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Deeded to the Lord.
The most remarkable deed ever drawn may be seen on the private estate of a resident of Worcester in Massachusetts. It is chiseled on a rock on what is known as Rattlesnake hill, situated near the boundary line between Worcester and Leicester.

Old Solomon Parsons, who was widely known in Worcester county as an eccentric character, and particularly as a crank on the subject of religion, paid William C. Hall \$125 for a parcel of land, and directed Hall to convey it by deed to the Almighty. In order that the greatest possible publicity might be given to his disposition of the property Parsons had the deed of transfer cut into the rock verbatim et literatim.

During his lifetime Parsons is said to have made several attempts to have the deed recorded, but the register of deeds, who was aware of his eccentricity, each time put him off with the explanation that no official record was required in the case of a transfer of real estate to the Almighty.

Parsons died intestate several years ago, and the administrator included the parcel of land on Rattlesnake hill in the inventory of the old gentleman's estate which he filed in the probate court. A wag of a lawyer raised the question of title, but the judge decided in the favor of the administrator—New York Journal.

Anecdotes of Colonel Ege.
Colonel Ege was a famous character in the early days. Although living in Douchamp county, he was often in Aitchison, followed by a pack of hounds. He was a high toned southern gentleman, with a kind heart.

One day while returning home from this city he came across a man whose wagon was stuck in the mud in Independence creek bottom. Colonel Ege at once started in to help the man pry out his wagon with a fence rail. While both were working away Ege became angry and yelled to the man, "Lift, you son of a gun; you are not lifting a pound." The man picked up the end gate of the wagon and split it over Ege's head, laying him up for three weeks. Ege had his hat off when he was struck and was so bald before coming to Kansas that he was known as the Bald Eagle of Maryland.

Ege always carried a pistol and was always trying to shoot through somebody's hat without hitting him. One day, at the Independence creek ferry, he shot at a man, but aimed a little low and creased him. But Ege was always a gentleman; he took the man into his home and tenderly cared for him until he recovered.—Aitchison Globe.

Spanish Proverbs.
Proverbs uncomplimentary to the fair sex are common in Spain. "A woman, like a pavement, should be well trampled on to be kept in order." "A woman is like a candle. Twist her neck if you wish her to be good." "Be ware of a bad woman, and do not trust a good one." "Crying in a woman andumping in a dog is all a sham." "A cock crows on his own dunghill, but hens cackle everywhere" (this in reference to the supposed carousalness and indiscreet disposition of the sex); "Show me a nuptial without a spot and I will show you a woman without a fault." In English counterparts are not wanting, for example:

A woman, a dog and a walnut tree—The more you beat them the better they be.
Mothers-in-law and stepmothers come in for a good deal of sarcasm. Some of the proverbs in regard to them will not stand translation. Of a man who is accounted lucky they say, "If he fell from the roof of his mother-in-law."—Chambers' Journal.

THE MOUNTAIN LION.

Over bare ridges, through dense thickets gliding,
Steady and sure do I follow my prey!
Along the dark canyons, in tangled ferns hiding,
Reckless I trail, and remorseless I slay!
Strong are my sinews and trackless my winding;
Noseless as dew is the fall of my paw;
Sheathed in the folds of their velvety binding
Tougher and sharper than steel are my claws.
Swift as a sword are my eyes in their seeking,
Piercing the day or the blackest of nights;
Sleek is my muzzle, with blood often reeking;
Ready my teeth for the loeman who fights.
I am a king; dost thou ask me to battle?
Gather thy strength, for I give not a sign!
What! Art thou sounding so soon the death rattle?
I drink to thy health in the blood that was thine!
—Alfred I. Townsend in Overland Monthly.

A LONG SIEGE.

That of Gibraltar Breaks the Record of Modern Times.

Although by no means the most terrible, the last siege of Gibraltar, when the Rock was held by a British garrison under General Elliot against the combined efforts of the Spaniards and French from July 5, 1779, to Nov. 26, 1781, holds the record as the longest important siege of modern times. The fact that every now and again the garrison were able to add to their provisions by successful sorties kept them from succumbing to hunger, but scurvy claimed nearly 1,000 victims.

For weeks together over 6,000 shells were thrown into the town daily. A curious point about this siege is that the governor of Gibraltar, after having done everything he could think of to strengthen the fortifications, issued a proclamation calling on any of the garrison who had any schemes to propose to call on him with them, as he did not wish the Rock to fall when by listening but a few minutes to a private individual it might be saved.

By holding the fortress of Plevna during the Russo-Turkish war from Sept. 7, 1877, to Dec. 10 against the pick of the Russian army the Turkish garrison, under Osman Pasha, accomplished the impossible, according to both military and medical experts; for not only did they defy the besieging force when it numbered nearly 50 to 1 against them, but they lived for 12 weeks practically without food. Yet on Dec. 10, after having eaten their last grain of rye, they sallied out and bravely tried to cut their way through.

The Mystery of Lady Byron.
W. E. Henley writes vigorously of Lady Byron in The Pall Mall Magazine. In the end they were married by special license, a year and a fortnight after the wedding. Lady Byron left her husband never to return to him, and the great heart of the public rose to the occasion. A bride repudiating her groom! A young mother fleeing the embrace of her firstborn's father! Obviously she—young, innocent, high principled, above all, virtuous—was the victim. By specifying nothing and so suggesting the unspeakable, she captured the general imagination and set it working to her sole advantage.
"He is completely lost in the opinion of the world," and "I look upon him as given up to every worthless excess for the rest of his life," thus Miss Godfrey to her friend, Thomas Moore, and, condemning on hearsay and in advance, the poor soul did but follow her ladyship's suggested lead.
"She had but to refrain from speaking indeed, and one of the strongest, bravest spirits of our century was expelled his country. And none knew why she did it, not how. And why she did it remains a mystery even till this day."

A Desirable Death.
Children get queer associations of ideas in their heads at times. A little lad on Capitol hill has a playmate of his own age in the son of a poor neighbor. The son of toil visited his richer friend the other day wearing a gorgeous red tie. The son of wealth eyed the tie enviously for awhile and then asked Benny where he got it.
"My mamma dyed it for me for a birthday present," lisped Benny.
After Benny went home Rex played listlessly about for a time and then leaned on his mother's knee, thoughtfully studying the pictures in the fire. "Mamma," he said finally, "Benny's tie was awful pretty, wasn't it?"
"Yes, dear."
"Mamma, won't you kill me a tie like Benny's when I get a birthday?"

The Meaning of Easter

A Christian Feast of Hope



ASTER, at once the most joyous and impressive of Christian festivals, gets its name from Ostera, a heathen goddess, deity of spring and of flowers. The ancient Teutons and Scandinavians celebrated in Easter the advent of spring, which to them was, as a matter of course, a time for popular rejoicing after the hardships and terrors of a long and rigorous winter. Our Saxon ancestors glorified the day as the forerunner of summer with its fat crops, its outdoor life and its opportunities for communion with nature.

The bold and intrepid missionaries who christianized the heathen nations of the north deemed it wise to adapt old and treasured beliefs and ceremonials to the nobler religion, and thus Easter was put to new and better uses. Scriptural brightness was made to succeed darkness, sorrow was supplanted by joy.

Easter has always been a gentle festival and has ever had a softening effect on mankind. It is a day of good fellowship and of kindly feelings which unite all men into one brotherhood.
To the Christian the day comes as a gleam of sunshine comes to nature after dreary days of darkness and storm, because the resurrection is the great proof of the divinity of Christ; and the open tomb must for all time be the evidence of the truth which the Saviour preached to men that man is saved through the sacrifice of a God made man.

Father Thomas J. Conaty, rector of the Catholic university at Washington, in a sermon on Easter declared it to be "the feast of hope which tells man that death has not conquered us, that beyond the grave there is life, and from death there is resurrection. It tells that Christ is the source of our faith, the source of our hope, and by Him we live as in Him we believe, whom also we must love. As the grain planted in the tomb of the earth germinates and bursts forth into the glory of the harvest field, so human nature inclosed in the tomb of death will germinate and burst forth immortal in the fields of the eternal husbandman."

"Winter covers the earth with its mantle of sorrow and nature seems in death, but the bright sun of the spring morning sees the stone rolled away and nature bursts forth into life. The fields are clad in verdure, the trees bud forth and fragrance comes to the flowers, and all men hear the voices saying: 'If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?'
"And so Easter brings to us the pleasant hope of resurrection, to believe in Christ, to hope in Christ, to love in Christ, to possess Christ."

"Easter brings us the risen Saviour, our hope, our joy. We must live with Christ in the grace of His redemption, if we would rise with Christ in the joy of His resurrection."

Old Easter Customs

Many of Them Still in Vogue
MANY curious Easter customs and superstitions have come down to us from the old Saxon celebration of the day. One is that the sun dances in the sky on Easter morning, and in Devonshire, England, young girls still get up early to see the planet skip about. If an east wind is blowing on Easter morning it is a custom in some parts of Germany to draw water and wash in it, thus avoiding all danger from the east wind during the coming year. In the county of Sussex, England, the peasants believe that if the sun shines on Easter day it will shine, if only a little, every day in the year; if it rains, every day will see rain, if only a few drops. In Continental Europe the peasants formerly celebrated the day by putting robes on one of their number, crowning him with a tin crown and saluting him as king.

In Russia the feast is celebrated on Easter eve. All night long the streets are brilliantly lighted and crowded with people in new clothes. At midnight mass is said in all the Greek churches. Russians call Easter "The Opener of the Gates of Paradise."

In Greece men and women greet each other with a kiss, exchanging red eggs and the customary Easter greetings.
In Rome, naturally, the celebration of Easter is most splendid. Formerly the pope himself said mass in St. Peter's. The day was ushered in by the firing of cannon. St. Peter's was brilliantly lighted and splendidly decorated, and the Papal guards, in full uniform, formed a double line from the altar to the shrine of the apostles. At night St. Peter's was lit by hundreds of thousands of tiny oil lamps. Later they were extinguished and as many basins of golden fire were lit at the same time. The ceremonies have lost some of their splendor in recent years, but are still magnificent.



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HE WENT UP HIGHER

HOW A GOVERNMENT CLERK SECURED LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

After Getting the "Royal Word" From the Secretary of His Department He Had Fun With the Division Chief, Who Had Turned Him Down.

"The question of sick and annual leave," said a clerk in an up town department to a reporter, "is one of the utmost importance to government clerks and is one of their most precious privileges. I will tell you of an occurrence in my department which will interest fellow clerks especially."

"A clerk in my division put in an application for a few days' leave in the usual form in writing, to be O. K'd by the chief of division and sent on its way to the chief clerk of the department. Not hearing from it and the time approaching for his departure he went to his chief and said:

"Mr. —, how about my application?"

"Here it is on my desk. I have not sent it up. It is too early in the year to apply for that length of time, important business or not. You cannot be spared."

"My friend, who is a little fellow and a diplomat, grasped the situation at once. It happened that he had a personal acquaintance with the secretary, one of those rare instances where a cabinet officer has a personal acquaintance with one of his own clerks. They had met outside of the department, for the little fellow is a member of an influential family in the secretary's own district.

"He bowed and withdrew, but instead of going back to his desk he made a short cut up the corridors toward the secretary's room. Just as he was approaching the latter's private office entrance the secretary, in company with a couple of gentlemen, came out. Observing the clerk and his anxious, inquiring face, he paused, shook him cordially by the hand and exclaimed to his companions:

"Senator, here is a bright little fellow from my state who is the father of the biggest, cherubic faced baby you ever saw and the husband of the happiest of wife mothers. Look at him bluish. Well, what's the matter now?"

"Why, I want to go away on business for a fortnight, and—"

"Well, you little rascal, why don't you go? I'll let you—only be sure to come back and don't get lost on the ears."

"The secretary's hearty laugh, in which the others joined, echoed in the marble tessellated corridors, and they passed on. The 'royal word' had been given.

"That evening at quarter to 4—he left it until last minute purposely—he went to his chief. It was his turn to rub it in.

"Mr. —," he said quietly, 'have you sent up my leave?'

"I have not," replied the chief shortly. "I disposed of that question this morning."

"I thought that the secretary granted leave in this department. I was not aware that chiefs of division possessed that authority." It was war now. Both looked each other unflinchingly in the eye. Then the chief began to smell a little official mouse and resorted to browbeating, as is not unusual under similar circumstances.

"You are impertinent!"

"I beg your pardon," quickly interrupted the clerk, "for a chief to say to a clerk that he is impertinent imputes a charge against him. I request that you withdraw that remark. It is no impertinence for a clerk to state a rule of the department to his chief, more especially when he appears to have forgotten it or is unaware of its existence. The secretary, and he alone, finally grants or disapproves applications for leave in all departments of the government. I have never before heard this authority questioned!"

"I don't question it," hastily interjected the chief, to whose nose the official mousey smell was each moment becoming more acute.

"By not submitting my application to those whose province it is to decide such questions you certainly do question it and exceed your authority. Approved or disapproved by you, they and not you pass on it finally, and, furthermore, you know it!"

"I will send it up tomorrow," said the chief as he climbed down from his high horse as gracefully as the occasion admitted. "Let me see, you wish to go!"

"Take your time," replied my friend pleasantly. "It is already granted. I have the secretary's personal permission to go provided I do not get lost on the ears. I start tomorrow, and I will try not to get lost. Good-by."—Washington Star.

Too Long to Wait.
"If you will get my new suit done by Saturday," said a customer to a tailor, "I'll be forever indebted to you."
"It that's your game," replied the tailor, "the clothes will not be done at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington are red brick cities, red brick being the predominant building material. In Washington the satanicness is relieved by the granite public buildings and marble business structures.

CURIOUS WHEAT PROBLEM.

According to This Computation Scarcity of Food Is Not by Any Means Remote.

If Sir William Crookes is to be believed, scarcity of food is not by any means remote; it may come within sight of persons now alive, and these not very young, says the London Spectator. The case may be very easily stated. At present the deficiencies of the wheat-eating countries are supplied by North America, especially by the United States. In 1897 the wheat crop of the United States was about 540,000,000 bushels. Of this quantity 217,000,000 bushels were exported to Europe, there no country, excepting Russia and Turkey, grows enough for its own population. The states are able to do this without trenching on the home supply, because the total population is not more than 75,000,000. In 1931, if the increase of population goes on at the same rate as that of the last 20 years, the 75,000,000 will have increased to 130,000,000, and the surplus for export will be no longer available.

Whence, therefore, will the wants of the world be supplied? Russia at present exports largely, the total being something more than two-fifths of that from the states. But it cannot be hoped that Russia will come to the rescue of a hungry world. It is already hungry itself, exporting food while its own people are starving. Any change here must be in the way of distribution. This change will be the more speedy because the Russian population, in spite of its sufferings, increases. Indeed, the difficulty of the general problem is aggravated by the fact that, up to the point of actual starvation, scarcity not only does not check, but actually stimulates, the rate of increase. A perfectly well-fed, well-educated and generally comfortable population has a tendency to diminish rather than to grow.

HUMAN FREAKS.

Various Accomplishments Attained by Men and Women Without Arms.

There is nothing new under the sun, especially in the way of human freaks. The case of the late Charles Francois Fleu, the armless Belgian artist, recently deceased, was no exception, says the Philadelphia Press. Camerarius, over three centuries ago, knew a man born armless who ate and drank with the help of his feet and wrote fair and straight copies in Latin and German. He tells of another who could use a sword and throw javelins with his feet, and who was broken on the wheel for murder.

Magdalene Rudolph Thimly says Bartholin "with her feet spins and threads her needle; she weaves, she changes and discharges a gun; with a scissors and a knife she cuts paper into divers artificial figures; she plays at tables and dice, she knows how to bring her feet to her breast and head so as to take her child to breast." Seniger tells a similar tale of one Antonius.

Then there was a woman of Britain who was forced to use her mouth and tongue in spinning, threading a needle, tying knots and writing. Pictorius Villingamus relates that he knew an armless Spaniard who could with an axe give a blow that would cut a reasonably-sized bit of wood asunder at one blow.

START OF THE FEUD.

Senator Clark Had to Pay Marcus Daly Eighty Thousand Dollars for a Stream.

"Gus" Schmidt tells this story in connection with the trouble of Senator Clark, of Montana, who is bitterly pursued by Marcus Daly, says the Indianapolis Press:

"The start of this feud dates from their early mining days when Clark was dependent on the water from a small stream for the successful working of his mines. Daly bought the water right for \$35,000 and compelled Clark to pay \$80,000 for its use.

"A further item, which goes to show Clark's luck, or pluck, is that a prominent western smelting company was financially embarrassed, and as it was at a time of panic the company could not obtain ready money. Clark examined its books, and finding them in good condition, took \$100,000 stock in the company. In going over the books he noticed a carload of ore once 'in a while' that was exceedingly rich, and made inquiry of the name of the mine from which the ore came. He was told, and went to the mine dressed as a miner and hired himself out to the four young men who owned it, and went to work as a miner. After seeing the wealth of the mine he bought it for \$200,000, and this mine is now making him millions."

Judge and Dancing Master.
An English parson tells of a Greek judge who took it into his head to learn to dance. He is an elderly man, and in spite of all his efforts he only succeeded in getting out of breath, so at last the dancing master lost patience and told his pupil that he was incapable of learning. The judge therefore went to law, and got the following verdict in his favor: "Seeing that a man who has no physical defects is not unfit to be taught to dance, the professor is hereby condemned to continue his lessons until his pupil is proficient." The willing magistrate and the unwilling dancing master have therefore set to work again.

Business of Bank of France.
The bank of France last year discounted in Paris 2,301,830 separate bills for less than 100 francs each.

WHO TALKS AT ALL?

The world annually produces something like 3,000,000 tons of butter and cheese.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

The Wolverhampton (England) Congregational church has eight branches, three assistant pastors, and 60 lay preachers.

A clergyman at Milford, Pa., has purchased for one dollar the release of a little girl from her father and step-mother, who abused her.

The National Council of Free Evangelical Churches in England has organized an evangelistic mission for the whole of England and Wales.

The Paulist Fathers in New York have opened a clubhouse for poor boys. It is furnished on a scale comparing favorably with the best of clubs.

Bishop Bowman said recently that he had been in the ministry 41 years, and during all that time he had been too busy to take even a week's vacation.

Hamburg proposes to set up a university of its own. The nucleus will be the observatory and the scientific laboratories and natural history collections already existing in the city.

The first academic course in landscape architecture at an American college will be inaugurated at Harvard college at the beginning of the next collegiate year. The course will cover four years, and will include architecture, landscape gardening, fine arts, botany, agriculture and chemistry.

The casts of a section of the frieze, two narrow groups of the keystone of the Arch of Trajan are being placed in the art museum of the University of Michigan above the sections which were mounted last year. The casts were presented to the university by the literary class of 1896 as a memorial.

There is a church in a Wisconsin town which has not had a steeple since 1862. In that year a violent wind took the steeple off the church. It crashed into a nearby house, and the owner of the house asked the courts to restrain the church people from building another spire. His application was granted, and the order has held for 38 years.

THE USES OF CACAO.

A Nutritious Article of Food and a Good Fodder for Animals.

Cacao is the principal element in chocolate and various kinds of confectionery. As an article of food it is very nutritious, healthful and stimulating. The "butter" of cacao is well known in medicine, and is used in the cure of skin diseases of all kinds with good results. The shells of the seed, roasted and ground, are used for "cocoa," a drink well known in the countries of the temperate zone, but used here only by the poorer classes.

The pulp of the pod is used as fodder for animals. The popularity of cacao rapidly increases wherever it is once introduced, and neither fluctuations in prices nor attempts to substitute other products, supposed to have the same or better qualities, have affected its use in localities where it is once well known. The active principle of cacao is theobroma, a powerful organic reagent.

The possibilities of the cacao market are vast. The consumption has not yet begun, or at least made any headway, in the Asiatic countries, among which Japan, Persia and British India may some day become important customers. Chocolate is scarcely known in Oceania, the British colonies or Hawaii. Even Russia, Turkey and Greece are but recently becoming familiar with the product. As there has always been a ready market, no special effort has been made to extend the demand to new countries.

While some progress has been made in the utilization of the shell and pulp, no attempt of importance has been made to manufacture the product for export, although there is plenty of vanilla and sugar available for the preparation, and the profits would be considerable. Ecuadorian cacao, being somewhat bitter, has an advantage over that of other countries in assimilating a larger amount of sugar in the manufacture of chocolate, thereby reducing the cost of the product.

The consumption of cacao is increasing at the rate of five or six per cent. annually, and inside of eight or ten years the demand will be greater than the supply. The attempts to introduce cacao on a large scale in various other tropical countries have not been attended with favorable results. In no other part of the world can its cultivation be brought to the flourishing condition which prevails in Ecuador, where there is still a vast extent of land suitable for new and productive estates. All that is necessary are capital and energy, which will be welcomed, and which will surely come when the railway to Quito is built, for no line of agriculture shows such tempting returns.—South American Journal.

Got What He Asked For.

"So you are looking for a position?" said the merchant to the youth with the high collar and noisy necktie.

"What can you do?"

"Oh, any old thing," replied the young man. "Of course, I don't expect the junior partnership at the start, but I want to be sure of an early rise."

"Very well," replied the merchant. "I'll make you assistant junior. You will rise at four o'clock every morning and sweep the floors."—Chicago Evening News.

The Terrible Little Preliminary.

"Well, do you know, I really think I will marry Harry. He is good-looking, rich, and I am rather fond of him."

"Hello—I didn't know you were engaged."

"Oh, it's not formal yet but he has told me I seem different from other girls."—Puck.

Easter Egg Rolling

A Washington Pastime

ALL American cities Washington, the nation's capital, is the only one which has a distinctive Easter celebration. How and where the Easter Monday egg-rolling originated, no one now living in Washington can tell, but that the beautiful slopes of the White House grounds, where the annual event occurs, give it an interesting character, no one seems willing to dispute.

With every year the crowd of youngsters engaged in the harmless sport has increased, and the egg-rolling has finally grown to the importance of a festival. The public schools are closed on Easter Monday, and thousands of children swarm about the enchanting white house grounds. These are prettily diversified with little hills and intermediate valleys, and on the knoll above the steepest of these grassy slopes the children gather. Baskets and boxes are quickly emptied, and the sport of rolling the colored eggs begins. It has no apparent object, unless it is to test the strength of the egg shell and see how many times it will go bumping over rough places without breaking. Some of the little tots try to roll their eggs against others to see which will break; others run after their eggs as they roll down, to catch them before they reach the bottom, so that they may not break. But they are not long-lived. Even the hard-boiled egg has its limit of endurance. Before long the first comers have seen the best of their colored treasures broken and scattered over the grass. But the newcomers constantly bring a fresh supply, and keep "things rolling."

A view of this pleasing scene leaves a never-to-be-forgotten impression on the adult observer's mind. In every direction



TWO PRETTY EGG ROLLERS.

the eye is caught by the tender spring blushes of blossoming nature, gleaming here and there from banks of hyacinths, daffodils, tulips and a bewildering variety of other bulbous treasures, and again from the bud-laden boughs of trees and shrubs. And over the thick green grass romps and plays a motley picture of young America. Tiny tots crowd from the baby carriages that dot the lawns and walks; little toddlers bend down in eager waiting for the brilliant-hued egg that mamma or nurse rolls toward them; bigger boys and girls dash in and out in vigorous sport, chasing one another joyously, and still bigger boys and girls saunter along and seek vantage places whence they can view the throngs and feel the fancy peculiar to spring steel over them.

By noon the crowd usually is already larger, at one o'clock it is little less than tremendous, and still new arrivals in long, unbroken lines make their way through every entrance to the executive mansion reservation. At two o'clock a picturesque multitude is gathered together. At 2:30 a cheer goes up, for then the United States Marine band takes its place in the music stand, and when the leader raises his baton every pulse thumps in with the time of the melody it brings forth. Truly, Easter Monday is a glorious day for the boys and girls of Washington, and if limbs are weary and fatigued when the crowds turn homeward at sundown, hearts still throb with pleasure and memory stores away another treasure to gladden coming years.

The egg-rolling always affords pleasure to the occupants of the white house, and it is said that President Cleveland took an active interest in the sport, even before Baby Ruth was old enough to share in its entrancing charms. President Grant, also, gave unlimited liberties to the children, and President McKinley is reported to be an interested observer of the doings of his little guests.

The fact of the matter is that any president who should seek to abridge the privileges of Washington childhood on Easter Monday would find himself abhorred by the coming citizens of the republic; and, no matter what his merits as a chief executive, he could never hold a high place in the hearts of the joyous and patriotic youngsters of the capital city.

QUITE THE PROPER THING, YOU KNOW.



"Why on earth are you wearing your best clothes to-day, Charlie dear?"

"Because it's Easter, mamma; and I'll meet all the girls at church."



FROM the orient old in story, to the new world's clearer day Come the memories of Easter, like a chant from far away; With the fragrance of the lilies of that cherished, holy clime. Where the Saviour blossomed the blossoms in the fullness of His time; There's a peace beyond the telling in the sacred sunlit dell.

"He is risen! He is risen!" chime the tuneful Easter bells; There is joy within the chancel—joy beyond the burst of song— And the halo of His glory crowns anew each happy throng.

Earth forgets the woes and sorrows of the past of Galilee. "He is risen! He is risen!" sing the bells from sea to sea; Aye, from every lofty mountain, from the heart of every plain, Voiced by millions 'neath the Heavens, rise the holy chants again; Kedron sings a newer anthem through the rose-embowered glade, And the air is filled with music where the cedars cast their shade; Where His white feet pressed the daisies in the fairest fields of earth, And He gently blessed the children, Easter hath a newer birth.

'Mid the beauty of the flowers, fairer than a crown of gold, Lives the story of our Easter by the seraphs often told; We repeat with awe the anthems borne to us across the sea, And the sunshine crowns the ripples of immortal Gallee; There gently comes a blessed peace which but the faithful know From where the orient lilies in their sweetness bloom and blow; And oft the holy seem to hear, above the organ's tone, The echo of His footsteps where He trod the path alone.

Hail the holy Easter morning with its everlasting cheer! Let lily and rose hilly, let the white rose touch her peer; Let forth from every steeple come the cadence of the chimes That spread the Easter story to the world's remotest climes; No more the story of the wood that crushed Him 'neath its weight, No more the agony He felt beyond the Garden's gate, But everywhere let Easter's bells ring out so clear and free: "He is risen! He is risen!" is the theme from sea to sea.

O conscious bells that gladly tell the story never old, Ring out nor cease the paeans of peace till all the world is told; In the heart of every Easter blooms a lily white as snow, Symbolic of the life He led long centuries ago; In the music from the steeples, in the antheims of the choirs, Let faith and hope commingle like bright celestial fires; Let every heart this Easterday, no matter where it be, Praise the One who blessed the lily by the far-off Orient sea.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

CHANCE NOT TO BE MISSED.



First Old Duffer—I'm going away for Easter.

Second Ditto—I intended to go, but my wife's too sick to go with me.

First O. D.—That's just why I'm going.

Natural History.
"I wonder of dad's any troof in all dished talk 'bout a rabbit layin' de Easter egg," said Pickaninny Jim.

"I reckon, maybe," said his mother, cautiously.

"My rabbit doan' lay none."

"Maybe de eggs done got stole."

"No, dey didn't. I's been li'sen' right along an' I aebber heard dat rabbit cackle once."—Washington Star.

NEWARK AGENTS FOR THE STANDARD PATTERNS.



Your Money Refunded for Anything Unsatisfactory.

AN EASTER SALE of Suits, Skirts, Waists and Jackets. TAILOR MADE SUITS.

Women's Tailor Made Suits of chevots, homespun and venetian cloth in the fashionable plain and mixed effects, fly front or open Eton jackets, some finished with taffeta silk straps, others applied in beautiful designs. Skirts made with the new core front, pleated bottom and box pleat back, made to sell for \$15 9.98

Man-Tailored Costumes of all-wool venetian cloth and pebble chevots, in black and all the new colorings, single or double-breasted Eton jackets, some with shaped collar; lapels faced with taffeta silk and elaborately stitched skirts made with inverted pleats in front, box pleat back lined throughout with good quality percale, regular \$19.00 values, at 12.50

Women's Tailored Suits of imported chevots and homespun weaves, plain and novelty mixtures made with tight fitting jackets of latest design, and taffeta silk lined, finely fashioned skirts with broad box pleats at back, percale lined and velvet bound, regular \$25.00 suits, at 15.00

Women's Tailor-Made Suits of imported broadcloth and venetian beautiful shades of pearl, gray, light tan, castor, brown, black, royal and navy blue, jackets made in single or double-breasted tight fitting style, open or closed Eton, and fly front effects, some strictly tailor made, others beautiful applied on white satin, all lined throughout with fine quality taffeta silk; skirts made with flare or flounce on bottom, regular price \$20 to \$25.00, at 16.98

WOMEN'S SPRING JACKETS.

Venetian and Cheviot Coats—Black and castor, fly front with slight dip, lined all through with silk, shaped collars, regular \$7.00, at 4.75

Taffeta Silk Lined Coats or all-wool chevots, Eton, fly front and tight fitting effects, lap seams, shaped or Medici collars, some have lapels faced with silk, regular price \$7.00 to \$9.00, at 4.98

Finely Tailored Coats of all wool black pebble chevot, and Venetian cloth, in black and colors, double-breasted, open Etons and fly front effects, strictly tailor made, straight back; bias dart in front, shaped collars, some of the Etons are appliqued back and front with white satin, regular price \$12.00, at 6.98

Very Fine Tailor Made Coats of black, tan and castor broadcloth, chevot and covert mixtures, double-breasted fly front effects, lined throughout with taffeta silk, dart front, strap seams, shaped and velvet collars, regular price \$15.00, at 9.98

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Have your Worms got Horses?

Are they getting thin and weak? Are they "off their feed"? Do they "sweat and wheeze"? DR. EMERSON'S "DEAD SHOT" will remove Worms, Dead or Alive from Horses and Cattle. It will purify the blood, correct and tone up the stomach and strengthen the Nerves.

Directions with each box. Sold by Drugists or sent by mail upon receipt of 50 cents.

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What Shall We Have For Dessert?

This question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it today. Try Jell-O, a delicious dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No baking! Add hot water and set to cool. Flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers, 10 cts.

Jell-O, The New Dessert

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

Pennyroyal Pills

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Everybody Come!

All are most cordially invited to attend

OUR COOKING SCHOOL.

IT IS ENTIRELY FREE.

It is one of the most unique, entertaining, fascinating and instructive series of lectures. Mr. Chapman, the lecturer in charge, is a most able and obliging gentleman, who makes clear each successive step in the subtle art of delicate cake-making, and explains scientifically the relation of cause to effect. His practical demonstrations produce invariably wonderful results in the way of the daintiest of Angel Cakes, Gold Cakes, Sunshine Cakes, Nut Cakes, etc. Every lady visiting these lectures will be delightfully entertained and have her knowledge of cake making greatly broadened.

Easter Neckwear Novelties.

All the new goods now on exhibition and a wonderful display they make. Only the newest and most stylish novelties shown. A most bewildering variety of dainty chiffon jabots, some plain, some lace trimmed, some with stock collars attached, some without collars; lace ties, chiffon ties, barb lace ties, applique venise collars for Eaton jackets, lace and embroidery neck bands and an excellent assortment of chiffon boas from \$1.00 to \$4.00. All styles are exclusive and cannot be found elsewhere.

Embroidered Tulle Silks, Chiffon, etc., in black, white and colors, suitable for dress fronts, yokes, etc.

Spangled Nets in both black and white, \$1.48 to \$7.50 yd.

A splendid line of dress trimmings, including the new applique effects.

For the Little Folks...

New Lawn Caps, Lawn Hats, Pique Hats, Straw Crowned Hats, Lace Brimmed Hats, Poke Bonnets, Normandie Caps, Napoleon Hats of Lawn and with Leghorn Crowns. A rare showing of dainty Infantile and Juvenile daintiness. Beautiful Lace Covers for Baby Carriage Umbrellas. New Stick Pins, Belt Buckles, Brooches, etc.

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UNION WATER COMPANY

Incorporated 1870. Organized 1891. The Union Water Company supplies the inhabitants of the villages of Fairwood, Westfield, Cranford and Roselle with water for domestic use.

"The Purest and Sweetest that Nature can Yield."

In June 1885 the water supplied by the Company was analyzed by Allen Hazen, Esq., a leading hydraulic expert of Boston, and pronounced by him to be "water of great organic purity," and in a letter to one of the Company's patrons he 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.

Augustus Frenz,

Contractor

...and...

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FANWOOD, NEW JERSEY.

Scotch Plains Post Office.

Mother! Mother! Mother!
Many children are at this season feverish and afflicted with bad stomachs and headache. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children will always cure. If worms are present they will certainly remove them. At all druggists. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Lefroy, N. Y.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease,
A powder for the feet. It cures swollen, sore, hot, callous, itching, sweating feet, corns and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Lefroy, N. Y.

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THE KILLING OF WHALES.

There is Little of Excitement as Danger in the Pursuit as It Is Now Carried On.

Dr. Frederick W. True, of the Smithsonian institution, who has just spent two months in whale hunting in Green bay, on the northeastern coast of Newfoundland, reports an interesting experience. He was sent out by the institution to study the fishback whale and of the 98 animals caught all but 11 were of this variety. The story-book romance has gone entirely out of whaling as pursued by the Newfoundlanders. There is no frail Newfoundland, with the grizzled old harpooner in the bow to strike the whale, but instead a little steam craft and a powerful gun.

The gun throws a large iron harpoon, with crossarms which lie against the shaft until it strikes a solid body and then project out and imbed themselves. The head of this harpoon is cigar-shaped and sharp-pointed and explodes as it strikes the whale's side, generating a gas which serves to keep the fish afloat after the wrecking effect of the shock on its internal organs has left it a lifeless mass. A stout rope is attached to the butt of the harpoon, and by this the whale is kept in leash as it thrashes madly through the water in a vain effort to escape its unknown enemy. Death rapidly ensues, unless, as sometimes happens, the projectile goes through the fish from side to side, when a second shot is necessary.

A DOG'S SUPPLICATIONS.

The Intelligent Little Pet Wanted the Satchel to Get Off the Slipper.

"Mike is the name of a little gray, silky haired spaniel, whose home is on Maryland avenue, and he is a most cunning and amusing animal, and as wise as it is possible that a little dog can be, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. His mistress has taught him many tricks. He can tell you what he does when the policeman comes, playing dead dog, and he can call his mistress when the telephone bell rings, and is altogether a delightful dog.

He has been taught to beg for things, and his begging looks for all the world like coaxing, so cunningly is it done. The other day his mistress sent him upstairs to get her slippers. He came down presently with one, and she sent him back for the other, but again he returned without it.

"He was sent back, and this time he stayed so long that his mistress went upstairs herself to see what was keeping him. A heavy satchel had fallen upon the slipper, and the little dog, after trying in vain to move it, sat on his hind legs, with his little paws raised in supplication, hoping that he might persuade the satchel to get off the slipper. He probably was convinced that his prayer was efficacious when his mistress lifted the hindrance.

NEW CALENDAR PROPOSED.

Russian Astronomers Are Anxious to Have the World Adopt a New System.

The chronological disagreement between Russia and all the great nations of Europe owing to the retention of the Julian calendar, has become an increasing nuisance in proportion as Russia's relations, especially commercially, with western Europe have continued to increase.

Hitherto the Russian calendar has been 12 days behind. This week it drops another day behind, and accordingly Prof. Glazepap and a committee of the Russian Astronomical society have elaborated an entirely new calendar, which, it is hoped, will be universally adopted. This calendar provides a common year of exactly 365 days and leap year of 366 days. This system is so near the real solar year that no more than one day's difference can occur in 100,000 years.

If the Protestant states in the west do not adopt this system Russia, instead of 13 days behind, will be one day in advance now and two days in advance for 1920. The committee proposes also the rechristening of March to "Pence," in honor of The Hague conference.

IN UNUSUAL DEMAND.

Many Passports Issued to Foreign-Born Americans Who Are Going Abroad.

An unusually large number of passports are being issued by the state department at the request of congressmen, who are acting for their constituents. They are for persons who are naturalized citizens, many of whom are afraid to go back without passports. Native-born Americans as a rule do not get passports when they go abroad. Representative McCreery, of Minnesota, has secured 40 passports for his constituents during the last five weeks, and in spending of this sale:

"The district is purely agricultural, but the people are well-to-do, and hundreds of them will go abroad this year. Two-thirds of those getting passports originally came from across the water, and are going back to visit the old homes and relatives. They have prospered in this country and are able to spare the money for a trip. They own splendid homes and sections of land, are beyond want, and find their prosperity enough to spare money for a trip abroad. Many of them are taking their families."

The Golden Rule in Texas.

When men learn to do unto others as they would have others do unto them, horse trading will have become one of the lost arts.—Galveston News.

The Bank of France last year discounted in Paris 2,045,830 separate bills for less than 100 francs each.

PHOTOGRAPHING A BATTLE.

The Incessant Whistle of Bullets Is Not Exactly Conducive to Good Work.

Many people have had ideas of photographing a battle. A photograph of Modder river would reveal nothing but a bare stretch of veldt with a blue of willows and poplars in the background. Not a Boer could be seen, and even our own men were almost invisible as they lay there in sand-colored khaki, keeping a liberal five paces apart—only here and there where a slight undulation gave a precarious cover could one see the khaki backs clustered together like a swarm of locusts on the plain, says Scribner's.

Personally, having been fortunate enough to find a small ant-hill for my head protection, I endeavored to take a few snapshots with a kodak, not because there was anything to take, but in order to give some idea of the bare aspect of a modern battlefield, but I am free to confess that to let go the shutter and still keep one's head behind an ant-heap proved so difficult an operation that it was a pure matter of chance whether I photographed the veldt or the sky.

The incessant whistle of bullets is not good for photography, though, curiously enough, it encourages sleep. Many men dozed off that morning under the rays of a particularly insistent sun, only to be awakened by the bursting of a big shell or the repeated reports of a most disagreeable quick-firing gun employed by the enemy with equal impartiality against our firing line and our hospital wagons.

All the morning the one cheering note was the incessant reports of our own field pieces and naval guns. Early in the day the two field batteries had moved round from our extreme right and came up in the center just a little to the east of the railway and did most magnificent work.

THE ELECTRIC FAN.

It Has a Promising Outlook for the Future in the Lands Beyond the Seas.

The fan-motor is a peculiarly American invention. It made its appearance upon the scene about 14 years ago and met with immediate and hearty approval. During the few years of its history it has been rapidly improved and has now reached a state of high perfection, says the Electrical Review.

Certainly the man who first thought of making a little breeze machine was a public benefactor. The amount of discomfort that has been relieved by the familiar whizzing fan is almost incalculable and there can be no doubt that it has really prolonged and doubtless saved many lives. It is strange that in countries where the climate is more oppressive in the summer months than it is even in the United States there should not be a more widespread use of these fans. The new eastern possessions of the United States and the vast area beyond should open a large market to American manufacturers of such goods. The punkah has been in use in India from time immemorial, but its days are certainly numbered if the silent, efficient American electric fan ever becomes fashionable in that country.

ENGLISH TELEPHONE SERVICE

It is the Worst in the World and the Prices Are Extortionate.

In the matter of telephones England is probably worse served than any civilized country in the world, says the National Review. Switzerland or Sweden can give her points. A telephone monopoly was created, which has worked badly. Quarrels of all kinds with the local authorities have arisen as to way leaves.

I know a factory six miles from the Marble Arch which has, owing to this cause, for years been vainly applying for the telephone. The other day I wished to send a message to a friend in a very busy little town 15 miles from London. The place did not appear in the telephone directory. Yet in Sweden or Switzerland the smallest village is on the telephone.

As for the prices charged by the company, they are extortionate. Parliament has considered the situation, but as party government is mainly concerned with making laws which are not wanted and neglecting all that conduces to real progress, no adequate measures have been taken to right the system.

TELEGRAPH MEN HAVE TRIALS

Their Work in the Philippines Is Held by Many Handicaps and Dangers.

A Kansas man who is with the United States telegraph corps in the Philippines in a letter home tells of the difficulties which the corps encounters. Recently two big army wagons, each drawn by six mules, were loaded with rubber insulated wire, a battery and a reel to reel it out, keeping up with the troops. The road became so bad they had to strap the reel on a mule's back and the rest of the wire on other mules, leaving the wagon in the mud up to the hubs.

One mule curled the folding field telegraph table, with instruments all attached. Every few miles they would stop and telegraph back to Manila the progress of the column. To do so they would take the table off the mule, unfold it, cut the wire from the reel on the other mule, connect it with the instruments and do the necessary telegraphing. This was generally done when the troops stopped for a few minutes to rest.

BELLS WITH A HISTORY.

Career of the Famous Peal of St. Michael's in Charleston, South Carolina.

A peal of bells that has had as adventurous a career as any that hung in old world towers is the famous peal of St. Michael's, Charleston, S. C. Five times have these bells crossed the sea, once as a heap of ruined metal, and two armies have they had to encounter or escape; yet to-day the nine bells are of unusual purity and sweetness of tone, says Youth's Companion.

Cast in England before the revolution, and brought over to St. Michael's, they met with their first danger in that war. That they might not be injured, they were sent back to England. After the war was over the people of Charleston wanted them, and it became the duty of the first American minister to England to negotiate for them. He was successful, and amidst triumphant ovations they were escorted to the church.

All went well with them till the civil war. Then the steeple of St. Michael's was made the target for the cannon of the besiegers. It was necessary to remove the bells to a safer place, and they were sent to Columbia. When Sherman's army took Columbia, the sheds in the yard of the state house, in which the bells had been placed, were broken into and the bells smashed into fragments, while the sheds were set on fire.

They were not yet done for, however. At the close of the war the pieces were carefully gathered together and shipped to Liverpool, together with extracts from the records of St. Michael's, showing where the bells were cast and the proportion of metals forming the component parts.

Upon inquiry it was found that the firm of bell founders that had cast the bells was still in existence, unchanged in name, and consisting of the descendants of the original firm. The records of the firm contained an account of the casting of the bells, and the proportions corresponded with those in the St. Michael's records.

Under such favorable circumstances it was not hard to recast the bells. Then for the fifth time they crossed the Atlantic and arrived safely in Charleston.

LEFT-HANDED HANDSHAKE.

Col. Jack Chinn Tells Why Kentuckians Prefer That Style at Present.

State Senator Frank W. Maynard, of New Hampshire, has returned to his home in Nashville from Louisville, Ky., where he attended the national convention of the Merchant Tailors' national exchange, says the Boston Globe. He arrived in Kentucky just after the shooting of Mr. Goebel and witnessed the excitement which followed. During his stay in Louisville he was introduced to Col. Jack Chinn, and he tells an amusing story of their meeting.

"We were introduced," said Senator Maynard, "by mutual friends, and I noticed that Col. Chinn extended his left hand to me. At the time I thought it a bit queer, but after I saw him do the same thing with several other men I came to the conclusion that he was left-handed. Perhaps my face indicated my surprise at the manner of shaking hands, for he turned to me a few minutes later and remarked:

"You have noticed, perhaps, that I shake hands with my left hand? Well, we have grown accustomed to that during the past few days. You see, we like to keep our right hands close to our pistol pockets just now."

INSENSIBLE TO PAIN.

Animals Do Not Feel the Whip as Keenly as Do Human Beings.

If it is true that animals feel pain less than men, then it is also true that tortures and cruelties sometimes inflicted upon animals if administered to men would be unbearable to the point almost of insanity or death. The most sensitive part of the human frame is the skin, and while this is true relatively of animals it is certain also that the skin of dogs or other animals is not so sensitive as that of man. Besides, the animal's skin is protected by a coat of insensitive hair. In the case of surgical operations on men reaching, for instance, to the abdominal cavity, it is the incision into the cavity that requires the taking of anesthetics, and not so much the work to be done after the cavity is opened. After serious operations upon animals which have been placed under chloroform it frequently happens that a few minutes after recovering consciousness the animals frisk about the room, sometimes jumping from the floor to the operating table.

DEWEY FAVORS THEM.

Believes That with Submarine Boats Enemy Could Have Kept Him Out of Manila Bay.

Representative Foss, acting chairman of the house committee on naval affairs, has received from Admiral Dewey a copy of a memorandum prepared by that officer's aide, Lieut. H. H. Caldwell, upon the recent tests of the Holland submarine torpedo boat. Admiral Dewey, it is understood, endorsed the report of his aide, who expresses the belief that a determined enemy, with submarine boats of the Holland type, could have made impossible the occupation of Manila bay by the admiral's squadron.

The expression of opinion made by the admiral was in response to a request from the senate and house naval committees, which, before determining upon the action to take upon pending bills, desired to learn the admiral's views.

GIVING A MAN A CHANCE.

It Sometimes Proves to Be the Making of Him, as in This Instance.

A commanding officer who has studied human nature, he states, will occasionally make a brilliant hit when he gives a man what is called a "chance," says the Quiver. The following illustrative case was told to me by the colonel who tried the experiment. One day, when out for a walk, he met a man of his regiment who was only too well known to him on account of his frequent appearance in the orderly room.

My friend stopped him and said: "You're a fine man, six feet three in height, and yet don't you think that you are making a precious ass of yourself with 26 'drunks' in your defaulters sheet? Suppose, now, that I were to put a lance corporal's stripe on your arm to-morrow; how would it be?"

The man was so surprised and delighted that he took the total abstinence pledge and never drank any more intoxicating liquor. Four years afterward he married and the colonel attended the marriage feast. The bridegroom took his commanding officer aside and said to him, as he pointed to the different kinds of liquor that were on the table: "You see all that, sir? Well, I have not tasted a drop even today, and won't, for if I did I must get drunk."

TOO MANY RATS.

They Ran Over Her Bed in a Happy Manner All Night in Central Africa.

At Kaviembe the rats in the house were terrible at night, says "A White Woman in Central Africa." They raced about my room and scampered over my bed in a thoroughly happy manner. I could not sleep at first; but at last I got used to them. I dropped off, only to wake up and find a rat with his foot in my ear.

One night at another station, something larger than a rat dropped from the rafters on my bed and awoke me. I lighted a candle and saw it was a lemur. They are lovely little animals, and are covered with thick fur, like chinchilla, and have beautiful large round eyes.

It looked most fascinating, but, not being sure what it would do next, I thought I would try to send it out. I opened the door which led onto the veranda, and proceeded gently to drive it out; but, alas! it objected to going, and sprang straight on to my shoulder, gripping my arm with its sharp little teeth, and refusing to let go till I well pinched its tail. As it turned round to bite my hand I tossed it out onto the veranda and shut the door.

FINDS A WORLD OF EVES.

Plans of a Connecticut Man to Establish Garden of Eden Attracts Many Women.

Evans Weed, of Newfield, Conn., who plans to transform his farm into a "Garden of Eden," has sprung into popularity in a day with many members of the fair sex who want to visit Mr. Weed was a little fearful that after his Garden of Eden had been completed there would be no Eve to grace it, but his doubts are now at rest upon the point. He never dreamed that Eve was such a common name among women, but every mail brings further evidence.

Letters addressed to Mr. Weed in feminine handwriting have been pouring into the post office at Stamford every mail for the last few days. One letter was addressed: "Mr. Adam Weed, formerly Evans Weed, Garden of Eden, Stamford, Conn."

Another was addressed "To Adam, Garden of Eden, from Eve." This letter was dated Van Clure Station, Va.

Mr. Weed is thinking seriously of altering his original determination of waiting till the Garden of Eden is an accomplished thing before contracting for an Eve.

THOUGHT LONGFELLOW LIVING

The Heirs of Indian Who Narrated "Hawwatha" Visit Poet's Widow.

Kuhosa and Waban-nosa, two descendants of Chief Bagwajjine, of the Ojibway Indians, visited Mrs. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow and her two daughters the other day at the poet's old home in Cambridge.

Some weeks ago the aged chief, who told Longfellow the legend of Hawwatha and who regarded the poet as his intimate friend, made arrangements to come from his home on the northern shore of Lake Superior to Boston to visit him, but just before he was to start he enjoined his grandson and nephew to make the visit for him, and they accordingly started. It was not until they reached Boston by way of Montreal that they learned that Longfellow was dead, and their grief was marked.

In company with Francis West, the artist, they drove to Cambridge and were warmly received. They asked to sit at the desk where "Hawwatha" was written, and when they left they invited Mrs. Longfellow and her daughters to visit the tribe.

Electric Lighting.

Over \$500,000,000 has been invested in electric lighting in the United States in 12 years. The energy required to make electric lights for the city of New York is 200,000 horse power. Since 1888, when the electric railway was born, more than \$1,700,000,000 has been invested in that industry, and now one may travel by electric cars from Paterson, N. J., to Portland, Me., going via New York, with but three small interruptions that collectively are about 14 miles.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

Semi-Weekly.

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The Standard Publishing Concern.E. J. WHITEHEAD, President.
A. E. PEARSALL, Vice-President.
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R. C. PEARSALL, Secretary-Treasurer.SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 PER YEAR
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ALFRED E. PEARSALL, Editor,
R. M. STICKLE, Local Editor.
C. E. PEARSALL, Manager.

WESTFIELD, N. J., APR. 13, 1900.

No Attention Will be Paid to Unsigned
Communications. Correspondents will
confer a favor by keeping their com-
munications within three hundred
words.How would McKinley and Hanna
do?Let us now get in line to dispute
the rulings of the umpire."A talent for saving" is too often
cultivated at the expense of every-
thing worth living for.It is up to the Sidewalk Inspector
to order the Jersey Central railroad
to repair its long neglected ap-
proaches to the Westfield station.There is no copyright on the say-
ing "I am an American." It is al-
most as good as saying "I am a
Democrat" or "I am a Republican."How would it do for the Jersey
Central to install some Palace horse
cars in her passenger service in place
of an equal number of her stale, old,
time "coaches"? The public would
be grateful gainers by the exchange.
A road that is competing for popu-
lar preference should use their pa-
trons almost as well as first class
roads use cattle.One of the features of Westfield's
exceptionally charming social life
upon which all unite in an affection-
ate demonstration of good will is the
Children's Country Home. We beg
to call particular attention to an en-
tertainment to be given in behalf of
this worthy and popular, undenom-
inational charity. Date, Tuesday
evening, April 24th. Place, West-
field Club hall.It is Westfield's misfortune that
Lawrence Bogert cannot continue
his public relation to her musical in-
terests, as organist of the Congrega-
tional church. His retirement will
be most keenly felt by the society he
has served so long and so well; but
his leadership in the direction of
better things in music has not been
limited to that relation; it has been
widespread and beneficent. We are
sorry to report his unavoidable re-
tirement.Westfield will have a diamond of
her own this summer, so it begins to
look; located on the trolley route for
tired and lazy folks, yet within very
easy walking distance. The neces-
sary sum to assure the season's ex-
penses, it is wisely decided by the
promoters, must be in sight before
risks are incurred. As there is
nothing that outlives a town so
much as the national game it is to
be sincerely hoped that all hands and
the cook will "chip in" so that the
promoters may be able to bring their
plans forward upon a substantial
basis.There is a settled conviction that
the Dewey boom (?) was conceived in
the iniquity of Republican politi-
cians, and brought forth by the
same kind of politicians of so-called
Democratic faith. It is well that
there is time to reflect after the
launching and before the candidates
are selected. But even that was not
needed in this case; because the an-
nouncement of his candidacy made
him a much weaker man than be-fore. Nor has Mrs. Dewey leaving
the Catholic church made the Ad-
miral any stronger. The whole af-
fair has been so badly managed that
we cannot charge it to John R. Mc-
Lain, Dewey's brother-in-law; for
he is an astute politician. It looks
more like the work of a novice.Mr. and Mrs. Charles Forster, who
have no better sense than to rear
their children in the open air, as
much as possible, are consequently
surrounded with a family very much
troubled with brutal health and
vigorous intellects. The least of
this interesting tribe of young Spar-
tans is Lillian, who has a strong per-
sonality and no trouble with her
lungs that has yet been detected.
She was the other morning putting
a large and juicy mud pie into shape
when a sudden thought seized her.
She stopped on an up stroke and
called out at the top of her voice to
her mother who was disappearing
around the turn in the road, "Is
my papa a Democrat or a Presby-
terian?" This was Mrs. Forster's
cue for stopping the horse to in-
quire: "Charles, what are you?
Tell that child, or there'll be no
peace in the neighborhood."A partisan, whether Democrat or
Republican, will, like a religious
bigot, endure a great deal for his
faith. But there comes a time when
he will bolt. Just how much fur-
ther the Administration will dare to
trade upon the partisan spirit of the
republican voters it, of course, re-
mains to be seen. As it looks to us
the Administration has decided to
obey the trusts and depend upon
money to carry them successfully
through the next campaign, when
they will have four years more in
which to make laws in behalf of the
few against the many. But by far
the worst act of the Republican ad-
ministration is their crime of trea-
son against the Constitution of the
United States in placing a special
duty against the products of Puerto
Rico, a part of the United States.
It is a "possession," and the prin-
ciple of Imperialism is established
further by Mr. McKinley's kindly
appointments in the face of op-
position from the most of the Repub-
lican newspapers all over the coun-
try and in the face of a popular out-
cry against such action. To think
that Mr. McKinley in his message to
congress recently said:"Our plain duty is to abolish all cus-
toms tariffs between the United States
and Puerto Rico and give her products
free access to our markets."That's good American doctrine.
But his acts are treason to his words.MRS. LAWRENCE
WILL GET THE HORSE.Case Against Manning Perrine Settled
Without Help of Jury.The case of Mrs. C. Lawrence against
Manning Perrine for \$200 before Justice
of the Peace Toney, at the town rooms
yesterday afternoon, was settled with-
out the help of the jury which had been
called.When Mrs. Lawrence went to the city
last October, Manning Perrine offered
to take Mrs. Lawrence's horse for his
use, Mrs. Lawrence to pay for the fod-
der. On Mrs. Lawrence's return to
Westfield Mr. Perrine put in a bill for
\$50 for keep of the horse and through
Lawyer L. E. Hart set up a lien for that
amount. Mrs. Lawrence then brought
suit against Perrine through Paul Q.
Oliver for \$200.The jury having been called, Perrine
offered to settle the case by allowing
Mrs. Lawrence to take the horse and
each side to pay its own costs. To this
the plaintiff agreed.NEWARK CONFERENCE
APPOINTS MINISTERS.Rev. Dr. C. M. Anderson Returned to the
Westfield Methodist Church.The annual meeting of the Newark
Conference at Paterson came to an end
on Tuesday when Bishop Vincent an-
nounced the following appointments for
the Elizabeth district:G. W. Smith, presiding elder.
Donald Brook, F. L. Rounds, Dun-
ellen, S. E. Doolittle, Elizabeth, Fulton
street, J. H. Howard; Park church, G.
Bloom; St. James, G. E. Whitig; Flem-
ington, W. C. O'Donnell; High Bridge,
J. I. Boswell; Metuchen, Albert Cain;
Port Amboy, S. T. Jackson; Plainfield,
First church, W. C. Snodgrass; Grace,
G. W. Gardner; Monroes avenue, John
McMurray; Quakerstown, S. D. Decker;
Railway, First church, F. O. Mooney;
Trinity, W. S. Galloway; Raritan, E.
S. James; Roselle, R. W. Elliott; Scotch
Plains, C. O. Woodruff; Somerville, J.
R. Bryan; Westfield, C. M. Anderson;
Cranford, H. C. Thompson.

EASTER AT THE CHURCHES

EXCELLENT MUSIC WITH GOOD SER-
MONS WILL BE THE ORDER.Programs of the Different Churches, Pres-
byterian, Baptist, Congregational, Epis-
copal Methodist, Given Below.The different churches of Westfield
will, as always, celebrate Easter Sunday
with the best musical program to be
found, and this fact, with the assurance
that the sermons will be of the best,
means a large attendance at all services
on that day. We give below the pro-
grams to be followed at the Presby-
terian, Congregational, Baptist, Methodist
and Episcopal churches.

METHODIST CHURCH.

Easter will be celebrated in the Meth-
odist Episcopal church with sermons
both morning and evening appropriate
to the occasion, delivered by the pastor,
Rev. C. M. Anderson, D. D.; and special
music will be rendered by the choir
of the church, assisted by Mizpah Chap-
ter 2700, Epworth League Orchestra, of
12 pieces, both under the direction of J.
S. Burhans, Jr. In the morning the
musical program will be:Prelude, Fest Overture, Lenten Orchestra
Unfold Ye Portals, from Redemption, Gounod,
Orchestra, Organ, Piano, Choir.
Quartet, Slowly: "The Daylight is Fading," from
Mrs. C. E. Pearsall, soprano, Mrs. L. M.
Pearsall, contralto; M. T. Townley, tenor;
J. S. Burhans, Jr., basso.
Offertory,
Anthem, "Why seek ye the living among the
dead,"
Postlude,
Coronation March,
Orchestra.In the evening will be rendered:
Organ Voluntary, selected, Miss Ella L. Ferris
Anthem, "Lift up your heads,"
Choir.
Offertory Anthem, "O Death where is thy sting,"
Choir.
Postlude, selected, Miss Ella L. FerrisThe choir is composed of:
Soprano—Mrs. C. E. Pearsall, Mrs.
C. M. Anderson, Miss Mamie Huffman.
Contraltos—Mrs. L. M. Pearsall, Mrs.
Wm. H. Davies, Mrs. Maxwell.
Tenors—M. T. Townley, E. Brainerd,
A. H. Stoker.
Basses—J. S. Burhans, Jr., Wm. H.
Davies, Samuel Burhans.Musical Director, J. S. Burhans, Jr.
Organist, Miss E. L. Ferris.
Pianist, Miss F. A. Crosby.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

Sunday morning at the Congrega-
tional church Rev. Dr. James R. Danforth
will deliver a special Easter sermon and
the following musical program will be
given by the choir under the direction of
Lawrence Bogert:Organ.
Old Hundred, congregation standing and
joining.
Quartet, "Hark the Sound of Holy Voices,"
Congregation remain standing, Cobb
Mrs. Chaffee, Miss Beebe, C. and H. Har-
bison.
Invocation,
Anthem, "Christ our Passover," Buck
"The Apostles' Creed," Congregation standing
Hymn 203, Congregation standing and joining
Responsive Reading.
Gloria Patria, Trinity Pastor, Congregation
standing.
Anthem, "Easter Triumph," Walter
Architecture Reading.
Offertory "Christ the Lord is Risen Today,"
Solo, Mrs. Chaffee, Bogert
Sermon.
Prayer.
Solo and Chorus, "Lift Your Glad Voices,"
Solo, Mrs. Chaffee, Holden
Hymn 200, Congregation standing and joining
Benediction.
Postlude.The choir will be made up as follows:
Soprano—Miss Helen Beebe, Mrs.
Edward D. Floyd, Mrs. Lawrence Bo-
gert, Mrs. C. S. Kelsey, Miss J. Moffatt,
Mrs. J. Dix Ritchie, Miss Lucy Worth.
Contraltos—Miss Caroline H. Beebe,
Miss Belle Eggleston, Mrs. W. H. Don-
nell, Mrs. Wm. H. Gomes, Mrs. J. B.
Wilson.
Tenors—Edwin S. Beebe, Sailer Storrs
Clark, Chas. H. Harbison, Robert S. Per-
ry.
Basses—Ambrose E. B. Bogert, Harry
Harbison, Joseph Sherman.
Assisted by Mrs. Edward Chaffee, Jr.,
soprano.
Lawrence Bogert, organist and di-
rector.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

At the Baptist church the following
musical program will be rendered and
the Rev. George A. Francis will preach:
MORNING.Organ Prelude, "Thine Sonata, 1st Movement,"
A. Gullmunt, Selected.
Offertory, Cornet and Organ,
Choir, Anthem, "Christ our Passover,"
H. P. Danks
Solo and Chorus, "He is Risen Today,"
O. S. Tisdale
Response, "Comfort the Soul of Thy Servant,"
P. A. Schucker.
Anthem, "The Lord is my Strength,"
Caleb Simper
Organ Postlude, "March in G," Henry StuartMembers of choir: Miss A. Love,
Miss L. Love, Mrs. M. Snyder, F. B.
Jones, Mrs. S. W. Power, Mrs. G.
A. Francis, Mrs. C. F. Conant,
A. F. Grunt, Mrs. R. P. Greaves. As-
sisted by Mrs. J. Z. Hatfield, Miss C.
Hatch, Miss E. Reed.
Miss Ida Decker, organist.
M. Snyder, cornetist.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH.

At St. Paul's church Rev. Francis J.
Clay Moran will preach, and the fol-
lowing music will be rendered:Morning Prayer, 10:30 o'clock.
Processional, Hymn 112.
"Christ our Passover,"
Three Gloria Patri.
To Deum.
Jubilate.
Holy Communion.
Hymn.
Kyrie Eleison.
Gloria Tibi.
Credo.
Hymn 118.
Offertory Anthem, "Awake thou that Sleepest,"
Stalder
Sursum Corda,
Sanctus,
Benedictus qui venit,
Agnus Dei,
Gloria in Excelsis.
Recessional, Hymn 115.
Evening Prayer, 7:45 o'clock.
Processional, Hymn 123.
Three Gloria Patri,
Magnificat,
Nunc Dimittis,
Hymn 116.
Offertory Anthem "The First Day of the
Week,"
Hymn 117.
Recessional, Hymn 110.Gen. Velton Steeb, choirmaster.
Russell Armstrong, organist.
Vested choir of twenty-eight.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The choir of the Presbyterian church
have been for several weeks practicing
upon their Easter music and an unusu-
ally fine program may be expected. The
Rev. N. W. Caldwell will preach a ser-
mon appropriate to Easter in the morn-
ing. In the evening an Easter prayer
service, with the following program,
will be presented:Chorus, "Awake Thou that Sleepest,"
F. C. Maker
Tenor Solo,
George A. Smith,
of Plainfield

(Continued on page 5.)

BAMBERGERS

THE ALWAYS BUSY STORE

MARKET & HALSEY STS.

NEWARK, N. J.

Headquarters
For
Everything.Newark's Largest
the State's
Greatest Store.

MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED. GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

L. BAMBERGER & CO.,

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

GROCERIES

.....Purchased of us give
satisfaction because they are the best obtainable in the
market, and then the price is as reasonable as can be
expected when you consider the high grade of goods of-
fered.
Our delivery service is prompt.
A trial order is solicited.

A. C. FITCH & SON,

...CROCKERS...

Hello, 24-a.

157 Broad St.

WE ANNOUNCE

The opening of our Spring and Summer lines
of Shoes, and have taken the same special pains
as we always do in selecting for the trade, reli-
able and up-to-date goods—and invite your in-
spection.

Van Arsdale,

127 EAST FRONT STREET,

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Turrill's Cash Easter Specialties

Nice Fresh Eggs.....	25c	Nice Harrel Family Flour.....	3.00
Nice Sugar Cured Ham.....	1.00	Nice Back.....	1.00
10 lbs. Washing Soda.....	1.00	10 lbs. nice Oat Flakes.....	1.00
White Onions.....	6c	5 lbs. Choice Prunes.....	1.00
Red Onions.....	4c	Fancy Egg, Cream'y Butter, 25c lb; 4 lbs.	1.00
Potatoes, bushel.....	75c	12 cakes nice Laundry Soap.....	1.00

IN OUR MEAT DEPARTMENT.

Nice Lamb.....	13c lb	Nice Sirloin Steak.....	16c lb
Nice 1 lb. Roast, 8 and 10 lb. 12c lb.	13c lb	Round Steak, the best.....	16c lb
Nice Porter House Steak.....	18c lb	Sausage.....	10c lb

Compare these prices with what you are now paying and see if it pays
to buy for cash. We save you from 20 to 40 per cent. Is this not a
good investment?

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

BROAD STREET, WESTFIELD.

NOTHING BUT FIRE PLACE GOODS

AND
EVERYTHING FOR THE FIRE PLACE

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

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

Wants and Offers.

WORD for advertisement 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.

FOR SALE—A piece of room suit, buffet and a dining room chair, all oak. \$5.00. Address Box 511, Westfield.

FURNISHED ROOMS to rent, all improvements, private family. Address Box 511, Westfield.

FOR SALE or Rent—6-room house. Apply to J. H. Wilfong.

HOUSE TO LET on Walnut street, No. 46. Inquire within or of A. F. Hultman.

INTERESTING FERTILIZERS for field, garden and lawn. For sale by C. A. Smith & Co., Fairwood and Westfield.

MANCHE for sale. Apply to Harry W. Loughly.

MY farm is for sale. Ira C. Lambert.

PIANO INSTRUCTION may be obtained for a limited number of pupils, beginners preferred. Address: Lillian B. Gaudin, 36 Cambridge street, Westfield.

TO LET—Large corner store, 110 Somerset street, North Plainfield, N. J., occupied by bakery and ice cream business, no opposition; rent, \$30 month. Store 108 Somerset street, for grocery store, \$15 month. Shelving in both stores. First class location for a live man with capital. Address owner, W. R. Cosgrove, 110 Somerset St.

TO LET—Two 8-room houses with all improvements, electric lights, dry cellars; in good location; rent \$25 per month. Inquire of J. S. Irvine, 6 Central avenue.

TO RENT—Handsome 10-room house, containing every improvement; beautiful lawn, shade, fruit, garden. Near depot. L. V. Clark.

VOLETS for Easter. In pots or cut, at Miss Bech's frames, corner of Dudley and Highland avenues.

WANTED—Girl for general housework; sleep home. 60 Park street.

WANTED—A young man, married preferred, to drive heavy wagon, to deliver goods. Apply to F. Link, 227 West Front St., Plainfield.

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'HOTE DINNER, 5 to 8 P. M., 50c.

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

Westfield's Leading Shoe Store.

Spring styles in Shoes and

Oxfords for Men, Women,

Boys and Girls, have arrived.

If you are looking for a

\$2.50 gold piece for \$2.00

try our Bicycle Shoes. They

are nearer to it than you

think.

JOHN O'BLENIS

144 Broad Street,

Westfield, - N. J.

Easter Styles!

CLARK, THE HATTER,

OF COURSE!

TO THE COUNTY SEAT

BY TROLLEY ROUTE.

Opening of the Road Between Plainfield and Elizabeth Will Take Place Sunday.

The Westfield & Elizabeth Street Railway company promise to have trolley cars running from Plainfield to Elizabeth on Sunday, providing the day is clear.

The work on the Rahway line is progressing rapidly, large gangs of men being employed on both ends of the road. It is expected that this line will be ready to operate some time next month but the opening day will probably be Decoration day.

"HYDRO-

LITHIA"

CURES ALL

HEADACHES

TRIAL SIZE, 10 CTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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

LOCAL PARAGRAPHS.

—Boynton Beach will open for the season on Decoration Day.

—Miss Alice Barton is confined to her home on Elm street by illness.

—A new smoke stack has been placed on the C & C works at Garwood.

—The trolley cars will be running from Plainfield to Elizabeth on Sunday.

—Miss Bessie Hann, of North avenue, has accepted a position in New York city.

—Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Morehouse will move to Cedar Grove Centre on May 1.

—Clarence Love was removed to the State Hospital at Morris Plains on Wednesday.

—Edward Vought, of New York, was in town yesterday renewing old acquaintances.

—F. W. Wells will soon remove with his family from Broad street to White Plains, N. Y.

—Miss Maude Trenchard is spending a few days with her grandparents at South Orange.

—Walter White, of Shelburne, Vt., was the guest of friends on Carleton place yesterday.

—The township committee will hold a meeting at the town rooms this evening at 8 o'clock.

—Miss Jennie Mott, of Brooklyn, will spend Easter with the Misses Fitch, of Carleton Place.

—A. E. B. Bogert's house on Carleton place has received a coat of paint at the hands of Welch Brothers.

—Mrs. Carrie Gaskill will entertain the members of her dancing class at Gale's Club house this evening.

—J. S. Irving has removed all the evergreen trees from the front yard of his residence on Central avenue.

—Mrs. W. J. Holmes, of Bernardsville, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Weeks, on North avenue.

—Lawrence Bogert has resigned as organist of the Congregational church, his resignation to take effect May 1st.

—The Sunday school scholars of the New York avenue Baptist church will hold Easter exercises on Monday evening.

—The leader at the Christian Endeavor meeting at the Baptist church on Sunday evening will be Charles Fredericks.

—Lawrence Clark will be the leader at the Christian Endeavor meeting at the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening.

—Mrs. H. T. Trenchard, of South Orange, spent Wednesday with her son, W. H. Trenchard, the Broad street druggist.

—A delegation of Odd Fellows from Westfield Lodge will go to Plainfield on Monday evening to pay a visit to a lodge in that city.

—Mrs. Hawkins, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. E. A. Chamberlin, on North avenue, has returned to her home in Brooklyn.

—The ladies of the Methodist church will tender a reception to Rev. Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Anderson at the church on Tuesday evening.

—Charles Fredericks, a student at Yale College, is spending his Easter vacation with Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Conant on Prospect street.

—The lawn and board walk in front of the MacMurray place on Elm street has been much improved and adds to the attractiveness of the street.

—William P. Henderson and Miss Minnie S. Hughson, both of Plainfield, were married at the Presbyterian manse by the Rev. N. W. Cadwell on Sunday.

—There was a largely attended dance at the Social Club hall, Tuesday evening, given under the direction of Messrs. Roy Schoonover, Edgar Foster, Howard Manning and Fred Winter.

—"Jed" Brasset, assisted by a number of young people of the town, will give an entertainment at the Westfield Club on Tuesday evening, April 17. The entertainment is given under the auspices of the W. C. T. U.

—The officials of the Westfield and Elizabeth Street Railway Company have decided not to build the proposed combination bridge over the Lehigh Valley R. R. trucks at Picton but will simply erect a trestle.

—The Democratic State Committee will hold a meeting at Trenton tomorrow for the purpose of fixing a date for the State convention. The County Committee will fix a date for the local primaries the first of next week.

—Letters remaining uncalled for at Post office, Westfield. Persons calling for the same please mention advertisement. Mrs. Ellis, A. L. Nunn & Co., Mrs. Margaret Bryant, Mrs. Walter Gould, P. Napp, Mrs. Catherine Sigler, Miss Katie Smith.

—The success of the musicals at Mrs. H. C. Cook's on Monday evening next is assured as over 100 tickets have already been sold. Among the artists who will

be present will be Mrs. Worcester, Mrs. Prentiss, Miss Luckey, Fred Van Epps, the celebrated banjoleist, and a full violin quartette. Tickets can be had at the drug stores.

—Miss L. A. Billett, the Broad street milliner, is showing a large variety of beautiful Easter hats and trimmings. Miss Billett has the largest stock in her line ever shown in Westfield and is rapidly building up an excellent trade. Miss Billett's establishment is also headquarters for Standard Patterns. See display advertisement in this issue.

—On Tuesday evening about forty friends helped Mr. and Mrs. William Darby, of Branch Mills, to celebrate the fifth anniversary of their wedding. Among those present were Rev. N. W. Cadwell, who married Mr. and Mrs. Darby, and the Rev. William Hoppanagh, of Springfield. The evening was pleasantly spent in a social way, after which refreshments were served.

—At Elizabeth on Monday the Prohibitionists of Union County elected the following delegates to the State Convention at Trenton on May 8: J. G. VanCise, Summit; George Hatfield, Ira Osborn, Rahway; Arthur Crane, John Dietrich, A. A. Phelps, Plainfield; Edward L. Morrell, William B. Boyer, Rev. George C. Wilding, D. D. Neil McLeod, James Ireland, George R. Sayre, Edward Stoddard, James T. Sayers, Clarence A. Titus, Frank E. Bins.

FAREWELL RECEPTION TO MR. AND MRS. RITCHIE.

Social Club Members Will Play Euchre and Dance.

The Social Club will give a subscription card party and dance, Tuesday evening as a farewell to Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Ritchie, who leave sometime this month for Peekskill, N. Y., where Mr. Ritchie will take charge of the new mammoth factory erected by the Fleischmann Yeast Company. Mr. Ritchie is an ex-president of the club, and from his inception as a member has been among the foremost workers for its advancement and progress. Apart from this his genial and kindly manner has rendered him deservedly popular and the demonstration in his honor is spontaneous and enthusiastic. Enchore will be the game and the piano will be presided over by Prof. Westervelt, of Newark. The club members and their friends will be out in force.

WESTFIELD CLUB MEMBERS ELECT NEW OFFICERS.

Annual Meeting of This Progressive Organization Held Tuesday Evening.

The annual meeting of the Westfield club took place at the club house on Tuesday evening and a large number of the members were present.

The following ticket, placed in the field by the nominating committee some time ago, was elected:

President, Henry C. Sergeant; vice-president, W. E. Tuttle, Jr.; secretary, Robert B. Carberry; treasurer, F. S. Smith; trustees, H. E. Knight, George A. McKay, E. D. Floyd, C. D. Brenneholz and John Branner.

SCHOOL BONDS WERE PLACED ABOVE PAR.

Board of Education Get Good Price for the New Issue.

Messrs. Harry E. Knight and James O. Clark, the committee of the Board of Education which had the placing of the bonds on the new Sinclair school building in hand, have succeeded in getting the loan of \$50,000, Spitzer & Co., of Nassau street, New York, taking the whole issue.

The bonds were sold at 101 and will bear interest at the rate of 3.65 per cent. The premium will amount to \$500 and the interest will be \$1,825 annually.

BUSINESS NOTES.

Spring has arrived, and so has spring footwear. By the way, talking about arrivals, how about that new baby? Did you know that Robert H. Toederer, the inventor and manufacturer of Vici Kid leather and dressings, is giving every baby born in the United States during 1900 a pair of Vici Kid shoes free? Come in and see the samples and leave me the size. John O'Blenis.

Gavett, the Plainfield china dealer, has a few fine decorated dinner sets, 112 pieces at \$5.00. His whole line of goods are choice.

Cooking and Eating.

If we ate properly, the physician would lose his occupation. And we can eat for whatever we want—to get fat to get lean, to be nervous or phlegmatic or to stop or encourage the ravages of disease. An "open door" awaits them all. Is it too much to hope that the twentieth century will see a law compelling cooks to take a medical course?

Almost There Already.

Miss Fortie—Yes, dear, we have been engaged for a long time, but what has prevented me from taking the inevitable step has always been the fearful question, "Will he love me when I grow old?"

Miss Tommy—Don't worry, darling; you'll soon know now.—Merry Stories.

Easter Types at Condit's. New style. Price 50c a package. Try them.

EASTER IN THE CHURCHES

(Continued from page 4.)

Solo and Chorus. "Hosanna." Jules Grainer Chorus, "By the Thorny Way of Sorrow."

Solo, George A. Smith Chorus, "Saviour When Night Involves the Skies."

Solo and Chorus. The following choir will officiate: Sopranos—Miss Reger, Miss Williams, Miss M. E. Cunningham, Mrs. A. N. Pierson, Mrs. Marsh.

Altos—Miss Lucy Johnston, Mrs. Jas. I. Taylor, H. Hamilton, Miss Pullinger, Miss Fannie Clark.

Basses—H. N. Taylor, Fred Kreidler, Clarence Smith, Mr. Ballock.

Tenor—Samuel Cunningham, Lawrence Clark, J. I. Taylor, Samuel Johnston, Mr. Taloinay.

Stage Thunder and Lightning.

The reason why the mechanism for making the noises that give realism to a play are never seen by the audience is because the illusion would be completely destroyed if its operations were exposed to view, explains Frank Pyles in "The Ladies' Home Journal."

The noise of the waiter falling down stairs with a tray of dishes, for instance, is simulated by dropping as often as necessary a basket filled with bits of broken china, and a cylinder of silk, turned with a crank, drawing the cloth over wooden linges, gives a perfect rain and wind storm. A lightning accompaniment is made by touching an ordinary file to a bit of carbon, both on five wires, and thunder by rolling tumpin balls in a long, narrow, wooden trough.

The rumble of the wheels of a carriage is imitated with a vehicle like a miniature freight car run on a wooden track, and a striking of wood or metal on hard or soft surfaces serves to convince an audience of the approach or departure of a horse. When there is war, a single shot or two is usually the real thing, but a rifle volley effect is obtained by rapidly beating a dried calfskin with rattans, while heavy strokes on the bass drum will convey the idea of cannonading.

If this mechanism were seen in operation by an audience, it would make the whole performance seem ridiculous.

Spring and Summer Millinery.

Largest assortment of

Hats and Trimmings

ever shown in Westfield.

Trimming Hats a Specialty.

Beautiful

Easter Hats

now ready.

Miss L. A. Billett.

Broad St., Westfield.

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LOWEST PRICES. BEST QUALITY...

Felix Bridger.

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Ten per cent off on all Church Orders.

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stand the test. Ride a Pierce and you will

RIDE NO OTHER.

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WELLESLEY ROBINSON,

Elm Street, Westfield.

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Poultry, Fish & Vegetable Market

Opposite Standard Building, PROSPECT STREET, WESTFIELD.

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Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer today to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich, soft brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomachs receive it without distress. It is the price of coffee, 10c and 25c per package. Sold by all grocers.

Does Coffee Agree With You? If not, drink Grain-O—made from pure grains. A lady writes: "The first time I made Grain-O I did not like it but after using it for one week nothing would induce me to go back to coffee." The children can drink it freely with great benefit. Get a package to-day from your grocer, follow the directions and you will have a delicious and healthful table beverage for old and young. 10c and 25c.



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Of course you want something new to wear for Easter! We are prepared to help you gratify this laudable desire with a choice line of NOVELTIES IN NECKWEAR. Satin Stocks in plain, corded and lace trimmed. Jabots, rich stocks in new and delicate coloring. Chiffon Ties, Lace Ties, in rennaissance and point de spré patterns.

Two Toned Silk Scarfs, Organdie Chemisettes, etc.

FOSTER KID GLOVES IN SPRING COLORS.

New line of Gentlemen's Neckwear in fashionable shapes.

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Easter—Novelties

IN

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BROAD STREET.

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AT

Westfield Club Hall,

Tuesday Evening, April 24th, 1900.

TICKETS, including Reserved Seats,

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Seats reserved at Condit's Drug Store, Broad and Elm streets.

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Prospect Street, Westfield.

REPAIRING. RENTALS. SUNDRIES. STORAGE.

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New Spring Stock.....

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The Schmitt Bakery.

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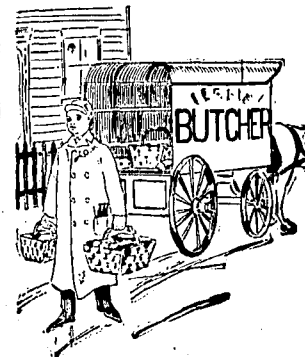
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VARIETY MARKET,
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Welch Bros.

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

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

WESTFIELD BAKERY,

Bihlmann & Koenig,
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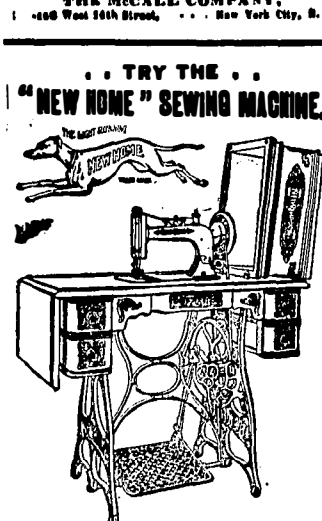


For ladies, misses, girls and little children. That can
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McCALL'S 100
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Sewing Machines we manufacture and their
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Large Variety of Granite Monuments.

"Pneumatic Tools for Lettering and Carving."

L. L. MANNING & SON,
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PLAINFIELD, N. J.

They Took Their Turns.

A young man residing in the north-
ern section of the city had been calling
for some time on a young woman, in
fact he thoroughly enjoyed the com-
pany of her whole family. One evening
he called and of the father who an-
swered his ring he made his usual in-
quiry, "Are the folks in?" He was an-
swered in the affirmative and asked to
"step in."

He was ushered into the parlor, and
after the old gentleman had engaged in
conversation with him for about a
quarter of an hour he excused himself,
went out, and the eldest son next en-
tered and entertained the young man for
about a quarter of an hour. Then an-
other brother and sister, and the young
man's suspicions were somewhat
aroused when the mother took her
turn. A little sister came next, follow-
ed in turn by the family cat, which
rubbed itself against the young man's
newly pressed trousers.

He gave a sigh of relief when, after
an hour spent in misery, his sweet-
heart made her appearance. He begged
of her to "put him next" to the joke,
and between her bursts of laughter she
informed him that "since he was try-
ing to court the whole family papa
thought they had best take turns."

It is unnecessary to say that he failed
to see the joke and has caused his at-
tentions.—Reading Eagle.

AN EASTER SOLO

By Manda L. Crocker.

HE SANG for years at Joy Memorial,
but one Sabbath morning people
missed him and they never knew
why or whether he had gone.

She closed her eyes to take a mental in-
ventory of the day, which had been a pecu-
liarly hard one. Soft, fluffy rings of curl-
ing hair, escaping their leathery, straggled down
around the patient face, now very grave.

All day she had smiled back to happy
faces drifting in and vaguely wondered
which carried sincerity with it and which
meant to deceive.

There had been an order for roses, helio-
trops and palms that had quite upset her
nerves. It was a wedding and, somehow,
before she knew, great tears were shining
on the beautiful blossoms. Such a start as
it gave her, to be sure; but the bride would
never know.

Toward evening she had two orders for
church decorations, and one of these made
her homesick. It was for Joy Memorial's
chancel rail.

It was now quite dark, and Bernice was
nodding in the little chair over by the win-
dow. Joyce Carroll cut the inventory
squarely across by opening her eyes and be-
ginning again where she had left off.

"Nothing but leaves; nothing but rub-
bish!" she said, taking up a whisp and turn-
ing on the light.

Bernice roused up from her nap, rubbed
her sleepy eyes with her pink palms and
came over to where the meditative florist
was "putting things to rights."

"Mamma," she yawned, "I'm awfully tired 'cause every-
body hurried so today. What's everybody's
going to do with so many flowers?"

"They want them for to-morrow, the glad
Easter time, dear."

"What do people do at Easter time, mam-
ma?" But before the mother could speak
the little chatterer answered her own ques-
tion. "O, I know; Auntie Farnham said
everybody forgives everybody, 'cause Jesus
rose."

Joyce Carroll stopped short in her efforts
to tie up a refractory vine. Was this a mes-
sage from the Father, or only childish prat-



"WHAT DO PEOPLE DO ON EASTER,
MAMMA?"

"Forgive? Of course she would, that
minute, with heart and soul; but—would he?
Merciful Heaven! if she might but find him
this blessed Easter tide, when "everybody
forgives—"

She used to be a Christian when—he—sang
at Joy Memorial!

She was not conscious that she was cry-
ing; she was living over again that day be-
fore Easter two years ago. He was running
over a solo for the Easter service; she re-
membered a stanza yet:

"Christ is risen; Christ is risen;
We, his own, now glad to forgive,
Shall rise because He rose."

Then came the quiver, and—Well, the
ragrant lilies she had knotted together with
white ribbon to carry to the service, that
very Easter morning, withered on the top
of the piano. She did not go; the solo was
never sung and Cyril—spent the day in his
room; and at eventide she and Bernice were
one!

The Roar saved the Judge.

A judge of the English high court
was once arrested on suspicion of hav-
ing burglarious designs on the house
of a friend in Mayfair. The police
officer charged him in the police station
with loitering with felonious intent,
and the prisoner's description of him-
self as one of her majesty's judges was
received with a grin of sarcastic deris-
sion.

At that moment an old offender was
brought in who happened to catch
sight of his lordship's face, which he
had good reason to remember.

"You here, my lord?" he exclaimed,
with unfeigned astonishment. "Well,
this beats cockfighting!"

The rogue's unsolicited corroboration
of the judge's declaration saved the
situation, and his lordship was allowed
to depart in peace.

Mike All Over.

Mr. Duffy—Mrs. Kelly, it pains me to
inform you that your husband has just
blown off his head in a dynamite ex-
plosion. We found his head in a washtub,
and his body in another lot, an his arms an fate in
another lot.

Mrs. Kelly (proudly)—Bogorrah,
that's Mike all over!—Harper's Weekly.

Exasperating.

"Gee whizz, how my wife does ag-
gravate me!"

"You surprise me. Surely she doesn't
happen to you?"

"No. It's her awful meekness. When-
ever we have an argument and I'm in
the right, she always sighs and says,
'Oh, very well, dear, have it your own
way.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Inconsistent.

"You keep me waiting so long!" com-
plained the customer.

"Madam," said the worried grocer,
who was economizing in his business
by employing only one clerk, "ain't you
the woman that was in here yesterday
talking about about weights?"—Chicago
Tribune.

But to-night an inspiration seized her. In
a moment it flashed over her. The pretty,
regular features lost their sorrow and the
light of a blessed new hope flooded the tear-
wet face.

With quick, elastic step Joyce Carroll ran
hither and thither, gathering up the neces-
sary articles to carry out her heart-rending
purpose.

The inspiration, she knew, had come from
above.

Their custom—his and hers—had been to
carry an offering of lilies to dear old Joy
Memorial at Eastertide. She would begin
again. The loveliest sprays in the shop were
selected by the intensely earnest woman,
and on a bed of feathery ferns she placed
them. Now for the other—

"What, mamma, has somebody ordered
more lilies?"

"Yes, Bernice," answered the mother,
"they are to go to Joy Memorial right away.
We are to take them down in a few minutes,
dear."

A heavenly smile transformed her
features as she knelt and kissed the wonder-
ing child.

Joyce knew the church would be open,
for the choir practiced at this hour, and,
doubtless, the decorating committee were
there yet.

"What's that you put in among the blo-
soms, mamma; a letter?"

"Yes, dear, a little note of a letter."

"What does it say, mamma?" persisted the
child, curiously.

"It says 'everybody forgives everybody at
Eastertide; isn't that right, dearest?'"

"Yes, mamma," and the child walked
about the room in an ecstasy of expectation
of once more beholding the loved place of
worship. She remembered where they used
to sit when papa stood up to sing. She was
taller some now, but she was sure that when
he came back he would still know her.

"When will papa come, mamma?" she
asked, crossing her white arms on the coun-
ter where her mother was writing some-
thing, and looking up with a great longing in
her face.

"What ails the child, to-night of all
nights?" whispered the hungry-hearted wife
with quivering lips. "She stabs me to the
heart's center; will she keep on until I shall
not be able to work to my purpose?" No,
she would find the way, somehow. Cyril
would not know, of course, but God would
see and send him back to them!

"Bernice," she said, slowly, "papa will
come as soon as he can, I think. Now,
please ask me no more questions, dear; mam-
ma is very, very tired."

And by something in her mother's look
and tone, Bernice sought the familiar chair
and fell to wondering at the things she could
not understand.

Not until her mother said: "Get your
wraps, dear," did she resume the gladness
of childhood. Then in a great flurry
she inducted herself into cloak and cap, and
stood waiting.

Not in all the ten years of her life had
Bernice Carroll looked so much like her fa-
ther. Joyce turned away and put her hands
over her eyes; memories flooded up so!

"Are you afraid of me, mamma?" queried
the child, coming round the big heliotrope
and brushing its fragrant blossoms as she
passed, in order to see the dear mother face.

"My child, didn't mamma say 'don't ask
questions'?" She took the perturbed face
between her cold palms and kissed away the
shadow.

"O, I forgot your 'don't'; truly I did,
mamma," laughed Bernice, clapping her
hands by way of emphasis.

"You may carry the offering, dear," said
Joyce, as they stepped out into the semi-
darkness.

The April moon in the clear, crisp west
slanted pale, faint gleams through the black-
budded trees overhead. The walk was a
boon after the long, shut-up day; and the
new hope shed its glory over all.

The light through the stained glass gave a
ruddy glow to the face of Joyce as she helped
Bernice up the steps. A blessed welcome
fairly leaped upon them, even in a vesti-
bule. The organ was throbbing out a glad,
penitential psalm, and she felt as if heaven's
gates were truly open about her. The janitor
followed her inside. "The new soloist
has come," he exclaimed, "the one you wrote
to," thinking she was one of the music com-
mittee.

"The new soloist." How everybody com-
bated her purpose! Where was the old so-
loist? She leaned against the wall a moment
to regain her composure.

"Haven't had such a tenor since Carroll
went away," the janitor continued; just
hear him sing."

"Yes," answered Joyce, "it is fine," but
she heard nothing, there was such a buzzing
in her ears.

"Awfully grand it is going to be," he went
on; "lilies and lilies, impressive programme,
new tenor, and all."

Joyce looked around. Where was Bernice?
It seemed an age since they came into the
church. The child had not waited, but
had gone on into the auditorium.

When the soft light fell round her and the
decorations burst on her admiring gaze, a
great sigh of satisfaction escaped her lips.

There stood the big pipe organ in its old
place, and she knew the organ boy was be-
hind that screen. She remembered how she
used to admire his short flaxen curls and
blue tie, and wonder if he didn't work harder
in his part of the service than the minister
did in his.

She wandered down the fragrant aisle as
one in a lovely dream, not conscious that she,
herself, was the most beautiful thing in this
Easter tide picture.

But the new soloist who had retired to
the right, giving place to a quartette, saw her.
He shut his book on his finger and felt
strangely moved. Her white cap, like a big
snowflake resting on the wealth of dark hair,
and the luxuriant curls straying down over
the fleecy white wrap suggested the glory
of woman in Holy Writ.

And Bernice wondered why mamma did
not come in. What would she do with the
offering? O, yes; there was the man over
there where papa used to sit; he was the
committeeman, surely, as he was not sing-
ing. She went up the altar steps and handed
him the box.

"This is our Easter offering," she said. He
took the package. Her voice, her face—
he drew his handkerchief across his
bewildered vision and read the name on the
wrapper. Looking after the child he gasped
out: "Little one!" But she had gone
around to see Teddy work the bellows. The
soloist opened the box and saw a beautiful
cluster of lilies, and read: "Everybody for-
gives everybody at Eastertide."

A great desire to cry out with an agonizing
cry came over him, but he kept his eyes
slipped into the vestry, taking the flowers
with him.

The rehearsal was over and Teddy and
Bernice were sitting on the altar stairs talk-
ing of Easter when Joyce stepped in. She
had stood outside until her emotion was con-
trolled; no one must know.

"Bernice, where are the flowers?" she
asked, approaching the twin.

"The committee has them," answered the
child, rising and running forward. "Isn't
Joy Memorial delightful, mamma? We
haven't been here since—"

"Hush! Bernice," a gravelled look crossed
the child's face and Joyce drew her into the

vestry for a moment's explanation.

"Dearest," she began, in tender undertone,
"you must not—"

"Mamma!" whispered Bernice, "see!
there's the committeeman at prayer."

Joyce looked and saw a kneeling figure at
the far corner of the room. The man's face
was buried in the cluster of lilies.

Was it the blossoms or the words which
had affected him so. She would go near and
comfort him; but what was it about that
bowed figure which—

"Bernice!" she exclaimed, in tense tone,
"go over there to your papa and comfort

him!" She pushed the child toward him
and turned away. Would she die of joy or
not?

"Is it really and truly my papa?" asked
Bernice, touching him?

"Yes, darling!" sobbed he, while she crept
under his arm, close to his heart.

"Come, Joyce, dear heart; come!" He
held out his other arm imploringly; he was
not able to look around just yet. She needed
no second invitation. In a moment she was
beside him and his strong right arm about
her. "O, Cyril, I—"

"Hush!" he interrupted, gently. "Every-
body forgives—"

A joyful reconciliation sealed by love's de-
votion blessed the next five minutes in the
vestry of old Joy Memorial.

Easter morning the organ rolled triumph-
ant notes until the lilies on the altar trem-
bled in unison, and Cyril Carroll sang:

"Christ is risen! Christ is risen;
We, His own, now glad to forgive,
Shall rise because He rose!"

His Economy.

Mrs. Murkle—John, you know I promised
to get along without a tailor-made suit if
you would get me a sealskin coat last fall.

Mr. Murkle—Yes, dear, and it was a
beauty that I got, wasn't it?

Mrs. Murkle—It was, indeed, love. Dear
me! I shall have to get a terribly swell
Easter outfit to keep folks from thinking we
are slipping backward in money matters.—
Chicago Daily News.

The Test of Approval.

She has got her Easter hat.
And there's much delight in that;
But to her complete enjoyment 'twill confer
When she sees just how it strikes
The enamored man she likes.
And the woman that she hates and who
—Brooklyn Life.

Worthy of Trust.

"I don't see why you feel disposed to trust
that man for so large an amount. He has no
standing in either Bradstreet's or Dun's."

"That may be, but I happen to know that
his wife has decided to get along without a
new Easter hat this year, so he must have
money."—Chicago Daily News.

A Feather Brain.

He tickled his wife with a feather;
But she laughed with pleasure at that.
For it was an ostrich feather that,
To wear o'er her Easter hat.

—Judge.

Regarding His Vocation.

Towne—He has been the ruin of
many a man.

Brown—Gambler or saloon keeper?

Towne—Neither. He's a manufacturer of
Easter hats.—Brooklyn Life.

A Flying Star.

On a summer evening you may see
Acrurus high up in the south or north-
west in June or July and farther down
in the west in August or September.

You will know it by its red color. That
star has been flying straight ahead
ever since astronomers began to ob-
serve it at such a speed that it would
run from New York to Chicago in a
small fraction of a minute. You would
have to be spry to rise from your
chair, put on your hat and overcoat
and gloves and go out on the street
while it was crossing the Atlantic
ocean from New York to Liverpool.

And yet if you should watch that star
all your life, and live as long as Methu-
seleh, you would not be able to
see that it moved at all. The journey
that it would make in a thousand years
would be as nothing alongside its dis-
tance.—Professor Simon Newcomb in
Youth's Companion.

Hard Words.

Mrs. Tucker—Tommy, what makes
you so late?

Tommy—Had some words with the
teacher, and she kept me in after
school.

</

ABOUT THE COUNTY

CRANFORD.

The Rev. B. C. Thompson has been appointed pastor of St. Paul's M. E. church by the Newark conference.

At the meeting of the township committee held on Tuesday evening Stephen J. Cox was appointed township attorney.

Frederick W. Park has been appointed to take the place of his father, who resigned as a member of the Board of Education.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Paul's M. E. church will hold a cake sale at the vacant store, next to the post office, tomorrow afternoon.

There was a small fire in the home of Albert Tusch, Tuesday evening. The fire, which was caused by a defective flue, was quickly extinguished.

Hennessey, the pitcher of the Cranford base ball team, has been elected captain. The team has the following dates: May 5, Montclair A. C. at Montclair; May 12, Knickerbocker A. C. at Bayonne; May 19, Marlons at Perth Amboy; May 21, New York Athletic Club at Cranford.

ROSELLE.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Fisher, of Brooklyn, are guests of friends in town.

The Rev. Robert W. Elliot has been returned to Roselle as the pastor of the M. E. church.

Miss Sadie Harris, of Philadelphia, has returned home after a pleasant visit with friends here.

William Howe, of Princeton College, is enjoying his Easter vacation with his father, ex-Mayor Howe.

The Rev. A. W. Merrick, of New York, delivered a very interesting talk on "History of the English Bible" at St. Luke's church on Wednesday evening.

RAHWAY.

The whole Republican ticket was elected here on Tuesday.

Miss Mary Cottle is spending a few days with friends in Philadelphia.

Prof. F. S. Grow is spending a few days with friends and relatives in Vermont.

The Rev. D. D. Eaton, of Newark, preached in Trinity church on Sunday morning and evening.

Albert Shaw, George J. Trussler, Matthew Daly and D. J. Bunn, of this city, will do duty on the May Grand Jury.

The Arch Destroyer.

"He is a mean, sneaking, underhanded element, the moth is," protests John Kendrick Bangs in "The Woman's Home Companion." "Fire has a decent sense of the proprieties. Moths have none at all. When fire attacks you, it smokes and crackles and hisses and roars and lets you know in clarion tones that it has come. The moth steals upon you in the dead of night and chews up your best trousers, gorges himself upon your wife's furs, tickles his palate with your sweetest flannel golf shirt, munches away upon your handsomest rug, punches holes in your best sofa cushions with his tusks and then silently folds his tent and steals away without so much as a thank you for his meal. For unmitigated meanness commend me to the moth! Alongside of the moth and his nefarious work even a book agent pales into insignificance and an unpaid grocer's bill becomes an absolute pleasure."

Our First Woman Editor.

According to the Hartford Courant, that paper in 1777 was owned and edited and managed by a woman, whose name comes down to modern days as "the Widow Watson." She had "exclusive charge" of the journal. After a couple of years Mrs. Watson married a leading citizen of Hartford, and after that date she no doubt let him advise and assist in the conduct of the paper. But she holds the record for the first woman editor in the country.

Sneak-glances.

An urethra in a country parish in Scotland, having been told by his parents to read a newspaper aloud to them, began to do so in the usual drawling manner of the parish school. He had not proceeded far when his mother stopped him short, exclaiming: "You rascal! How dare you read a newspaper w' the Bible twang?"

Eclipse of the Sun.

The Southern Railway announces that the eclipse of the sun, May 28, 1900, will be visible at various points along its line in Alabama, Georgia, the Carolinas and Virginia. For this occasion we will make a rule of 1 cent per mile, one way for the round trip, for party of ten or more travelling together on one ticket, within the territory of South Eastern Passenger Association, short line distances to govern.

Specific advice of movement will have to be given to the lines in advance, so they may get authority for the dates, the limits of the eclipse and the points to which it is decided that they be sold.

For further information apply to Alex. A. Thwait, eastern passenger agent, 1185 Broadway, New York.

The "Prudential" send an Exhibit to Paris in compliance with a request made by the United States authorities at Washington, the Prudential Insurance company of America has just completed and forwarded to the Paris Exposition an exhibit to be incorporated in the section set apart for education and social economy.

As the pioneer of industrial insurance in the United States, the Prudential was asked by the Federal government to make an exhibit concerning industrial insurance as practiced in this country.

The history of the Prudential being virtually the history of this system of life insurance in the United States, the exhibit is mainly confined to the history, statistics and experience of that company.

The exhibit consists of 8 large portfolios, seven of which contain the forms used in all the various departments of the Prudential's field and office administration, illustrating fully the method of conducting the industrial life insurance business, while one portfolio contains a series of diagrams, charts, maps and statistics illustrating in particular the progress of the Prudential during the past twenty-five years.

The exhibit will, in many respects, prove a revelation to those who have but slight knowledge of the large number of transactions and extremely complicated technical features connected with the industrial business and the corresponding results which have been achieved under Prudential leadership in making of industrial insurance the most complete business success of the age.

The good results of industrial insurance from the standpoint of public policy are set forth in a chart illustrating the decrease in pauper funerals in the city of Newark during the period 1800-1890. There was a material saving to the taxpayer in that city through the good results of industrial insurance, the vast extent of which is shown by an exceedingly interesting map of the city, containing in red dots the location of every claim paid by the Prudential during 1890. It is shown by this map that the Prudential paid claims on practically every street in the city of Newark.

The exhibit made by the Prudential at Paris will be the first ever made by an industrial company at any of the World's fairs which have been held during the twenty-five years since the business has been in active operation in this country, and while not prepared for advertising purposes, it will do much to make clear the vast extent and far reaching importance of industrial insurance in the social and political economy of the American people.

A DROP IN PRICE.

The Miner Took Less Than He First Anticipated For His Claim.

"These fabulous stories you hear," said a Colorado man, "of the wonderful discoveries made and prices received for claims in the mining regions bring back to my mind a story that used to be told in the earlier days of Colorado."

"A young chap had there located a claim in which he had every confidence that ore existed, but try as he would he was unable to locate the precious metal, and little by little he became sicker and sicker at heart until at length there came a day whose closing was marked by clean discouragement on his part. His last piece of luck was eaten, his last stick of gunpowder fired and his credit utterly used up. Still he believed the ore to be there, but he recognized the utter futility on his part of trying further to get it. Lonely and out of spirits, just at sunset he stood at the door of his cabin looking for the last time over the scene of his useless efforts, when down the winding trail came a stranger astride of a broncho. Taking in the situation at a glance, the man reined in his engine and called out to the lonely figure in the cabin doorway, 'Say, pardner, what will you take for that played out claim of yours?'

"Hope sprang up and gleamed from the miner's eyes as he firmly replied: 'Played out nothing. I'll take \$1,000, 000 gold to buy me out.'

"The stranger slowly gathered up the reins. 'I'll give you \$8,' he said tentatively.

"'All in cash?' queried the late prospective millionaire eagerly.

"'Yep,' was the response.

"'The claim's yours,' on the part of the mine owner closed the transaction."—New York Tribune.

Proof.

Madge—But don't you really believe that Ida is engaged?

May—No; I'm sure she isn't. I asked her if there was any truth in the report, and she refused to say a word.

Harper's Bazar.

What were in vogue in Rome toward the end of the republic, and so well made that Ovid says, "Nobody could tell if any one else's hair was real or not."

We'll One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Prop., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the best 15 years, and he has been perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c, per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Testimonials from Hall's Family Pills are the best.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"Quo Vadis" at the New York theatre is certainly a magnificent production and is drawing large houses. No expense has been spared in staging this production and in securing a cast worthy of a great drama. Over two hundred and fifty supernumeraries are employed and are thoroughly drilled for the various scenes.

With the opening of Proctor's Fifth Avenue theatre on Monday, May 7 next, patrons of continuous vaudeville in New York City who enjoy cleanliness in stage entertainments, such as Mr. Proctor is noted for, will have the choice of three luxurious theatres, in which only the best talent to be obtained will be seen weekly. The remarkably low prices of 50 cents for the orchestra and 25 cents for the balconies will always prevail at these three houses. Unusually strong programs have been arranged for Easter week (week of April 16) at the two present Proctor theatres, Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre and Proctor's Palace. At Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre, week of April 16, the features are: Marguerite Cornille, noted French vocalist, who will make her continuous vaudeville debut; the favorite comedian, Fredrick Bond and his Co. in "My Awful Dad"; Ryan and Richfield, in their new comedietta, "A Headless Man"; Carris-Scott, singing comedienne; Pantzer Trio, contortionists; Anderson, Appleton and Allen, travesty artists; Kalatechnoscope. At Proctor's Palace, East 58th street, week of April, are: Thorne Carleton, in their farcical skit, "The Intruder"; Jane Whitbeck, singing comedienne; Dixon, Bowers and Dixon, the three Rabes; Sison and Wallace, "Kid" act; Barton and Brooks, comedians; Kalatechnoscope, with a new set of Transvaal views; and many more.

MANAGER SANDERSON'S TESTIMONIAL. Harry S. Sanderson, for so many years Pastor's manager, will have on the occasion of the approaching testimonial to be given him at Pastor's theatre, in Fourteenth street, New York, a great crowd of talent—the best in the vaudeville line. Among the long list there will be Maggie Cline, Hilda Thomas, Clara Scott, Blanche Ring, George Evans, Buchanan and Ardelle, Rigger and Dreher, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Murphy, George C. Davis, the American vito-graph and so on to the end of the chapter. Mr. Sanderson's country residence is at Cranford.

At the American theatre "the Mikado, or the Town of Titipu" will be given its annual revival at the American Theatre next week with a cast composed of the favorites in the light opera contingent of the Castle Square Opera Company. The cast has been arranged as follows: The Mikado, Hellen Molyneux; (his first appearance with the company); Nanki Poo, Reginal Roberts; KoKo, Frank Moulton; Pooch Bah, William Prunette; Fish Tush, Louis Casavanti; Nee Ban, Harold De Bray; Yam, Yam, D. Eloise Morgan; (her first appearance in the part at this Theatre); Petti Sing, Gertrude Quinn; Peep Bo, Aileen Bertelle (her first appearance with the company); Kutshina, Maude Lambert. Next week's attraction will be "The Black Hussar." "Lohengrin" is scheduled for early production.

Klaw & Erlanger have decided to end, for the present season, the marvelously successful engagement of their great production of "Ben Hur" at the Broadway theatre, New York, Saturday evening May 12th. On this date this play will have run just six months and will have been presented 194 times. At that time over 400,000 people will have seen it and the box office receipts will have aggregated over \$450,000. This is beyond dispute the greatest record of attendance and receipts ever recorded, either in this country or abroad. Desirable seats may now be had for every performance from this time till the close of this season, Saturday, May 12th. Special attention will be given to all orders by mail accompanied by remittance.

Saved the Miner's Money. "Whenever I buy anything," once said Russell Sage in telling the story, "I make it a rule to talk with the salesman. I am a member of a great many different boards of directors in a great many lines of investment, and I often find this information of great service. Some time ago I went into a large clothing store to buy a suit of clothes at a low price that I had seen advertised. I bought the clothes for \$14, I think, and in talking with the clerk I found the lot had been sent to his store from a big manufacturing concern to be sold on commission. I got them for less than 10c. Now, I have kept a general store and understand that business, and there is no money in that sort of thing.

"A few weeks afterward this manufacturing concern applied to one of the banks I am connected with for a large loan. Their credit was apparently all right, but on the strength of what I had learned I held up that loan, and a short time later the concern failed."

Saturday Evening Post.

When you dream that somebody is pushing you over a precipice it's time

you looked after your stomach and liver. You may not believe in dreams but that particular sort of dream is likely to come pretty near true if you don't take prompt measures to prevent it. If you neglect the warning you may find that you are actually pushing yourself over the precipice of disease into the abyss of death.

Don't forget that your heart and lungs and brain and nerves are supplied with blood and nutriment through your stomach, liver and bowels. If they do not do their work properly—if the blood is full of poisonous matter your whole body will soon be full of impurity and disease, and it is small wonder you dream of disaster.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies and enriches the blood. It cleanses the whole digestive system and is an antidote for poison in the blood. It is a blood-maker and flesh-builder and is good for the nerves. It brings restful sleep and a clear head. It contains no alcohol, whiskey, sugar, syrup, or dangerous opiates.

"I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Pleasant Pellets and have had no trouble with indigestion since," writes Mr. W. T. Thompson, of Townsend, Broadwater Co., Montana. "Words fail to tell how thankful I am for the relief as I had suffered so much and it seemed that the doctors could do me no good. I got down in weight to 125 pounds, and was not able to work. Now I weigh nearly 160 and can do a day's work on the farm."

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Mutton and Cakes. The relations between light and the eye are wonderful, and the rapidity of the vibrations of the atmosphere necessary to produce color sensations are amazing. To get the sensation of redness our eyes are affected 450,000 times in a second; of yellowness, 510,000,000, and of violet, 707,000,000. So that the seven billion rainbow, whose firm and subtle flame is reared out of drops of water that are ever shifting, plays upon the human eye in a manner so astounding that the strongest mind might stagger beneath the awful revelation.—London Opinion.

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Ingrains, 20c. yd. All-wool Ingrains, 40c. yd. Brussels, 40c. yd. Velvets, 60c. yd. NEW MATTINGS FROM CHINA AND JAPAN, 9c. YARD UP.



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—ought to bring \$13.00 —it's a deep-tufted velour covering—has best of steel springs. "Comfort" straight through. 50 others here to pick from.

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—a beauty of a suit—worth \$25.00—in golden oak, large dresser, beveled edge mirror, combination washstand.

17.95—a 25.00 full quartered oak Chiffon—French plate mirror—brass trimmings—a 25.00 pattern

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