourishes which he finally deciphered to mean: "Presented to Josiah Hudson by his son George."

"Oh, no," Mr. Hudson replied, hurriedly, "and I don't mind telling you—don't let it go any further—but that's the only thing about the book I don't quite like. I wish George had written that himself, for I don't see much of George's writing," he continued, patting the book, "and it would be nice to have some where I could see it every day."

He stopped for a moment, and then added, with an attempt at cheerfulness: "But Letty says it's fashionable to have names written that way, and George's folks are real fashionable."

As Letty sat in the sitting-room that afternoon, sewing, she noticed that her grandfather was busy at his desk. He was evidently writing a letter, and the undertaking was arduous, for he bit his pen, used up several sheets of paper, and succeeded in getting much ink on his fingers before the unaccomplished task was done.

Letty usually wrote his letters for him, and she wondered why she had not been asked to write this one, but she asked no questions.

From that day for nearly two weeks Mr. Hudson went about with an air of mystery. He mended the few broken places in the fence, whitewashed the chicken-house, and was very solicitous as to the condition of the late fall garden. Every evening he might be seen walking to or from the town.

"It's only half a mile," he replied to Letty's protest, when this daily walk had been kept up for a fortnight, "and I need exercise. I don't get near enough to do here. The knitting to split and the row to mill! What they're only play!" and he started toward town again at a nimble gallop.

"Anything for me to-day, Mr. Jones?" he asked, as he walked into the post office, trying to speak as if it were a matter of no importance.

"Why, yes," the postmaster replied, slowly, "there is a letter for you around here somewhere. Hank Golder was just in, and we were curious to know who it could be from. You don't get letters very often, you know."

But the old man took his letter, ignored the hint and went out without giving any information.

"Think he might have been more sociable!" muttered the postmaster—he was storekeeper as well—as he began weighing out sugar for a customer. "A body likes to know what's going on!"

It was not until after supper that Mr. Hudson found time to read his letter. To be sure, he had gazed at it all the way home, studied the postmark and wondered if it was "yes" or "no," but he would not open it till he had plenty of time. Then he read it several times before he mastered the whole.

"I guess we'll get up early in the morning," he said to Letty, as she came out to empty the dishwater.

"Why, grandpa?" she asked, in surprise. "Is there anything special to-morrow?"

"We're going to have company," the old man answered, complacently.

"Company?" the girl echoed. "Why, who?"

"I could tell," he answered, "but you'd rather be surprised, would you not?"

"Of course, if you'd like it that way, grandpa—only I should like to know how many are coming, and just when," Letty answered, pleasantly. She knew his weakness for surprises.

"Oh, with an appetite for two, about six o'clock to-morrow evening," Mr. Hudson went to shut the gate without offering any further explanation.

At the appointed time the next evening the kitchen fire was burning brightly and the kettle was sending up a cloud of steam. The room was filled with the odor of frying chicken. The biscuit were in the edge of the oven, covered with a white cloth, and Letty was so busy arranging the potatoes that she forgot to wonder who, after all, was coming, when the door opened and her grandfather and Uncle George walked in.

"I told you she'd be surprised!" the

old man said to his son, misinterpreting the look of astonishment on the girl's face.

"I hope Letty enjoyed her stay in the city," George Hudson remarked to his father as he sat on the porch after supper while Letty did up the dishes.

"Yes, she had a good time," the old man answered, "but I guess she must have got rather confused with the noise and everything, for she clean forgot all about a new dress she had been planning all summer to buy. She picked berries to get the money. You see, Hal Markham's sister's going to be married pretty soon—I guess Hal likes Letty pretty well," he added, with a sly wink—"and Letty was to stand up with her, but she forgot all about the dress." He laughed heartily at his granddaughter's lapse of memory. "Funny how forgetful some people are!" he resumed after awhile. "Why—" The old man stopped suddenly and stared at his son in amazement.

"What is it, father?" the son asked, with anxiety.

"I declare!" he exclaimed. "Talking about forgetfulness made me remember. Why, George, I forgot to thank you for my present! Here I've been using it every day, and haven't said a word to you about it! Of course, when Letty went away," he continued, while the look of perplexity on the son's face deepened, "I didn't know what you'd send me, but I knew it would be something nice."

"I said to Letty: 'Letty, what do you think George will send me?' She couldn't guess, and neither could I, but I said I hoped it would be a Bible with nice large print; and when she got home, this is what she brought me! Why, where is it?" he exclaimed, with concern. "I always keep it right here. Letty must have put it away," and he started in quest of the missing book.

"But, father, I don't understand. What is this about my giving you a Bible?"

The old man stopped for a moment, gazed at his son with a quizzical look, and laughed loud and long. "You thought Letty wouldn't tell you sent it, didn't you? Oh, you like secrets as well as your father!" Still chuckling, he went into the house.

One look at her uncle's face as he hurried into the kitchen, and Letty knew that he had found out.

"I know I'm wicked to deceive him so," she stammered, while the tears began to gather. "But Uncle George, I couldn't help it! He wanted the Bible so much, and counted on your sending him one. I had to get it! I couldn't disappoint him!"

"Why didn't you tell me," he asked, severely. "I didn't know he wanted one!"

But he did not wait for an answer. He suddenly remembered how little he had seen of Letty while she was on her visit. He had been busy on an important case, and had hardly noticed her. He recollected with a pang of remorse that he had scarcely even asked after his father, much less thought of a gift for him, until he had received the letter asking him to come back to the old farm for a few days. His wife and children were at the summer business was dull, and he had come—come empty-handed.

"Another Bible?" asked Mr. Sawyer, in surprise, as he came in a week after George's departure.

"Yes, George took that one back. I guess he hadn't examined it very closely before, and he said the binding was poor, just as you thought, and he sent me this." He displayed a beautiful Bible in an adjustable holder. "It's real comfortable and handy," he continued, "and George wrote my name in it himself." He showed the strong, businesslike writing with a pardonable pride.

"I told him I'd rather have his writing, if it wasn't quite so fancy—though he is going to write once a week now, so it doesn't matter so much," he added. "He sent Letty some things, too—some dresses and hats—and last night I got a letter from his wife. She wants Letty and me to come to the city for the holidays. I haven't been to New York since George went there, ten years ago, and I want to see the town ever so much. And then they're going to have a Christmas tree," he added, with childlike enthusiasm, "and I am to be Santa Claus!"—Youth's Companion.

Lord Chesterfield was never at a loss for a polite retort. Once he proposed a person as proper to fill a place of great trust, but which the king himself was determined should be filled by another. The council, however, resolved not to indulge the king, for fear of a dangerous precedent, and it was Lord Chesterfield's business to present the grant of office for the king's signature. Not to increase his majesty by asking him abruptly, he, with accents of great humility, begged to know with whose name his majesty would be pleased to have the blanks filled up. "With the devil's!" replied the king, in a paroxysm of rage. "And shall the instrument," said the earl, coolly, "run as usual: 'Our trusty and well-beloved cousin and counselor?'"—a repartee at which the king laughed, and with great good humor signed the grant.—N. Y. Success.

A Scotch socialist, who was explaining the meaning of socialism, remarked that all possessions should be equally divided. "If you had two horses would you give me one?" asked his friend. "Of course," replied the socialist. "And if you had two cows would you do the same?" "Yes," was the ready reply. "Well, supposing you had two pigs, would you give me one?" asked his friend, slowly. "Eh," he said, "you've got over your name. You've got two pigs!"—Apron Moments.

A Difference. Agnes Penny—Your nephew plays the fiddle, don't he? Uncle Eben—Nope; he jest fiddles.—N. Y. Journal.

THE SHOT THAT TELLS.



Do you know what happens when one of our big, thirteen-inch shells, strikes a foundation? This is the modern way of doing things, concentrating every ounce of power and energy into one tremendous irresistible blow that simply annihilates opposition. This is the method that means success.

It is just the same in the warfare against disease. While all sorts of half-way compromising methods partially experience doctors make a feeble "small caliber" sort of resistance to the enemy, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," with its splendid blood-purifying, liver-toning, strength-creating power, hurls the fortress of disease from its very foundations, and searches and drives out the lurking symptoms of weakness and debility from every secret hiding place in the entire physical system of mankind.

The work of this grand "Discovery" is thorough; it gives the health that is all health; the strength that is solid and substantial and lasting; not flabby fat, not false stimulus, but genuine, complete, renewed vitality and life-force.

I had been a sufferer for fifteen years nearly all the time," says Mrs. Sarah E. Taylor, of Eureka, Greenwood Co., Kans. In a friendly letter to Dr. Pierce, "In August, 1898, I was taken with severe cramping pain in my stomach. The doctor here said it was due to gall-stones. He relieved me for a short time, and then there was a hard lump about the size of a goose egg formed in my right side. It became so sore I could scarcely walk about the house, and I had no appetite. I consulted the best doctors in town and they said medicine would do me no good. I gave up all hope of ever getting well again. You advised me to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and Pleasant Pellets, which I did according to directions. I began to feel better, and my appetite came back. Now it is a little over a year since I began to do my own work. I am stronger than I have been for five years."

Love of Liquor Not Hereditary. Professor Sims Woodhead, speaking before the Society for the Study of Intemperance in England, came to these conclusions: He held most strongly that a direct transmission of the taste for alcohol never occurred. Of course he accepted very fully the fact that certain nervous diseases and degenerations involving certain altered and weakened inhibitory powers are transmitted from generation to generation. These, however, did not always assume the same form, the manifestation of the effect often taking on very different characters in different generations.

But whatever character they assumed the result as regards alcohol was invariably the same, and until far more evidence was brought forward than had yet been presented he should strongly maintain that what was so often spoken of as an inherited taste for alcohol was an inherited weakness and lowered self-restraint affecting many other things besides drink and that a direct transmission of the taste for alcohol from parents to children in a constitution otherwise healthy did not occur. As with tuberculosis, the disease was not transmitted, but only the weakly and unbalanced condition of the tissues.—London Hospital.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1898.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Rather Novel Complaint.

An English traveler once met a companion, sitting in a state of the most woe and despair and apparently near the last agonies, by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. He inquired the cause of his sufferings. "Oh," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty and took a large draft of the clear water of the lake and then sat down on this stone to consult my guidebook. To my astonishment, I found that the water of this lake is very poisonous! Oh, I am a gone man—I feel it running all over me. I have only a few minutes to live! Remember me to—"

"Let me see the guidebook," said his friend. Turning to the passage, he found, "L'eau du lac est bien poisonneuse" ("The water of this lake abounds in fish").

"Is that the meaning of it?" "Certainly."

The dying man looked up with a radiant countenance. "What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?"

"I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language."

Glorious News.

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help, but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved—that Electric Bitters is the best blood-purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, skin rashes, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Only 50 cents. Sold at Daynard drug store. Guaranteed.

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Autumn Carpets—Lively and New

All effects—all best of weaves—all at lowest price marks known. Cotton Chain Ingrains, 25c. All-wool Ingrains, 50c. Heavy Ingrains, 75c. Brussels, 45c. Velvets, 60c. New Importations for Fall and Winter.



\$55.00 A really magnificent suit—rich golden oak, high polished—French mirror, fancy shape—swell front, brass trim.



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