

# THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD.

TUESDAY

FRIDAY

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WESTFIELD, UNION COUNTY, N. J., TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1900.

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**Cold Comfort.**  
Mr. Penn—Sir William Thompson says that the end of the world will not be brought about by fire, but by frost, and that the finality will come in 10,000,000 years.

Mr. Pitt—If there is any comfort in that, it is cold comfort.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

It has been calculated that the loss from illness averages 20,000,000 weeks of work in the year, or 2 1/2 per cent of the work done by the whole population between 15 and 65 years of age.

If all the money in the world were divided equally among the people, each person would get about \$30.

Kissing the hands of great men was a Grecian custom.

### A Tragedy of Mont Blanc.

The story of the destruction of the baths of St. Gervais at the foot of Mont Blanc, in 1892, is told in "The Annals of Mont Blanc." This was one of the calamities that could scarcely have been predicted or averted.

Owing to the stoppage of the sub-glacial drainage, in some way never ascertained, a lake was formed under the Tete Rousse glacier, in which an enormous body of water was pent up at a spot 10,000 feet above the sea level. Between 1 and 2 o'clock on the night of July 12, 1892, the ice that had held the lake gave way.

The water swept in a torrent of tremendous force over the Desert de Pierre Ronde, gathering up thousands of tons of rock and stones in its course. It passed with a terrific roar under the hamlet of Bionnassay, which it did not injure, destroyed half the village of Blonnay on the highroad between Contamines and St. Gervais and, tearing up trees as it went along, joined the main river of the Bon-Nant.

Following the river bed and destroying on its way the old Pont du Diable, it hurled its seething flood of water, timber, stones and mud upon the solid buildings of the St. Gervais baths and crushed them into fragments. Then, crossing the Chamonix road, it spread itself out in the form of a hideous fan over the valley of the Arve, destroying part of the village of Le Fayet in its way.

Such was the catastrophe of St. Gervais which claimed over 150 victims. Utter ruin was everywhere. The once lovely gardens of the baths were five or six feet deep in mud, fine trees had been snapped like reeds and enormous blocks of stone were strewn over the dreary waste.

### Too Much Time Wanted.

"If you will get my new suit done by Saturday," said a customer to a tailor, "I'll be forever indebted to you."

"If that's your game," replied the tailor, "the clothes will not be done at all."—Ohio State Journal.

### A Matter of Temperature.

The little one's mother had said, "Now, doctor, if there is any rise of temperature,"—she was great on temperature, by the way—"I will send for you at once. As you know, I have a clinical thermometer and can take the temperature myself without troubling you to come in for the purpose." Just as I was going to bed I was startled by a violent ring at the bell and, hastening to the door, saw a terrified domestic, who gasped: "Oh, sir, please, sir, do come round at once! Miss Marjory is worse. Missus said I was to tell you her temperature is 108 and is rising fast."

Scarcely waiting to put on my hat, I rushed round to the house of my little patient and discovered the whole family assembled in the sickroom awaiting the end of poor little Marjory, the mother wringing her hands in agony and crying dreadfully.

"What's the temperature now?" I almost shouted in my agitation.

"Oh," sobbed the mother, "I haven't dared to look since! My poor darling! It was 108, and they say that 105 is always fatal." And she broke down completely.

Without wasting any more time I turned down the blanket and—found that the thermometer had been thrust between the child's side and arm and the bulb imbedded in a freshly applied hot poultice!—Chambers' Journal.

### On the Menu in Chile.

For several days I noticed the word "panqueque" upon the bill of fare at the hotel and did not know what it was. There is a brand of wine from one of the Chilean vineyards with that name, and I supposed it was perhaps the same thing referred to, although it should appear among the desserts on the menu at the dinner table and on the bills of fare for breakfast. The best way to find out about such things is to try them, and the next morning, being in an experimental mood, I ordered a "panqueque," which, to our amazement, was an ordinary griddle-cake. Then it dawned upon my dull perceptions that "panqueque" spelled panake. I called the attention of the head waiter to the discovery, and he seemed quite astonished. He could speak English well and claimed to be familiar with the cuisine of America. Therefore he did not see anything unusual in my discovery, and I rather think he wrote the bill of fare himself, for he remarked in a surprised tone: "What do you call a panake in America?"—Cor. Chicago Record.

### Horse Racing on the Stage.

In racing scenes the horses do run at full speed. They run, however, not on the fixed stage, but on what may be called treadmills, which keep the horses in front of the house for longer or shorter periods, according as they are moved quickly or slowly. A plectet fence, placed between the audience and the course, not only makes the scene more realistic; it also hides the mechanism of the treadmills. This fence has contributed in another way to add to the effect by being moved in opposition to the direction of the horses and so lending to their apparent speed.

As to the sounds made by the footfalls of horses to be heard as though passing outside an interior scene, they are reproduced by the dried hoofs of dead horses or wooden imitations mounted on handles and hammered against surfaces of stone, gravel, sod or whatever the occasion may demand. They are also more elaborately manufactured by revolving a cylinder with pins protruding from the surface. These pins are arranged, like the spurs on a hand organ roller, to imitate trotting, galloping or walking when struck against other substances. If the sound of a carriage is to be added to the trampling of horses, wheels are run on sand.—Cassell's Magazine.

### Needed in His Business.

"I've decided," said the dignified old man, "to let you have that young Brittle after all if you are positive that you can't be happy without him."

"Oh, father," the beautiful girl cried, "you don't know how happy you have made me! Now I can see the gates of paradise opening. Dear, dear, good, old papa! Let me kiss you for those sweet words! Oh, I can hardly wait to fly to him and tell him the glorious news. He will be so glad! We shall all be so happy now. It seems almost like a lovely dream! I can hardly believe that I am awake! But, tell me, what has made you change your mind? Yesterday when I tried to plead for him you said you would never permit us to see each other again. Ah, if you had known how those words bruised my heart! What has happened, father, to make you relent?"

He kissed her fondly and then, with tears in his eyes, replied:

"I sat in a little game of poker where he happened to have a hand last night, and if we don't get that money back in the family some way my business is going to suffer."—Chicago Times-Herald.

## ROYAL Baking Powder

Made from pure  
cream of tartar.

Safeguards the food  
against alum.

Alum baking powders are the greatest  
menaces to health of the present day.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

### ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

Years Ago It Had a Significance Which Is Entirely Lost Now.

St. Valentine's day in the olden times was hailed with delight by young men and maidens, for on that day they prepared with great care respectful expressions of love and a pretty implied hope for its return. A great deal of time and care was required to prepare one of these missives, and many a gallant knight rode many miles to deposit his love token at his sweetheart's door.

Many people believed that the birds selected their mates on this day, and it was also supposed that the first person met on St. Valentine's day would be one's future husband or wife. Valentine parties were a great source of amusement. At these gatherings slips of paper containing the names of all present were shaken well together in a hat. Lots were cast, and the one drawn was that person's valentine for the evening. The young man was also expected to make a present to his valentine, some token suitable to whatever sentiment the acts of courtesy had inspired.

Another source of amusement was the writing of names each on a separate slip of paper, which was afterward rolled inside a little ball of clay. The balls were then immersed in a basin of water. The one that was brought to the top first was said to be the one who would be married before the year was out.

### The Valentine Joker

#### A Devoted Sort of Lover.

Patsy—Say, Chimmy! Jess took me a good one in de snoot, will yer?  
Jimmy—Wot fer?  
Patsy—W'y, me mudder jess sent me after groceries, and I spent all de change buyin' a perfumed lace valentine fer Kitty Doolan, and I want ter be cryin' ez natural ez possible w'en I git home an' tell me mudder I lost it!—Puck.

#### Valentine to a Dude.

The game of tag, my boy,  
Wouldn't give you any joy,  
Not a bit;  
For throughout the entire game  
Your position'd be the same—  
You'd be "it."  
—N. Y. World.

#### Getting Even.

"Julia, are you going to send any valentines this year?"  
"Well, I think I will send you that spiteful comic ode you sent me last year."—Detroit Free Press.

#### His Escape.

'Tis well that Cupid's blind, for he  
Would weep at the designs  
Which some queer people love to see  
In comic valentines.  
—Chicago Record.

#### HARDLY APPROPRIATE.



The Clerk—"Don't you think that that valentine is pretty?"  
The Coon—"Yes, but in de po'try it sez 'snow-white dove.' Now, dat's hardly de way I'd speak ob de lady I 'tends it fo'!"—N. Y. Journal.

#### His Valentines.

He chose a comical one for a man,  
And a tender one for his lass;  
A twist in the envelopes ruined his plan—  
So now she won't speak as they pass.  
—Chicago Record.

#### A Comic Valentine.

Easee Lyre—I wish I knew what kind of a valentine to send Miss Bullion.  
Brushand Pencil—What's the matter with a photograph of yourself?—Up to Date.

#### Their Sentiments.

A valentine he penned with glee,  
This vainly striving youth,  
He hoped that it was poetry,  
She hoped it was the truth.  
—Washington Star.

#### Amalgams.

Cholly—How would you like to buy me for your—aw—valentine, Miss Molly?  
Molly—But I haven't a cent to-day.—N. Y. World.

Units were first manufactured in England by Spaniards in 1610.

## 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.

## SOUTHERN GAMECOCKS.

Breeding the Birds an Established Industry in the State of South Carolina.

The breeding of blooded gamecocks for the Mexican market mainly is an established industry in South Carolina. Of recent years the South Carolina gamecocks have become celebrated, and there are more orders standing now than can be filled from the present stock. The orders have to lie over until the young chickens are grown, and they always command the top prices when shipped beyond the border.

It requires years of close study to breed the finest gamecocks and then pick the cream of the stock for the pits. A well-known breeder in Barnwell county has won a national reputation on his Mugwumps and his War Horses. These gamecocks have left a string of victories in some of the richest mains fought in South Carolina, and many hundreds of dollars have been won on their prowess. Other breeds of fighting chickens are raised by men who never fight them, and some of the most prominent breeders have never wagered a dollar on any of their birds. They raise the champions for the profit to be derived from sales.

Cockfighting now is not so common in the south as it was formerly. According to the laws of South Carolina a main cannot be conducted within four miles of a church or a schoolhouse. Ten-Mile hill, a way station on the Southern railway above Charleston, has been the cockfighting headquarters for years. Recently a large pit was built, with rows of seats ranging above it, and crowds of sporting people have been drawn to this place when championship events between South Carolina and Georgia are fought. The law does not interfere with the mains. Soon after the pit at Ten-Mile hill was opened a sporting man from Charleston got up a main at \$1,000 a side, and the lovers of cockfighting for miles around gathered for the sport. Books were made on the backs, and this gave many plunging chances to people inclined. After the main was fought two expert breeders arranged a match. There was a house filled with fine birds which had not been sent to the front, and the two piters had the privilege of picking their chickens. They always figured for the best birds in sight, and their appearance at the ring was the signal for the betting to start. The bookmaker did not always find it profitable, but he did not kick. On one fight a business man from Charleston, who was recognized as the highest authority, went to the cockhouse and came back with a fine Mugwump chicken. The other man had a War Horse. The recognized authority heeled the birds himself. The gamblers watched him closely, and the betting was at a standstill until the birds had been prepared for the battle. After getting the gaffs securely fastened the business man went to the bookmaker and placed \$500 on his Mugwump. This was the opening of a rush of men who placed big money in the same way, and the bookmaker was almost in tears when he saw that one lone man placed a small bet on the War Horse cock. More than \$1,200 was bet on the Mugwump, and probably ten dollars on the War Horse. There was a moment of intense excitement when the birds were pitted. Both showed fight. They were not made of the stuff to run away, and they came together with a crash. The War Horse got a magnificent opening, and drove for it. With one good, clean drive he landed fair on the head of the Mugwump and shot the gaffs through the other's head at the first blow. It was one of the quickest battles in the history of the Ten-Mile pit, and the result made the bookmaker happy. It was one of the things, too, that go to show that there is a certain amount of luck in every fight, and that the opinion of the expert could not always be accepted as a sure thing.—N. Y. Sun.

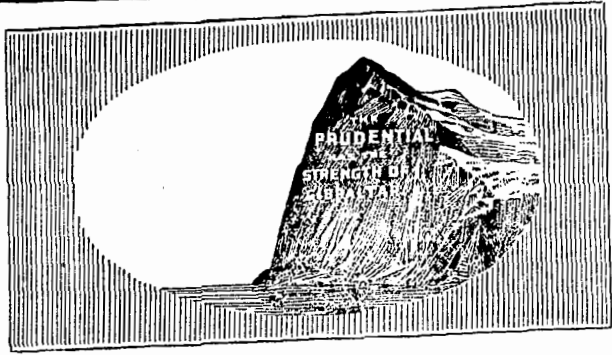
## A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

Aerial Flight of an Italian Woman Half a Mile Above the Earth.

An Italian peasant woman met recently with an extraordinary adventure. Near her home, in the village of Quarina, which nestles in a spacious valley, is a high and wooded mountain, and there it has been her custom to go two or three times a week for the purpose of collecting firewood. To bring this wood down from the precipitous mountain to her cottage was quite an arduous task. Therefore, she sent it down by means of a strong metal wire, stretched from the valley up to the mountain top.

A few weeks ago she and her two little daughters ascended the mountain, and after gathering three goodly bundles of wood prepared to send them down. Just, however, as the mother had fastened the first bundle to the wire and had launched it on its downward course her wedding ring became caught in the rope with which the bundle was tied, and in a flash she was carried off her feet and swept downward into the valley. Half paralyzed with fear, her little daughters watched her as she sped from their sight with amazing swiftness, and then they ran down the mountain, fully expecting to find her lying dead at the end of the wire.

And their fear was quite natural, since the mountain top from which their mother had been torn is 800 yards above the valley. Fortunately, their fear proved to be groundless. They found their mother entirely uninjured. Yet, miraculous indeed was it that her life was not crushed out of her at the end of her perilous descent. It would have been if her fall had not been broken as she was reaching the earth by some friendly branches. The bundle of wood, too, was in some measure a bulwark against the shock.—N. Y. Journal.



## One of the Best Arguments

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## THE BOOK COLLECTOR.

De Made a Swap Which satisfied the Secondhand Dealer.

"It's astonishing how book collecting will blunt a man's conception of the rights of man and of the rights of property of a delightful old secondhand store on the south side of the town. 'I wouldn't trust a confirmed collector as far as I could throw Jackson square by the monument. They all consider themselves licensed privateers, and when one of them wants any particular volume and can't buy it the chances are it will mysteriously disappear the first time he pays you a visit. I am on to most of the tricks of the fraternity, however, and it takes a pretty smooth individual to secure any plunder in this shop."

"Only recently I circumvented an old gentleman in a manner that is apt to adhere to his memory for some time. He is a passionate admirer of Dickens and has a fine collection of early editions and books in general relating to the great novelist. One of his sets, a very handsome print with the original Cruikshank plates, is short one volume, the eighth. I have a copy of the same edition, and he has tried repeatedly to get me to break it so as to complete his own, but I have of course refused."

"Then I noticed that he began to drop in of afternoons with a book under his arm, looking up and down the shelves. The volume he carried bore a close external resemblance to the copy of Dickens he wanted, and I suspected at once that I would some day find them exchanged. Consequently I looked up the coveted volume and substituted a worthless treatise on mathematics bound in the same manner. My visitor knew the exact location of the book on the shelf, and the other day I purposely gave him an opportunity to make the shift. It was done in a twinkling, and presently he strolled out. I haven't seen him since. The book he left was a very pretty copy of Kents. I am well satisfied with the swap."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

## THE LEADING ARTICLE.

Advent and Development of the Editorial in Newspapers.

"I know what leaders are, for I have written them," said Benjamin Disraeli in the course of a speech in the house of commons, and, though all of us may not have written "leaders" for The Morning Post and other newspapers, like Disraeli, we all at least know the meaning of the term "leaders."

For more than 100 years after the publication of the first daily newspaper, The Daily Courant, which consisted of a small sheet printed on one side only and made its appearance in London in March, 1702, the "dailies" confined themselves to what is perhaps the proper business of a newspaper, the publication of the largest possible amount of news, and made no attempt whatever to mold or direct public opinion.

At the opening of the nineteenth century "the leading article" first appeared in the morning papers. It was originally called the "leading article," because of the "leads" or spaces introduced between the lines to spread out the article and give it an imposing appearance in order that it might at once attract the eye of even the most casual reader. After a time it was called "leading article" or "leader" or "editorial," names by which it is now universally known in newspaper offices.

At the beginning "leaders" were published only tentatively. Their publication was irregular. In form they were brief—we should call them "editorial paragraphs" now—and they were principally used to direct special attention to some important event recorded in the news columns. But 75 years ago they became a settled and regular feature of the daily newspaper and a potent agency for promoting opinions, political, religious and social.—Cornhill Magazine.

## Surrendering Simplicity.

"I have but one rule that I follow absolutely in this life, and that is to make other people as happy as possible."

"Well," he replied, "you ought to be gratified then at what I heard a young lady say the other day."

"What was that?"

"She said that whenever she saw you dancing she had to laugh."—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Kills Without Hitting.

What is lyddite? The high explosive thus called from the name of the small Kentish town and gunnery center where the experiments with it were made is nothing less than picric acid brought into a dense state by fusion. Picric acid is a bright yellow substance freely used in peaceful industries for dyeing purposes. It is obtained by the action of nitric acid on phenol or carbolic acid. It burns very violently, and, owing to the tremendous blast produced by the explosion, the destructive effect of a bursting shell filled with it is some 11 times greater than that of a shell filled with powder.

All lyddite shells are equipped with percussion nose fuses only; hence their explosion takes place on impact in the following fashion: The percussion fuse ignites a picric powder exploder, which in turn ignites the bursting charge of lyddite, the detonation of the fuse and of the two explosives inside the shell being instantaneous. The picric powder exploder, we should add, is inserted in a recess left in the lyddite for that purpose. Lyddite shell is to some extent less barbarous than shrapnel exploded by powder, for, though widespread, its death dealing effects are due more to air concussion than to the wounding effects of the flying fragments. In other words, in the case of a lyddite shell bursting in a group of men, the greater number will be killed not by pieces of the shell, but by the blow of the suddenly compressed air.

## One of Lamb's Pranks.

A pretentious poet got his verses submitted to Charles Lamb by a friend just before the poet was to meet Lamb at dinner. Lamb found the verses to be feeble echoes of other poets, and when the author arrived he was seen to be as empty as his verses. This awakened Lamb's spirit of mischievous vagary. At dinner he said in the course of conversation:

"That reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was young," and then he quoted a line or two which he recollected from the poet's book, to the father's amazement and indignation. Lamb was diverted immensely, but kept perfectly serious and quoted more lines in connection with another remark, begging the company to remember how young he was when he composed them. The author again looked daggers at him.

Lamb capped all by introducing the first lines of "Paradise Lost" ("Of man's first disobedience" etc) as also written by himself, which brought the poet to his feet, bursting with rage. He said he had sat by and allowed his own "little verses" to be appropriated without protest, but when he saw Milton also being pilfered from he could sit silent no longer. Lamb revealed in telling this story.—Rev. David Macrae in "English Humor."

## Influenza Caused by Ozone.

On one occasion the writer walked to the edge of Lake Michigan when a strong wind was blowing right from the lake. The bodily condition was as near perfect as could be, and yet in less than five minutes there was every evidence of having caught cold. The severe influenza continued until, on walking away, in less than 500 feet it disappeared as if by magic.

It is very certain that the temperature had nothing to do with this nor the wind, but the influenza was directly due to the abundant ozone in the air. By inquiry it was learned that hundreds of residents who had lived upon the immediate edge of the lake had been obliged to move back three or four miles in order to relieve themselves from such experiences.

Physicians readily admit that it is not always possible to say when one "catches" cold. It certainly cannot always be because of undue exposure or change in temperature, but probably also to changes in the electric condition of the air. Facts of this kind should lead to the extreme caution in studying any supposed relation between the weather and health.—Popular Science.

In a map of China recently published by the China Inland mission it is pointed out that it is wrong to speak of the "Yangtze Kiang river," as Kiang means river.

## A GENIUS WASTED.

How the Janitor "Stood Off" the Tenants with Gaskets and Gilding a Safety Valve.

The cold weather brought to my mind many things that had been forgotten, things which came up fresh, and with what the New Englander used to call a realizing sense. All summer long, when every window had been open to catch the breeze, there had been no need to think of cold snaps as other than a blessing. But when the cold did come there was sudden realization of how little the ornamental appearance of the radiator compensated for its inability to radiate heat. Cold it stood in the corner; it had made uncanny noises; it had leaked a few whiffs of stale air; it had leaked a cupful of water on the carpet. There its energies apparently ceased; it radiated no heat, for it had none to radiate. It was clearly a case for an interview with the janitor and for the filing of a protest. Strange to relate, he was found in his subterranean post. Stranger still, he was affable and almost human.

"I know what you came down here after," he said, without waiting for the attack to begin. "I know. You are going to kick because there ain't any steam. Quite right; I would in your place. But you see just how this old machine is." Then followed a much involved and technical description of the faults of the apparatus in which there were only two clear things; that it could be remedied by putting in new gaskets, whatever they may be, and the other that by rights the owner ought to send a plumber to do it instead of leaving such repairs to a janitor. "However," he continued, "I'm going to do the best I can for the tenants, and anyway it's better to be put to a little inconvenience for a short while to-day than maybe to have a wait of a week or perhaps two while the plumbers are making up their minds about the job. I'll patch it up somehow."

Of course, it was just as cold as before; there could be no heat while the janitor had the machine dismembered in the cellar and with its fires drawn; but it was more tolerable in view of the knowledge that the janitor was hard at work about the repairs. In the course of time there were renewed gurglings in the pipes; there was a repetition of the escape of stale air and dirty water; it was manifest that the apparatus was supposed to be at work. The janitor came up; he felt the radiator with that gingerly touch as of one expecting to find the metal too-hot for comfort; his start of surprise, swiftly followed by an expression of deep regret, should be taught in the dramatic schools. He urged another trip to the cellar for personal inspection of his work. There was the gleam of blazing fire in its appropriate place; the sensitive needle in the gauge was quivering its record of the number of pounds of steam; the explanations of the janitor set forth more facts about the gaskets. It never did become clear about those gaskets, but a casual glance showed that the steam gauge had been freshly polished, and that a coat of gilt paint had been applied to the safety valve. The supply of steam heat was no better than before, but the janitor had proved that he was doing his best, that any further complaints must be made to the agent, combined with the statement that the complainant had seen the janitor conducting all the repairs in his unprofessional power.

The genius which can "stand off" a houseful of freezing tenants and save himself from every bit of blame by merely gilding a safety valve is wasted in flat administration; the higher walks of diplomacy are crying for just such talent. He should be ambassador or minister at the least.—N. Y. Tribune.

## A FAITHFUL DOG.

How He Saved the Lives of a Party of Prospectors in the Alaskan Mountains.

Last winter a party of prospectors were camped on the Valdes, one of Alaska's great glaciers. Day after day they had worked their way forward, death disputing every foot with them, until it was decided that the main party should remain in camp, and two of their number, accompanied only by a dog, should endeavor to find a trail which would lead away from the glacier.

For days the two men wandered, until nature succumbed and they lay down, weary and exhausted. Their faithful companion clung to them, and the warmth of his body was grateful, as they crouched low with the bitter ice-laden wind howling about them.

Their scanty stock of provisions was well-nigh exhausted, when one of them suggested sending the dog back to camp. This was a forlorn hope, but their only one. Quickly writing a few words on a leaf torn from a book, they made it fast around the dog's neck and encouraged him to start back on the trail.

The sagacious animal did not appear to understand, but after repeated efforts they persuaded him to start, and he was soon swallowed up in the snow, the mist and the storm.

Two days and nights passed, during which the men suffered untold agonies. On the evening of the third day, when all hope had gone and they were becoming resigned to their fate, out of the blinding and drifting snow bounded the faithful dog, and close behind him came ready hands to minister to their wants.—Cleveland Enquirer.

## Revenge Deferred.

Dicks—I am surprised to see you so intimate with Smith after his shabby treatment of you.

Dicks—How can I ever get even with him if I don't win his confidence?—N. Y. Journal.

**STRAUS**  
HONEST GOODS, LOWEST PRICES AND LIBERAL TREATMENT GUARANTEED TO EVERY CUSTOMER.  
685-687 BROAD ST. 21 W. PARK ST. N.E.

Your Money Refunded for Anything Unsatisfactory.

## Buy Your Spring Suit Now.

Here Are Two

Unrivalled Opportunities.

**WOMEN'S SUITS**, made from camel's hair chevots, of good weight, in the new shades of Oxford blue, mixed brown and iron and silver, fashionable shaped jackets, all lined with silk serge. \$10.98 is a fair price for this grade; while they last here at

**\$7.50.**

**PLAIN AND TRIMMED SUITS**, in all the different colorings, the jackets cut in many new ways, either short or long dressy styles; all the skirts have the box plait back; they were bought to retail at \$12.00, take your pick while they last at

**\$9.00.**

**THE DAVID STRAUS CO.**

NEWARK, N. J.

## For Extra MILK and CREAM....

Send your order to

**Mount Ararat Creamery.**

We also have a quantity of Milk and Cream at Trenchard's Drug Store for your convenience.

**IRA C. LAMBERT, Prop.**

**AWNINGS, TENTS, Window Shades.**

**Geo. F. Brown,** Telephone No. 213-A. **43 Somerset St., Plainfield.**  
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**Practical Plumber, Steam, Hot Water, Hot Air Heating.**  
TINNING, ROOFING, ETC., HARDWARE, HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, AND ALL KINDS OF GARDEN TOOLS, STOVES AND RANGES.  
**BROAD STREET. WESTFIELD, N. J.**

## His Hint For a Nurse.

"There is in the employ of our house," said the hardware drummer, "a young man who is assistant bookkeeper. He's a steady chap, mends his own business, and is as shrewd as they make them. The other day the senior partner of the firm, who seldom comes around, made a tour of inspection, and as he approached the assistant bookkeeper he noticed the solemn expression on his face. Desiring to be genial, he said:

"How are you, young man? I see you are at your work. That is good. Close attention to business will always bring its own reward. Tell me, what are you earning now per week?"

"The young man, without a moment's hesitation, answered, 'Twenty dollars, sir, but I only get half of that.'—Philadelphia Call.

## Their Little Weaknesses.

"Nations and women are a good deal alike."

## In What Way?

"Well, when one woman gets a new hat her neighbor wants to go right away and get a better one, and when one nation builds a new warship all the others start right out to get bigger ones."—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Have your Worms got Horses?

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

**LADY OR MAN** wanted to meet a lady or man who would like to see the new book "The New Book of the Old" by the author of "The New Book of the Old" for \$1.00 per copy. All orders to be sent to the author, C. B. Smith & Company, Newark, N. J.

There is a class of people who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called **CHAI-N-O**, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomachs can use it without distress, and it is as good as coffee. It does not cost over 10¢ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15¢ and 25¢ per package. Try it. Ask for **CHAI-N-O**.

[Try Chai-N-O! Try Chai-N-O!] Ask your grocer today to show you a package of **CHAI-N-O**, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children drink it without injury, as well as the adults. All who try it, like it. **CHAI-N-O** is made of pure grains, and the most delicate stomachs can use it without distress. It is as good as coffee. 15¢ and 25¢ per package. Try it. Ask for **CHAI-N-O**.



One day when he had guests at dinner and was helping them to fish from a platter he took a plate bottom side up, put a fish on the bottom of the plate and handed it thus to one of the guests. There was a laugh at once, and his wife said, "My dear, if your unbuttonedness has gone so far that you are serving people food on the bottoms of plates, I shall insist on your resigning your professorship."

She did insist on it, and he resigned and went into another and more general field of teaching. He is still a little inclined to be forgetful—like some of the rest of us—but he has never since served food on the bottom of a plate.—Boston Transcript.



## THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

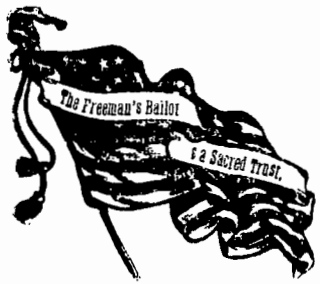
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STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

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

WESTFIELD, N. J., FEB. 13, 1900.



No Attention Will be Paid to Unsigned Communications.

\*\*\*\*\*  
"Capital is the fruit of labor, and could not exist if labor had not first existed. Labor, therefore, deserves much the higher consideration."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN.  
\*\*\*\*\*

M. A. W.—Will you not, please, send us your name for publication in connection with your eloquent letter on the subject of naming the new school? It is contrary to the Standard's practice to publish communications without the name of the writer.

Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Garfield, liberators; men of the people; for the people! And the greatest of these is LINCOLN! All in their time had their traducers. But not even Bryan is so misrepresented as was Abraham Lincoln, whose memory a reverent, patriotic people observed by a national holiday yesterday.

So far as the President and Secretary of State have been concerned England would have tricked us on the new treaty which takes the place of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The terms of the new treaty make us spend millions, possibly a hundred of 'em to build the canal, lease the ground, and depend on the revenue to pay the principal and interest. But we shall have no right to fortify, to protect this property; nor shall we have any rights in case of war except such as England reserves for herself. That is to say, England comes in, in her usual audacious fashion and demands rights where she has none—generously gives us the privilege of building a waterway for her in case of war; and in case she gets into a quarrel with us we shall give her an equal right to our property that we ourselves have. Is there a nation on God's footstool beside her that would ask it? There is certainly none that would grant it; yet President McKinley and his secretary, who was schooled in London, agree to it and coolly send it to the Senate for ratification. Two senators from New England, Hawley and Platt, from Connecticut, who have Puritan blood in their veins, coming from an ancestry that smarted under English intrigue, discovered the Imperial Nigger in the fence and immediately refused to ratify. The so-called treaty—really a sell out to Britain—is now hung up in the senate where we trust it will be choked until England is given to understand that we are no longer an infant; but lusty enough to walk alone; and also to attend to our own business.

England has got where she thinks a treaty must be needed with her before any work can be done by any nation. Next we will hear of her appealing to the administration at Washington for rights for the Utl-landers (her subjects in the U. S.) as she has done and is doing in the Transvaal, without said subjects renouncing allegiance to their mother country; and, perhaps, McKinley and Hay will ask the senate to ratify an agreement to that effect. It would be no more wonderful than what she now asks; and McKinley and Hay would be just as likely to recommend it.



HOW QUAIN'T THE WORDS THAT HERE APPEAR  
TO GRACE THE PAGE SHE SMILED UPON;  
I LISTEN, FOR I SEEM TO HEAR  
THE LAUGH WHICH TOLD HER LABOR DONE;  
A QUEER CONCEIT? PERHAPS TO YOU  
CAME LONG AGO THIS SELFSAME LINE;  
"THE ROSE IS RED, THE VIOLET'S BLUE"  
GLOWS ON THE OLDEN VALENTINE.

MAY HEAVEN SMILE UPON ITS PAGE!  
I LOVE IT FOR ITS FADED HUE,  
HER VALENTINE GROWS DEAR WITH AGE,  
HER ROSE WAS RED, HER LOVE WAS TRUE;  
THE YEARS BEHIND US ONLY PROVE,  
DESPITE THEIR SHADOW AND THEIR SHINE,  
THAT MANY A MAIDEN'S HOPES AND LOVE  
WENT WITH YE OLDEN VALENTINE.

—T. C. HARBAUGH.

## An Old Maid's VALENTINE

By ELISA ARMSTRONG.



MISS BECKY SOUTH closed her pocket-book with a snap and looked disapprovingly at her small maid, who stood before her with a flushed but determined face.

"You surely don't mean to tell me that you intend to waste your hard-earned money on valentines?" she said, in tones of shocked surprise.

Emmy's face grew redder yet, if that was possible, for it was the color of a winter apple already.

"Only one of 'em, Miss Becky," she faltered; "all the girls buy 'em, an' I'm late with mine as it is, because you couldn't let me go out last night." She glanced eagerly at the door; but Miss Becky was not yet through with the subject.

"Of course, I have no say in the spending of your money," she went on, "still I consider it my duty to advise you to save it. The savings bank—"

Emmy had turned pale. "Did you put my money for my new hat in the bank, Miss Becky; but I—must send Joe a valentine. He'll go for his mail to-morrow, an' he'd be disappointed if he didn't get one from me. Please, may I go now?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But I still think it would be better for you to put the money away towards the time you want to go to housekeeping. I never sent a valentine in my life, and I don't know that I am any the worse for it. Look the kitchen door, and be careful that Garfield doesn't follow you."

Left alone with the softly purring Garfield and the clock which had ticked off the first hour of her life and which would be stopped at the one of her death, Miss Becky sat down to her knitting. She knew that nobody wanted her little stock; now, but her mother had always knitted them in the long winter evenings, and Miss Becky followed in her mother's ways from sheer lack of originality. As she knitted she talked to herself, sometimes almost aloud. She was ashamed of the habit and she had carefully explained to Emmy that she was merely counting stitches when her lips moved in that fashion. Emmy was not an observant person and she accepted the explanation as she accepted Miss Becky's scolding, without comment.

"Valentines, nonsense!" Miss Becky was saying now. "Of course, I always had too much sense to send any. But wait; I did get one once! I remember how provoked I was when he brought it home from the post office. I never told them it was from Robert Mason, but Lavy West had seen him buying it and she had to tell me so. That's the way with those meddling old maids; they've always got to interfere with other folks' affairs!"

Miss Becky was a girl again; she had quite forgotten that she herself was now an interfering old maid.

"I never knew what you said to Miss Lavy about that valentine, but I reckon it must have been something pretty serious, for Robert hardly spoke to me the next time he met me, and he took Clara Bell home from choir meeting the next Friday night, instead of me. He married her the next year; no, the year after, and they went away out west to live. I suppose you was right, but Robert was the only beau I ever had, and though my heart, I did like that valentine, though I let on to you that I thought it silly, too!"

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The clock had ticked off a good many minutes and she had turned the heel of a stocking, in her usual manner, before she spoke again. "I've got that valentine this very minute," she said, "though I haven't looked at it for years. Yes, I suppose I could find it by candlelight, if I wanted to. It's in the little old hair trunk, with my big doll and the first little dress I ever wore. Ma saved it for my own little girl, if I ever had one, and I reckon I saved the doll for her, too, though I never told anybody that."

She got up and folded her knitting in a neat roll, putting it on the mantel, out of the reach of Garfield's playful paws. Then she got down a tin candlestick, which shone like silver, and lighted the candle.

"It's foolish, I know, but I want to see my valentine to-night," she said, and, taking her huge bunch of keys in her hand, she went slowly up the stairs which led to the attic, followed by Garfield.

When she reached the attic door she was minded to turn back. "It's a fool's errand," she said. "Why, I haven't thought of that valentine for years—why should I bother about it to-night? No, I'll just get out grandmother's quilt while I'm up here. It



MISS BECKY'S VALENTINE.

needs airing. Pahaw, after all, nobody'll ever know; I'll just look at that valentine; I've almost forgotten what it looks like."

She set the candle on the floor, where it was secure from draughts, and opened the little hair trunk. There was the valentine, in an old box, which had held her mother's girlish treasures before her own. It was a pitiful thing, this yellow valentine, compared to the works of art which bear the name now, but Miss Becky looked at it with partial eyes. It was a strange sight in the dim attic; the old woman crouched on the floor, beside the old hair trunk, with bags of dried fruit and bunches of herbs swaying in ghostly fashion over her head, while Garfield darted hither and thither in search of mice.

The verses on the valentine were of doubtful meter and far from original in sentiment, but Miss Becky did not criticise them. The tears even came into her sharp, practical eyes, as she read them. "What an old goose I am to feel so," she murmured; "I wasn't a bit in love with Robert—I never was in love with a man in my life. Still if I had married, I might have had a child of my own. The only thing I envy my married friends is the little rosy children at their knees. A man is a lot of trouble about a house, and I never wanted to have to give in to any human being as I had to give in to you! But a little girl of my own—well, I never, if that isn't Emmy ringing the front door bell! She's lost that kitchen door key again, after all my warnings."

With guilty haste she hid the doll, the little yellowed dress and the faded valentine in the trunk. She locked the attic door carefully, then, in spite of repeated peals at the bell, she went back and shut herself into the dark room, to be sure that there were no sparks from the candle to set fire to the place.

"I reckon she's scared," Miss Becky said, grimly. "Well, it will make her less anxious to go gadding for valentines another year. I don't know, after all, that I blame her, though. Pa never let me be young, but I don't know that that is any reason why Emmy shouldn't be!"

She opened the front door, just as there was another long peal at the bell. There, on the doorstep, stood not Emmy, but a pretty little yellow-haired girl, with a tag on her arm, and behind her was Nate Sellers, the expressman, with a relieved look on his face.

"I was afraid you had gone to bed and I couldn't wake you, Miss Becky," he said. "Here's a little girl that came by express from Idaho, all by herself. She says she's your valentine, and she's the smartest little place I ever saw in my life."

"My—my what?" Miss Becky gasped, looking with hungry eyes, at the child. "Your valentine, please," the clear little voice piped. "Here's my grandpa's letter; I'm sure it'll tell you all about me. (Chick

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## WESTFIELD CLUB MUSICAL.

LOCAL TALENT DID ITSELF PROUD  
LAST EVENING.

Dancing Followed an Enjoyable Entertainment, Which was Well Attended Despite Storm.

Despite the stormy weather last evening about two hundred ladies and gentlemen gathered at the Westfield hall last evening to enjoy the musical given under the auspices of the club.

The evening was pleasantly passed, the musical program proving most enjoyable. After the entertainment refreshments were served and then the floor was cleared and dancing occupied the attention of the guests until an early hour this morning.

The program of the musical is given below.

Piano Selection (two step) Prof. Westervelt  
Contralto Solo—Arla ("Samson and Delilah")  
Mrs. Paul D. Worcester, Saint-Saens

Reading—"Peregrina Rose,"  
b, "Cathedral Courtship,"  
Miss Annie Louise Harrison.

Duet—"Trip, Trip, Trip!"  
Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Johnson. Mar'ial  
Mandolin Solo—  
Adolph Ganzel. Selected

Soprano Solo—  
Miss Ada Sargeant.  
Banjo Selections—  
Wm. Bastable, Fred. Harbison.

Songs—"I Love and the World is Mine,"  
John  
b, "A Foolish Little Maiden," Collins  
Mrs. E. A. Johnson.

Piano Solo—Waltz (Romeo and Juliette)  
Mrs. Chas. E. Thorne. Gounod  
Reading—"Saturday Night at Lake Mahopla,"  
Miss Annie Louise Harrison.  
Contralto Solo—"Darkey Melodies," (by request)

Mrs. Paul D. Worcester.  
Mandolin Solo—  
Adolph Ganzel.

Banjo Duet—  
Wm. Bastable, Fred. Harbison.

Piano—  
Prof. Westervelt.

REPUBLICAN CANDIDATES  
HAVE BEEN CHOSEN.

Township Executive Committee Held  
Meeting Saturday Evening.

The township Republican executive committee held a meeting Saturday evening, at which time it was practically settled that the ticket for the coming election would be made up as follows:

Freeholder,  
George H. Embree.

Tax Collector,  
Fred. C. Decker.

Assessor,  
C. F. Conant.

Committeemen,  
W. W. Connolly,  
Martin Welles,  
F. S. Smith.

## He Could Shoot Straight.

Said the man who had traveled: "Years ago in a western frontier town a traveler, footsore and weary, arrived one afternoon and made his way down the one street of the burg. He was suddenly startled by the sounds of shots, and looking up, discovered four men shooting at one another. The men were standing at the four corners of an imaginary square, and each was shooting at the man entangled to him. Being in what he supposed a safe position, he paused to watch the outcome of the fray, when a bullet, going wide of its intended mark, cut by his ear. That roused his wrath, and, drawing his pistol, he dropped the man in his tracks who had all but dropped him. Another bullet flying wide from his mark, but near to the stranger, caused him to lay out one of the other pair, and the two remaining men sought safety in flight. In that particular town duels had been previously comparatively harmless amusements, owing to the poor marksmanship of the contestants, but the man who could shoot had arrived, and the inhabitants, although they turned out to greet him in a body and grant him the freedom of the city, did so in manifest awe and trepidation."

"Whenever he told the story afterward, he used to wind it up impressively by saying, 'And, boys, in that town after that they went around me as if I had been a swamp.'"—New York Tribune.

want a lovely, lovely cat!" She caught the half-unwilling Garfield to her breast and hugged him, while Becky read her letter. It ran:

"Dear Becky: I sent you a valentine once, and I send you another now. My son died last month; his wife a year ago. I can't care properly for the child myself, and my second wife is peculiar and doesn't like children. I thought, maybe, for the sake of old times, you might keep little Minnie. If you don't want her, send her back, and I'll put her in an institution. I reckon you owe me this much, Becky, because if you hadn't laughed at that valentine I meant to ask you to marry me, and then half of my troubles would have been avoided. Keep her, if you can, and let her grow up the kind of a woman you are yourself. Yours respectfully,

ROBERT A. MASON."

"Well," said the expressman, "what'll you do, Miss Becky? 'Th' tag says that she's t' sent back, if you don't want her."

The little girl put down the cut, which escaped into the darkness, unheeded by Miss Becky, who was usually very careful to protect him from all danger of wicked boys, who chased him, wheezing up trees, from which it was difficult to coax him down.

"Are you going to send me back?" she asked, anxiously. For answer Miss Becky caught the child to her hungry heart.

"You are going to stay," she said, softly. Then she faced the expressman, like a lioness. "Send her back!" she cried. "I'd like to see anybody do it. She's the last valentine I'll ever get, and the best!"

An hour later Emmy came in, abashed, stumped, at the door. On the hearth rug sat a tiny little girl, with a huge old battered doll in her arms, while Miss Becky hovered over them both.

"Well, Emmy, I hope you got a pretty valentine," said the transformed Miss Becky. "This is mine!"

## 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 &amp; CO.,

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

Fine..

GET OUR PRICES

Printing  
Engraving  
Embossing

The Standard Publishing Concern, Westfield

## 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.

NOTHING BUT FIRE PLACE GOODS

—AND—

EVERYTHING FOR THE FIRE PLACE.

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



THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD  
WESTFIELD, N. J., FEB. 13, 1900.

## Wants and Offers.

**ONE CENT**  
A WORD for advertisements in the Union County Standard. 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., at Gable's drug store, Broad St., at Bayard's pharmacy, Broad and Elm Sts., C. F. W. Little's store, Elm and Broad Sts., Union News Co. at depot and from all news boys.

FOR SALE—Lady's second-hand bicycle in fine condition, \$12. Inquire, H. C. Piker, Broad street.

WOOD building plans, cheap. Investigate. W. H. Bessing.

MY farm is for sale. Ira C. Lambert.

NEW 8 room house to rent May 1 near depot. \$27.00. C. E. Pearsall & Co.

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

SEAMSTRESS wanted; answer as soon as possible. Mrs. J. H. Hendrick, Boulevard.

TO LET—2 houses (10 rooms each). Electric lights, with all improvements in a good location. Inquire of J. S. Irving.

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

WANTED—House by May 1, improvements, rent not over \$25; 10-room house, rent not over \$17.50 by May 1; house with six rooms not over \$40; house 10 or 11 rooms, rent over \$50, from April 1; small farm within 5 miles of depot. If property owners have above communications with C. E. Pearsall & Co., agents, Westfield, N. J.

YOUNG man can secure pleasant room and board with private family. Address, P. O. box 341.

\$3000 WANTED on improved Westfield property at per cent. Best location in town. C. E. Pearsall & Co.

Half block below C. R. R. Station.

**Jacoby's**

**FRENCH RESTAURANT,**

882 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

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

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

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

**J. L. JOHNSTON,**

**Poultry, Fish & Vegetable Market**

Opposite Standard Building,

PROSPECT STREET, WESTFIELD.

Orders promptly attended to.

—The Methodist church was filled yesterday afternoon when the Rev. E. E. Davidson spoke, in a very impressive way of the danger in playing cards, attending theatres, and dancing.

The revivals, which have been of great benefit to Westfield, will come to an end on Thursday evening when services will be held at the Presbyterian church.

—At the annual meeting of Hook & Ladder Company held last evening, E. W. Chamberlin was elected foreman; James R. Patterson, first assistant; Chas. H. Denman, second assistant; Edwin Hodges, secretary, and David E. Miller, treasurer. The company nominated Thomas F. O'Neill for second assistant chief of the department, and ratified the nominations of J. Alston Dennis for chief and Matthias Miller for first assistant chief.

“Remere” cigar sold by John Potter.

BUSINESS NOTES.

“Germen” is sold by M. E. Walker, the Broad street grocer.

Condit's cigars are winners. A real good 5c smoke is the “Cremona.”

Feed your horses good material. None better sold than the feed of R. F. Hohenstein, Prospect street.

Chas. Crickenberger, the Elm street painter and decorator, is always busy. His work pleases his customers.

Two Bating Stories.

At Summerside we used constantly to meet Tom Price, a great friend of the Harrington family, a fine rider and very greedy. One day, eating a good dinner, he said, “This is my idea of heaven.”

“Yes,” said a neighbor, “such a dinner as this without money and without price.”

He always reminded me of the greedy man who, coming down stairs in the morning before breakfast, said, “Food has not passed my lips since last night, and tomorrow will be the third day.”—Sir Armorel West's recollections.

“HYDRO-LITHIA”

CURES ALL HEADACHES

TRIAL SIZE, 10 CTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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



## THE STORY TELLER

—Charles Kimball and Samuel Vought spent Sunday with Bayonne friends.

—The annual election of officers of the Westfield club will be held on April 10.

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

—L. W. Davenport, of Bayonne, spent Sunday with relatives and friends in town.

—M. J. Gildersleeve left Monday on a business trip through the New England States.

—Mrs. J. J. Willis will go to her farm in Westchester County, N. Y., about April 1.

—Mrs. C. E. Thorne has returned from a few days' visit with friends in Philadelphia.

—The regular monthly business meeting of the Social club will be held this evening at 8 o'clock.

—Mrs. Kitty Terry, of Netherwood, was visiting her many friends on North avenue on Saturday.

—Bowling in the head pin bowling tournament at the Westfield club will be continued this evening.

—The annual reception of the I. O. S. will take place at the Westfield Club hall on the evening of April 20.

—The Westfield club team stands second in the Press Bowling League, having won eight games and lost four.

—Felix Bridger, the new Central avenue florist, has just added a telephone to his already metropolitan establishment.

—Architect Leicht has plans out for several houses on the South side, to be built and ready for occupancy by May 1.

—W. N. Sparkman, is about to commence a new double house on South avenue, next to the residence of John D. Gluck.

—The Social Club will roll a match game with the West Side Republican club next week. The night will be announced later.

—To-morrow evening the Republicans of the county will hold a “smoker” at the Casino, Plainfield. Many Westfielders will attend.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Luckey, of Plainfield, came here Sunday to attend the M. E. church and visit a number of their friends.

—The annual election of the Westfield Fire Department will be held this evening when a chief and two assistant chiefs will be named.

—J. K. P. Dunham and wife, of South avenue, contemplate going to the West, as far as Illinois, for a stay of about one year.

—Charles Foley, who for several years was employed in P. Traynor's grocery store, but who is now in New York City, was a visitor here on Sunday.

—E. J. Whitehead and party arrived in Jacksonville, Fla., this morning and will start immediately for Melrose, where Mr. Whitehead has an orange grove.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred. Brush and family, formerly of this town, now of Bayonne, spent yesterday with Mr. and Mrs. George N. Williams at their home on First street.

—Mass meeting of the citizens for the purpose of considering the formation of a consumer's water and light plant for the town will be held at the township rooms Friday evening.

—It might help you to get help, should you need a kitchen girl, a gardener, or it might help you to dispose of or exchange property of any kind, to use the want and offer advertising space of the Standard at 1c a word.

—An electric light wire became crossed with one of the fire alarm wires at 4 o'clock this morning and as a result the fire bell rang for about five minutes, getting a good many of the firemen out of bed and over to the fire house.

—The progressive head-pin tournament at the Westfield club will close February 27th. The tournament is proving very profitable to the club, over one hundred and twenty-five sets of tickets having already been sold.

—At the annual school meeting to be held in the Westfield Club hall on Tuesday evening, March 20, two trustees will be elected for three years and one for one year. The trustees who go out of office are Messrs. John B. Green, James O. Clark and John J. Coger.

—The scrub team of the Social Club has issued a challenge to the first team to roll a series of three match games. It is safe to say that the first team will be hard pushed for the scrubs have gotten together an aggregation of good bowlers.

—The remaining legal holidays of this year are as follows: Washington's Birthday, February 22; Decoration Day, Wednesday, May 30; Independence Day, Wednesday, July 4; Labor Day, September 8; Fall Election, Tuesday, November 20; Thanksgiving Day, November 29; Christmas, Tuesday, December 25. Other days of note are: St. Patrick's Day, Saturday, March 17; Good Friday, April 13; Easter Sunday, April 16.

WESTFIELD SOCIETY  
IN FANCY COSTUMES.

SOCIAL CLUB'S FIFTH ANNUAL MASQUERADE A BIG SUCCESS.

Over Two Hundred Guests Enjoyed the Unique Entertainment Which Has Become One of the Social Events of the Town.

Memories of assemblies, euehres, receptions and other pleasant features of the present social season in Westfield, may fade away, but not so the recollections of the Social Club's fifth annual masquerade, which, Friday evening, drew over two hundred of the members and their friends to the club rooms, where the prediction of the entertainment committee, that the affair would be the most successful of the kind ever held in Westfield, was fully verified.

All-day the weather had been threatening but late in the afternoon it cleared and in the evening the stars shone brightly, in fact it was an ideal evening for the entertainment. Messrs. W. E. Tuttle, J. H. Pencheon and DeWitt Peek, the members of the entertainment committee, which had the arrangements of the masquerade in charge, had done their work well and everything was in readiness for the reception of the guests who began to arrive in coaches and on foot by 9 o'clock.

By 11 o'clock the floor of the club hall was crowded with those in mask, while the chairs around the circle were filled by the guests not in mask, who had come to see the fun. For an hour it was a veritable fairy scene with the many characters, representative of far off climes and of bygone days. Then there were the costumes in which grotesqueness was the predominant feature, and visions of loveliness in pink and white and fluffiness.

The costumed couples danced and promenaded about the room until midnight when they unmasked and the judges, Messrs. W. H. Gomes, C. D. Orth, J. O. Taylor and H. O. Hukining, named the prize winners. H. R. Foster wore the handsomest gentleman's costume and was therefore given a silver trimmed razor strap. He represented a Mexican in all his velvet and bangles. H. C. Piker received a handsome pair of military hair brushes, his being the most grotesque of the gentlemen's costumes. Mr. Piker was dressed in a style dear to the “sporty colored gentleman.”

The first lady's prize was won by Mrs. H. H. Brown, as her costume, representing a Colonial Dame, was the daintiest of the many displayed. The prize was a pretty lace fan. For grotesqueness the costume of Mrs. J. W. Winant took the eye of the judges and she was awarded the second lady's prize, a handsome, hand-painted fan.

In the grand march, which preceded the unmasking, the following ladies and gentlemen took part. Although the list may not be complete there are few not mentioned and those few it was impossible to get:

Mrs. H. H. Brown, Colonial Dame; Mrs. J. W. Winant, Mother Goose; H. C. Piker, colored gentleman; H. R. Foster, Mexican; J. D. Ritchie, and J. W. Winant, Dutchmen; Mrs. J. D. Ritchie, Queen of Cards; N. B. Arnold and J. B. Wilson, policemen; J. H. Hendricks, Panchenko; Mrs. W. H. Donnell, Moru; Mrs. J. H. Hendricks, Folly; Mrs. N. B. Arnold, Music; H. H. Downes, colored parson; Mrs. Downes, Domino; Miss Donnell, nun; Miss Schofield, Japanese lady; DeWitt Peek, colored gentleman; H. W. Kent, colored lady; Mrs. H. C. Piker, apple woman; H. H. Brown, Spanish cavalier; G. B. Dickerson, colonial gentleman; Harry Hale, clown; Robert Harden, Jack; Miss Alice Moore, Jill; Miss Brainerd, yacht girl; C. E. Thorne, Turk; Miss Osborne, Spanish lady; R. O. Pierson, German; Miss Holcomb, Grecian lady; L. E. Cadwell, Jew; Mrs. Cadwell, Vanity Fair; William Doying, Indian; Mrs. Doying, Spanish lady; Charles Kimball, Sambo; Mr. and Mrs. Irwin, gypsies; Miss Russ, Night; A. H. Clark, minister; Miss Bartine, colonial lady; Miss Peek, Japanese lady; W. J. Bogert, Jr., Farmer Bill; Miss Hazel Wallace, maid; R. M. Stickle, colored lady; F. Warnock, Dutch peasant; Mrs. W. H. Brainerd, old lady; James Patterson, Venus; Mrs. J. A. Taylor, Night; Mrs. J. B. Wilson, Spanish lady; Wallace Doying, Prince; Miss Lou Bennett, Antique; Mrs. W. Miller, Music.

Many of these costumes were very handsome but, probably, the most beautiful was that of Mrs. N. B. Arnold, who wore a handsome gown of red satin on which musical characters were embroidered in different colors.

One of the features of the evening was the dancing of Mrs. Doying and her young son, Wallace, who “tripped the light fantastic toe” in a way much admired by those present.

Just before the unmasking a entertainment took place in which DeWitt Peek and H. W. Kent did some very fancy steps.

The affair certainly eclipsed any former event given under the auspices of the Social Club and abounded in brilliant features. Prof. Westervelt, of Newark, furnished music and it was well along in the early morning hours when the last of the guests departed for their homes, well satisfied that they had attended one of the most notable and successful events of the social season of Westfield.

## GILDERSLEEVE'S.

We are about ready to commence listing our stock for our annual inventory but there are still several small lots of goods we must close out before we enter the stock on our new books.

A few Suits and Separate Skirts on which we make ridiculously low prices.

Broken lots of Children's Heavy Ribbed Underwear, a few Fascinators, Knit Shawls, Leggings, etc., which must go to make room for Spring goods.

Have you seen our bargains!

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

## BRING IN YOUR BALLOTS NOW.

Only Two Weeks More in Which to Vote for a Name for the New Primary School.

Only two weeks more before the voting contest for a name for the new primary school building will close and those who have not voted are requested to send in their ballots at once and not wait until the last day. The name “Sinclair” still leads while that of “Hobart” has stood still during the past week.

Sinclair	211
Hobart	60
Stitt	52
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.

Napoleon on Drunkenness.

Napoleon Bonaparte will appear in the March Century in a new role—that of a temperance advocate. In the second installment Dr. O'Meara's hitherto unpublished “Talks with Napoleon” at St. Helena, it is recorded that, having a pain in his side, the ex-Emperor asked his physician to show him where his liver was situated; and the latter, in some remarks on the causes of inflammation of that organ, mentioned intoxication as one of them. Thereupon Napoleon remarked:

“Then I ought not to have it, as I was never drunk but once in my life; and that was twenty-four years ago, at Nice. I drank three bottles of Burgundy, and was completely drunk. O, how sick I was the next day! I wonder how a man who once gets drunk can think of ever doing it again. Such headache, vomiting and general sickness. I was nearly dead for two days.”

A Fine Breakfast Food.

R. C. Sneden, representing J. T. Cutting & Co., proprietor of Gorman, the Ideal Breakfast Food, is in town calling on the grocers. His firm is giving away useful books for the fronts of Gorman packages. The firm is up to date and has contracted for a year's advertising in the Standard. Gorman is California white wheat, the best wheat in the world, and has no sticky taste.

“Remere” cigar sold by C. F. W. Wittke.

A woman's logic comes out even in her sharpening a pencil. She makes her point in such queer ways.—Philadelphia Times.

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**  
**SOLD**  
Grand and Upright. Exquisitely designed and cased in rare and choice woods. Sold at moderate prices. Cash or easy payments.

**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 Special Sale of Meats.

Pork Chops	11c lb
Pork Roast	10c lb
Pork Loin	10c lb
A nice Leg Lamb	13c lb
Spring Chicken	15c lb
Nice little Hams	9c lb

## In Our Grocery Department:

Tomatoes, solid packed, 7c can	80c doz
3 jars assorted Jams in glass	35c
A nice sack Flour for	30c
3 lbs. Pure Leaf Lard	25c
3 cans Lima Beans	25c
Pure Black Pepper, the best, 15c lb., 2 lbs. for	25c

All goods are of the best quality.

**A. & H. DEPARTMENT STORE, F. B. TURRILL, Manager,**  
BROAD STREET, WESTFIELD.

## UNLOADING!

We are unloading the balance of our Winter stock of

## CLOTHING AND OVERCOATS...

We are showing a large line of Men's Suits at \$5.00.

They are all higher grade suits reduced.

## SCHEPFLIN &amp; SCHULTZ,

MANUFACTURING CLOTHIERS,

M. J. CASHIN, MANAGER, RETAIL STORE.

322 WEST FRONT STREET, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

## GRAND CONCERT

—of—

Chamber Music

at the

Congregational Church,

Tuesday Evening, Feb. 27,

At 8.15.

ARTISTS:

Miss Caroline Harding Beebe,

...Pianiste, and the

Kaltenborn String Quartette,

...of New York City.

Franz Kaltenborn, 1st Violin;

Karl Hugo Engel, 2nd Violin;

Erwin Haack, Viola;

Bernard Hoyt-Hane, Cello;

Assisted by

Miss Mary H. Mansfield, Soprano;

Mr. Louis R. Dressler, Accompanist.

Seasonable at Condit's and Trenchard's drug stores.

PRICE, \$1.00.

FISCHER CONCERT GRAND USED.

**M. E. STEPHENSON,**

...CATERER...

146 North Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

TELEPHONE 221.

**W. S. JIMERSON,**

**MASON & BUILDER,**

53 First St., Westfield, N. J.

Estimates furnished. Jobbing promptly attended to.

Jell-O, The New Dessert

pleases all the family. Four flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocer's. 10 cts. Try it today.

Honors Easy.

“The audience was a little severe in its comments on the essay your friend.”

“Yes,” answered Mr. Meleton, “but the audience hasn't any the best of it. It had felt pretty small and discouraged if it only knew what Henrietta says about the people who criticised her.”—Washington Star.

## Felix Bridger,

NEW YORK FLORIST.

Weddings, Balls and Funeral

work a specialty.

All orders promptly attended to.

Central Avenue Greenhouses.

Westfield, N. J. Tel. 21-A.

Upholstering...

CARPETS made,

laid and cleaned.

FURNITURE repaired and polished.

MATTRESSES made over.

New Window Shades furnished

or your old ones repaired.

Work done at your residence if preferred.

**Charles Sheldon,**

63 ELMER ST.

School Supplies.

Handkerchiefs, - - - 30

Lunch Boxes, - - - 15c, 25c



## DECIDED A CENTURY AGO.

The Century Question Discussed by Timothy Dwight, First President of Yale.

As will probably be the case a century from now, there were men 100 years back who could not agree as to when the new century began. In 1799 two men in New York disagreed regarding the matter, finally betting a pipe of wine, and agreeing to abide by the decision of Dr. Timothy Dwight, first president of Yale college, and Prof. Meigs, of the chair of mathematics in the University of Georgia, afterward president of that institution. Both these scholars, of course, decided that 1800 and not 1799 was the last year of the eighteenth century. Dr. Dwight's letter to one of the disputants was as follows:

New York, Jan. 23, 1799—Sir: In answer to the question which you proposed to me for decision I observe:

"1. That in reckoning centuries, we adopt a different phraseology from that which is used in all other accounts of time. In speaking of a man's age, we say: This is the thirty-first or thirty-second year of his age, or he is in his thirty-first year, etc.

"In speaking of the century year, or year of the Christian era, we say one thousand seven hundred and one, two, ninety-eight, nine, etc. Thus, we say A. D. one thousand seven hundred and one, two, ninety-eight, year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine, and at times also in the one thousand seven hundred and ninety-ninth year of the Christian era—exactly equivalent.

"2. The Christian era began with the nativity of Christ.

"3. The phrases—the first year and the year one—are, I apprehend, exactly equivalent. Of course one thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine and the one thousand seven hundred and ninety-ninth year, when applied to the present century year, are exactly equivalent.

"4. If these observations are true the present year will not complete the eighteenth century.

"5. In writing the date of the year we simply use the arithmetical figures, leaving the words in the year of our Lord to be understood, except in solemn and dignified transactions. No letter, day book or ledger, probably, ever contained these words, but all are dated merely with the arithmetical figures. From this elliptical manner of writing dates our phraseology, I presume, originated. From writing customarily, 1700, 501, 602, it became the most natural language to say one thousand, seven hundred, five hundred and one, etc.

"6. As we have continually occasion to mark the day and month in our dates, as well as the year, we are necessitated to note the year from its commencement. Thus there is the same necessity to note the year, on 1st, 2d, 3d, etc., day of January, as in any preceding month, for instance, on the 31st day of December. Thus we write:

Day. Month. Year.  
10th. January. 1799.  
"I. E.: The tenth day of the month of January in the year one thousand, seven and ninety-nine. Thus proclamations are written: 'Given under my hand on the tenth day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand, seven hundred and ninety-nine'—plainly equivalent to the one thousand, seven hundred and ninety-ninth year of the Christian era.

"7. In this manner those must have dated who wrote in the first year of the Christian era, if we suppose them to have dated at all. Otherwise they must have written and said: 'January the 10th in the year cipher, or nought—January 10, 0. I presume this will not be supposed. Suppose, the following divisions; thus marked:

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9  
1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

to express the ten first years of the Christian era. Which mode of reckoning these divisions would be the mode naturally adopted by the common sense of mankind? I think it will be admitted that the lower series of figures must have been thus adopted and that the upper series could not have easily entered into any mind.

"There is not any series which begins with a cipher, unless where mere indices are intended.

"8. Blair's chronology is a complete exhibition of the mode of reckoning which I suppose to have been adopted from the beginning. Both the centuries before and the centuries after Christ are reckoned by his tables from one to fifty and from fifty to one hundred, inclusive. I am, sir, yours, etc.,

"TIMOTHY DWIGHT."  
—Chicago Chronicle.

All kinds of hair.  
Ida—Do you remember that girl who went to see a gypsy and asked what kind of hair her future husband would have?

May—Yes.  
"And the gypsy said she was almost baffled; that the cards indicated he would have hair of every shade imaginable?"  
"Yes."

"Well, the fortune came true. She has just married a dealer in wigs."—Chicago Evening News.

Women on Street Cars.  
In Chill women are employed everywhere as train conductors. There was no much dishonesty among the motormen who were formerly employed that the train proprietors filled their places with women, who have been found in every way satisfactory. They wear a neat uniform, work well together, and even run a small newspaper among themselves.—Chicago Chronicle.

Too Much Genius.  
The wonderful genius of some men prevents them from earning a living.—Chicago Daily News.

## POPE PLAYED PASSATELLA.

Then He Understood Why Romans Became Murderous Over the Game.

Italians in Rome have a delightful little game, which is called the "Passatella." It is played mostly nowadays in low drink shops, and, as it leads frequently to murder, the police are anxious to stop it.

Round a table some men are smoking. At the head sits a man with a flask of wine and a glass before him. He is the president of the party. All the company, including the president, have paid for that flask of wine, but not one of them can drink a drop of it unless the president gives permission. He, however, may drink as often as he likes. When he passes the glass to another that other may drink until the president cries "Stop!" and the glass is passed on to the next. Sometimes the "Stop!" comes before a single drop is drunk. This is the fun for the others who are allowed to drink.

A good-natured president rarely repeats this joke, but it sometimes happens that he has a grudge against one of the men, and then the unfortunate victim sits the whole evening, smoking and frowning, while he sees all the others drink but himself. This is making an "Olmo" of him! And woe to a president who would make an "Olmo" of the same man twice, for he would soon have a knife run across his throat. It is the frequency of such a tragic end that causes the police to try to prevent the game when possible. Recently a man was killed by an infuriated "Olmo."

One of the popes, hearing of the murders committed at this game, wanted to know what this Passatella was like, and asked his cardinals to play it with him. They did so. The president and vice president were cardinals and the pope was made the "Olmo." When the game was over the pope struck his fist on the table, saying: "Per Dio! I know now why they kill each other at this game!" He never played it again.

The Passatella is essentially a Roman game, and is unknown to other parts of Italy. Like all other popular Roman customs, the Passatella is of pagan origin. It is a remnant of a custom observed in the banquets of ancient Rome when a "rex vini" was elected to direct the number of times and quantity each guest was to drink.—N. Y. Sun.

## AN IMPRESSIVE FUNERAL.

Burial of the Victims of the Maine Explosion in the National Cemetery.

On one of the short days of the old year, the last sad rites over the men who met death in Havana harbor by the explosion of the Maine were performed in the Arlington National cemetery. This celebrated soldiers' burial-ground occupies an extensive and elevated tract on the Virginia side of the Potomac river, directly across from the national capital.

The scene at the burial of the Maine victims was a notable one. There were present the president and his cabinet, Gen. Miles and his staff, Admiral Dewey, Capt. Sigsbee, who commanded the Maine at the time of the explosion, and several troops of cavalry, besides hundreds of spectators. The ground had a light covering of snow, and the day was chilly and dark.

The Marine band played a dirge, after which Chaplain Clark, of the Naval academy, read the burial service of the Episcopal church. He was followed by Father Chidwick, the chaplain of the Maine, who read the services of the Roman Catholic church, blessed the ground, and prayed for the repose of the souls of the departed. A detachment of marines then fired three volleys over the dead, and a bugle sounded the soldiers' and sailors' last good night.

While this ends, in one sense, the story of the Maine disaster, in another sense that book is still open. Why blew up the Maine? is a question that has never been authoritatively answered. It remains one of the mysteries of history. Perhaps those who now sleep on the Arlington hillside may understand it all, but their associates who survived the shock have never fathomed it.—Youth's Companion.

## How to Cook Turnips.

In this case it is "first catch your turnip;" that is, find that sweet, little white turnip which is flat, with purple top (not big, round, with blue or pink top), fine of flavor raw, and delicious when cooked. Peel, quarter and boil in salted water to which a little sugar has been added. Boiled quickly they are much better than when boiled slowly, so hasten the process, being sure to cook long enough to be thoroughly done. Drain when done, and slice, returning to the stove to dry off extra moisture. Dress with butter, pepper and salt only; serve in a hot, covered dish. It is quite as well to cut the quartered turnips into slices before cooking. They must never be mashed in any case, mashing develops a bitterness in turnips.—Ella Morris Kretschmar, in Woman's Home Companion.

## Sweet Potato Pone.

Take a quart of grated potato, three quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, half a pint of milk, two tablespoonsful of ginger, and the grated peel of a lemon. Stir all the ingredients thoroughly together and bake in a shallow pudding dish in a slow oven. If you wish it to be crusty, spread a little molasses over the top. This is a typical southern dessert, rich and delicious.—Ladies' World.

## Economic Peace of Mind.

Dabney—I'm taking life easier now; my debts are less troublesome.  
Courtney—Have you at last learned not to incur bills?  
"No, I've learned not to worry about them."—Indianapolis Journal.

## \$13 SHORT \$14 DELIGHTFUL TRIPS

of two to five days' duration, are offered by the

## OLD DOMINION LINE

to such well known historic points as

Norfolk,  
Old Point Comfort,  
Richmond,  
Washington,

At the above prices.

Favorite Route from the North and East to the Winter Resorts of Virginia and North Carolina.

For full information apply to  
Old Dominion S. S. Company,  
Pier 26, North River, New York.

H. B. WALKER, Traffic Manager.  
J. J. BROWN, Gen'l. Pass'r. Agent

## A FREE PATTERN

For own selection to every subscriber. Beautiful color lithographed plates and illustrations. Original, latest, artistic, and strictly up-to-date designs.

## McCALL'S 50th YEAR MAGAZINE

Dreaming economies, fancy work, household hints, short stories, current topics, etc. Subscribers for only \$2.00 yearly. Lady agents wanted. Send for terms.



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## ELECTRICITY ON SHIPS.

Modern Scientists Have Made Remarkable Use of the Power as an Aid in Naval Warfare.

The remarkable achievements of electricity on the recently completed battleships Kearsarge and Kentucky mark the highest level of electrical engineering in the world.

For years there has been a battle between mechanical engineers and electrical engineers as to the proper use and functions of electricity on shipboard. The subject has been fought up and down the engineering societies, and in the magazines, discussion has followed discussion, argument has been heaped upon argument, but no definite results were achieved until the actual electrical equipment was placed in these great battleships.

European as well as American engineers, have watched the contest with the deepest interest. If the views of the electricians are correct, electricity will very largely transform naval warfare and the management of warships. It is a fight between steam and electricity, and electricity now has the change of winning out.

The following are some of the things that electricity can do:

For instance, in the time of battle these ships can be brilliantly lighted. They operate four powerful searchlights. It would be impossible to describe to a non-expert all the appliances and interior appliances upon these vessels for use of electricity and the doing of work in the communication of orders.

The apparatus for night signaling is complete. There are battle and range order indicators. There are electric propelling and steering engine telegraphs. There are revolution and helm angle indicators, the appointment of which is better understood by naval officers. There are portable diving lanterns.

The two immense turrets, which hold 6-inch and 13-inch guns, are supplied with ammunition hoisted by electrical hoists. The rammers of these guns are operated by electricity. Special ventilation is provided to blow out gases from the bore of these guns.

Further than all this, these vessels are provided with ten endless chain ammunition hoists operated by electricity—eight of them supplying the 5-inch broad shell guns and two supplying the 6-pounder and 1-pounder guns on the upper deck.

The 6-pounder guns in the after cabin are supplied by two-winch type of hoist, electrically operated. There are also six deck winches so operated, and there are four boat cranes worked by electricity—the boats being hoisted and lowered and the cranes rotated by that power.

The ship is ventilated throughout by electricity (including the engine rooms, but excluding the fire rooms) by thirteen ventilating fans of which ten supply and three exhaust air for the various water-tank compartments. The Edison three-wire system is used.

There are two 50-horse power electric motors located below the floor of the 13-inch turrets. Each turret has one independent generator for the supply of turning the motors. The various powerful winches will lift over 2,200 pounds at a speed of 300 feet per minute.

Every part of this powerful but extremely delicate machinery is most efficient in all the experiments made with it, and shows that it can be relied on both in peace and in battle.

This is a great victory for the electrician, and it points to the wider use of electrical appliances on board of ship.—Philadelphia Press.

## MINERS AND MORPHINE.

A Necessary Custom Which Is Not Pleasant for Tenderfoot to Contemplate.

"When I was in the northwest during last October," 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 disable 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 simply carried 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 unwholesome, 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.

## Wonders and Wonders.

Nature works wonders, and the enterprising circus-museum managers gather them in and works the public at ten cents per head.—Chicago Daily News.

## MULLINS &amp; SONS. FURNITURE ON CREDIT AT CASH PRICES.



Couch, upholstered in Velvet, good strong springs.

\$3.75.



Tufted Couch, upholstered in velvet, good strong springs.

\$8.50

Ingrain, per yd., .25  
Linoleum, " .35  
Oil Cloth, " .15  
Matting, " .08

Large Comfortable Cane Seat Rocker, the kind which would sell at \$2. Special, \$1.25.

Roll Top Desk, Double Extension Slide, 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, Mahoganyized Frame, 5 restful pieces, upholstered in brocade, artistic designs, and is worth \$40.00. Special, \$19.50.

OUR CREDIT PLAN MAKES IT EASY TO SECURE A HOME.

SQUARE PARLOR HEATER, attractive in appearance, with nickel trimmings. 5.98	CYLINDER STOVE. Made from heavy sheet iron; just what is needed for a small room. 1.98
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Don't Waste Money  
by having cheap plumbing put in to your home. It isn't there long before something is either bursting or leaking, and the money consumed in a little soon amounts to the same as the original of first class work.

**M. H. FERRIS,**  
Sanitary Plumber  
WESTFIELD, N. J.



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Can be had from the

**Schmitt Bakery,**  
J. J. Schmitt, Manager,

BROAD STREET, WESTFIELD.  
Wagon Deliveries.

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Incorporated 1872.

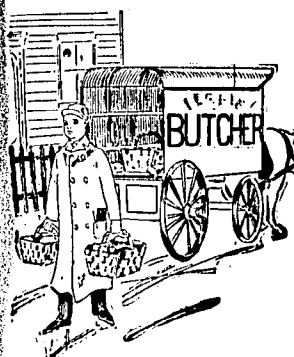
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50 PER ROLL

AND UPWARDS.

**Welch Bros.**

**Painters and Decorators,**  
Broad Street, near Elm,  
WESTFIELD.

**HOSE Fancy Cakes for**  
the children—have you  
forgotten them? Just take a  
few home, sample them your-  
self, and you will thank us for  
reminding you.

**WESTFIELD BAKERY,**

**Bihmann & Koenig,**

PROPS.

Broad Street, Westfield.

**Location of Fire Alarm Boxes  
IN WESTFIELD.**

207—Summit avenue and Park street.  
409—Elm street and Kimball avenue.  
670—Broad and Middlesex streets.  
630—Cumberland street and South  
avenue.  
603—Fire Department house.

After sending in an alarm stand near  
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  
is a word.

## UNION WATER COMPANY

Incorporated 1890. Organized 1891.

The Union Water Company supplies  
the inhabitants of the villages of Far  
wood, 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 Com-  
pany was analyzed by Allen Hazen, Esq., a  
leading hydraulic expert of Boston, and pro-  
nounced by him to be "water of great organic  
purity," and in a letter to one of the Company's  
patrons he said: "You are to be congratulated  
upon having so good a supply, and you need  
have no anxiety whatever as to its wholesomeness."  
The interest of the Company is identified  
with the villages in which its plant is located,  
and it is the policy of the management to do  
its full share to promote their growth and  
prosperity.

The Company refers to all its Patrons.

A representative of the Company will be  
pleased to call on parties who do not at present  
use water from its mains, and explain rates,  
terms, method of service, 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 per-  
formed by the kidneys in filtering the blood. As  
the blood in its circulation through the body  
carries 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,  
thereby, the result is one or all of the follow-  
ing: Stiffness, Nervous Prostration, Weak  
Back, Pains in the Back and Loins, Scalding,  
Dark and Cloudy Urine, Dizziness, Rheumatism,  
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 Pharm-  
acy.

**Naylor's  
LICORICE TABLETS**

made with pure SPANISH LICORICE—  
Unsurpassed for cure of CROUPS—CROUPS  
5 and 10¢ PACKAGES

**GLYCERINE TABLETS**  
per throat affections—Dysphagia of Mouth

Highly recommended by Medical Profession  
in decorated Tin Boxes—Pocket size.

25¢ per BOX  
Sold by Druggists everywhere or direct from  
Naylor's, 663 Broadway, New York.



Peter Cooper Met the Spirits.  
During Peter Cooper's lifetime, he  
was a frequent visitor at the home of  
S. J. Pardessus, on Pacific street,  
Brooklyn.

At one time Mr. Cooper became greatly  
interested in the spirit manifestations  
of the Fox sisters and was anxious  
to investigate their rappings per-  
sonally, but he did not like to attend  
one of their public seances, for he feared  
recognition and consequently a  
great deal of talk. Finally it was ar-  
ranged that one of the sisters should  
spend a night at Mr. Pardessus' house  
and the doughty Peter be invited to  
meet her.

A few Fox came, and the spirits came  
too. The family retired early, Mr.  
Cooper occupying a bedroom on the op-  
posite side of the hall from that of the  
fair ally of the supernatural. He was  
just settling himself comfortably for  
a long winter's nap when a rapping  
began on the headboard of his bed  
which sent shivers to his very marrow.  
It was only the beginning of a "rat,  
tat, tat," that kept up at intervals dur-  
ing the night in all parts of the room,  
and before daylight came Mr. Cooper  
had listened to enough spirits to last  
him a lifetime. He never said much  
about the experience, but he never  
asked to have it repeated.—New York  
Mail and Express.

Don't Give Up the Ship.  
Somewhat more than 50 years ago it  
happened to me to meet at the house  
of a mutual friend a daughter of the  
late Major Benjamin Russell, for many  
years editor of the Boston Centinel.  
She was a bright, interesting woman  
and a brilliant raconteur, and she told  
me a number of anecdotes of her father,  
who was a strongly individualized  
and notable character for a good many  
years. Among them were the follow-  
ing:

The battle between the Chesapeake  
and the Shannon took place just off the  
Massachusetts coast, and a sailor in  
some way got ashore and hurried to  
Boston with the news. It was in the  
night, and he went straight to The Cen-  
tinel office, where he found Major Rus-  
sell, to whom he told the story, includ-  
ing the death of Lawrence.

"What were his last words?" said the  
major.

"Don't know," said the man.

"Didn't he say, 'Don't give up the  
ship'?"

"Don't know," said the man.

"Oh, he did!" said the major. "I'll  
make him say it." And he did—no  
much for history.—Hartford Courant.

## FOR FARMERS' WIVES.

Club Established for Their Comfort  
by Kansas Women.

Fitted Up as an Experiment by the  
Business Men of Burlington, It  
Has Come to Be a Pop-  
ular Resort.

Compassionate sympathy for others  
is at the bottom of a new woman's in-  
novation out west. The wives and  
daughters of business men in several  
Kansas towns have inaugurated a  
movement that has endeared them to  
the wives and daughters of the farm-  
ers. In a dozen or more of the county  
seat towns of the state "rest rooms,"  
or clubs, have been provided for the  
accommodation of the women who  
spend one day each week in town  
shopping. Burlington, in southeast-  
ern Kansas, was the first town to in-  
augurate this popular resort. The  
Lady Somerset club is known far and  
wide and during its existence for the  
past six months Burlington merchants  
have extended their trade over into  
the territory which heretofore patron-  
ized other towns. The merchants of  
Burlington fitted up the Lady Somer-  
set club as an experiment. They  
joined in appropriating a sufficient  
sum to keep the club running and by  
arrangement the wives and daughters  
of the Burlington merchants take  
turns in looking after the comfort and  
pleasure of country women.

The popularity of this resort may be  
attested by a visit to the room any  
day, but especially on Saturday, the  
market day. As one enters the broad  
doorway the word "Welcome," in club  
colors, white and yellow, suspended  
from the ceiling at the farther end of  
the room, greets the eye and gives an  
assurance of its sincerity. A highly-  
polished stove with a bright coal fire  
makes comfortable this homelike  
place. A large center table with its  
pretty cover, embroidered in white  
and yellow, the handiwork of a mem-  
ber is covered with books, magazines,  
papers and fashion plates.

The women of the Burlington club  
do not forget the children from the  
farms, and so have provided picture  
books for their amusement. Several  
easy and restful rocking chairs are  
grouped about the room.

A couch and a prettily draped dress-  
ing case ornament the room. Pictures  
are here and there. A set of shelves  
fills up another corner and shows a  
variety of homemade articles. Some-  
one has constructed a most wonder-  
ful screen which divides the room.  
This screen is covered with the in-  
evitable white and yellow and behind  
its confines callers are invited to pen-  
etrate. If there is an article wanted in  
this much-appreciated corner it has  
not entered the heads of the women  
of Burlington. A lavatory with big  
pitchers of cool, clean water and plen-  
ty of clean towels, wash cloths, soaps  
and combs galore are here, ready for  
use. Here the farmer's wife can dis-  
pose of the dust gathered on the high-  
way, arrange her disheveled tresses  
and emerge a "new woman," ready for  
business.

In addition there are neatly cur-  
tained windows, and small tables  
placed conveniently near the work  
baskets containing needles, buttons,  
thread, scissors, thimbles and all  
things necessary for repairs. Pretty  
homemade rugs give an air of com-  
fort and slumber robes for the couch  
testify to the thoughtfulness of the  
women of Burlington. Nothing is  
lacking to add to the comfort and  
pleasure of the visiting women from  
the farms, for as each one leaves the  
"rest room" she is served with a glass  
of refreshing ice water, contributed  
by the friendly merchant next door.—  
Chicago Chronicle.

### TRIAL BY FARCE.

The Methods Employed in the Drey-  
fus Case Find a Parallel in "Al-  
lice in Wonderland."

There is a delicious bit of court non-  
sense in "Alice in Wonderland," that  
bears a striking similarity to the se-  
rious but almost as peculiar trial of  
Dreyfus. A recent writer has made the  
clever parallel:

"There's more evidence to come yet,  
please your majesty," said the White  
Rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry.  
"This paper has just been picked up."

"What is it?" said the queen.

"I haven't opened it yet," said the  
White Rabbit, "but it seems to be a  
letter written by the prisoner to—  
to somebody."

"Who is it directed to?" said one of  
the jurymen.

"It isn't directed at all," said the  
White Rabbit. "In fact, there's nothing  
written on the outside." He un-  
folded the paper as he spoke, and ad-  
ded: "It isn't a letter, after all; it's a  
set of verses."

"Are they in the prisoner's hand-  
writing?" asked another of the jury-  
men.

"No, they're not," said the White Rab-  
bit, "and that's the queerest thing  
about it."

"(The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody  
else's hand," said the king.

"(The jury all brightened up again.)

"Please, your majesty," said the  
lunatic, "I didn't write it, and they can't  
prove I did; there's no name signed at  
the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the king,  
"that only makes the matter worse.  
You must have meant some mischief, or  
else you'd have signed your name like  
an honest man."

"Let the jury consider their verdict,"  
the king said, for about the twentieth  
time that day.

"No, no," said the queen, "sentence  
first—verdict afterward."—Clarendon  
Inquirer.

## FRENCH BLOOD IN AFRICA.

Why Galle Names Are Found Among  
the Buris of the  
Transvaal.

We are accustomed to look upon the  
Boers as being entirely of Dutch ex-  
traction, but, in reality, there is a  
leaven of French blood among them,  
and, indeed, there are French names  
among them still, such as Joubert, De  
Villiers, Duplessis, Dutoit, Roux and  
many others. Probably there are few  
Africans without a mixture of  
French blood in their veins. How did  
this French blood mix with that of  
Holland? Through a colony of French  
Huguenots who settled in South Afri-  
ca long ago. The actual colonization  
of South Africa did not begin until  
1652, when a small colony settled on  
Table bay and at Cape Town. This  
colony was founded by an officer of  
the Dutch East India company.

The population of the young colony  
increased but slowly, and was prob-  
ably not more than 400 in 1685, the year  
in which Louis XIV. issued a decree re-  
voking the edict of Nantes, under which  
the Huguenots had enjoyed freedom  
and toleration. A cruel and vigorous  
persecution followed and many of the  
Huguenots escaped to Holland. A pro-  
posal was made to send some of these  
to South Africa, but the Dutch of the  
East India company feared it might  
be dangerous to their interests to har-  
bor a large number of French sub-  
jects in their South African colony, so  
only a select few of the Huguenots  
and such as were skilled in such  
branches of agriculture and other in-  
dustries as the Dutch settlers were  
ignorant of were sent over, in all about  
300 souls.

Before leaving Holland the heads of  
the Huguenot families were required  
to take an oath of fidelity to the Dutch  
East India company and to promise  
to conform to all regulations which  
might subsequently be made for the  
South African settlement.

These Huguenots were undoubtedly  
the best settlers the colony had re-  
ceived, and in point of numbers they  
were nearly equal to the original  
Dutch settlers. They were superior  
to the latter in industrial attainments  
and the amenities of life and soon  
made their influence felt in the colony.

The rule of the Dutch East India  
company was tyrannical and corrupt  
and the result was that difficulties  
soon rose between the governor and  
the French settlers, who on several oc-  
casions made a bold and more or less  
successful stand for their rights.  
Whenever in the subsequent history of  
the colony principles had to be as-  
serted, the descendants of the Hugue-  
nots have been well to the front. In  
the late '30s it was a man with a  
French name, Peter Retief, who  
raised his voice in protest against the  
action of the British authorities in  
connection with the emancipation of  
the South African slaves and the na-  
tive question in general. This protest  
was followed by the migration of  
about 6,000 colonists into the desert,  
and this migration led to the founding  
of the Transvaal and the Orange Free  
State.—St. Louis Republic.

### A GIRL'S REVENGE.

Her Cleverness in Getting Even with  
Some Smart Young Men in  
a Street Car.

As soon as the good-looking girl en-  
tered the car the five young men on  
the opposite seat began surveying her  
with critical eye, and she didn't yet  
made out whether the bald-headed  
man with the medical magazine was  
to be included in the lot, when the con-  
ductor came in for his fare. The girl  
opened her portmanteau and began to  
take out latchkeys, samples of ribbon  
and little memoranda in the usual way,  
and the five young men smiled, each  
after his own particular style. Bald-  
headed was out of it. The girl didn't  
see any of the smiles, but she caught  
on just the same. There was a nickel  
all ready for her fingers, but when one  
pale-faced young man added a giggle  
to his smile, the nickel was thrust aside  
for a two-dollar bill. She didn't hand  
it over to the conductor, as she fished it  
out, but, leaning forward with a win-  
ning smile on her face, she began at  
the head of the line and asked:

"Will you please be so kind as to  
change this bill for me?"

It was impossible. A young man  
with only a dime in his pocket has no  
show to bust a bill. The next one had  
a quarter, but he had to decline,  
and so it went to No. 5. His hand  
sought his pocket as his turn came,  
but it didn't bring up any change. The  
smiles had been replaced by sheepish  
looks, and they rubbed elbows and  
trod on each other's feet in trying to  
look out of the windows. There was a  
long minute of painful suspense, and  
then the good-looking girl handed the  
bill to the conductor. She hadn't a  
word to say to the five young men who  
had started out in life so gaily, but  
the old bald-headed had. When all was  
over he turned half around and growled out:

"If I were you fellows I wouldn't try  
to be so blamed smart next time!"—  
Philadelphia Press.

### Strange Systems of Flight.

In British central Africa rises colossal  
columns of the kungu fly from the  
surface of the waters of Lake Nyasa.  
The natives living along the  
shores of the lake esteem these flies  
as a great delicacy, and when these ex-  
traordinary smoke-like columns of in-  
sects rise they are beaten down and  
gathered up for food. They are then  
pounded up into cakes and made into  
a kind of bread.—N. Y. Journal.

### Knew He Was a Good Catch.

She—And now, Alfred, dear, you  
would better go and ask papa.  
He—No, darling, it isn't necessary.  
He and I fixed that all up beforehand.  
It's business before pleasure, you know.  
—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The Russian budget estimate for  
public education for 1900 is about \$24,-  
000,000.

Kentucky was the first state to give  
school suffrage to widows, granting it  
in 1838.

The Congregational churches of  
South Carolina composed of colored  
people have formed a state association.

The Methodists of Greater New York  
have decided to raise \$700,000 to clear  
the indebtedness of all the Methodist  
churches there.

German gymnasiums or grammar  
schools are about to introduce the Rus-  
sian language into their already diffi-  
cult and comprehensive curriculum.

The strength of the various sections  
of the Methodist church by recent re-  
turns shows that throughout the world  
there are 7,957 churches with 44,598 or-  
dained ministers.

The greatest concession yet made to  
women by a German university is the  
recent decision of the medical faculty  
of Heidelberg university to admit wom-  
en on equal terms with men, provided  
they have German gymnasium certifi-  
cates.

On a recent Sunday Mrs. Maud Bal-  
lington Booth preached for two and a  
half hours to the convicts of Sing Sing  
prison. More than 500 of them wear  
badges with the inscription, "Look up  
and hope," which shows that they are  
members of Mrs. Booth's league.

A magnificent gift, amounting to  
5,275,000 francs in value, has been re-  
ceived by the University of France from  
M. Raphael Bischoffshelm, a deputy  
and a member of the institute. It con-  
sists of the observatory of Nice, with 86  
acres of land, two auxiliary observa-  
tories, with their instruments, and the  
library, and, further, 2,500,000 francs in  
cash for the maintenance of the observ-  
atory.

### THEIR OWN MIXTURES.

Smokers Who Have Tobacco Com-  
pounded to Suit Their  
Tastes.

The young and inexperienced are  
ever ready to smile incredulously at  
the seasoned smoker who offers his  
tobacco pouch with the remark: "Try  
some of my own mixture." In some  
cases "my own mixture" may really  
be only the smoker's "own" in the  
sense that he has paid for a few ounces  
of it, but, in spite of the prevalence  
of copyrighted and much advertised  
special mixtures in these latter days, it  
seems, from what one of the most popu-  
lar down-town tobaccoists says, that  
the habit of buying one's own exclu-  
sive "mixture" is not so extinct as might  
be supposed.

"Here is a list of the special mixtures  
we make," said this authority, taking  
from a corner a large card. "You see,  
there are about 50 of them on this card.  
Each mixture is noted down, all the in-  
gredients and the proportions in which  
they are to be used, and over each one  
is the name of the customer who first  
ordered it. The way of it is that a  
smoker makes his experiments on dif-  
ferent combinations of tobacco until he  
hits upon something which just suits  
him. Sometimes he buys the ingredi-  
ents and mixes them himself, but peo-  
ple have so much to do nowadays that  
more often they tell us what they want,  
and we do the mixing. It takes weeks  
sometimes for a customer to get to just  
the thing he is aiming at, and, of course,  
it is all guesswork in the meantime.  
"But you might be surprised to know  
how long a man will go on using the  
same mixture once he has found what  
suits him. This first name on the list  
does not belong to the mixture we have  
been making the longest; it comes first  
because the list is alphabetically ar-  
ranged, but that recipe has been stand-  
ing here for ten years to my knowl-  
edge. It was first ordered by an Eng-  
lishman; his name still goes with it, and  
he is still using it, but scores of other  
people also use it who have never heard  
of him.

"So, you see, it is possible for a man  
to be using another man's 'particular  
mixture,' and go on using it for years,  
thinking it his own exclusive mixture  
all the time. The way some of these  
mixtures gain popularity shows that it  
isn't quite exactly true that there are  
as many different tastes as tongues, for  
sometimes what exactly suits one man  
seems exactly to suit a hundred others.  
When we find a mixture becoming  
widely popular we sometimes make it up  
in quantities, but only rarely. And  
that, I suppose, is how new 'mixtures'  
get put on the market."—N. Y. Tribune.

### Value of Small Change.

"It isn't safe to start out without a  
pocketful of pennies any more," re-  
marked a member of the house the  
other day. "Yet I can remember when  
I came down into this section of the  
country, in army blue about 35 years  
ago, a five-cent piece was very small po-  
tatoes. We were camped awhile out  
here in Virginia, and my headquarters  
were in the big plantation home. A  
son of the house and myself became  
good friends, although he was five, and  
I nearly 35. One day, in lieu of the  
candy which I had forgotten to bring  
him from the near-by town, I gave  
him a silver half-dime. I had forgot-  
ten all about the incident, when some two  
weeks later he came into my room,  
and, opening his hand, held out to me on  
his little pink palm the silver piece I  
had given him. 'Heah, Mr. Captain,  
you can have it back,' he said, plain-  
tively. 'It won't buy nuffin.'"—Wash-  
ington Star.

### Evolution.

"It is really wonderful," mused the  
deep thinker, "how a thing or an en-  
tity will have its beginning, run its  
course, and end exactly as it began.  
You follow me, I hope?"  
"I think I do," said the worldly one.  
"For instance, a man will get a jug  
and hit it up. Immediately a jug is de-  
veloped. Then he may produce a fig,  
and very likely wind up in the jug."—  
Philadelphia Press.

## CHINESE EAT CATS.

A Traveler Says the Tales We Have  
Read About the Queer Dis-  
ners Are True.

Yes, they do. A traveler who has  
just returned from China says that all  
those stories which were in the ge-  
ography, and which we seldom believe,  
are true. Chinamen, however, do not  
just pick up any old cat out of the  
street and have him stewed for din-  
ner. Oh, dear, no; it is only the wealthy  
Chinamen who can afford the luxury  
of a cat or a dog for his table. The an-  
imals which are used for food have to be  
of an especial breed. Cats of brindle or  
yellowish color are preferred to all others.  
Then they must be kept in coops  
and fed on only certain kinds of food  
before they are considered good to eat.

Now, when you consider that the  
Chinamen of the working class seldom  
have room enough in their crowded  
dwellings for themselves and their per-  
sonal belongings—that is, their wives  
and children—the matter of keeping a  
cat cooped is out of the question, to  
say nothing of the expense of getting  
the especially prepared food for its in-  
mates. The Chinaman of the working  
class counts himself especially blessed  
if he has a single little closet-like room  
for himself and family—the most am-  
bitious even never aspires to a front  
or back yard. He seldom gets paid  
over ten or 15 cents a day; so it takes  
nearly all of that to buy his own rice  
and tea, and no matter how much his  
appetite may crave cat or dog, he is  
too dainty a creature to partake of the  
animal which feeds from his neighbor's  
garbage barrel.

Now, from the point of view of the  
Chinese, a cat or dog or rat which has  
been brought up in a coop and fed on  
especially prepared food makes a much  
daintier dish than a chicken, for in-  
stance, which has been turned loose in  
the yard and allowed to indulge its ap-  
petite for bugs and worms and grass-  
hoppers. The Chinaman argues that  
the flesh of the chicken is, in reality,  
but a changed form of the food which  
nourishes it, and he can't understand  
why a person who would enjoy eating  
such a chicken would not equally re-  
lish a dish of bug and worm and grass-  
hopper salad! Now, on the other hand,  
the well-to-do Chinaman will tell you  
that he regards the cat or dog or rat  
which he eats only as a medium for  
conveying to his system the es-  
pecially prepared food which he  
places in his cat coop. If you  
ask him why he does not eat this es-  
pecially prepared food himself and  
economize on the time and labor of  
turning it into cat, he will tell you, be-  
ing a rich Chinaman, he does not have  
to consider economics, and in the end,  
perhaps, will own up to having a taste  
for a little cat flavor to his especially  
prepared food!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### AT THE CITY LIBRARY.

Preachers Have Lively Disputes and  
Read Books About Prize  
Fights.

"I tell you, sir, a man who doesn't  
believe in 'free will' is a dangerous man  
in any community!"

It was in the reference room at the  
public library, and a smooth-faced fat  
man was arguing with a smooth-shaven,  
slim and serious man. Both wore white  
ties and long black coats.

"And I must insist that 'predestina-  
tion' is as firmly taught in the New  
Testament to-day as it ever was, sir.  
You can't destroy one jot or tittle of  
Holy Writ, sir," said the thin man.



