

SEMI-WEEKLY
THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD.
TUESDAY FRIDAY

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WESTFIELD, UNION COUNTY. N. J., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1900.

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What Offended Her.
Milk Dealer—What did you say to Mrs. Sharpe yesterday when you called for her money?
Driver—Nothing particular. Why?
Milk Dealer—She's sent word that she don't want us to serve her any more. You must have said something to offend her.
Driver—No, I didn't. I simply asked her for the money for the week's milk. She says, "You'd better chalk it up," and I says, "We do that already."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Mentioned as Usual.
Clara—Did the newspapers notice your papa at the banquet?
Freddie—Yes.
Clara—Well, mamma said she could not see his name in the list.
Freddie—No, but the list ends up with "and others." That means papa. They always mention him that way.

The Wrong Bird.
A certain conjurer once had an experience which was highly comical, though quite disastrous from a professional point of view.

Having produced an egg from a previously empty bag, he announced that he would follow up this trick by bringing from the bag the hen by which the egg had been laid. This little arrangement he had left to his confederate to carry out.

He proceeded to draw the bird from the bag in which it had previously been placed, but what was his consternation on finding that the alleged hen was an old rooster, which strutted about the stage with ruffled feathers and offended dignity and set up as vigorous a crowing as if he had just awakened from his nocturnal slumbers.

The whole audience shrieked with laughter, and the unfortunate conjurer made a "bolt" for his dressing room.

Variable.
"What is this title 'professor' that I hear so often?" asked the distinguished foreigner.
"Well," answered Miss Cayenne, "it's getting rather hard to tell. Usually it means a man who knows more than any one else, and sometimes it means a man who simply won't work."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Forgotten.
"Did your grandmother remember you in her will?"
"Yes; she had a clause in it instructing the executors to collect all the loans she had made me."—Baltimore News.

It sometimes happens that while a man is watching his enemies his friends get the best of him.—Chicago News.

An angel is a being who can watch another being poke a fire without offering suggestions.—Indianapolis Journal.

THE CROSBY & HILL
United Stores
SALE OF STAPLE
HOUSEKEEPING GOODS
Commencing Wednesday Morning and continuing until Saturday Evening. Notwithstanding the enormous advance on the prices of all classes of cotton goods we are able to offer merchandise of standard makes and the most reliable qualities at prices below the cost of production to-day.
The prices quoted on sheets and pillow cases are for goods that have been torn before hemming and are neatly and well made. The cost of the articles ready for use is less than the price for the material alone in most cases.

Pillow Cases of good quality muslin, 45x35 inches.	7c
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Best quality indigo blue Dress Prints, in choice patterns.	5c
Yard wide Percales in dark patterns, reduced from 12 1/2 to.	8c

Some Rare Bargains in Laces & Embroideries.
Flouncing Embroideries, 1 1/2 yards wide, with heavy embroidery, suitable for skirts and children's dresses, worth 75c yard, for 25c.
Flouncing Embroideries, 2 1/2 inches wide, choice dainty patterns on fine cambric that are worth 50c per yard, for 5c.
Narrow Cambric Embroideries, fine patterns, good strong edges, worth 8c and 10c, for 5c.
French Val Laces, two to four inches wide, worth 10c to 12c per yard for 5c.
Cream and Beige Laces of various kinds, three to eight inches wide and worth 10c to 20c per yard, for 5c.

We continue to make life size crayon portraits free of charge with all purchases of \$1 or more.
Front Street, Plainfield, N. J.

WESTFIELD PHARMACY.
Drop in at Trenchard's and try a Cup of Hot Chocolate or Coffee served with Whipped Cream—you will be pleased after you have tried it.
W. H. TRENCHARD, Prescription Druggist,
Prescription Department is in charge of W. H. Trenchard, who compounds all prescriptions.

A PLUNGE TO DEATH.

SAM PATCH'S FAMOUS JUMP OVER THE GENESSEE FALLS.

The Last of a Sensational Series of Daring Feats Which Might Have Resulted Differently but For a Bottle of Brandy.

Nov. 13, 1829, Sam Patch lost his life jumping from a scaffold 25 feet above the brink of the Genessee falls into the abyss below. He undertook to jump in all a distance of 125 feet. Of course the whole population of Rochester as well as the farmers from neighboring villages were upon the scene. The fame of Patch had for several weeks been a topic of conversation among the early settlers.

Patch was born in Rhode Island in 1807. Soon after he removed to Pater-son, N. J., at which place in 1827 he was seized with the jumping mania. After giving several daring exhibitions in New Jersey he decided to try his luck at Niagara falls two years later. In October, 1827, he jumped from a shelving rock between Goat Island and the gurgling waters many feet below. A few days later he startled the natives by jumping from the old Fitz-hugh street bridge at dawn. He swam under the water to a convenient hiding place, where he had much amusement in watching several boats crowded with people dragging for his body. They were startled when he called merrily to them, joking them for their wasted efforts in his behalf.

On another morning he startled a Rochester lad by jumping from the brink of the falls to the rapids below. If Patch had not reassured the boy, he would have had half of the population of Rochester dragging the water for his dead body.

With such a record it is no wonder that on the morning of Nov. 13 all the muddy roads leading to Rochester were thronged with people desirous of seeing the wonderful jumper. Even if farmers were unusually busy in securing the last of their harvests they found time to take a day or two off in order to witness the feats of Sam Patch. Several boats brought hundreds of visitors in holiday attire from Canada, Oswego and Levison. Buffalo, Canandaigua and Batavia were almost depopulated on account of the exodus to Rochester. The few taverns in the city turned guests away, and many had to camp out overnight.

Notwithstanding the raw, cold weather throngs of settlers lined the banks below the falls. Although Sam said he did not feel the cold weather, he was pleased to fortify himself with a drink of brandy tendered to him by his friend, William Cochrane. Several of the spectators contributed a unique uniform. Dressed in white trousers decorated with a black silk handkerchief tied around his body, surmounted by a light woolen jacket and skullcap, Sam must have presented a grotesque appearance.

After taking another drink from the flask Sam made the following speech to the thousands of breathless spectators: "Napoleon was a great man and a great general. He conquered armies, and he conquered nations. But he couldn't jump the Genessee falls. Wellington was a great man and a great soldier. He conquered armies, and he conquered nations, and he conquered Napoleon, but he couldn't jump the Genessee falls. That was left for me to do, and I can do it and will."

Although Sam Patch could jump the Genessee falls when he was sober, he could not do it when he felt the effects of the brandy. Owing to this fact he met his death when he took the jump. When the thousands of silent and horror stricken spectators saw Sam strike the water, they did not see him come to the surface. His descent was so unlike his previous efforts, when he shot like an arrow from a bow, that the spectators were certain that he met his doom when he reached the water and the jagged, piercing rocks beneath.

The spectators searched in vain for the jumper. The torches of the searchers along the river bank and those of the searchers who dragged the river in boats lit up the river during the long night hours. Amid the roar of the cataract the sorrowing multitude shed tears for the jolly good fellow who, like many others, loved his bottle on occasions.

Notwithstanding the rumors that Sam Patch had been seen alive in Rochester nothing was heard of him until St. Patrick's day, when his body was found in a cake of ice near the mouth of the Genessee. His remains were buried in the cemetery at Charlotte. Although it had been the ambition of his life to jump London bridge, he met his death in the Genessee. The feats of Sam Patch filled the newspapers for weeks, and although such poets as Mrs. Sigourney wrote poems dedicated to his memory no monument has been erected in commemoration of his feats.

Indeed, the event produced a pro-

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Made from pure
cream of tartar.
Safeguards the food
against alum.
Alum baking powder are the greatest
menaces to health of the present day.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

found impression upon the people of those days. On the following Sunday the preachers in Rochester and neighboring towns could not say enough against the evils of jumping. Some even went as far as Josiah Bissell, who told the pupils of the Third church Sunday school that because they saw the fatal leap they were accessories to his death and were murderers in the sight of God.—Rochester Herald.

Wet Up on Stocks.
"Shakespeare may have thought he knew it all when he said, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men that, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune,' but he didn't know anything about the stock market," growled the shorn lamb, who had landed up at the floodtide of prices, only to be wiped out at the deep, low ebb.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Unique Wedding Present.
Most people know of the peculiar circumstances under which Robert Louis Stevenson won his wife. But even more romantic and astounding was the unique wedding gift he got with her.

When Stevenson met his future fate at Barbizon, a famous artists' resort near Paris, she was the wife of Mr. Osborne, an Oakland gentleman. The friendship thus formed led Stevenson to pay a visit to California. He arrived at Monterey in a dying condition, but the loving care of Mrs. Osborne and her sister, Nellie Van der Giff, gradually won him back to life. The nursing completed his infatuation for the lady—an infatuation which he did not pretend to conceal. Fortunately Osborne raised no objections. He not only agreed to the divorce, but with a magnanimity rarely excelled actually attended the wedding breakfast. There he found his opportunity.

Mrs. Stevenson's one source of regret was the positive loss of her son, Lloyd Osborne, whom, of course, the father had the right to claim. Osborne made a happy speech, felicitating the newly married couple, and wound up by offering the most original of wedding presents. "To the bride," he said, "I give that which of all things is nearest and dearest to her heart, her own son."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

One He Didn't Get.
The following story of Ben Butler was told by a man who said he was present on the occasion.

"Shortly after the war General Butler delivered a lecture at Pike's Opera House in Cincinnati. The general was well on to the climax of his speech when slowly from the flies overhead descended a large wooden spoon on the end of a string. Down and down it came until it reached a point two or three inches above the speaker's head, and then it stopped.
"The audience, of course, was convulsed with mirth, but owing to his well known visual infirmity the general was the last to discover the spoon, and indeed would probably not have noticed it at all except that in making an emphatic gesture to italicize a point his hand struck the suspended spoon.
"Looking up, he recognized the enemy and took in the situation at a glance. Without any sign of embarrassment or confusion he detached it from the string and with the remark, 'Hello, there's one I didn't get,' laid it down on the stage and triumphantly finished his address."

Army Flogging.
Soon after General Canace was appointed an ensign in the Seventy-seventh foot he turned out with the company to which he was attached to witness the flogging of a soldier. The man, who had been convicted of a serious offense and was later to be drummed out of the corps, took his punishment badly, screaming a great deal. Ensign Canace shut his eyes and turned white in the face, as though he would faint. When the punishment was over, he remarked to his color sergeant, "If I see much more of this, I'll sell out."
"The 'noneam' responded, 'You'll get used to it in time, sir.'"
"I used to? I'm sure I never shall!" responded the ensign. Flogging in the army was soon abolished, however, and the future general remained in the service.

Some husbands suggest nothing so much as that more or less backbone came away with the rib that woman was made of.—Detroit Journal.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

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Published every Tuesday and Friday by
The Standard Publishing Concern.
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A. E. PEARSALL, Vice-President.
C. E. PEARSALL, Secretary-Treasurer.

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STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

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Advertising Rates furnished on application.

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

WESTFIELD, N. J., FEB. 6, 1900.



Expansion without imperialism!

Come, come, Mr. and Mrs. Little, let us extend the blessings of American liberty.

Support should be earned by every individual able to make an effort. Apply to the 'Trusts for a job.

Bill Penseley says that, while exceptional cases are mentioned in the annals of science, morality and the board of health, woman seldom pass the age of thirty.

The latest gossip of society matrons and patrons shows that the race is still on between the rich to get away from the poor, who follow as fast as they can.

It is only by a clever piece of financiering that the Standard's business manager succeeds in paying bills without money.

P. S.—This is sarcasm.

A rotten government does not necessarily mean a weak people, until after the people have had time to change their political skin. The people yet control!

The Weather Bureau seems to have been run recently in the interest of the J. S. Irving Co. and Tuttle Bros., coal dealers. Another case of class privilege which we must recall against the administration when we renew our fight for the people vs. monopoly.

Were Music Hall, Plainfield, big enough to hold ten thousand people it would not be big enough to accommodate the multitude residing in these parts wishing to hear the Washington-Jefferson-Lincoln-Garfield gospel to be proclaimed in Plainfield's biggest audience room to-morrow afternoon.

The coming presidential campaign may hold great surprises in store for the trusts. There are three political parties arrayed against the Hanna perversion of Lincoln Republicanism. Should they get together at the polls, all the trust money in creation could not withstand them. And it will happen!

We are glad to advise the Standard's readers that the efforts of the Congregational church choir to extend the appreciation of high class music are meeting with most flattering success, as indicated by the sale of seats for the concert of Chamber Music to be given under their auspices Tuesday evening, February 27; and managed by Mr. Lawrence Bogert. It will be unquestionably the finest musical affair ever given in this town.

The Plainfield Courier-News and the Plainfield Press in particular present their readers with "special" correspondence from Trenton of the highest excellence. It is equally as good as the Journal's, though they print it a day later than this paper.—Elizabeth Journal.

Brother McBride might add that his paper, the Journal, which employs a special reporter at Westfield, publishes a great deal of news from this town on Saturdays and Wednesdays. The fact that the Standard is issued on Fridays and Tuesdays, doesn't, of course, have anything to do with it, but we just mention it.

What an argument the existing squabble and corrupt and criminal efforts of certain men to get seats in Congress affords for leaving the choice of senators to the direct votes of the people where, alone, the selection of their representatives should reside! It is by the present disgraceful and scandalous system that the capital at Washington is packed for grinding out "protection" and favors for the rich monopolists who buy their way to seats with an effrontery that degrades American politics before the world.

Let the election of senators be by direct vote of the people!

Now about "this man Bryan." It appears that he is more than ever in harmony with public opinion as to public measures. It took a campaign fund of anywhere from twelve million to eighteen million dollars to defeat him the last time. How much more must the monopolists put up to defeat him this time? If the people once understand the superb courage and integrity of Mr. Bryan and his American gospel of Man above the Dollar, no campaign fund can be got together that will be big enough to prevent his election to the presidency.

In contrast with the brilliant uniforms of the English officers and troops, President Kruger, of the Transvaal, is in all the uniform he ever wears when he moves among his men in a frock suit and high hat. Photographs of his army indicate that, with the exception of the staff officers, none of the soldiers wear uniforms. The flag of the South African Republic is borne by a standard bearer who is also in citizens' garb. The President smokes perpetually, using a big German pipe. He is "clean grit" and human nature!

We cannot see how Rev. Charles M. Sheldon can improve the modern newspaper by trimming the news. News is news. The masses decide the newspaper's character by supporting the paper that gives them what is news to them. It is this kind of a newspaper only that reflects the sentiment of the masses. Yet we will undertake to say that in almost every newspaper the editorial leading is preferably and actually in the direction of better things. Notwithstanding Dr. Sheldon's interesting and most worthy experiment (which is no experiment at all) the thinking and moral quality of the people at large remains to be ascertained only by the relative support given by the masses to the various publications of the country. A camera has no conscience.

Afraid to Bid.
At an auction sale of miscellaneous goods at a country store the auctioneer put up a buggy robe of fairly good quality. An old farmer inspected it closely, seemed to think there was a bargain in it, and yet he hesitated to bid.

"Think it cheap?" asked the auctioneer, crying a 10 cent bid.
"Yes, kinder," was the reply.
"Then why don't you bid and get it?"
"Waal, I've bought heaps o' things in dry goods and so on," slowly rejoined the old man, "and I never yet took home anything that the old woman thought was worth the price. If I get that robe for even 15 cents, she'd grab it up, pull at one end, claw on a corner and call out: 'Cheated again! More'n half cotton!' That's the reason I don't bid."—Ohio State Journal.

An Insinuation.
"I simply had to do it," said Mr. Ernest Pinky in an apologetic tone. "I had to draw my ruzzer so's to 'ole up my character."
"Did he slander you behind your back?"
"No, suh; 'twas to my face. He axed me what business I was in, an I says, 'Itain chilekens.' Den he looked at me solemn an says, 'You doesn' mean 'raisin,' you means 'liftin.''"—Washington Star.

Peace Loving Woman.
"Did you pay the grocer and butcher, Amelia?"
"No; there wasn't enough to pay both of them. To pay only one would make trouble, so I just took the money and spent it down town."—Indianapolis Journal.

Wifely Constancy.
"I have been married for 15 years, and my wife never fails to meet me at the door."
"Wonderful!"
"Yes. She's afraid I might go in without wiping my feet."—Chicago Times-Herald.

At a rough estimate there are 15,000,000 pairs of gloves imported into this country each year.

TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE SPLIT THE BILL IN HALF.

Westfield & Elizabeth Street Railroad Company Will Pay Township Seven Cents, Seven Dollars.

At the meeting of the township committee held Friday evening it was decided to charge the Westfield & Elizabeth Street Railway Company \$77.00, for tolls for the fraction of a year that the company had been operating their trolley road through the township.

Col. E. W. Hine, of the company, appeared before the committee and asked that the company be relieved from paying the \$154.00 due the township on account of franchise privileges, explaining that, although the franchise had been in effect for a year, the road had been in operation but three months.

After discussing the matter with Col. Hine the committee decided to split the bill, and the trolley company will, therefore, pay \$77.00. Col. Hine said that the road would be built through to Elizabeth in the near future.

The present rooms occupied by the committee were again leased for a period of one year from W. H. Grogan at a rental of \$20 per month. The clerk was instructed to notify the Elizabeth Bill Posting Company that hereafter the company must remove or burn the old papers taken from their bill boards in Westfield.

The matter of posting bills on trees about the township again came up, when it was reported that the bills announcing the revival services were tacked on trees, and after discussing the matter it was informally agreed that Edward Edgar be instructed to take down the bills.

P. Westenfeller, Jr., in a communication asked that Railway avenue be repaired and that an electric light be placed on that street. It was decided to let the matter lay over until the next committee was elected. The matter of placing a fire hydrant on South Broad street was also laid over. Several property owners were ordered to repair their sidewalks, after which the following bills were approved and ordered paid and the committee adjourned to meet again on Monday evening, February 12.

N. Y. & N. J. Telephone Co. \$55.00
County Clerk Howard..... 17.05
Edward Edgar..... 6.00
E. W. Chamberlain..... 100.00
John O'Brien..... 20.00
Dr. Sherman Cooper..... 10.00
M. B. Walker..... 32.00
F. C. Decker..... 28.00

PROGRESSIVE EUCHRE PLAYED FOR PRIZES.

Westfield Club Entertained With Cards and Dancing Last Evening.

Over one hundred ladies and gentlemen attended the progressive euchre given at the Westfield club last evening and all unite in proclaiming it a most enjoyable affair.

The first ladies' prize, a half dozen ramekins, was won by Mrs. E. H. Faulkner; the second prize, a cut glass carafe, by Mrs. Paul Q. Oliver; and the third prize, a cut glass powder box, by Mrs. P. D. Wooster. The first gentleman's prize, a handsome pipe, was captured by Frank Harbison, and W. C. Bichman received the second prize, a stein. The third prize, a silver shaving brush, was won by Robert Carberry.

After the game refreshments were served and then dancing, to the music furnished by Prof. Westervelt, helped to pass away the evening. The committee in charge of the evening's entertainment was composed of Mrs. Paul Q. Oliver, Miss Nellie Bogert, Frank S. Smith, Robert Carberry and F. P. Condit.

CAPTAIN C. D. SMITH LEADS WESTFIELD BOWLERS.

Is Now High Man in Progressive Head-Pin Bowling Tournament.

Rolling in the progressive head pin bowling tournament at the Westfield club alleys was continued on Friday evening when Captain C. D. Smith of the club bowling team, went ahead in the first class and now leads W. M. Townley, the next highest man, by one pin, while Townley, in turn, leads W. S. Smith by two pins.

The scores in the second, third and fourth classes remain as they were on Tuesday evening. The tournament will remain open until Friday evening, February 28.

Fussled the Porter.

The pet fad of a certain actress is shoes, and she never travels without a pair of shoe trees in her satchel. One season she was touring the west. When she went to bed in the Pullman the first night eastward from Butte, she took off her trim walking boots and, as her custom is, slipped the shoes into them and set them under the edge of the berth. It was broad daylight when she was awakened by the respectful and somewhat awestricken voice of the porter. She drew the curtains aside and looked out into the aisle. The porter was standing there, holding the shoes in his hand.

"Here they be, lady," he said.
"Well, just put them down under the berth, please," said she. The man hesitated a moment.

"Can you—can you put them on by yourself?" he asked.

"What, the shoes?" asked the lady.
"No, miss," answered the porter, "I mean your feet. Ain't these your things?"

Since then she has carried the ghostly looking boot trees in her trunk.—Washington Post.

THE NAME "SINCLAIR" STILL LEADS IN VOTING.

The Westfield Resident Far Ahead of the Late Vice-President.

The votes in the contest for a name for the new primary school came in slow the past week, but a large number are, it is said, held back and at any time a "dark horse" may jump up in the lead. The name "Sinclair" still leads by a good margin over Hobart, while the name of Stitt is steadily gaining. The vote now stands as follows:

Sinclair	136
Hobart	60
Stitt	45
Jefferson	11
Penn.	10
Harrison	2
Lawton	2
Ripley	2
Washington	2
Cleveland	2
Longfellow	2
Roosevelt	1
Voorhees	1



Westfield, N. J., 1900.

Editor,
Union County STANDARD.

Dear Sir:—

My vote for the name of the new primary school I wish to cast for

Name

Street

Fill out, sign and send to local editor of the Standard.

BOARD OF HEALTH MET AND PAID BILLS

Monthly Meeting on Friday Evening was a Very Short One.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Health on Friday evening was a very short one and it took but a few minutes to transact the routine business, which consisted, principally, of paying bills.

The secretary reported five cases of measles in the township during the past month and Dr. J. B. Harrison, the township physician, reported the sanitary condition of the schools as good.

The following bills were ordered paid:
J. Alston Dennis..... \$26.00
Dr. J. B. Harrison..... 60.00
Martin Welles..... 22.00
C. W. Harden..... 20.00
John M. C. Marsh..... 45.80
Edward Edgar..... 6.00

CHILDREN RECEIVED AT COUNTRY HOME.

Edwards Family Dispossessed From Burtis' House on North Avenue.

The case of Charles E. Burtis against Harry Edwards for possession of a part of the building known as the Castle, at the junction of North and Central avenues, was heard by Justice Collins Saturday morning. As Edwards is now in the county jail, where he was committed for not supporting his family, there was no appearance on his behalf. Judgment was given Burtis for the possession of premises.

Edwards' four children were taken to the Children's Country Home yesterday afternoon by Overseer of the Poor Decker where they will be cared for at the present.

RIKER COMPANY GETS ANOTHER LINE

Trolley Cars VIII Run Direct From Springfield to Boynton Beach.

It is announced that the Riker trolley syndicate, which is building the trolley line between Plainfield and Elizabeth, and which also has plans for the construction of a cross county line between Rahway and Springfield, basing through Westfield, has secured control of the Union and Middlesex Traction Company, which runs between Rahway and Boynton Beach. The latter line is seven miles long and runs through Woodbridge, and will be an important connecting link for the new purchasers. This will give the company a direct route from Springfield to Boynton Beach.

Exclusive Spring Fashions.

Visits to the Newark Bee Hive just now are most interesting to explorers of charming novelties in Spring wear. L. S. Plant & Co. are showing a quantity of early fashions arrivals in various departments particularly noticeable for their rich exclusive designs and styles. These many Spring first views are decidedly worth inspecting.

BAMBERGER'S

THE ALWAYS BUSY STORE

MARKET & HALSEY STS.

NEWARK, N. J.

Great After Stock Taking Sale.

In spite of every effort to dispose of

Over Stocks, Broken Assortments, Odds and Ends, and Remnants

During January, inventory reveals numberless lots previously overlooked. As the stock sheets were being made up, these goods were counted in at almost any figure that would insure an immediate and complete clearing. A reckless and total wrecking of prices never paralleled even here. Thousands of dollars' worth of merchandise that we do not want. It is cumbering shelves and counters—monopolizing valuable space intended for Spring lines already on their way. Everything belonging to a former season must go and at once. We expect to lose money during the next few days—don't like to, of course, but we've a policy to be lived up to, and conditions make losses inevitable. In view of an advancing market we must pay a third to one half more than present asking.

MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED. GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

L. BAMBERGER & CO.,

Market and Halsey Sts., NEWARK, N. J.

GROCERIES

.....Purchased of us give satisfaction because they are the best obtainable in the market, and then the price is as reasonable as can be expected when you consider the high grade of goods offered.

Our delivery service is prompt. A trial order is solicited.

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

Hello, 24-a. 157 Broad St.

BUY FROM THE MANUFACTURERS AND SAVE MONEY!

Our facilities for making Clothing enables us to place on our table clothing ready to wear at prices below what the average retailer would have to pay first. That is the secret of our increasing business. Our \$3.25 Men's Suits are as good as the average \$5.00 suit. Our \$4.25 Suits compare with the average \$6.00 suit. And so on along the line. Our \$8.50, \$9.00, \$9.50, \$9.75 and \$10.00 Suits are made from pure stock, they are stylishly cut and superbly tailored. We particularly call the attention of the dressers to this line.

SCHEPFLIN & SCHULTZ,

MANUFACTURING CLOTHIERS,

M. J. CASHIN, MANAGER, RETAIL STORE.

322 WEST FRONT STREET, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

School Supplies.

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

CLARK, THE HATTER,
OF COURSE!

FLOWERS

AT
DOERRER'S,
THE ELM STREET FLORIST.

Baumann's

PHOTO STUDIO and
KODAK AGENCY...

36 Elm St., Westfield.

Highest Class Photographs

A full line of Amateur Cameras and Photo Supplies at New York prices.

The EASTMAN KODAK are the best and NOW THE CHEAPEST Cameras on the market. They will make splendid Holiday Presents.

J. J. Wahl & Sons

CASH BUTCHERS.

Vegetables in Season.
Elm St. Tel. 314. Westfield.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD
WESTFIELD, N. J., FEB. 6, 1900.

WANTS AND OFFERS.

A WORD for advertisements in the West and East. Department of this newspaper. Advertisements can be taken up to 2 p. m. of the day of publication. A good and cheap method of advertising—the people read this column for bargains.

THE STANDARD is on sale at Trenchard's drug store, on Broad and Prospect Sts., also at the drug store, Broad St., Bayard's drug store, Elm and Broad Sts., Union Co. Co. at depot and from all news boys.

COOP building plans, cheap. Investigator, W. D. Boush.

Y farm is for sale. Ira C. Lambert.

PIANO INSTRUCTION may be obtained for a limited number of pupils; beginners preferred. Address: William B. Giddis, 36 Cumberland street, Westfield.

WANTED—Boarders at Mrs. H. Miller's, Central avenue, 41. Improvements—hot and cold water, bath room, etc.

WANTED—By April 1st, two or three unfurnished rooms for adults only. Rent exchanged. Address P. O. box 222, Westfield.

WANTED—An agent for life insurance in Westfield and vicinity. Weekly and monthly payments taken. Salary and commission to good man. Colonial Life Insurance Co., Babcock Building, Plainfield.

WANTED—House by May 1, improvements, rent not over \$25; 10-room house, not over \$75; by May 1, house with six rooms not over \$40; house 10 or 11 rooms, over \$50; from April 1, small farm within mile of depot. If property owners have vacant property, with C. E. Pearson & Co., Westfield, N. J.

500 wanted on Westfield property worth \$1000. Lock box 448, Westfield.

3000 WANTED on improved Westfield property at 5 per cent. Best location in town. C. E. Pearson & Co.

Half block below C. R. R. Station.

Jacoby's

FRENCH RESTAURANT,

22 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

LUNCH, 12 to 3 P. M., 40c.

TABLE D'HOUE DINNER, 5 to 8 P. M., 50c.

AFTER THEATRE SUPPER, 10.30 P. 12 M. to P. M., 60c.

—Now is the time to send in your vote for the name of the new school.

—The regular meeting of the Ladies' sewing society of the Presbyterian church will be held after the union meeting on Thursday afternoon. The supper will be served at 6:30 o'clock and a special invitation is extended to those from the surrounding country who wish to attend the evening meeting.

THE SOCIAL CLUB'S

ANNUAL MASQUERADE

Preparations for the big social event completed.

The masquerade to be held at the Social club on Friday night will be, undoubtedly, the best attended and most enjoyable affair of the season, and Westfield society will be on the "qui vive" until then. The feature of awarding prizes will create a friendly rivalry and a desire to make the costumes more unique and elaborate than before. Many of the guests have asked the Standard for information in regard to costumes and we take pleasure in saying that Madame A. T. Crane, 10 East Union square, New York, and C. A. Fischer, 28 Mulberry St., Newark, will meet, undoubtedly, the demands of the most fastidious. Twelve, midnight, has been set for the unmasking and the supper will be served immediately after. If you have a ticket do not fail to come.

NEW ORLEANS AND RETURN \$27.50.

Mardi Gras.

The Southern Railway will sell round trip tickets Washington to New Orleans at one fare, \$27.50. Tickets on sale Feb. 10th to 25th with final limit returning March 15th. The only route from New York offering double daily trains with perfect Dining and Sleeping Cars service New York to New Orleans; time 39 hours. For full particulars, call on or address Alex. S. Thwaitt, East Pass'r Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

Both Glad.

Said Mrs. Giddis, who had come to spend the day, to little Edith: "Are you glad to see me again, Edith?"

"Yes, m'm, and mamma's glad, too," replied the child.

"Is she?"

"Yes, m'm. She said she hoped you'd come today and have it over with."—Ohio State Journal.

"HYDRO-LITHIA"

CURES ALL HEADACHES

TRIAL SIZE, 10 CTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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

THE STORY TELLER

—Lent will begin on February 28. Easter comes on Sunday, April 15.

—Mrs. Bird, mother of S. D. Winter, is dangerously ill at her home on First street.

—Edward Winter, of First street, spent Sunday as the guest of friends at Yonkers, N. Y.

—Owing to the revival services the February meeting of the Advance club will be omitted.

—Felix Bridger has placed a telephone in his green houses on Central avenue. The number is 31 A.

—Robert Embleton, of Boston, Mass., has been spending a few days with his parents on Clark street.

—Ruth, the little daughter of Edward App, is sick with the measles at her home on North avenue.

—The annual meeting of the League of American Wheelmen will be held in Milwaukee some time in July.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Dickson, of Summit, have been visiting friends in Plainfield and Westfield for several days.

—Miss Carrie Daws will entertain a number of friends at a fad party to be held at her home to-morrow evening.

—Miss Tena Klemser, of Scotch Plains, was visiting her friend Mrs. Stamets, on North avenue, yesterday.

—Miss Mary Faulkner, of Brooklyn, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Faulkner at their home on Kimball avenue.

—The seventh annual reception and dance of the I. O. S. will be held at the Westfield club hall on Friday evening, April 20.

—The Westfield club will give a musical on the evening of Lincoln's birthday, Monday, the 12th of February, to be followed by dancing.

—Senator Muhlen Pitney is spoken of as one of the four delegates at large to represent New Jersey at the next Republican convention.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Stamets, of Springtown, Warren county, is visiting her son, W. M. Stamets and wife, at their home on North avenue.

—The New Jersey Y. M. C. A. will hold its thirty first annual convention at Passaic on Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday of this week.

—All taxes not paid by the 10th of February will be turned over to the township committee and will then be advertised in the annual report as delinquents.

—A mass meeting of the citizens to consider the proposition of forming a consumer's water and light plant in Westfield will be held at the township rooms on Friday evening, February 16.

—The Lincoln High school hockey team, of which H. M. Green is the manager, was defeated by the team from the Leal school, Plainfield, on Clark's pond Saturday morning by the score of 6 to 0.

—A bill has been introduced for the Legislature's consideration which terminates all the appointments for deputy fish and game wardens on January 1st next and fixes the term of such officials at one year.

—The state corporation report, issued Wednesday afternoon, shows that 173 companies were incorporated in January and \$21,663.75 was received in fees. In January, 1899, only 159 companies were incorporated, but \$63,830.50 in fees were received.

—At the communion service in the Methodist church last Sunday morning the following persons were received into membership: Charles A. Baechtold, Harry L. Russell, Mrs. Anna B. Russell, Mrs. Mary M. Russell and Miss Viola Mand Lawrence.

—The meeting held by Central Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., last Friday evening was a big success, nearly half of the members being present. A good time was had and it was voted to pay a fraternal visit to Franklin Council, No. 41, of Plainfield, on Thursday evening, February 22. A collation was served at the close of the meeting.

—The Brooklyn Riding and Driving club has notified the Lincoln High school foot ball team that they will not allow the Cameo foot ball team to play in their academy, therefore the game between the two teams is cancelled. The trouble arose from the fact that the Cameo club had taken a banner, offered by the driving club to the winner of a game between Westfield and Brooklyn, when they had no right to it, and when asked to return it did so with their name on it as the winner.

—One of the most remarkable examples of municipal ownership in the United States is shown by the town reports of Edinburg, Ind. Incandescent electric lights are furnished to residences for fifteen cents a month and to business houses for twenty cents a month for sixteen-candle power lights. Water works are also operated at an annual cost of \$1 to each consumer, and a complete and perfect telephone exchange is maintained with a monthly rental of fifty cents. These are municipal enterprises all self supporting.

SURROGATE PARROT ARGUES FOR NEW ROAD.

Surveyors of Highways Held Meeting Saturday Afternoon.

Messrs. Andrew Schaffer, of Fanwood, James A. Long and J. Wallace Higgins, of Union; Clarence H. Wiggins, of Linden; James Van Nortwick and William Wezel, of Springfield, surveyors of the highways, met at the town rooms on Saturday afternoon on an order from Judge B. A. Vail of the Court of Common Pleas to act on a petition for a new road to run from the Jerusalem road to Longfellow avenue, through property of J. S. A. Wittke, John G. Cook, Mrs. W. A. Austin, E. O. Phelps, William Archibald, Mary D. Condit, Edward Pierson, Cecelia Cooper and the heirs of the S. E. Clark estate.

The petition was signed by Messrs. W. H. Mitchell, Robert M. French, James M. French, J. R. Connolly, H. L. Fink, John G. Cook, L. M. Whitaker, James Moffett, James T. Pierson, L. Peckham, Jr., William Gale, P. Traynor, A. C. Fitch, John Ingram, Charles Clark, George Kyte, Ernest C. Kieb, Charles H. Bent and George H. Embree.

Surrogate Parrot was the attorney for the petitioners and he made an address in favor of the road, as did Mr. Peckham, who said that the road would open up a way to the Graceland railroad station, which the Central Railroad company had promised to open should ten commuters agree to take the train from that point.

There were also a number of people there who objected to the road being built, among them Mr. Phelps and Mr. Wittke, who will lose a piece of their properties if the road is built.

The surveyors went over the route of the proposed road and then listened to arguments in favor and against but took no action. They will hold another meeting on Thursday.

WILLING TO FIGHT UNION WATER COMPANY.

Summit Water Company May Supply Westfield With Water.

Henry T. Sergeant, W. G. Delamater and W. G. Peckham, of the committee appointed to organize a consumer's water and light plant for Westfield and J. Alston Dennis and C. W. Harden, of the township committee, held a conference with Carroll Ph. Bassett, president of the Summit Water Company, at the township rooms Saturday afternoon.

Mr. Bassett stated that his Company would like to make a proposition to the people of Westfield in regard to furnishing them with water and would like to get the committee's views as to how that proposition should read. Mr. Sergeant said that if the company could give Westfield a water supply with a pressure of sixty pounds on Dudley avenue that he thought the township committee would give the company a contract.

Mr. Peckham said that the matter should be settled at once as the Bergen people at Elizabeth would elect a township committee at the coming election which would favor the Union Water Company.

Mr. Bassett said it would only take about three days to formulate a proposition which would be forwarded to the committee.

WESTFIELD DISMOUNTED CAVALRY COMPANY.

Thirty-two Boys Organized on Friday Evening.

Thirty-two boys met at Arcanum Hall on Friday evening and organized what will hereafter be known as the Westfield Dismounted Cavalry. The meeting was called to order by L. S. Ransdell, who was elected permanent chairman, Lester Ris was elected treasurer and Walter Lee, secretary.

Seventeen of the members of the Boy's Brigade, who had become dissatisfied in that company, joined the new organization, and last evening handed their resignations to the commanding officer of the Boy's Brigade.

The new company will drill each Thursday evening in the hall over Harry P. Condit's drug store and the hall will be named Armory Hall in their honor. The troop will be drilled by Captain Liepold, of the Essex Troop, of Newark.

A novel entertainment, known as Barnum's Museum, will be held for the benefit of the new company in Miller's vacant store on Broad street, Saturday afternoon and evening.

EDITOR ROLLINSON TO EDITOR PEARSALL.

Words That Make us Blush From The Rathenau's Pen.

The Westfield Standard is receiving "votes" for a name for the new school to be erected in that town. We notice the list embraces many names of prominent men, but up to date, we fail to see the name of one who has contributed more to the advancement and progress of Westfield than any one resident of that flourishing community.

We refer to Alfred E. Pearsall, the accomplished and brilliant editor of the Standard. It would be a just and fitting tribute to a thorough American and staunch advocate of popular education to name the new school "Pearsall."

The Plug would that more proudly than ever over this new "bulwark" of American institutions and the teachers and scholars be inspired with patriotic zeal each day as they entered "Pearsall School."—Railway Advocate.

WESTFIELD POLITICIANS READY FOR BUSINESS.

Both Parties Making up Slates for the Coming Election.

Five weeks from to-day, March 13, is election day, when successors to the present township committeemen, assessors, tax collector, overseer of the poor, commissioners of appeal, constables, and other township officials, with the exception of township clerk, will be elected.

The new law providing for the government of townships goes into effect February 23. By the new act, township clerks, assessors, collectors, committeemen, and commissioners of appeal are elected for terms of three years, the law providing that one committeeman, overseer of poor and commissioner of appeal shall be elected each year. All the old township laws are repealed, and under the act greatly increased powers are given the township committee. Matters affecting police, water works, drainage, street lighting, care of sidewalks and fire departments are all provided for, and it is possible for townships to have all the improvements of cities while still retaining township government.

Although neither party, so far as we can learn, have announced any of their candidates, many rumors are floating around the town. One has it that Martin Welles will head the Republican ticket for the freeholdership, while another has it that it will be his brother-in-law, former Township Committeeman George H. Embree, who will aspire to that office. Those mentioned for township committeemen are Martin Welles, George H. Embree, C. C. Dilts, Frank S. Smith and Mr. Gilmore; Fred C. Decker will, undoubtedly, be the nominee for collector, while Wellington Morehouse and W. W. Connolly, it is understood, would like to be assessor.

The Democrats, as usual, are very quiet and, are not doing much talking, so that it is hard to get any idea as to who they will run on the ticket. Those who are mentioned for township committeemen are W. E. Tuttle, Jr., Harry E. Knight, J. Alston Dennis, C. W. Harden and P. Traynor. Mr. Harden is also mentioned as a possible candidate for assessor. M. M. Scudder will, probably, again run for the freeholdership, and A. H. Clark will seek the nomination for collector. Of course John M. C. Marsh will be on the ticket, maybe for assessor.

WANTED COLORED MAN. ARRESTED WHITE MAN.

Court Clerk Made Mistake in Residence of "Mr. Johnson" Wanted for Forgery.

The arresting of a white man when a negro was wanted may result in the county being made the defendant in a suit for false imprisonment. The January Grand Jury brought in an indictment for forgery against James Johnson, of Cranford, and the court clerk issued a capias for the arrest of the said James Johnson and Constable Chamberlain was given the paper and arrested James Johnson, a young man living at Westfield.

Johnson was taken to Elizabeth, protesting his innocence, on Thursday and locked up in the county jail where he was confined until Friday morning when Assemblyman Chester M. Smith and John M. C. Marsh, believing him innocent, interested themselves in the case and procured his release on bail in the sum of \$500, a hearing being set down for Saturday next.

The three then went to Cranford and called on M. Shapiro, a clothing dealer, where it was found the check, with the alleged forgery, had been passed. Mr. Shapiro said that a colored man, named James Johnson, had given him a check, with the name Herman Becker signed, for \$35, which afterward proved to be a forgery.

This explanation from the witness who appeared before the Grand Jury cleared Mr. Johnson, of Westfield, of the charge and he returned to his home here. Mr. Johnson refuses to be interviewed in regard to the case but it is understood by his friends that he will sue the county for heavy damages.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH ELECTS NEW RECTOR.

Rev. Oliver Shaw Newell, of New York, Succeeded Rev. Charles Fiske.

The vestrymen and wardens of St. Paul's church have announced the election of the Rev. Oliver Shaw Newell, curate at the Eglise du St. Esprit in New York, as the new rector of St. Paul's.

The new rector is a graduate of the General Theological Seminary and was a class mate of the Rev. Charles Fiske. He is a son of the Rev. W. W. Newell, who was vicar of the American chapel in the Latin Quarter in Paris.

WESTFIELD LEADER AGAIN CHANGES HANDS

A. V. Hankinson Will Hereafter Pilot The Republican Monthpiece.

A. G. Anderson, who has had control of the Westfield Leader for a little over a year past, has sold out, and after helping his successor to get onto the ropes of Westfield newspaper work, will remove back to his former home in Ohio.

The new editor of the Leader will be A. V. Hankinson, who comes from Little Falls, N. J., and who will conduct the Leader as heretofore as the mouth-piece of the Republican party.

GILDERSLEEVE'S.

There is plenty of winter to come, the daisies won't bloom yet for several moons, in the meanwhile keep your cold weather paraphernalia handy, and if any part of it is about worn out, supply yourself with new.

This is the time to buy, as we will want room for spring goods soon and must get rid of all our

Blankets,

Comfortables,

Woolen Underwear,

Gloves,

Shawls,

Fascinators, etc.

M. J. GILDERSLEEVE

DRY GOODS,

FANCY GOODS.

BROAD ST., WESTFIELD.

Purity and Power of Tone,

Durability and Tone-Sustaining Quality

are marked characteristics of the world-renowned

FISCHER

PIANOS

The Fischer Piano is the result of nearly sixty years of honest and intelligent construction along the most progressive lines of piano manufacture, through which it has reached a reputation permanent and unsurpassed.

OVER 110,000

Grand and Upright.

33 UNION SQUARE, WEST,

NEW YORK.

A large stock of second-hand and slightly used Pianos of our own and other prominent makes, taken in exchange for new Fischer Pianos, will be sold at very low prices. Catalogue, terms, etc., mailed free on application.

Turrill's Great Cash Sale!

Rare bargains for all. Get our prices and compare them with what you are now paying—and Turrill he pays the freight.

In Our Grocery Department:

Pure Lard, 3 lbs. 25c lb.

Lard Compound, 4 lbs. 25c

4 lb. package Gold Dust 14c

5 lbs. choice New Prunes 25c

Pure Black Pepper 15c lb.

10 lbs. Washing Soda 10c

Choice Family Flour 30c sack

We are headquarters for everything to make home complete.

A. & H. DEPARTMENT STORE, F. B. TURRILL, Manager,

BROAD STREET, WESTFIELD.

NOTHING BUT FIRE PLACE GOODS

—AND—

EVERYTHING FOR THE FIRE PLACE.

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

GRAND MUSIC CHAMBER CONCERT.

To Be Held at Congregational Church on February 27.

From all accounts the Chamber Music concert to be given under the auspices of the Congregational church, February 27, will be of more than usual interest. The distinguished musical artists who will take part are unexcelled in their respective class, and the lovers of good music (and here Westfield will yield the palm to none) will have an opportunity to gratify their taste to the extreme limit. Seldom indeed is it that such great artistic ability is gathered together in a concert outside of the large cities. Westfield is unusually favored in this musical respect.

The Kaltenborn String Quartette of classical concert celebrity, musically renowned everywhere, will be heard in its finest selections. Miss Mary H. Mansfield, the dramatic soprano whose voice is unexampled in breadth, range, purity, power and sweetness will sing. Miss Caroline Harding Beebe, not unknown to Westfield, and whose brilliancy and wonderful technique have made her famous, will play a concerto with the Kaltenborn String Quartette, and also several piano solos. Louis R. Dressler, composer and organist, is to be the accompanist. Westfield can be congratulated on the musical prospect of its grand concert, February 27.

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Felix Bridger NEW YORK FLORIST.

Weddings, Balls and Funeral work a specialty.

All orders promptly attended to.

Central Avenue Greenhouses.

W. S. JIMERSON, MASON & BUILDER,

53 First St., Westfield, N. J.

Estimates furnished. Jobbing promptly attended to.

J. L. JOHNSTON,

Poultry, Fish & Vegetable Market

Opposite Standard Building, PROSPECT STREET, WESTFIELD.

Orders promptly attended to.

Try Our 1 Cent A Word Column.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of some thing to make...

Write JOHN W. BROWN, 100 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

and let us know what you have in mind.

We will pay you \$1.00 for every idea we use.

Write today. No obligation.

Write today. No obligation.

Write today. No obligation.

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Write today. No obligation.

Write today. No obligation.

Write today. No obligation.

Write today. No obligation.

Write today. No obligation.

Write today. No obligation.

Write today. No obligation.

ONE OF CHINA'S BIG MEN.

Chang Chih Tung, Who is Held in Higher Esteem Than Li Hung Chang.

The outside world regards Li Hung Chang as the foremost representative of China, but many of the educated class in that country have given a higher place to Chang Chih Tung, long a foremost statesman and author, and victor of the two great central provinces of Hunan and Hupeh. Perhaps Chang is not so astute and able as Li, but his ideas, though advanced and progressive, find greater favor among the intellectual classes of the Chinese. Li represents the comparatively small class that favors western nations and the introduction of their ideas into China. Chang is more cautious and conservative, though he is far in advance of the ultra-Chinese party who believe that their empire is the greatest country on earth and that China has nothing to learn from the rest of the world. Chang believes that Chinese civilization is the best and he is a devout disciple of the doctrines of Confucius, but he also believes that China may learn from others and favors the adoption of many foreign ideas on commerce and science. To this extent he has used the teachings of the western nations, but no further. He wishes to educate the Chinese to develop the immense resources of their country themselves. He wants foreign ideas, but not foreign superintendence.

Chang is practically carrying out his ideas as far as he is able to do so. It was he who inaugurated western methods of iron working and established blast furnaces, steel works and the arsenal at Hanyan on the lower Yangtze. It was he who built the large cotton mills at his capital city, Wuchang, which with Hanyan and Hankow are the greatest Yangtze cities and form the largest center of population in China. In these works, that have cost an enormous amount of money, Chang Chih Tung is developing his notion that the natives themselves should have control, though a few foreigners are employed as heads of departments.

According to Lord Charles Beresford the result has been very unsatisfactory. The iron works cost originally \$3,750,000 and have been in operation eight years, but last year the output was only 75 tons of pig iron and 80 tons of steel a day, and the rails turned out for the Chinese railroads were of poor quality. The gun output at the arsenal is also very small. In all these works the management is extravagant, expensive machinery is misused or not used at all, and the enterprises have been a constant financial drain, though they might be made very successful. Chang stoutly opposes the placing of commercial or industrial enterprises under the management of foreigners, but his idea of using western methods and machinery under native control has not yet been a success.

Though Chang has his limitations as a reformer and publicist, his books and official acts show that his tendencies are very progressive and it may be that China will advance more rapidly under the more conservative regime he advocates than by pursuing a policy of radical innovation. He opposes, for example, the ancient custom of binding the feet of women. He wishes to do away with competitive examinations on the old Chinese classics and desires to introduce modern ideas and particularly modern science into the Chinese courses of study. He says each province should have a university, each prefecture a college, and each county a day school. If funds cannot be raised otherwise for this purpose he would seize the Buddhist and Taoist monasteries and devote all their wealth to educational uses; but he wishes the Chinese and not foreigners to have charge of all educational interests.

He has no faith in Buddhism or Taoism, which, he says, are decadent, and he does not believe Christianity will ever have a profound influence upon his people. His faith rests upon Confucianism, and he wishes to have the ancient religion adapted to modern conditions, and then he thinks it will give China all the stimulus she needs to place her in the first rank of modern nations. He also advocates a well-drilled army of 300,000 men, and a navy of 50 battleships.

Chang Chih Tung is said to be the only viceroy of the 18 provinces who has not used his office to feather his own nest. He is the one honest provincial official who has not diverted the imperial revenues to his own profit. He is worthy of the admiration of the people of other nations, because he is a thorough patriot and is working for the good of his people. His methods may not fully succeed and may have to be modified, but his ideas are broad minded; and though more foreign aid may be needed to carry them out than Chang admits, they are undoubtedly along the line of China's best and most stable development.—N. Y. Sun.

Khalil for Uniform.
It took it was in the year 1835 that Lord Roberts, who had just taken over the office of commander in chief in India, took up the question of Khalil in the same energetic manner in which he went into every military question. He was early convinced of the suitability of this color for uniforms in the field, and he went further—he issued an order to have the whole equipment of field and mountain batteries, including even the vehicles and guns themselves, painted Khalil. This was a striking change from the dark color they had previously been painted, and which presented such a contrast to the usual surroundings of an Indian landscape. The rage for Khalil at that time was so general that some wit proposed that all horses should be painted Khalil before being sent on service. An excellent idea, but unfortunately impractical till some one can manage perhaps to breed out a Khalil horse.—Blackwood.

THAT VEXED QUESTION.

How the Unsettled Twentieth Century Problem Got a Man Into Trouble.

The man with a face like an interrogation point bit off a huge piece of mince pie (cold), washed it down with a gulp of cold milk, and turned to the man standing alongside of him in the lunch room.

"Say, my friend," he inquired, "do you know when the twenty—"

"No, you don't, stranger," said the man addressed. "Not this time. I'm in here to partake of a modest luncheon consisting of buttermilk and chocolate eclairs, and no man's going to get me on that subject while I'm eating downtown. I've got to stand it at my boarding house table; there's nothing else at that table. But I can't be drawn into the argument downtown. What's more, I don't care a darn when it begins."

The man with the face like a question mark looked puzzled, but he wasn't easily squelched.

"I don't think you understand what I was going to ask you," he said. "I wanted to know if the twenty—"

But the man with the buttermilk and the chocolate eclairs moved off. The man with the question pulled down a large piece of gingerbread from the counter, grabbed a cup of coffee, and tackled another man alongside of him.

"Excuse me," he began, "but I want to inquire when you think the twenty—"

The man addressed smilingly interrupted:

"Nix, old man; not to-day," he said, amiably. "Too much brain fag about it. I'd be glad to accommodate you by going out and fighting a dog for you, or saving a couple of cords of wood for you, or any little chore like that—but, nay, nay, when it comes to that question, I've passed that problem along to my two boys in school, anyhow. They've got lots of time and enthusiasm, and it'll expand their minds—that is, if it doesn't land them in the lunatic asylum. The question doesn't make much difference to me anyhow. I'll live just as long, anyhow, won't I?"

"But," expostulated the man with the questioning eye, "what I was going—"

The man he was addressing looked at his watch hurriedly and ran to pay his check, however, and the man with the interrogatory physiognomy had no recourse but to turn to another man near by.

"Look here, my dear sir," he started, "I want to ask you when the twenty—"

"I don't know, and what's more, I don't care," was the testy reply. "I've got something else to do with my time than to fritter it away on such idiotic calculations as that."

"You are in error," was the interrogatory man's hasty interruption, "as to what I was—"

Again he found that he was addressing no one in particular, for the testy man had moved away.

"I wonder what all these people around here?" mused the man with the inquisitive countenance. "When I try to ask them a simple question they either get—"

Just then he caught sight of a friend coming away from the counter with a big slab of pie and a cupful of coffee. He elbowed through the crowd and cornered his friend.

"Ha, old man, you're just the one I'm looking for," he said, joyfully. "I wanted to ask you when the twenty—"

His friend's face lengthened immediately.

"Look here, Jordins," he said, expostulatingly, "that's a great fault of yours—picking up these confounded fads and asking questions about them. How the dickens, now, should I, a man who sells hardware for a livelihood, know when the twentieth century begins? And what the deuce is the difference to me, so long as I get three square meals—"

"Just wait a minute," interrupted the man with the inquiring mug. "I wasn't attempting to ask you anything about the beginning of the twentieth century. I don't care a hurrub about that question, one way or the other. What I wanted to ask you is, when was the 20-cent piece withdrawn from circulation? I've got a bet on the date with a friend."—Washington Star.

A PANTHER ABOUT PANTHERS.

One of the time-honored attributes of the panther is his scream. One could not take \$4,000,000 and there-with disabuse the American public of its fond belief in the womanlike wail of the panther. Yet many scientists to-day affirm that the panther is a mute animal, and does not scream at all. This latter I believe to be accurate, for my friend, "Old Bill" Hammon, one of the few reliable and genuine old-timers of the Rocky mountains, tells me the note of the panther is a sort of hoarse, roaring noise, and he compares it rather to the roaring howl of the gray wolf than the voice of any other wild animal. He laughs at the "womanlike wail" notion. Once when in camp in the Jaramilla mountains of New Mexico I heard at night the cry of what I supposed to be a mountain lion or panther. It was answered from beyond our camp, and the first animal passed within a few hundred yards. It might have been a wildcat, but the temerarious who was with me said he thought it was a mountain lion.—Chicago Record.

An Eligible Topic.

Mrs. Smith—John, I expect to attend the sewing circle to-night.

Mr. Smith—Well, Maria, what is the programme?

"We are going to discuss this man Agulabud."

"Abigail! What has he to do with sewing?"

"A good deal. Don't the papers say he is hounded in and his temper is ruffled?"—N. Y. World.

FASHION'S MIRROR.

Some of the Pretty Things for Females Wear That Are Reported There.

The most appropriate of the extensive array of hats for holiday wear are the graceful little French laques of dark moss-green velvet, trimmed with holly berries, mistletoe sprays and a cluster of shaded green ostrich plumes.

Collar bands are higher than they have ever been, but are made without the ear-like pieces at the sides and back which have been used for some time. Bands and other applications of contrasting colors at the top of the collar are much used. Soft bouillottes in front of the collar are made sometimes of chiffon, crepe, peau de sole and peau de cygne.

Stocks are a very important factor in the success of a shirt waist. Linen collars have been losing favor for some months, and it cannot be denied that they look wintry when contrasted with flannel. A stock of ribbon the same shade as the shirt waist, finished with two white linen or mull hermithebed tabs, is the proper neckwear.

Some of the knitted waistcoats for men now shown in the smart shops are exceedingly pretty and are most serviceable for all country sports. An overcoat is heavy and cumbersome for skating or tramping, but still one must have some protection from the cold, and this is what the knitted waistcoat gives. It is more slightly than a sweater, and also more comfortable, except perhaps in very severe weather, when the heavy ribbed sweater, with high, rolled collar, is the best of all protections. For milder weather the sweater cut away at the neck so as to show the collar and tie is also very pretty and rather smart-looking. These sweaters are not commonly seen, and they cannot be found ready-made except at a few of the best shops.

The newest buttons are much less jeweled than formerly, and taken up as gown trimmings the small and medium ones are far more in demand than the larger variety. Enameled color tones are given to button surfaces with some delicate design thereon. Blister pearls form the latest novelty; buttons in white, gray or what might be termed a black pearl, as well as in all the pale shades of evening silks.

The warmest things in skirts not flannel are made of a soft elastic silk material, a sort of maitresse cloth, and edged with embroidered silk ruffles. They are very pretty, but in the French underwear they are not inexpensive.

New are the tulle hats with crepe flowers exquisitely harmonized in pale sunset tints. It is said that these airy structures will be very modish next summer, as well as smart for dress occasions now.

A handsome gown of tan velvet has the overdress outlined with a design in cut-cloth applique, stitched on with gold thread, the design edged with a tiny gold braid. The body of the overdress is covered with a small all-over pattern of the cut cloth, each design set some distance apart and stitched on with the gold thread.—Boston Budget.

ERRORS IN SPEECH.

Some That Are Commonly Made by Those Who Know Better.

Errors in speech are not made by the uneducated alone. Many a well-educated woman allows herself to use expressions which a moment's thought will convince her are incorrect.

Among the most glaring solecisms are the use of the wrong conjunction to express one's meaning. For instance, "like as was," instead of "as he was"; "the too, frequent employment of contractions, 'ain't,' 'aren't,' 'aren't you?' or 'am not I?' or 'will not you?' etc. The use of the objective case of the pronoun for the subjective, and vice versa. "She asked Jessie and I to accompany her," instead of "She asked Jessie and me."

These are but a few of the common errors, pointed out by educated and educated alike, but there is in the pronunciation and cleanliness of diction, aside from the rules of grammar, a sure guarantee of education. The way the final syllable is pronounced, the sounding of the final letters, full and clear; thinking, extravagant, fast, for thinking, extravagant, fast, betrays careful training or the lack of it. And in the same manner the use of superfluous words: "Whatever can it mean?" for "What can it mean?" indicates either lack of training in the speech of the educated world or gross carelessness in expressing one's thoughts.

"To lay" and "to set" are not equivalent to "to lie" and "to sit," yet they are often used synonymously.

"Pardon me" or "excuse me" and "thank you" are other expressions the proper use of which shows breeding.

"I am going to lay down and rest," tells the hearer much more about the speaker than his desire to lie down.

"Pardon me" or "excuse me" are expressions made use of for an unintentional intrusion upon one's rights.

"Thank you" is, or should be, a phrase made use of in reply to any friendly offer. "I don't mind" is inadequate, to say the least, and is therefore bad manners. No net of kindness, however slight, should go unnoticed. The vast majority of things that come to us come by favor or courtesy, and we should recognize this. A word of thanks is never lost, even though it appears to be lost upon the person to whom it is directed. We ourselves are benefited and it is the small courtesies and their kindly acknowledgment that make life worth living and desirable to the world refined, well-bred and educated persons.—Mrs. Mary L. Henn, in American Queen.

Cornucopious Sweet Potatoes.
Boil and peel the sweet potatoes, cut them in half lengthwise, roll them in sugar melted till brown, lay in a baking tin and set them in the oven for about 15 minutes.—Housewife.

WORLDLY WISDOM.

A Budget of Wise Sayings Collected From the Earl of Chesterfield's Letters to His Son.

Next to doing the things that deserve to be written, there is nothing that gets a man more credit, and gives him more pleasure, than to write the things that deserve to be read.

Great talents are above the generalty of the world, who neither possess them themselves nor judge of them rightly in others; but all people are judges of the lesser talents, such as civility, affability and an agreeable address and manner.

The desire of pleasing is at least half the art of doing it.

When you have found out the prevailing passion of any man, remember not to trust him where that passion is concerned.

A man is fit for neither business nor pleasure who either cannot or does not command and direct his attention to the present object, and banish for that time all other objects from his thought.

I really know nothing more criminal, more mean, more ridiculous than lying. It is the production of either malice, cowardice or vanity.

What I mean by low company, which should by all means be avoided, is the company of those who, absolutely insignificant in themselves, think they are honored by being in your company, who flatter every vice and every folly you have in order to engage you to converse with them.

If a man has a mind to be thought wiser and a woman handsomer than they really are, their error is a comfortable one to themselves, and an innocent one with regard to other people; and I would rather make them my friends by indulging them in it, than my enemies by endeavoring (and that to no purpose) to undeceive them.

I believe there is more judgment required for proper conduct of our virtues than for avoiding their opposite vices.

A common topic of false wit and cold gallantry is matrimony. I presume that men who profess neither love nor hate each other more, upon account of the form of matrimony that has been said over them.

The characteristic of a well-bred man is to converse with his inferiors without insolence, and with his superiors with respect and ease.

Wrongs are often forgiven, but contempt never is; our pride remembers it forever; it implies a discovery of weakness which we are more careful to conceal than crimes.

A spruceness of dress is very becoming to your age; as the negligence of it implies an indifferency about pleasing, which does not become a young fellow.

Give me but virtuous actions, and I will not quibble and chicanery about the motives.

Whoever is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about to do is too big for him. Haste and hurry are very different things.

Style is the dress of thoughts. It is not very understanding that can judge of matter, but every ear can and does judge more or less of style.

I have known many a man undone by acquiring a ridiculous nickname.

If you will please people, you must please them in their own way; and, as you cannot make them what they should be, you must take them as they are.

Modesty is the only sure bait when you angle for praise.

Use palliatives when you contradict.

I always treat fools and coxcombs with great ceremony; true good breeding not being a sufficient barrier against them.

A wise man will live at least as much within his wit as his income.—Worldly Wisdom.

BRITISH ISLES' TONGUES.

There Are Seven Languages and Dialects Spoken, Counting the Channel Islands.

Seven languages are still alive in the British Isles; in England, English with its three chief and many subordinate dialects; in Scotland, Gaelic; in Ireland, Erse; in Wales, Welsh; in the Isle of Man, Manx; in the Channel Islands, a form of old Norman, French and modern French.

The Gaelic, Erse, Welsh and Manx do not differ very much in essentials. They are all forms of one original language, of which another form, the Cornish, was still spoken less than 120 years ago.

The Norse language survived in parts of the Shetland Isles as late as the end of last century, and many words of it are still in use in that part of the kingdom.

In some baronies of Wexford a very ancient form of English, dating probably from the time of the earliest English settlers in Ireland, existed till quite recently.

In the north of Ireland, Lowland Scotch, more antiquated than any now spoken in Scotland itself, is still used among the descendants of the Scotch settlers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The ordinary "brogue" of Ireland is in many cases merely the sixteenth century English pronunciation. And many Irishisms, commonly supposed to be mistakes, are expressions formerly in everyday use in England, but now obsolete there, though they have survived in Ireland in the form in which they were originally introduced.—Stray Stories.

A Bad Break.

Nell—Mind at him? Why, he wrote a lovely poem to her.

Belle—Yes, but she never read it. When she saw the title of it she tore the whole thing up in a fit of anger. You see, he called it "Lines on Mabel's Face."—Catholic Standard and Times.

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Couch, upholstered in Velour, good strong springs.

\$3.75.



Tufted Couch, upholstered in velour, good strong springs.

\$8.50

Ingrain, per yd., .25
Linoleum, " .35
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Large Comfortable Cane Seat Rocker, the kind which would sell at \$2. Special, \$1.25.

Roll Top Desk, Double Extension Slits, six large drawers, usual number of pigeon holes on top. The kind usually sold at \$25. Special, \$17.50.

5 Hole Range, bright and attractive. Nickel trimmings, and meets the demand for a low price range. Only \$6.50.

Parlor Suits, Mahoganyed Frame, 5 restful pieces, upholstered in brocatelle, artistic designs, and is worth \$40.00. Special, \$19.50.

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SQUARE PARLOR HEATER, attractive in appearance, with nickel trimmings.

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CYLINDER STOVE. Made from heavy sheet iron; just what is needed for a small room.



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For Lawn, Garden and Field.

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Orders by Mail Will Receive Prompt Attention.

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by having cheap plumbing put in to your home. It isn't there long before something is either hurting or leaking, and the money consumed little by little soon amounts to the same as the original of first class work.

M. H. FERRIS Sanitary Plumbing

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Eat!
GOOD FOOD.
The best is the cheapest in the end.
Schmitt's Bakery,
J. J. Schmitt, Manager,
Can supply Your wants in the line of
Bread, Cake, Pies, etc.
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BROAD STREET, WESTFIELD.

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Incorporated 1873.

GAS for Illuminating and Fuel Purposes.

BE UP-TO-DATE
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Welch Bros.
Painters and Decorators,
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WESTFIELD.

THOSE Fancy Cakes for the children—have you forgotten them? Just take a few home, sample them yourself, and you will thank us for reminding you.

WESTFIELD BAKERY,
Hilman & Koenig,
PROPS.
Broad Street, Westfield.

Location of Fire Alarm Boxes IN WESTFIELD.

297—Summit avenue and Park street.
499—Elm street and Kimball avenue.
579—Broad and Middlesex streets.
639—Cumberland street and South avenue.
693—Fire Department house.

After sending 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! It's word.

UNION WATER COMPANY

Incorporated 1870. Organized 1891.
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 Allen Hazen, Esq., a leading hydraulic expert, of Boston, and pronounced by him to be "water of great organic purity," and in a letter to one of the Company's patrons he adds: "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 which it plans to locate, 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 request, and explain rates, terms, method of service, etc.

Union Water Company,
At 68 Broad Street, Elizabeth.

WATCH YOUR KIDNEYS

THEY ARE
FILTERS
FOR THE
BLOOD.

IMPURE
BLOOD
CAUSES
DISEASE.



Few people understand the important part performed by the kidneys in filtering the blood. As the blood in its circulation through the body passes through the kidneys, its impurity is left in the kidneys, which in turn empties the secretions into the bladder in the form of urine.
If the kidneys are blocked and filtration of the blood from poisonous or diseased germs prevented, the result is one or all of the following: Stiffness, Nervous Prostration, Weak Back, Pains in the Back and Loins; Scalding, Dark and Cloudy Urine; Dizziness, Headache, Diabetes, Congestion of the Kidneys, Bright's Disease and Inflammation of the Bladder.

Unhealthy Kidneys Must be Treated.
A medicine is needed that will properly promote the filtration of the blood and check the over-secretion of urine.

DR. HOLTIN'S KIDNEY TABLETS

Is the only remedy absolutely and unconditionally guaranteed to cure every form of Kidney or Bladder Complaints. Price, 25 and 50 Cents.

For sale in Westfield at Bayard Pharmacy.

QUALITY AND FLAVOR UNSURPASSED
Kiugler's
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VANILLA CHOCOLATE
FOR EATING, DRINKING & COOKING
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PARKER'S
HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Stops itching scalp. Prevents Greyness. Restores the hair to its youthful color. Cures dandruff, itching, and hair falling. 25c and 50c per bottle. Prepared by J. C. Parker, New York.

Greatest Knitters in the World.
All the women of Shetland knit. They learn the art in early childhood and continue it all through their lives. The wool used for their knitting is grown on the islands and is carded and spun by the people themselves. Machinery they have not except the primitive spinning wheel. Many of the most elaborate shawls have taken months to make and some even years, so that a very fine shawl may be worth as much as \$150 or \$200. Most of the knitting is, however, of the more homely and serviceable kind and may be bought from the women themselves for a very moderate price.
The manner in which the washing of knit shawls is accomplished in Shetland is a matter of interest to most visitors. They are washed carefully in soap lather, and then to prevent their shrinking they are laced from point to point of the scalloped border in a large square wooden frame and placed outside the cottage to dry.—Chicago News.

Why?
"Why," asks the New York Press, "should Hartford be the center of insurance in this country instead of New York? Why should Boston be the center of the copper industry? There is no copper within 1,000 miles of the Hub. Why should a majority of our shoes be made at Lynn?
"We can understand why Pittsburgh should be the center of the iron industry, sitting as she does in the heart of the ore and coal region, but why should she make nearly all our glass when there is better sand elsewhere? Why is Providence the great jewelry making city?"

Pearls and Tears.
"What splendid pearls the bride had! How can a man give his bride pearls? They mean tears."
"Oh, that's superstitious! Besides, they are imitation pearls."
"Well, if she knows that the tears will be genuine, at any rate."—Chicago Blatter.

Chinese artists cannot paint an animal without making a caricature, whereas their flower pictures are not only true to life in form and color, but show a loving study of detail.

CRUSOE'S ISLAND.

Capt. Slocum Stops at Juan Fernandez on His Way Around the World.

Capt. Joshua Slocum describes a visit to the island where Alexander Selkirk passed five solitary years—an island which several times, of late years, has been reported as sunk.

The Spray being secured, the islanders returned to the coffee and doughnuts, and I was more than flattered when they did not slight my buns, as the professor had done in the Straits of Magellan. Between buns and doughnuts there was little difference except in name. Both had been fried in tallow, which was the strong point in both, for there was nothing on the island fatter than a goat, and a goat is but a lean beast to make the best of it. So with a view to business I looked my steelyards to the boom at once, ready to weigh out tallow, there being no customs officer to say: "Why do you do so?" and before the sun went down the islanders had learned the art of making buns and doughnuts. I did not charge a high price for what I sold, but the ancient and curious coins I got in payment, some of them from the wreck of a galleon sunk in the bay no one knows when, I sold afterward to antiquarians for more than face-value. In this way I made a reasonable profit. I brought away money of all denominations from the island, and nearly all there was, so far as I could find out.

Juan Fernandez, as a place of call, is a lovely spot. The hills are well wooded, the valleys fertile, and pouring down through many ravines are streams of pure water. There are no serpents on the island, and no wild beasts other than pigs and goats, of which I saw a number, with possibly a dog or two. The people lived without the use of rum or beer of any sort. There was not a police officer or a lawyer among them. The domestic economy of the island was simplicity itself. The fashions of Paris did not affect the inhabitants; each dressed according to his own taste. Although there was no doctor, the people were all healthy, and the children were all beautiful. There were about 45 souls on the island all told. The adults were mostly from the mainland of South America. One lady there, from Chili, who made a flying-jib for the Spray, taking her pay in tallow, would be called a belle at Newport. Blessed island of Juan Fernandez! Why Alexander Selkirk ever left you was more than I could make out.

A large ship which had arrived some time before, on fire, had been stranded at the head of the bay, and as the sea smashed her to pieces on the rocks, after the fire was drowned, the islanders picked up the timbers and utilized them in the construction of houses, which naturally presented a ship-like appearance. The house of the king of Juan Fernandez, Manuel Carroza by name, besides resembling the ark, wore a polished brass knocker on its only door, which was painted green. In front of this gorgeous entrance was a flag-mast all afloat, and near it a smart white boat painted red and blue, the delight of the king's old age.

I of course made a pilgrimage to the old lookout place at the top of the mountain, where Selkirk spent many days peering into the distance for the ship which came at last. The cave in which Selkirk dwelt while on the island is at the head of the bay, now called Robinson Crusoe bay. It is around a bold headland west of the present anchorage and landing. Ships have anchored there, but it affords a very indifferent berth. Juan Fernandez was once a convict station. A number of caves in which the prisoners were kept, damp, unwholesome dens, are no longer in use, and no more prisoners are sent to the island.—Century.

THE RED RIBBON OF HONOR.

Worn by Citizens of France in Military and Civil Life—The First Woman Wearer.

Among the honors which can be won by citizens of France is the right to wear a tiny bow of red ribbon in the buttonhole. The Legion of Honor was founded by the first Napoleon as the reward of distinguished services to France in civil and military life. The order of the red ribbon, which carries with it the right to a pension in cases of poverty and old age, is not for men alone.

The first woman who wore it was Virginia Glusquiere, who served as cantiniere under Marshal Junot in Portugal. Many others have been likewise honored, but only one woman has ever worn both the ribbon of the Legion and the military medal of the same order.

Juliette Dodu is still alive. When the Franco-German war broke out in 1870 she was employed as a telegraph operator at an office in a frontier town. An invading army corps speedily took possession of the place, and as the German staff wished to send the Crown Prince Frederick immediate information of the advance, a dispatch was given to Juliette to transmit.

She was scarcely 20 years old at the time, but she was shrewd and intelligent, and perceiving the importance of the telegram, she transmitted other words and secretly destroyed the dispatch.

The poor girl's stratagem was soon discovered, for no answering message came from the prince. She was arrested and sentenced to be shot.

But the next day, before the drums beat for the execution, the prince himself arrived. He heard the story, and, struck with admiration, ordered Juliette's instant release, and with obvious courtesy complimented her upon her courage.

An incident so honorable to both sides in the midst of a fierce and bloody war deserves long to be remembered.—Youth's Companion.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

W. D. Howells said the other day in the course of an interview that when the great American novel came to be written at least a portion of it would have to be enacted on Wall street, New York, that being a typical phase of peculiarly American life.

A. A. Macdonell, who succeeds the late Sir M. Monier Williams as professor of Sanskrit in the University of Oxford, is a graduate of Leipsic and is one of the best-known Sanskrit scholars in the world. He comes of an old family famous for its support of the dethroned Stuarts.

The autocrat of the breakfast table is not averse to giving his autograph, even when it is asked by mail, but drew the line sharply not long ago on receiving a petition addressed to "Miss Olive Wendell Holmes." The doctor says: "I don't think that an applicant who doesn't even know my sex is entitled to my autograph."

Thomas Kite, the old parish clerk of Shakespeare's church, at Stratford-on-Avon, who died recently, was 91 years of age and succeeded his father and grandfather half a century ago. Among those whom he conducted to Shakespeare's tomb were Sir Walter Scott, Washington Irving, Dickens, Emerson, Booth, Kean and Nathaniel Hawthorne. The late Bernard Quaritch, London's famous bibliophile and bookseller, had a tart manner of speech on occasions. Once a New York publisher and bookseller was inquiring of him regarding discounts and Quaritch gruffly asked: "Are you a bookseller or a gentleman?" The American quietly answered: "I am a bookseller, but until I met you I thought one could be both."

One of the most remarkable coincidences on record has come to light in Lynchburg, Va., and Augusta, Ga. In each city there is a Walter Clark whose father was named Samuel and whose mother's maiden name was Walker. Both Walter Clarks have brothers named Samuel and William, and uncles named Charles and John and an aunt named Elizabeth. Yet the men cannot trace any relation between the two families.

Gov. Roosevelt was much mystified the other day on receipt of a letter notifying him of the shipment by express of a spear, a battle ax, four ancient guns, a bookcase and several other articles. The envelope which contained the missive was addressed to "His Excellency the Governor," and Mr. Roosevelt found upon inquiry that it was intended for the property man of a play of that name which was to appear at a local theater.

TALKS IN HANDSHAKING.

A Scientific Custom That Dates Back to the Beginning of Time.

"It is said by ancient astrologers that shaking hands is a scientific custom which dates back to the beginning of time. There is all the difference in the world between the various modes of shaking the hand of stranger or friend as to the resulting impression obtained by and through that operation, consciously or unconsciously," said a society woman recently. "I claim that the results depend upon the proper position taken by the two hands clasped, although a mere touch will tell much. We shake hands in order to form a connection, between us which will result in the exchange of planetary vibrations which notify us whether we have met a friend or foe. Few people go into such an exact scientific analysis of the reasons, but perhaps think that they do it because other people do it; that it is the custom of the country, or because the person met offers the hand. It remains an indisputable fact, however, that we form likes and dislikes upon touching the hands of strangers, and that friendship or dislike often start at that point, whether we realize it or not. The exchange of impression is strong at the moment of contact of the palm. It makes us unhappy to touch some people, and we will not if we can help it.

"The most effective handshake is not the close clasp in all cases, although it may be in many, but varies according to the sizes and shapes of the two hands which clasp each other. However they may meet, there is one spot which is the magnetic center of the entire being—the mount of the sun, speaking from the standpoint of palmistry—which has the most direct nerve contact with the brain and also the most direct blood connection with the heart, and is therefore called the 'ring finger'—with the magnetic pole at its base.

"The physical and mental strength are there united in the strongest magnetic center of the body. If the two hands thus clasped are placed with their magnetic centers in close contact, no matter where the rest of the palm may be, I insist that there is a strong magnetic current between these two people.

"It may be intensified in effect if the mounts at the bases of the other fingers also be brought into as close contact with each other, thus bringing the minor magnetic poles also together. Then, if the third, or 'ring finger,' curls around the mount of Venus—astrologically situated at the base of the little finger, above the heart line and traversed by the marriage line or luck—and the thumb extends across the back of each friend's hand to the knuckle at the base of the 'ring finger,' clasping those chief magnetic poles the more closely, the law of magnetism is carried out to complete perfection, the effects are most pronounced, and we enjoy the pleasurable interchange of vibrations, whether we know the 'why' and 'wherefore' or not.

"In all probability, we do not care why—we only know that we enjoyed the handshake."—N. Y. Tribune.

WIT AND WISDOM.

Style on the street sometimes means a meager bill of fare at home.—Chicago Daily News.

When a man starts to tell you a funny story, you can always get rid of him by saying "I've heard it."—Acheson Globe.

"What is a bachelor, Aunt Martha?" "Oh, he's a man who thinks every girl that looks at him intends to marry him."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Blasted Career—"Is your son doing well in college?" "No; he got a sprained ankle at football and has to confine himself to study."—Chicago Record.

"Poor old Herpeck leads a dog's life with his wife." "Well, why on earth doesn't he apply for a divorce?" "He says he wanted to, but she wouldn't let him."—Philadelphia Press.

First Little Girl—"I'm never going to speak to you again; your father keeps a saloon." Second Little Girl—"And I'm not going to speak to you any more; I saw your father go into it."—Puck.

A Second Look.—Mrs. Greene—"Who is that pretty girl over there? Why, she is really bewitching!" Uncle George—"Why, that is the woman your husband used to rave about so." Mrs. Greene—"I wonder what he could have seen in her?"—Boston Transcript.

Detected.—"It was a clever job," said the chief. "How did you spot him through his woman's disguise?" "I happened to see him sit down," replied the detective, "and noticed he gave his rainy-day skirt a little twitch with both hands, as if to keep it from bagging at the knees. Then I nabbed him."—Chicago Tribune.

AT THE AQUARIUM'S TABLE.

An Institution Where They Like to See Every Boarder with a Good Appetite.

Always after a newly-captured fish has been put into a tank the first thing done is to feed it, or to try to get it to eat. At some periods of the year some fishes in nature may go without food entirely for a long time; and in captivity they might do the same, or eat very little; but as a general proposition a fish that is doing well eats well; and there is nothing else that pleases those that have the care of captive fish so much as to see the stock with good appetites. That means that the fishes are feeling well, to begin with, and their taking food regularly and in sufficient quantities means that they are keeping up their strength, and, so to speak, their spirits. As long as a fish eats it is all right. The newcomers are not only tempted with the most attractive food that can be supplied to them, but they are actually fed by hand, that is the food is actually put into their mouths, and this very likely is done day after day; and the biggest and clumsiest of the fishes are the ones likeliest to be fed in this manner.

Food was thus offered upon their arrival and settlement in their tank to the two big western catfishes now in the aquarium; this is in the shape of slices of fish carried down to them in the water on the end of a stick and put actually into their mouths in order to induce them to eat; they would not, of their own accord, have picked up food at that time at all. The great green moray, otherwise called the junior sea serpent, seven feet long and with sharp teeth and powerful jaws, which has now been in the aquarium more than six months, has taken almost all its food in that manner from the beginning. It rears its great head, and opens its jaws, and the food is put into its mouth. Even then the big moray does not by any means always eat it, but after holding it in its mouth for one or five or ten seconds' time lets it fall. But every day, with untiring patience, food is offered to it.

Every effort is always made to give the fishes generally what they would like to eat, and their diet is varied as much as possible with marine delicacies, such as shrimps, soft-shelled clams, and so on, and it is sought to satisfy the tastes of even individual fishes. For example, the green parrot fishes like soft clams, shells and all, and they get them, these beautiful fishes eating the entire clam, biting out small chunks and chewing up the pulp and shell very fine and swallowing all; most fishes that eat one sort and another of crustaceans, rejecting the shells. But that's the way the green parrots like clams and that's the way the clams are fed to them. On the other hand, there are some fishes that get their soft clams on the half shell, these being the angel fishes, the cowfishes and the trunkfishes, and as it has been found that it is better for these fishes' health that they should not eat the tough head of the clam with the leathery, skinned hood that covers it, that part is cut out before the clams, on the half shell, are put into the tanks for them.—N. Y. Sun.

Klondike Punishment.

The people of Dawson City have adopted a novel and effective cure for crime. It is a monster woodpile, of a size to awe the most hardened offender. A man convicted of any offense is compelled to saw wood. He saws ten hours a day steadily, day after day, until his sentence expires. He must saw regardless of the weather. In the most intense cold, the hardest rain, the fiercest snowstorm, he is compelled to continue sawing; and if the day has not ten hours of light lanterns are provided to enable him to put in a full day. When the pile of sawed wood begins to get low the authorities sentence men for very slight offenses, and the natural result is that everybody is kept on his good behavior.—Omaha Bee.

And Begun to Turn.

The Good One—If he drinks so much he will turn into a sot!
The Other One—Shouldn't wonder. The last time I saw him he was turning into a saloon!—N. Y. Press.

A Cork Safe.

"The most curious safe I ever saw," said a traveling man, "was a cork one, and it was made by an ingenious Dutch mechanic for a one time famous confidence man named Dr. Baggs, who operated in Denver, Salt Lake City and Frisco. The safe was a folding affair, made of paper on a backing of sheet cork, and when it was opened up, was six feet high and looked exactly like the real thing. As it was always placed in a corner, it had only two sides, but every visible detail was complete—combination knob, hinges, lettering, bolt heads and all. When folded, it could be carried in an ordinary dress suit case. Baggs used the thing in a fake lottery office which was of itself a marvel of trick furnishing.

"When the victim entered the place, it looked like an ordinary business establishment, with desks, railings, maps on the walls, safe in the corner and several clerks at work on books. The instant he left a roll top desk was opened up into a bed, the railing was folded together and slipped into a closet, a table was transformed into a washstand, a cabinet turned into a bureau, the safe was put away in its case, the curtains were pulled down, and the room was to all appearances a simple sleeping apartment. By that means the poor dupe was never able to find the place where he had been bunked."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Red Tape Illustrated.

A correspondent passing hurriedly into the room of the committee on rivers and harbors pulled the knob off the door.

"How can I get that fixed, do you think?" asked the congressman. "Shall I get the carpenter or the locksmith?" "The locksmith, I suppose."

"No, sir. Were I to send for the locksmith he would tell me to consult the architect of the capitol. He has no authority to fix doorknobs. Doorknobs are permanent fixtures and are solely within the jurisdiction of the architect of the capitol."

"Do you see that bookcase there?" said the committee secretary. "I caused the carpenter to paste some cloth on the inside of the glass doors in order that the books might not show. He did the work, but when he had finished I noted that he had not cleaned the glass before he put the cloth on. The thing looked so disreputable that I asked him why he had not cleaned the glass. He told me that the glass was a permanent fixture and that he had no authority to touch it, but that the placing of the cloth upon it was a temporary matter and was entirely within the province of his labors. The whole thing's got to be done all over again."—Washington Cor. Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She Didn't Buy It.

The following story will show the high price that illustrators of reputation command for their work: A young woman who had received treatment from Dr. S. Welch Mitchell of Philadelphia and was very fond of him decided, at a recent celebration of his birthday, that a fitting and appropriate gift would be the presentation of one of the original drawings of Mr. Howard Pyle for "Hugh Wynne." Forthwith she invaded The Century company's sanctum and, with her fingers tenderly grasping a new \$10 note, asked to buy the drawing. She was informed that these pictures were never sold unless exceptions were made in cases where the artist himself or the author wished to make the purchase.

"Just so," said the young woman. "I wish to present it to Dr. Mitchell." "Ah, in that case," said the gentleman at the desk, "we shall take pleasure in giving it to you at the exact price we paid for it, which is \$100." The little lady in her excitement dropped the \$10 bill. The gentleman at the desk picked it up for her and smiled while she hurriedly took her departure. The good doctor was presented with a less appropriate gift that year.—New York Times.

Clear and to the Point.

The following is taken from a hotel advertisement in the Calcutta Times: "Gentlemen who come in hotel not say anything about their meals they will be charged for, and if they should say beforehand that they are going out to breakfast or dinner, etc., and if they say that they not have anything to eat they will be charged, and if not so they will not be charged, or unless they bring it to the notice of the manager of the place, and should they want to say anything they must order the manager for one, not any one else, and unless they bring not it to the notice of the manager they will be charged for the least things according to the hotel rate, and no fuss will be allowed afterward about it."

A Poultry Problem.

A Somerville man borrowed a neighbor's hen on the pretense that he wanted her to sit. As soon as he got the hen he broke up the sitting habit and got her to laying eggs. In the next six weeks she laid two dozen eggs. These he sold for 40 cents a dozen, and with the 80 cents that he got for them he bought the hen. Now the question arises whether the original owner of the hen was fooled or not.—Somerville Journal.

A Misleading Item.

Johnny—Old Mr. Schmitt must be an awful generous man.
His Father—Why?
Johnny—The paper says he constantly keeps a good watch on everybody in his employ.—Jewellers' Weekly.

Japan is a corruption of the Chinese word Shi-pen-tse, which means "roof of day," or "sunrise kingdom," because Japan is directly east of China.

The British soldier's dress was not always red. It was white in the reign of Henry VIII and dark green in the time of Elizabeth.



FANWOOD.

The Euchre club will gather Friday at the residence of Mrs. W. E. Gibbs.

The busy season has already begun. Mrs. Mann's house and the Lacy house have both been let.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Christensen are once more with us after spending two months in New Orleans.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Narvesen, of Bronx, New York, were entertained Sunday at the Christensen Manor.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Renard, and their daughter, Miss Madeline, of Brooklyn, have just returned to their home, carrying with them, besides numerous bags and bundles, many pleasant memories of Fanwood's society.

Fanwood's golf enthusiasts are looking with delight upon the lately planned scheme, which the Westfielders originated. If the fifteen hole links which is being talked of ever materializes, it will be well patronized by our townspeople.

The debt of the Episcopal church has been lessened several dollars, owing to the efforts of Mrs. Bent, of Graceland, in making last Saturday's cake and candy sale a success. The sale was held at Mrs. Arthur Kyte's for convenience sake.

Next Saturday our basket ball team will play a picked team from the Plainfield High School, at the club house. Of course the F. B. B. T. expects to win, but if it does not the young ladies will undoubtedly transfer the honors grace fully.

BRANCH MILLS

Miss Annette Banister is visiting at Orange.

There is no Christian Endeavor meetings held during the special meetings at Westfield.

Miss Mabel Parkhurst and Miss Clifflie Ludlow spent Sunday with Mrs. Arthur Pierson, at Westfield.

Sunday afternoon was Missionary Sunday at the Sunday school. A very interesting talk was given by Mrs. V. O. Burtis.

Mr. Wheeler, of Cranford, has leased ground of D. G. Fink and has put up a large ice house which he is filling with ice from Echo Lake.

One day last week as Mr. Wheeler and his workman, Mr. Halsey, of Cranford, who had been working on his ice house, started to go home in the afternoon, Mr. Wheeler's horse became frightened and ran away, throwing them both out. Mr. Wheeler was not hurt. Mr. Halsey had a gash cut in his head which had to be sewn up and he is still confined to his home.

GARWOOD.

The C & C have doubled their working force and are now working both night and day.

Adam Frankorth, of Germantown, engineer in the John King Metal Co., had the sight of his left eye totally destroyed while at work on Saturday morning. The accident was caused by a steel chip flying from the bench of one of the workmen and striking Mr. Frankorth directly in the eye. The injured man was taken to his home, and subsequently went to Newark where Dr. Kipp treated the injury.

Rev. Mr. Coughley, of Princeton University, preached at the chapel on Sunday, both morning and evening services. Rev. Geo. F. Greene, of Cranford, will lead the Thursday night prayer meeting this week. Efforts are being put forth for the erection of a church building in this place. Several offers of building plots have already been received, and hopes of the interested ones bid fair to be successful.

RAHWAY.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Rollinson have been entertaining J. Alfred Buhstend, of Jersey City, for several days.

February 12 is the date on which the members of the I. D. K. Social club will give their grand sociable at Turn Hall.

Miss Emily Hurley is rapidly recovering from her recent illness which kept her confined to her home on Grand street, for several weeks.

George Ball received first prize for buff cochon breeding pen and third prize for buff cochon cock in selling class at the poultry show in Madison Square Garden, New York, last week.

ROSELLE.

Jay A. Rowlett left yesterday for a vacation trip to Lakewood and Atlantic City.

Miss Dora Clarkson, of Brooklyn, is spending a few days with Roselle friends.

John W. Carey, an engineer on the Central railroad, has moved his family from Hampton Junction to this place.

The Junior Christian Endeavor Society of the Baptist church will hold a doll show at the P. A. U. club house on Friday evening.

FIRST WIG IN HISTORY.

It Was Worn by the Daughter of Saul, King of Israel.

The first wig mentioned in history was made of a goat's skin and worn by the daughter of Saul, king of Israel. The first article wigs were made in the south of Italy for the Gaiopians, who lived in Arabia and were known for the luxuries of their toilet. These people wore, they say, the first who painted their faces. This they did with the juice of strawberries.

The Persians wore wigs. Xenophon relates that little Cyrus, when he visited Astyages, his grandfather, whose eyes were framed in blue paint and who wore an enormous wig, threw himself on his knees and cried, "Oh, mother, what a beautiful grandfather I have!" Astyages, a maid of honor, was so struck by the appearance of the old gentleman that she remained with Astyages as a slave.

The Phoenician women, who were proud of their hair, having been ordered by their priests to offer it up on the altars dedicated to Venus after the death of Adonis, obeyed, but with murmuring. Soon after they were consoled by a Greek merchant, who told them that he would give them the means of hiding their bald pates under luxurious curls. In his chariot he had hundreds of wigs of all colors.

Wigs were in vogue in Rome toward the end of the republic and so well made that, says Ovid, "no man could know if his wife had any hair at all before she had given him an opportunity of seizing her by the tresses."

Tentonic peasants were the providers of blond hair for rich Roman princesses, who loved the contrast of its flaxen hue with their black eyes. They even had morning wigs, small and tightly curled, of any color, and they kept the beautiful fair ones to receive their admirers at night. Messalina had 150 wigs to disguise herself.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

THE SAMPLE FIEND.

It Takes Lots of Material to Supply the Sample's Demands.

Coming suddenly upon a salesman in a retail store who had a number of yard long lengths of new plaques liberally sprinkled with those little price tags (the pins all stuck through the several thicknesses and bent down), one understood all at once the full import of the demands of the sample fiend. Marked off evenly like a check-board, with 17 price tags lengthwise and seven to the width, which made 119 to the yard, the salesman was going over the lot with a pencil, setting down the width and price on each.

At one store the one who is at the head of each stock attends to the preparing of the samples of his particular stock. This the plaques samples would be cut by one, samples of swiss by another, of organdie by another, and so on. In the silk department one man, who is kept for the purpose, does it all. And it takes all his time.

For people from a distance who do their buying by mail this is of course a very good method. But the part to which all same people take exception is the senseless sampling of those who wander aimlessly about, evidently gathering samples as a thoughtless child sometimes pulls twigs in passing bushes. The worst of it is we have to pay for this senseless woman's foolishness, it being often observable that the biggest samplers are the smallest buyers. One clerk says that he has actually seen thrown upon the sidewalk the samples given to a woman after showing her his whole stock, her purchase being ostensibly postponed because of her fear that the goods will not match something or other.

The time is past when these scraps went to feed the insatiable crazy quilt fiends.—Philadelphia Record.

His Resentment.

A Memphis young lady who is very fond of her sister's little child, a boy of 2 or 3 years, who is visiting her now, was trying yesterday to get him to let her "fix him up" to have his photograph taken. She got her curling tongs and was trying to coax him to let her curl his hair. But with true boyish disgust at the idea of having his hair treated like a girl's he refused to submit to the process. She insisted, however, and offered him every kind of bribe, but in every instance he refused to allow her to do what she wished, and finally, becoming tired of her attempt to get him to submit, he sat down, crossed his legs and looked up at her very seriously and said:

"Annie, I tell you what I'll do. I won't take a dollar to let you curl my hair, but I'll give you a dollar if you just go away and let my hair alone."—Memphis Schmitt.

Wounded in Battle.

An injury loses far more of its strength through its wound than through its killed. In the first place there are four or five wounded to one killed, and in the second place the dead men give no trouble, while the wounded require an immense number of non-combatants to attend to them. A great many of the wounded return again to duty, their wounds being comparatively slight, but as a rule more than half of them take no more part in the war.—London Answers.

The Part's Choice.

"I don't care for your poem, 'The Song of the Lark,'" remarked the editor. The poet sighed wearily.

"To tell the truth," he replied, "I myself much prefer the lay of the hen."—Philadelphia Record.

Among birds the swallows live to be the oldest. In extreme cases reaching 300 years. The falcon has been known to live over 100 years.

The average duration of marriages in England is 28 years; in France and Germany, 26; Norway, 24; Russia, 30.



This week six new plays will be presented at the New York theatres and the changes at the continuous houses are in the direction of more and still better things.

At Tony Pastor's there are many features including Leroy and Clayton in "Hogan of the Harem," returned to make a lot of laughs. In addition the programme is reeled off. Next week an extraordinary bill has been arranged in honor of Lincoln's Birthday.

At Proctor's Pleasure Palace a new feature in vaudeville is Digby Bell. He made his first appearance at the popular house yesterday. Other features this week are Willard Simms and Jennie Graham, in burlesque comedietta; The Silvers, song illustrators; Musical Kleists in a mysterious and magical act; Mabel Taylor King, contralto; Bates Musical Trio, and Mardo, the juggler.

At the American it appears that the management are about to revive a number of the old-time favorites and following last week's splendidly staged, well sung "Chimes of Normandy" they are presenting this week "The Pintos of Penance." This will be followed next week with Wallack's "Maritana," and that by Audran's "Mascot" in which Cissie Loftas will make her first appearance on the operatic stage as Bettina.

At Proctor's Twenty-Third Street Theatre Eddie Ghard, formerly of Donnelly & Girard, will make his debut in continuous vaudeville and, assisted by Miss Jessie Gardner, will present a farcical comedy entitled "The Sonbrette and the Cop." Lillian Berkhardt will also be seen in a new comedietta, "A Deal on Change." Others are the Hawaiian Queens, in the musical operetta "King Moo's Wedding Day"; Dixon, Bowers and Dixon, grotesque acrobats; Whitney Bros., novelty musical artists; Gordon Eldrid, monologist; Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Darrow, novelty act; Harry Sadie Fields, cakewalkers and singers and The Three Oaris.

The phenomenal success of "Way Down East" at the Academy of Music, New York, has caused Messrs. Brady & Grismer to cancel all out of town dates and buy off other productions that were hired for the Academy of Music and extend the run of this beautiful pastoral drama indefinitely. On Monday, February 5, "Way Down East" will be performed for the 100th time of its present run at the Academy, which will be the 300th presentation of the sketch of New England life in New York. This occasion will be observed by the distribution of solid silver souvenirs. One will be given to each lady present.

The Truthful Prince.

In his book about Persia, "The Land of the Lion and the Sun," Dr. Willis says that he was once conversing with the king's son, and a large circle of courtiers and priests filled the room. The prince narrated his exploits in limiting the antelope the previous day and gravely stated that while pursuing a pair of him when riding a very restive horse his hindstail broke.

"What should you have done, doctor?" asked the prince.

"I should have tried to stick on as long as the ground was good and, expecting an accident, have waited it."

"Ah, that was because you were not a prince," he said. "I leaned forward, and, unclenching my belt, placed it in the horse's mouth as a bridle, and, thus directing him, pursued my game and killed both antelope."

All the circle applauded, as of course they were bound to do. Dr. Willis was silent.

"You don't mean to say you don't believe that?" said the prince. "Speak out if you don't. I shan't be offended in the least."

"Well, your highness, I don't believe it."

"Quite right, darogh hood" (it was a lie), unblushingly replied his royal highness and burst into a fit of laughter quite unabashed. The circle of courtiers, of course, were convulsed.

She Smoked.

A patient of one of the leading specialists who treat polyp in the nose and throat is a woman well known for her work in Sunday schools in this city. She has a record as the organizer of a number of antitobacco leagues among the schoolboys. She came to her doctor the other day. He cheered her greatly by telling her he could cure her quickly and without the use of the knife.

"But you must promise to follow my directions," said the doctor, with the suspicion of a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, I promise," said the lady.

"Without qualification?" asked the physician.

"Absolutely without qualification," answered the lady.

"Well, then, you must smoke cigarettes."

The lady gasped. Vision of what might happen if she were seen with a cigarette between her teeth by any of her pupils darted before her, and she almost fainted. But the doctor was inexorable. The lady followed his directions, and in a week the foreign growth in her nose had disappeared, but that doesn't mean that the lady is now a confirmed cigarette smoker.—United States Tobacco Journal.

VANQUISHED A SPOOK.

BILL SCROGGINS DID IT AND THEN DISAPPEARED.

The Singular History of a Peculiar Character Who Located Wells For Missouri Farmers and Juggled With Trained Snakes.

Rev. Bill Scroggins was a character in a border county of Missouri in 1844. How he acquired the ecclesiastical prefix and what he did under the title were stories which used to be told in the farmhouses of what is now known as Cass county.

They said he had been a snake charmer when he was a young man, that he traveled about the country as a sort of magician and that he showed farmers with his dilynng rod where to dig wells.

The people of what was then a frontier country assembled once a year in their respective communities and held camp meetings. On one of these religious occasions Bill followed the crowd with his bag of reptiles. The minister, an old man whose face was like that of a patriarch, told the story in a sermon of Moses lifting up the brazen serpent in the camp of Israel under the command of Jehovah. The Missouri farmer who used to entertain travelers with the recital said that the congregation was not particularly moved by the appeal, but after its delivery Bill Scroggins got up and announced that he had a bag of real, crawling, hissing reptiles which he would exhibit after dinner just outside the camp ground, and he claimed that he would show the people some snake tricks which would beat the Moslem story they had just heard.

In spite of the protest of the minister the people turned out to the live snake show, and Bill gave them an exhibition which was a great success. It is said, or it used to be said, that there wasn't a snake trick which Bill Scroggins' serpents didn't do. When the exhibition was over, Bill told the people that he was a sort of missionary himself in connection with his business of locating wells and that he would call on each member of the assembly and advise with them as to their spiritual and worldly wants.

When he called, his first question was, "Have you got a well?" If the reply was in the negative, and wells were scarce, Bill informed the member that he must have one located, and then he opened his bag of snakes and as they began crawling Bill lifted up his voice and called the people to repentance. He told them the snakes would do no harm if they (the people) would give him the job of locating wells.

It was a tax on human belief, but the Missourians who told the story vouched for the truth of his assertion that the people gave Bill more orders than he could fill in one season and that he broke up the camp meeting. He was the first heretic in the west, although the word was unknown in that country then. He became famous and was in demand. Wherever he traveled he had his bag of trained snakes, and he waxed fat and became independent.

Whenever there was any doubt about the success of any movement the word was passed that Rev. Bill Scroggins should be summoned.

People in that section believed in ghosts, as many more enlightened people believe in them in this day. There was one ghost which had done a lively business along the highway between the county seat and a river known to this day as Bear creek. It was the custom of this ghost to chase belated horsemen over the highway until the ford at Bear creek was reached. There the chase stopped. The ghost never crossed the stream.

When the fame of Rev. Bill Scroggins had spread abroad, it was suggested that he travel over the Bear creek road and try his hand on the spirit. Bill accepted the call. He made a number of journeys before the ghost materialized, and there were people who began doubting the existence of the ghost, while others cited Rev. Bill as one who could overcome anything, and by that token he had made the ghost take to the woods. The community was equally divided.

However, the ghost showed up one night in the midst of a storm and challenged Rev. Bill to ride for his life. The snake ecclesiastical refused, and there was a contest in which Bill's horse was killed, and he was left afoot. The ghost got the bag of snakes and escaped to the ford, where Bill overtook him on the following day, and the contest was renewed. The ghost undertook to turn the snakes on Bill, but they refused to act. Bill got possession of them and turned them on the spirit. They drove the spirit into Bear creek and across it, and the spirit fled, and that was the end of the ghost in that country.

Bill returned in triumph to the county seat and told the story. It was received with some doubt, but as young people began to believe Bill, and apologetics came in rather late, but Bill was vindicated. Then he mysteriously disappeared.

Some years later a den of snakes was discovered in what is now Bates county, Mo., the adjoining county on the south to Cass, and in this den was discovered the skeleton of a man. In the opinion of many the skeleton was none other than that of Rev. Bill Scroggins. So well was his memory retained that the bones were collected from the snake den, and when the first courthouse was built in Cass county, it is said, they were placed in a box under the cornerstone and were found there years after when the old courthouse was demolished.—Brooklyn Eagle.

An egg will settle coffee, but it takes money to settle a bill.—New York Weekly.

THE REGENT DIAMOND.

It Is Acknowledged the Most Perfect Brilliant in Existence.

The "Pitt" (or "Regent," as it was afterward called) is the most perfect brilliant in existence, and its history is also very remarkable. It is said to have been found by a slave in the Parteen mines in 1701, who to retain his treasure cut a hole in the calf of his leg, in which he concealed it. Although it is more probable he secreted it among the bandages. The slave escaped to the coast with his find, where he encountered an English skipper, whom he made his confidant, offering, indeed, to bestow upon him the stone in return for his liberty. The minister, apparently consenting to the slave's proposal, took him out to sea and when there drowned him, after obtaining possession of the diamond. Disposing of the gem to a diamond merchant for £1,000, it is said the man afterward hanged himself in a fit of remorse.

Mr. Pitt, governor of Fort St. George and great-grandfather of the illustrious William Pitt, became the next possessor of this valuable stone, weighing 410 carats, for £20,000. He sent it to London, where he had it very skillfully cut at a cost of £5,000, the process occupying two years. Pitt appears to have found his diamond no very enviable possession, for, after refuting the calumnies of his enemies, who had charged him with having obtained it by unfair means, he was so haunted by the fear of being robbed that he never slept two nights consecutively under the same roof, never gave notice of his arrival in or departure from town and went about mysteriously disguised. He must necessarily have felt greatly relieved when he parted with the diamond to the Duc d'Orleans, regent during the minority of Louis XV, king of France, in 1717 for the sum of £135,000.—Chambers' Journal.

MINERS AND MORPHINE.

A Necessary Custom Which Is Not Pleasant to Contemplate.

"When I was in the northwest," said a gentleman with some money invested in mines, "I employed a prospector to go out into the mountains looking for properties which had been recommended to me. One day he was to have gone from our camp over into a very rough and rocky district, but when evening came he reported that he hadn't made the trip.

"Why not?" I inquired.

"Because I didn't have my morphine with me," he responded in a very matter of fact manner.

"Morphine?" said I in astonishment. "What has that got to do with it? You are not a morphine fiend, are you?"

"Not as much of a one as you are a tenderfoot," he laughed and proceeded to inform me that every prospector who knew his business always carried with him enough morphine to kill a man easily and that he did so in order to end himself quickly in case of an accident which would dislodge him far away from assistance. There were many instances of prospectors falling over cliffs and crippling themselves or breaking a leg in a hole among the rocks or rendering themselves helpless in some other way, and death was sure to follow by starvation or freezing or in some sections by being devoured by wolves or other wild animals. In order to prevent such a horrible death as any of these the prospector supplied matters by always carrying a little packet of morphine, which not only quieted the pain of the hurt he had sustained, but put him to sleep pleasantly to wake no more on earth. It struck me at first as uncanny, not to say wicked, but I got over that feeling after a narrow escape or two, and I carried my little tin box just like a veteran would."—Washington Star.

He Knew Human Nature.

Three young men were walking up Riverside drive the other morning, when a gamy looking tree horse jogged by, drawing a natty trotting rig.

"Isn't that a splendid animal?" exclaimed one of the young men in cheery, admiring tones, pausing to gaze at the horse.

The driver's eye sparkled, and his chest expanded. He had heard the compliment. Wheeling his horse around, he brought it alongside the pavement.

"Wouldn't you like to try a brush behind him?" he said contentiously.

In a jiffy the young man was seated in the buggy, and the two were disappearing down the drive at a pace that justified the compliment of the pedestrian. His companions watched him enviously. Then one of them said:

"Bill is a judge of horseflesh," added the other. "I've seen him do that before."—New York Mail and Express.

He Mixed His Slippers.

When a young man, the late John Lewis, R. A., went to India and Egypt and was away about 18 years. When he returned to his mother's house in Portland place, he almost immediately pulled off his boots and commenced to hunt about at one end of the parlor floor and seemed terribly put about. His mother of course asked him anxiously what he wanted.

"My slippers," said he. "When I went away, I left them last down there. Now, where are they?"—Tit-Bits.

Well Reconciled Parents.

"Our little Dick makes very clever comedians—really very clever."

"Can you guess them?"

"Oh, we never dare do that. Little Dick wants to tell the answers himself."—Indianapolis Journal.

Wrong.

A photographer does wrong who takes such a picture of a girl that she will make herself unhappy all the rest of her life trying to look like it.—Detroit Journal.

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