

An Important Step

for the protection of your family's future is taken when you have secured a policy of Life Insurance in THE PRUDENTIAL. It is the first step which should be taken by the man with a family dependant upon him.

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JOHN F. DRYDEN, President. EDGAR B. WARD, 2d Vice Pres't & Counsel. LESLIE D. WARD, Vice-President. FORREST F. DRYDEN, Secretary. C. E. Ball, Sup't. Rooms 2-4 Bank Bldg., E. Front St. & Park Ave., Plainfield, N. J. Box 791.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCE

My love is young, my love is fair,
Sweet, true and amiable is she,
With turkis eyes and topaz hair—
Alas, my love is lost to me!

Her no crusades nor cruels confound,
Nor beautiful problems vex;
She has no theories to propound—
I've never heard her mention sex.

She doesn't smile on risque notes;
Her taste in dress is quite divine;
She's half an angel, goodness knows,
But, ah, she never can be mine.

I knew she painted tumbourees
And pickle jars and copper bells,
With flowers and stories and river scenes
And moonlight views on scallop shells.

She's painted photo frames galore—
Wood, velvet, iron and brass;
She paints the panels of the door;
She has not spared the looking glass.

The plush framed plaques upon her wall,
Her limp art muslins everywhere,
The floral drain pipe in her hall—
They know the pangs I've had to bear.

And now the Rubicon is passed,
The great abyss between us set,
The final blow has fall'n at last—
I've said goodbye to Amoret.

Goodby to bliss that might have been,
Goodby to happy hopes that were—
She's "dropped" a Verne-Martin screen
And asphyxiated an empire chair.
—Fall Mail Gazette.

HER WEDDING PRESENT.

Marie Was No Doubt as Much Surprised as Freddie Was.

Young Mr. Smithers, having eaten an excellent dinner, sat down to smoke a good cigar while his wife ran up stairs to make her toilet for the theater.

So peaceful was his state of mind that he did not even look anxiously at his watch when, after the promised "minute" had developed into 60, she entered the room.

"Seems to me that you are looking very nice tonight, my dear," he remarked.

"I am so glad you think so, darling. Of course I care more for your admiration than that of any one else. Besides the Skimmers sit right behind us this evening, and this dress will give her a bad headache before the second act is over."

Mr. Smithers looked anxious. "So that is new, is it? Wasn't the old one good enough?"

"Not quite, dear. Besides I earned the money for this one myself."

"But how did you earn it?"

"Oh, after you left I fell to thinking what a lot of money I was to spend on a wedding present for Marie when I really needed so many things. Then an idea struck me. I remembered all those pretty things I found in your big trunk after we were married—the ones that horrid girl, whoever she was, sent back when the engagement was broken. I wouldn't have one of them myself, but it seemed a pity for them to lie there, so I went up stairs and looked them all over. I selected that lovely silver backed mirror and cleaned it up until it looked just like new, and then I—"

"Sold it to buy the dress? I see!"

"Nothing of the kind. I bought the dress with the money you gave me. The mirror I sent to Marie with our best wishes. Wouldn't she be surprised, and—why, Freddie, am you ill?"

"Not at all, my dear! You are quite right. Marie will no doubt be much surprised, for, you see, she herself was the girl who returned those presents; that is all!" —Baltimore Herald.

4000 Miles With a Wheelbarrow.

In 1878 Lyman Potter of New York State performed the prodigious task of pushing a common "pucky" wheelbarrow across the continent. He started from his home on Duane street, Albany, on the morning of April 10, 1878, and arrived in San Francisco on the afternoon of Oct. 5 of the same year, being almost exactly 178 days (two hours and three minutes over) in performing the fearful feat. Potter was a showman, and the trip was the result of a wager made by some friends who believed that such a trip would occupy at least 200 days. The wager was \$1,000, the Potter making between three and five times that sum advertising for different parties along the route. The wheelbarrow was made specially for the use to which it was put and weighed but 75 pounds. The distance traveled by Potter was exactly 4,086 1/2 miles. —St. Louis Republic.

Loach Lake, in Minnesota, takes its name from a translation of the Indian gahluugwa chumakung, "the place of loaches."

TWO TIGHT CORNERS.

EXCITING CHAPTERS IN THE LIFE OF A POLICE CAPTAIN.

A Hard Struggle For Life With a Stubborn Murderer and a Narrow Escape From Death at the Hands of an Armed Maniac.

"Yes, we have to deal with some queer people and some dangerous people," said a police captain. "And I must say, but not boastfully, that we now and then have to use judgment that is at once quick and reliable. I remember several years ago we had a highwayman in the station house who had shot a man and robbed him. He was a dangerous criminal and a mighty powerful man, and he was in a good position to go down for life or be executed, for his victim was at the point of death. One night he asked that I be sent to his cell. I had arrested him and had tried to get a confession from him, but all my efforts had been vain. He had taken a violent dislike to me, and he had laughed at all my endeavors. The deduction I made when I heard he wished to see me was that he had changed his mind and intended to confess, so I went to the cellroom and talked with him.

"Captain," said he in a coddling way, "I want you to come in here and sit down. This secret is making a wreck of me, and I want to tell you everything."

"He seemed quite penitent, and without any hesitation I opened the cell door and sat down on the bench beside him.

"Is Mr. — going to die?" was his first question.

"The doctor says he cannot live," I replied.

"Then the chances for my going to the chair are better than good?" asked he.

"I replied that they were. The prisoner lapsed apparently into deep meditation, and while the spell was upon him he paced up and down the cell. Suddenly he slammed the door of the cell, placed himself before me and said in a rather fearsome voice:

"I've finished one, and if I do two I can get nothing worse than the chair."

"Saying which, he leaped at me, landing out a powerful blow as he did so. I was, of course, up and ready for him and had a billy in my hand. He had nothing but his big fists, feet and teeth, any of which he was ready and anxious to use, but he was twice a match for me even up. I don't know how I did it. If he had got the best of me just for a second, I would have been pounded to death; there is no doubt of that. I rapped him on the head time and time again with my billy, felt his blood flying over me, heard him snarl and also felt the imprint of his powerful fists. It took me five minutes to lay him out, and I must say that I never spent five busker minutes in my life. Oh, he's in prison now. He's doing 20 years."

"I remember another little experience I had that is not easy to forget. I was sitting in my private office one afternoon when a well built, stylishly clad young man entered, bowed pleasantly and sat down on the edge of the sofa.

"I never was down in this part of the city before," he said; "and, being here, I thought I'd stop in and visit with you."

"That's right," I rejoined. "I'm always glad to receive callers."

"I looked closely at the man. I couldn't place him at all. It seemed that I had seen him some place too. He was about 30 years old, was stout and had an attractive face that bore slight traces of dissipation.

"Beg pardon, my friend," said I, "but I really can't just place you. I know we've met, but where?"

"No, we haven't met before. I never saw you before today in my life. I'm from Baltimore. I've heard of you a lot of times."

"The dialogue lagged for a few moments, and in that time I scrutinized the stranger. He mystified me in a small degree, and I was interested in him. He broke the silence:

"Say, captain, I've got something very important to see you about. I'll just close this door, and it's just as well that no one knows what we do or say. Now, I wish first to impress you with the importance of this meeting. It is the most momentous occasion of my life, and on its success or failure depends my future. Captain (the stranger leaned over and whispered in my ear), I'm going to cut your throat!"

"I was sitting with my profile to the stranger, and he was leaning toward me. Casting my eyes sideways, I saw that he held an open razor in his right hand. I did not move immediately.

"So you're going to cut my throat?" I said, quietly turning part way around.

"Yes, captain. I have been commanded by God to do so. I'm sorry, but it must be done. Get ready!"

"That's all right, my friend. I'm perfectly willing you shall carry out your mission; but, to tell the truth, I hate to get blood all over my furniture. It wouldn't be nice to dirty up the office, would it? Suppose we go in the back room?"

"That'll do. Come on," rejoined the maniac quickly.

"I got up. The maniac's back was toward me. With one bound I had my arms about his waist and his arms pinned to his side. I then called for help, and two officers rushed into my office. It took four big men to put that maniac in a cell. He's in an asylum now." —Buffalo Express.

A Wedding Ring Should Fit the Finger.

If it is too large, it is a sign of shallowness of purpose; if too tight, it suggests that the union pinches somewhere. A perfect fitting ring is symbolic of a perfect, harmonious union.

THE GRANDEST MERCHANDISE MOVEMENT OF THE SEASON!



Our Store closes at noon Saturdays during July-August. Open Friday evenings.

Semi-Annual Before Inventory Stock Reducing Sale!

AN IMPORTANT occasion, which, coming twice yearly, is inquired about and watched for with the greatest interest by thousands of shrewd women in Newark and the vicinity. An event when thousands of dollars' worth of this season's most desirable, clean and stylish merchandise are closed out—just when you need them most—a fraction of their cost or real values. Those of you who have attended our former sales have learned to expect remarkable reductions, and this occasion, following our extraordinary Spring business—in which we more than doubled our receipts of the same period last year—will more than satisfy your greatest expectation. Experienced shoppers will readily recognize this as the

BARGAIN FEAST OF THE SEASON

All of our odds and ends—goods which show handling and surplus stock, will be thrown out at ridiculously low prices, values which you cannot afford to ignore if you can use the articles, and have the least sense of economy.

A brief synopsis of the remarkable values as illustrative of what you may expect: All the regular shades in Covert Suits, regular 12 1/2 yd. here at 80c... 40 pieces of this season's best Corded Wash Suits, new and desirable, 80c goods, at 19c yard... Dainty Cambric Corset Covers, embroidery trimmed, cheap at 25c, sale price 15c... White English Figue, instead of 25c yard, here at 12c... 35 pieces of Liberty Silk and Mousseline de Soie, all shades, worth from 50c to 55c yard, here at 18c... Men's Pure Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, sold everywhere at 10c, here at 12c... Chambray Gloves, the best, washable kind, all sizes, a fine 60c value, sale price 48c... Black Velvet Ribbons, with satin back, regular prices, 15c to 25c yard, here at 8c... Women's fine 1 1/2 yd. Ribbed Vests at 74c... Women's Handsome Tailor-Made Suits, instead of \$9.00, here at \$4.50... \$1.00 Wrappers at 50c... Stylish Percale Shirt Waists, cheap at 50c each, sale price 15c... Genuine Amoskeng (gingham), 5c yard... 10c and 15c Wash Goods, sale price 50c, etc., etc., and hundreds of even better values than enumerated here. Don't delay—come at once.

IMPORTANT NOTICE All goods on sale while lots last. In order that every customer may have the same opportunity, we reserve the right to allow only reasonable amounts of each article to each buyer. No mail or telephone orders filled for advertised goods.

THE DAVID STRAUS CO., Newark, N. J.

Machine Made Jokes.

Some time ago a fellow got up a little book giving hints on how to be funny. Copies of this book are evidently in common use by the funny men connected with many of our newspapers. Witness this specimen joke attributed to a Chicago paper:

He—Who is that ugly old woman over there by the piano?

She—Oh, that's Mrs. Cosmetique, the famous beauty specialist.

The book tells just how to make this class of jokes in bulk. The same idea will do for a whole batch. "He" asks: "Who is that baldheaded man?" "She" answers: "That is Dr. Quacknostrum, the Hair Renewer man." Again, "He" asks: "What is the matter with those crying brats?" And "She" responds: "Their mother has gone to lecture on the training of children." Once you catch the idea you can produce funny things of this kind automatically, and if you are a funny man on a newspaper your readers will laugh every time and other papers will quote your jokes and give you paper credit for them.—Pathfinder.

The Rhythmic Dance.

When the police in Denmark find a man helplessly drunk in the streets, they drive the patient in a cab to the station, where he sobers off. Then they take him home. The cabman makes his charge, the police doctor makes his, the agents make their claim for special duty, and this bill is presented to the landlord of the establishment where the drunkard took the last glass that did the business. No wonder that certain landlords protest, saying that proofs are insufficient and that some alleged victims sham intoxication to get into trouble landlords against whom they have a spite.

The Point of View.

"Get a divorce if you want it!" exclaimed the angry husband. "I can easily get another wife, and I've lived long enough to learn that one woman is just as good as another—if not better!"

Enlightened.

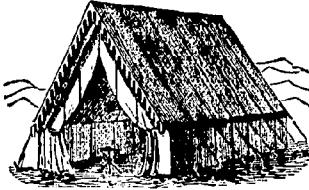
Professor—I'm grateful for my sense of humor. Thank heaven, I can always see a joke.

Miss Phyllis—Oh, professor, the sense of humor is not ability to see a joke. The sense of humor is ability to take a joke. —Hullman Journal.

A Political Bias.

"They say you are merely a political boss," said the candid informant. "Great Scott!" ejaculated Senator Borah. "The treachery of these moderns is something disheartening. Why, that's all Julius Caesar was." —Washington Star.

AWNINGS, TENTS, Window Shades.



Geo. F. Brown, Telephone, 43 Somerset St., Plainfield. J. WARREN BROWN, Manager.

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

Gayle Hardware Co.

(Formerly Lahr's.)
Cor. Front St. and Park Ave., PLAINFIELD, N. J.
Are now ready to furnish at bottom prices,
BELDON-HALL CO.'S NEW PERFECTION REFRIGERATORS, TOWNSEND'S BALL BEARING LAWN MOWERS, and others. OIL STOVES, HOME, IDEAL and STANDARD OIL CO.'S WICKLESS, HATMOCKS, ICE CREAM FREEZERS, and a first-class line of GENERAL HARDWARE and HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.
Goods delivered free. Telephone Call 685.

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 eat at once. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocer's, lots.

Begonia For Garden Decoration.

It is now getting to be well understood that many plants that it was thought could only be grown under glass do remarkably well in our climate under summer shade. The begonia is especially suited to this summer work. The writer came across a little piece of rockwork constructed under the shade of some large trees, in which the whole mass of rocks was completely covered with species of begonia. Every night, or nearly every night, water was showered upon them through a hose from a hydrant. Nothing could exceed the beauty of this mass. —Menasha's Monthly.

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

WESTFIELD BAKERY, Bihmann & Koenig, Props. Broad Street, Westfield.



Try Allen's Foot-Powder. A powder to be shaken into the shoe. Your feet feel swollen, nervous and hot, and you feel as if you have something hot and tight about them. Try Allen's Foot-Powder. It will make your feet feel cool and comfortable. It will cure itching, sweating feet, ingrowing nails and callous spots. Relieve corns and blisters of all pains and give you rest and comfort. Try today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. (For more particulars) Address: A. L. Allen, 150 N. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE GRAND SCHEMER

A STROKE OF GENIUS THAT PUTS MILLIONS BEHIND HIM.

Major Crofoot strikes a genuine Good Thing and Divides, or Protests That He Is Willing to Divide, With His Chiroprapist.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

It was the chiroprapist from the door above the major's office, and he passed the door two or three times before knocking, as if to get up his courage.

"Come in," called the major in a bland and cheery voice. "Come right in! By George, but what a coincidence—what a coincidence! Not a minute ago I sat down to write you a note asking you to step down here. There is surely such a thing as mental telegraphy."

"You have owed me \$1 for the last four months," stilly replied the chiroprapist as he lugged out a bill.

"Just so—exactly—just so!" smiled the major as he rubbed his hands together. "Yes, sir, about four months



"I WANT THAT DOLLAR!"

ago you removed two corns from my right foot. The circumstance is perfectly fresh in my memory."

"And you said you'd pay me next day."

"I presume I did. Yes, I know I did, and I humbly apologize that it slipped my mind. My dear man, permit me to pay you \$2—\$3, \$4, \$5. I have a check here for \$250. You may hand me \$245 balance, and I shall be perfectly satisfied."

"I haven't got no \$245," replied the man, "and I only want what is due me. I'll go to the bank with you."

"Don't! Don't do it! I'd never forgive myself for putting you to that trouble. Yes, I was about to write you a note. It was surely a curious thing—your coming down as you did. Doctor, do you know where I stood financially four months ago?"

"Mighty hard up, I guess," was the sudden reply.

"You're hit it. Yes, sir, I was so hard up that I didn't own the shoes on my feet. It was the hardest kind of work for me to raise a dollar. The cold, cruel world sneered at me and called me a deadbeat, but there were a few exceptions. You were one. In my darkest hour you had confidence in me. When I wanted those corns removed, you didn't demand payment in advance."

"I wish I had!"

"No, sir. You trusted in my word, and you didn't seek to humiliate me, and you aroused my deepest gratitude. I have offered to pay you five for one, but I shall not stop there. It shall be 5,000 and more for one. Can you sell out your business or give it away today or tomorrow?"

"Are you going to pay me the dollar?" sternly demanded the chiroprapist.

"If you can't sell out, give it away, lock it up, throw it out of the window," continued the major as he walked about the room. "My dear man, listen to me. Four months ago I was hard up for a quarter; today I have millions behind me—millions and millions. I may be said to swim in gold."

"I'll be hanged if you look it!"

"And how has the change been brought about? By my indefatigable genius, coupled with ambition. I looked around for a ten strike. It was a little slow in coming, but I hit it at last. What do you think of the Veal Cutlet Tablet company; capital, \$5,000,000? There are the papers on my desk to perfect the organization and apportion the stock—over \$2,000,000 of the stock subscribed for in advance at 70 cents on the dollar, and capitalists tumbling over each other to take the remainder. Doctor, let me congratulate you. Shake hands!"

"Over what? I'm after my dollar."

"Over your appointment as secretary of the company, at a salary of \$10,000 a year, and you can begin work tomorrow. As an official you also have that choice of \$20,000 worth of stock. You trusted Major Crofoot, and this is the result; this is your reward. Shake hands again!"

"Not by a darn sight! You might as well give up trying to work my cold duck in on me. I want that dollar."

"And it was my genius and my financiering which brought it about," said the major as he rubbed his hands and patted the chiroprapist on the shoulder. "The thought came to me while I was eating a veal cutlet at my boarding house. Our veal tablets are exactly what the game implies. We prepare a cutlet for the table and then compress it and divide it into tablets. Every box contains 25, and the price is 16 cents. Two weeks hence they will be on sale at every drug store in the United States, and all doctors will recommend 'em. You don't have to wait for breakfast or dinner to get your cutlet. Just drop a tablet into your mouth and let it dissolve, and there you are. Can be taken with you to church, lectures, balls, camp meetings or horse races; should be in the hands of all travelers, hunters, sailors and baseball men. In less than three months they will drive every other tablet out of

market. Invented, organized and named in less than ten hours and bound to pay dividends of 50 per cent. My dear man!"

"Look here now!" exclaimed the chiroprapist as he pointed on the table. "I've come for my dollar! Don't try to stuff me, but come down with the cash!"

"And the company had only been named when I thought of you for the position of secretary," mused the major without seeming to have heard the indignant protest. "You were a man who had trusted me. When others demanded cash down, you gave me a show. My heart swelled as I thought of this, and I set the salary at \$10,000 a year, payable quarterly in advance. Shall I draw you a check for the first quarter?"

The chiroprapist looked at the major as if wondering if he had met a crazy man.

"I said \$10,000 a year, but if that is not enough—if you feel that you ought to have \$20,000—speak right up. I want you to be perfectly satisfied, you know. Why \$20,000 a year be enough?"

"What about my dollar?"

"The tablets will be a go. They can't help but be. Let us walk out in the hall while I tell you that the public can't get enough of veal cutlets in their present form. They are always eager for more. They want the taste of cutlets in their mouths as they go about their daily routine. Fifteen cents a box in order to compete with potato lozenges, but a profit of 10 cents on every box! Take the sales at 10,000,000 boxes a year, and what do you get? You want stock. You want at least—"

"Not a blasted cent's worth! I want my dollar!"

"At least \$20,000 worth of stock. You shall have it. You have paid me \$1 to secure it, and don't you worry. It will be made in your name, and later on—Excuse me."

The major stepped into his office and shut the door.

"Here, what's this?" called the chiroprapist.

The major locked the door.

"Look here, you old deadbeat! I want that dollar!"

The major sat down at his desk and lighted the stub end of a cigar.

"You come out of that and pay this bill, or I'll bust the door down!" shouted the creditor as he gave two or three kicks.

The major calmly puffed away and gazed out of the window, and the look on his face would have reminded a beholder of buckwheat cakes and molasses.

"Then I'll lay for you out here and punch your old head! Do you hear me?"

The major did not hear. He was perfecting the organization of the Veal Cutlet Tablet company and wondering whether the Canadian general agency should be placed in Toronto or Quebec.

M. QUAD.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

The Higher the Purpose the Rarer the Achievement.

If by success we mean the full accomplishment of an end, the actual reaping of a harvest of results, then it is undoubtedly true that the higher and nobler the purpose the rarer will be the success. If we aim to relieve a man's hunger, we can quickly succeed in the easy task, but if we aim to inspire him with a desire to earn his own bread the work is more difficult and the success far more problematical. If we would restrain a thief from robbery, the prison bars and locks insure success, but if we would make an honest man of him our task is a complex one, and success may be afar off. We undertake to teach a child to read. If with requisite effort we follow up our task, we are successful, but if we aspire to raise the educational standard of our community how arduous the task, how uncertain the result, how questionable the success!

The low man sees a little thing to do, sees it and does it;
The high man, with a great thing to pursue, dies as he knows it.

Is his life, then, a failure? No; let us never imagine that any high purpose, any noble thought, any generous emotion, any earnest effort, is ever lost. We may never witness its growth, we may not live to gather its fruit or even to see its blossoms, but we may safely trust that somewhere and at some time the harvest will be abundant, and success, long hidden, shall become apparent.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Wickedest Bit of Sea.

Nine out of ten travelers would tell inquirers that the roughest piece of water is that cruel stretch in the English channel, and nine out of ten travelers would say what was not true. As a matter of fact, "the wickedest bit of sea" is not in the Dover strait, or in yachting, for example, from St. John de Luz up to Pauillac, or across the Mediterranean "rice" from Cadiz to Tangier, nor is it in rounding Cape Horn, where there is what sailors call a "true" sea. The "wickedest sea" is encountered in rounding the Cape of Good Hope for the eastern ports of Cape Colony.—Shipping World.

Flight of Time.

Old Med—Well, old man, how'd you sleep last night? Follow my advice about counting up?

New Med—Yes, indeed; counted up to 18,000.

Old Med—Bully! And then you fell asleep, eh?

New Med—Guess not; it was morning by that time, and I had to get up.—Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

Never hear more than one kind of trouble at a time. Some people hear three kinds—all they have had, all they have now and all they expect to have.

Learn to keep your ears open and your mouth closed.—Dallas News.

NEVER A SECOND TERM.

No Republican Candidate for Vice President Was Ever Renominated for That Office.

The republican national convention of 1900 is the twelfth to be held by that party, which has an unbroken record of never renominating a vice president for a second term, says the New York Sun. There was but one formal ballot for vice president in 1856, when William L. Dayton was nominated. There were two ballots for vice president in 1860, resulting in the election of Hannibal Hamlin. The nomination of Andrew Johnson for vice president was made on the first ballot in 1864, and that of Schuyler Colfax on the first ballot in 1868. There were 11 candidates, Maryland and Kentucky being represented in the list of candidates. The New York candidate, Gov. Fenton, was defeated. He was not renominated for governor. In 1875, at Philadelphia, there was only one ballot for vice president. There were two candidates, an eastern republican from Massachusetts, Henry Wilson, and a western candidate from Indiana, Schuyler Colfax. Wilson received 30 1/2 votes to 32 1/2.

In 1870 William A. Wheeler, the New York candidate for vice president, was nominated on the first ballot. In 1880 the candidate of the republican convention for vice president, Chester A. Arthur, also a New York man, was nominated on the first ballot. In 1884 Gen. Logan, of Illinois, who had been one of the candidates for president, was nominated for vice president on the first ballot, and in 1888 the nomination of Levi P. Morton, of New York, for vice president was also made on the first ballot. His chief opponents for the honor were William W. Phelps, of New Jersey; W. O. Bradley, since governor of Kentucky; and B. K. Bruce, a conspicuous leader among the colored voters of the gulf states at that period. He was a resident of Mississippi. The nomination in 1892 was made on the first ballot. In the notable republican convention of 1896 there was but one ballot, but the vote was not unanimous. Mr. Hobart, of New Jersey, received 533; Henry Clay Evans, of Tennessee, 290; Gov. Bulkeley, of Connecticut, 39, and Gen. Walker, of Virginia, 24. Mr. Evans received in addition the solid vote of Tennessee and the support of a majority in the delegations from Wisconsin, Minnesota, Missouri, Indiana, Georgia, North Carolina and Texas.

In 11 national conventions of the republican party New York has received the nomination for vice president four times, New Jersey twice, at the first and at the last convention. The other states which have been recognized by vice presidential nominations are Massachusetts, Illinois, Indiana, Maine and Tennessee. The republicans have never nominated a vice president from Ohio, for the reason, it is assumed, that Ohio always has a candidate for the higher office of the presidency. The democrats went to Ohio on two occasions for vice presidents, and in both instances the candidates were defeated.

There has never been in a republican national convention any serious contest over the vice president. There has never been a scramble of contesting candidates or a deadlock in a convention. The choice of vice president, always decorously and usually discreetly made, has followed the recognition of the political exigencies established by the nomination of the president, and, except in three instances, the candidates nominated by the republican party for vice president have taken that office. Two died before the expiration of their terms, two became president of the United States by the assassination of the president.

EVIDENCE WAS AGAINST HIM.

Young Husband Could Not Convince His Wife He Had Quit Smoking.

He had been married only two weeks and at the bride's persuasion he had given up smoking, says the Indianapolis News. He told his fellow clerks at the freight office all about it, how his wife had insisted upon and how great the sacrifice had been to him. He dwelt on the fact that he had never known what a slave he was to the habit and that each succeeding day the appetite became stronger and stronger. But he intended to hold out, hard as the struggle was, as it gave him such pleasure. He could hold out till the end of the honeymoon, at any rate.

He told the boys that his wife would visit him at the office next day and he would introduce her to all of them. It happened the morning that she came in that the newly married man was not at his desk. He had been called to another part of the building for a minute or two and it was in those fatal minutes that the boys got in their dreadful work. They had carefully saved all their cigar ends for several days, in expectation of this visit, and placing them on the desk they conducted the bride to her husband's chair. A moment later the husband appeared. She looked at the "snipes" piled up on the desk and then, with a pained look at her husband, ejaculated: "O Charles!"

The next morning he came in smoking a cigar. "Couldn't convince her," said the young husband. "So I'm smoking again. I might as well have the game as the name. But it was real low down in you fellows."

A Horrid Alternative.

She—I will give you my answer in a month.

He—But I won't be able to stay away from you for a month.

Then go and ask papa now and you won't be able to get around here for a month.

All Right.
An Irish grocer advertises "quart pail of all sizes for sale cheap."—Chicago Daily News.

HUSBANDS IN JOB LOTS.

Women in Central Africa May Marry as Many Men as They Choose.

In certain parts of central Africa it is not an uncommon occurrence for women among the native tribes to have as many as 100 and sometimes 150 husbands. A traveler has related how a certain Malakoid woman became immensely wealthy, as wealth goes in that queer country, by marrying herself to suitor after suitor on condition that a certain amount of cattle was forthcoming. Thus she became the possessor of a vast herd and was raised almost to the rank of queen, says the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Among certain surages an extraordinary custom prevails—that is, if the eldest brother of a family wishes to marry the ceremony has also to be gone through by his other brothers. Thus, if there be a family of 12 brothers and the eldest goes courting the women of his choice must also of necessity be chosen by the other 11, and after her marriage, if the woman wishes to add to her stock of husbands, there is nothing to prevent her doing so.

Among the Afghans it is ordained by law that should a woman be left a widow the eldest brother of the dead man is to become her husband, and the custom is so strongly insisted upon that any departure from it is considered a scandal and a disgrace upon the parties concerned. The same law holds good among the Thushwap Indians of British Columbia, the Somalis of east Africa, the Damavus of South Africa, the inhabitants of New Hebrides and others, which is remarkable when we consider how far apart these places are, and that the inhabitants of these several districts have, in nine cases out of ten, never heard of the others.

In the Marquesas Islands an extraordinary law is in vogue, as follows: "No man may have more than one wife, and no wife of mature age less than two husbands." Neither is there any stipulation that the woman shall not have as many husbands as she likes, and there have been cases where a woman has had 20 or 30 husbands, though such a state of affairs is rather the exception than the rule.

In the Sandwich Islands polygamy is very common. There have been cases in the islands where women have married widowers and their sons. Neither is there any limit in that country to the number of husbands a woman may have if she be sufficiently fascinating. Among numerous Indian races polyandry has been an institution for ages and among the Cingalese exists a rather remarkable custom that allows a husband to bring home another man with him on approval as another husband for his wife.

A traveler in Ceylon some years ago found one household presided over by a woman who had 35 husbands; a good many of whom had been introduced by the original husband, the others, in turn, being brought in to the tolerant wife by the newcomers. Of course, to our ideas such a state of affairs is abhorrent, but very little discord seemed to be rife among this particular wife and her varied assortment of husbands. The custom of centuries has made any ground for wonderment or objection nonexistent.

There is one most remarkable phase in polyandry as practiced among the Thibetans; that is if any children be born to the widow of a man whose brother has married the woman again, they are counted as the children of the deceased. And no matter whether the woman had ten husbands, her children would still be considered the children of her original husband. The reason for this is that the first husband is considered the head of the household, the family property being vested in him, and so all the children are feigned to be his.

The "coming out" of a girl in the Barotzi tribe in central Africa means a good deal more than it does here.

She is taken out in the middle of the village and all the men of her tribe are commanded to fall in line in front of her in full fighting dress. She is then blindfolded and a wand placed in her hand. This being done, the line of warriors becomes a vast circle around the girl, and she is sent all around the living wall that hem her in with outstretched wand and amid the profoundest silence. Whoever her wand touches as she speeds around the circle is to be her husband. At every second step the wand is to be thrust out, so that after she has finished her "tour" she will find herself possessed of a score or more of stalwart husbands. For she must marry every one that her wand touches.

Didn't Scatter His Blows.

Some years ago a number of horsemen pulled off a fight at Louisville. The "go" was between Brutus Clay and a negro who hustled for his pork chops. After the fight had gone three rounds the hustler quit. His seconds said to him:

"Sny, what are you quitting for? You are doing all right, and you can beat him."

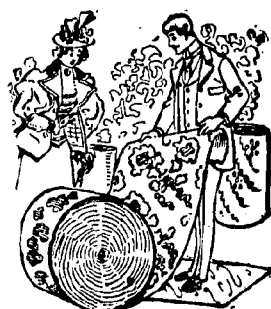
But the hustler said: "I ain't agoin' to fight that man any more, 'cause he don't scatter his blows enough." Brutus used a straight left on the nose all the way through.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Soldiers and Clergymen.

Under favorable conditions of peace, the mortality among soldiers is practically the least known, with a death rate of only five in every 1,000. Compared with a soldier's life the peaceful days even of a clergyman are full of danger, for his death rate is 11 in 1,000, or more than twice as great as that of his militant brother.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

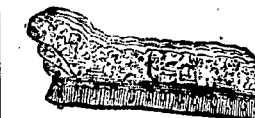
MULLINS & SONS.

FURNITURE ON CREDIT AT CASH PRICES.



Couch, upholstered in velvet, good strong springs.

\$3.75.



Tufted Couch, upholstered in velvet, good strong springs.

\$8.50

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

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

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

Special, \$17.50.

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

Only \$6.50.

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

Wardrobe, made of Oak, nicely finished, with double doors. Special, \$8.50.

Bed Room Suit, 3 pieces, consisting of one Bed, one Dresser with bevel plate mirror and one Wash Stand.

\$11.50.

Extension Table, Antique Oak Finish, 5 nicely finished legs, strong and durable.

\$2.69.

OUR CREDIT PLAN MAKES IT EASY TO SECURE A HOME.

MULLINS & SONS,

218-220 Market Street, Newark.

Other Stores—Cresy City, Brooklyn, Paterson.

Ground Floor Facts.

Read Carefully.

We began our Spring Season with an entire new stock, and the trade has exceeded our expectations, nearly every line being duplicated several times, but now having started to manufacture our winter suits and overcoats, and to make room for them when they arrive, we propose to close out EVERY SUMMER GARMENT left on hand, AT WHATEVER THEY WILL BRING, so as to start each season with a brand new stock. No left over goods for us! If our ground floor contains anything you can use, now is your chance. Men's all wool Suits as low as \$6.50, and Trousers at \$1.50. All must go to make way for new goods.

GOLYER & CO.

Newark's Up-to-date Clothiers.

CLOTHING ONLY.

815 Broad St., NEWARK, N. J.

CAR FARE PAID

J. S. IRVING CO.,

DEALERS IN

Coal, Lumber,

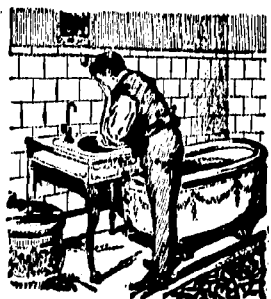
Building Materials, Mouldings and Kindling Wood. Fertilizers

For Lawn, Garden and Field.

Office and Yard—Central Ave., near R. R. Crossing, Westfield

Orders by Mail Will Receive Prompt Attention.

TELEPHONE 19 A.



Don't Waste Money

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

M. H. FERRIS,
Sanitary Plumbing.

WESTFIELD, N. J.

Be Sure...

to get the best bread, cakes, pies, and pastry for your table.

The Schmitt Bakery.

J. J. Schmitt, Manager.
"KEEPS THE BEST."
BROAD STREET, WESTFIELD.
Wagon Deliveries.

The Cranford Gas Light Co.

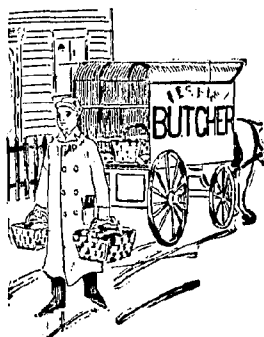
Incorporated 1872.

GAS for Illuminating
and Fuel Purposes.

GAS RANGES connected ready for use at \$12.00 and \$16.00.

Hot plates and ovens also furnished.

WESTFIELD OFFICE,
HART'S BUILDING,
ELM ST., WESTFIELD, N. J.



Archbold & Scudder,

VARIETY MARKET,
WESTFIELD.

OUR MOTTO:
BEST GOODS, LOWEST PRICES.
POLITE ATTENTION :: ::
:: :: QUICK DELIVERIES.

WALL PAPER
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50 PER ROLL
AND UPWARDS.

Welch Bros.

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

Go to
R. F. Hohenstein's,

FOR

Flour, Feed Hay and
Grain.

You get fair treatment every time.

Prospect Street, opp. Standard
Building,
WESTFIELD, N. J.

Mount Ararat
Creamery

IRA C. LAMBERT, Prop.

Best for the Bowels.

No matter what ailment you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, give you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cure you just in time to start getting your health back. Cascarets (Candy Cathartics) the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every bottle has U. S. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Biliousness

"I have used your valuable CASCARETS and am now perfectly cured. I could not do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family." EDW. A. MARR, Albany, N. Y.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. 25c. Box. CURE CONSTIPATION. ... Selling Nearly Everywhere, Chicago, Montreal, New York, St. Louis, etc.

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

W. H. BAKER...

Painting
and
Decorating.

Nothing but the best material used. I mix all my own paint from pure white lead and refined linseed oil. Can furnish best of reference from those for whom I have done work. All work has my personal supervision.

271 South Ave., Westfield, N. J.

R. M. FRENCH,

FURNITURE, CARPETS, OIL
CLOTHS, MATTINGS.
Carpets cleaned, refitted and laid.
Elm Street, Westfield. Near Depot.

A Famous Prison.

The celebrated Mamertine prison furnishes an important scene in Seneca's story, "Quo Vadis." It is located on the slope of the Capitoline, in Rome, and, according to tradition, it was begun by Ancus Marcius and later enlarged by Servius Tullius. Jugurtha is said to have been starved to death here, the accomplices of Catiline strangled by command of Cicero and Scipio, the minister and favorite of Tiberius, executed. Church tradition has consecrated this prison as the place where St. Peter and St. Paul were confined by order of Nero. Historian Hillard says of it:

"The Mamertine prison is a hideous vault divided into an upper and lower portion scooped out of the solid rock and lined with massive blocks in the Etruscan style of architecture. A more heart-breaking place of confinement it is not easy to imagine. According to the traditions of the church, St. Peter was imprisoned here by order of Nero, and the pillar to which he was bound and a fountain which sprang up miraculously to furnish the water of baptism to his jailers, whom he converted, are shown to the visitor. There is no reason to doubt that Jugurtha was starved to death in these pitiless vaults. Here, too, the companions of Catiline were strangled. It is a curious fact that the chances of literature and history should have carried two such names as those of Sallust and Cicero on these Cyclopean walls."

Not Picky, but Pork.

The following bit of nonconformist humor is taken from "The Farringdons," an English romance. The speakers are Mrs. Bateson and Mrs. Hanky, worthy wives, but not altogether above feeling a certain pleasure in showing up the ways of husbands:

"They've no sense, men haven't," said Mrs. Hanky; "that's what's the matter with them."

"You never spoke a truer word, Mrs. Hanky," replied Mrs. Bateson. "The very best of them don't properly know the difference between their souls and their stomachs, and they fancy they are wrestling with their doubts when really it is their dinners that are wrestling with them."

"Now, take Bateson himself," continued Mrs. Bateson. "A kinder husband or better Methodist never drew breath, yet so sure as he touches a bit of pork he begins to worry himself about the doctrine of election till there's no living with him. And then he'll sit in the front parlor and engage in prayer for hours at a time till I say to him:

"Bateson," says I, 'I'd be ashamed to go troubling the Lord with a prayer when a pinch of carbonate of soda would set things straight again!'"

Absentminded.

"Absentmindedness is a bad thing in business," said the fat man.

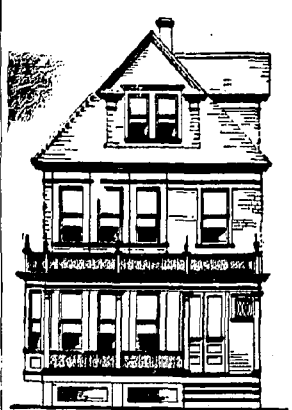
"Ain't it, though?" responded the lean man.

"Just look at me, for instance. I went and lost one of my best customers last week by addressing a letter to him as 'John Henry Lloyd.'"—Indianapolis Press.

AN ADMIRABLE DESIGN.

Plan For Modern Dwelling That Can Be Built For \$3,100.
(Copyright, 1900, by George Hitchings, architect, 1000 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn.)

This design shows a modern dwelling which has been erected in Brooklyn for \$2,150 complete, including furnace and hot and cold water supply. The design is admirable and combines both good elevations and a well arranged plan. The underpinning is built of mottled buff brick. The superstructure of wood is

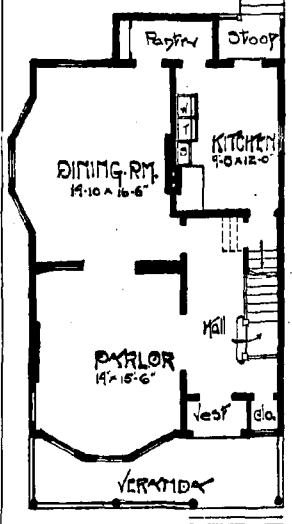


FRONT ELEVATION.

covered on the exterior framework with sheathing paper, with shingles on the second story and bevel siding on the first story.

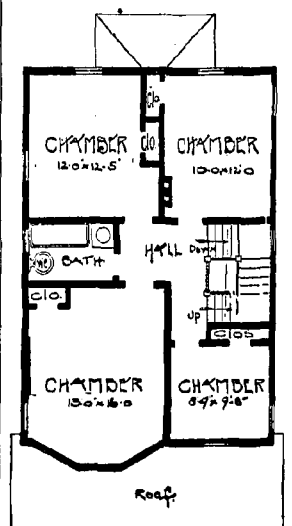
The shingles are stained a vandyke brown, with cream white trimmings. The roof is stained a moss green.

Dimensions—front, 22 feet; side, 34 feet; height of ceilings—cellar, 7 feet;



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

first story, 9 feet 6 inches; second story, 9 feet; attic, 8 feet. The hall is trimmed with ash and is ornamented with a platform staircase, with novel posts and balusters turned out of similar wood. The dining room contains a wood mantel with tile hearth and facings. The parlor is trimmed with cypress and is provided with a mantel.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

The pantry between the dining room and kitchen is provided with china closets and all necessary fixtures. The kitchen is also fitted up with all modern improvements, such as soapstone wash trays and porcelain sink. The bathroom has a tile floor, with all fixtures set open with nickel trimmings.

Ceilings and Their Handling.

Ceilings are of innumerable orders. We are familiar with the flat one painted or frescoed. But we are beginning to learn a few simple principles—for example, that a coffered ceiling greatly increases the apparent height of a low studded room. A heavy paneled ceiling must not rest on walls without the coming between of a strongly profiled cornice. Wooden ceilings are coming into favor, but are to be used only in very high studded rooms. Plaster moldings are outgrowing, and it is settled that we must not treat the ceiling with wall patterns, since the angle of view is different. Perfect plaster, well colored with a deeper neutral tint and a conventional border in fretwork or simple lines, is the best method for the ordinary house. Stenciling can be used to advantage, and the patterns are so easily done that a good many women have undertaken the work themselves with great success. But simplicity is always to be the law, no matter what the form chosen, leaving elaborate schemes to professional decorators.—Professor Seymour Eaton in Chicago Record.

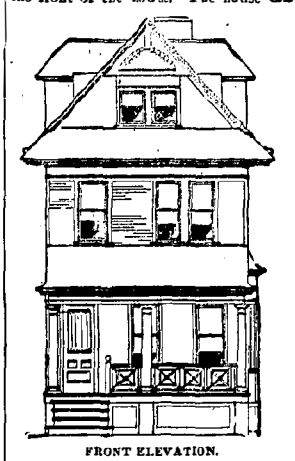
A Garden Pavilion.

A pavilion, detached from the house and near by, might be made a very inviting place to spend hot summer evenings. The first floor should be three or four feet above the ground and, if two stories, have an easy stair to second floor.—American Homes.

IN THE COLONIAL STYLE.

Design For an \$1,500 Cottage to Contain Seven Rooms and Bath.
(Copyright, 1900, by George Hitchings, architect, 1000 Flatbush avenue, Brooklyn.)

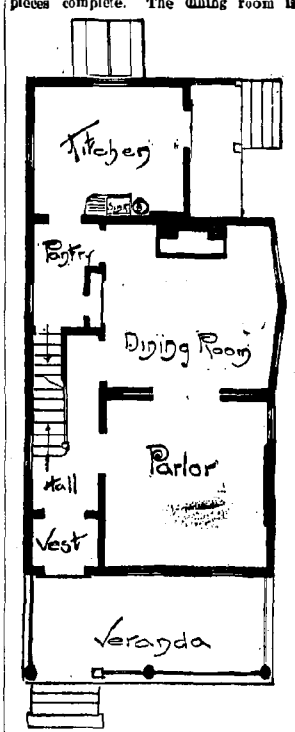
We herewith present an \$1,500 colonial cottage of many convenient features. It is treated in the colonial style, having a wide piazza with colonial columns across the front of the house. The house con-



FRONT ELEVATION.

tains seven rooms and a bath. The first floor is very conveniently planned, with a large parlor, dining room, pantry and kitchen.

The parlor has a wood mantel with tile hearth and facings and summer places complete. The dining room is

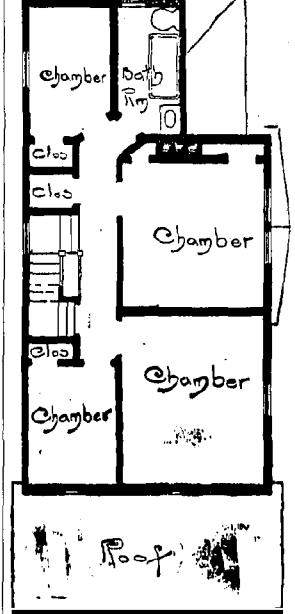


FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

provided with an open fireplace and is fitted up with a buffet built in. The kitchen is provided with the necessary modern improvements.

Dimensions—front, 18 feet; side, 32 feet; height of ceilings—cellar, 7 feet; first story, 10 feet; second story, 9 feet 6 inches; attic not finished.

The underpinning is of Jersey hard brick pointed up with portland cement.



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

The superstructure is covered with hemlock sheathing boards nailed on diagonally, then covered with a good quality of building paper and then clapboarded, making a perfectly tight structure.

Care of Bedding.

The daily airing of the bed and its covering is necessary for health and is hygienic. Each article should be spread over chairs and convenient places. Open windows and doors where there will be a current of air circulating through the room for an hour or more. On a damp morning the bedding should be hung near the fire or register, for hot air is purifying also. The mattress should be turned end to end every day and brushed all over with a whisk broom at least once a week.

To Clean Upholstered Furniture.

Brush the articles and beat the dust out first with a thin cane; then rub the upholstery all over with dry bran and a brush. This is a treatment that should not be denied upholstered furniture, as it radically improves its appearance.

A Good Darning Cloth.

Several yards of cheesecloth doubled several times and then quilted makes a very fine darning cloth. It can be readily washed and kept clean.

THE LIMIT PASSED.

One Scheme Which the Girl's Stern Parent Would Not Sanction.

"Please, mamma, please!"

"Papa, I beg of you do not refuse!" Cordelia's pleading clung wildly about her fond but obstinate mother's neck and rained kisses upon her cheeks, while Anastasia, her sister, did likewise to her father.

But their pleading seemed of no avail. The older Pashetouts shook their gray heads firmly in negation, though it was evident that the necessity of refusing their daughters' request pained them beyond measure.

Gently, but with decision, as one shakes a hard-shelled crab from out a sculp net, the parents disentangled their daughters' arms from their shoulders; then, mastering his emotions, the father said:

"No, Anastasia and Cordelia, what you ask of us is too much! Never before have we refused a request of yours. We have moved from city to city, from state to state, to the injury of my business and the destruction of your mother's health, in order to deceive people as to your ages. For the last ten years it has been nothing but move on for us, for every time the people of one place would begin to suspect your true ages you have insisted on us packing up and going elsewhere, that you might start anew at 22 and 23, respectively. We have submitted to this nomadic life for our love of you, but your most recent demand is too much. We absolutely refuse!"

The daughters sobbed like anything. In fact, they sobbed like everything.

But their firm parent remained firm. "No," continued Mr. Pashetout; "we will not, absolutely will not, celebrate our silver wedding again in order to prove to people that you two cannot be over 24 at the outside! The idea!"—Harper's Bazar.

TAKE WATER FOR MEDICINE.

A Health Producer Which is Available Everywhere.

There is no doubt that we do not drink enough. Our bodies consist largely of water, and the average man needs to drink from four to six pints of water daily in order to maintain health. This is the amount of water eliminated from the body by means of the kidneys, the skin and lungs. It is evident that a fresh supply is constantly needed to supply this lost aid in the process of digestion and carry away waste matter.

If the amount of water imbibed is not sufficient for all this, the health must suffer. Air, water and food are the essentials of life in the order given. A person can fast a long time—experiments have proved this—but that same person could not get along without water for that length of time.

As a usual thing women are the ones who suffer the most from an insufficiency of water. Mothers should see to it that their children have plenty of water to drink.

There is a diversity of opinion regarding drinking at meals. Some assert that the practice is injurious, as it dilutes the gastric juice. Others again claim that a glassful of pure drinking water taken during the process of mastication is healthful. On one point, however, all authorities agree—namely, that ice water is injurious.

Generally speaking, the theory advocated by the best physicians nowadays is to drink often and much. It cleanses the system, increases circulation and helps to make a clear complexion. Therefore, ye men and women, the latter especially, drink. Take clear, pure, sterilized water and be thankful so simple a remedy of nature is near at hand.—Table Talk.

Fireproof Safes.

"For city use in modern buildings," said a safe manufacturer, "safes are nowadays made thinner walled than formerly, thus giving them more room inside in proportion to the space the safe occupies. The modern building is fireproof, or substantially so, and in case of fire the safe does not fall down through the burned floors into a mass of burning debris in the cellar, but it stays where it has been placed, supported by the steel floor beams of the room and, with less around it to burn, subjected to comparatively less heat."

"Under such conditions the thin walled safe is as fireproof as the thick walled safe would be under the conditions in which it is used in the old style buildings, for use in which the thick walled safe is still commonly sold."—New York Sun.

Just Like a Man.

Biggs to cabman:—What will you charge to take me and my wife to Blank's hotel?

Cabman:—One dollar, sir.

Biggs:—And how much for taking two alone?

Cabman:—The same—one dollar.

Biggs (to his wife):—There, my dear, you see how much you are valued at.—Chicago News.

I and My.

The pronouns "I" and "my" are greatly to be avoided in general conversation. "I" do this or that; "my" children are so and so; "my" cook, "my" house, "my" equippage—such iteration sets terribly on the nerves of the listener, besides being in very bad form.—New York Tribune.

Hasty.

"This man," said the keeper softly, "handles his millions."

"Isn't that nice?" answered the visitor. "Whenever he needs money all he has to do is to draw on his imagination."—Kansas City Times.

A Drifted Wreck.

"What is a drifter, just?"
"Well, the most hopeless kind of skeptic is a woman who has lost her faith in doctors."—Indianapolis Journal.

WHAT A GOOD KNIFE COSTS.

More Men Spend \$3 For a Pocketknife Than Less Than Amount.

"More men pay \$3 and upward for a pocketknife than less. That may not be the experience of all cutlery dealers, but that's the kind of trade we cater to," said a knife expert from behind the counter of a store on one of the most frequented of downtown streets.

"Spaniards spend the most money for knives," he continued. "Spaniards who come here are very fastidious in the matter of cutlery anyway. Where an American family in the same circumstances will be content with the ordinary plated tableware, costing \$4 or \$4.50 a dozen, a Spaniard will have nothing but the finest steel with ivory handles, at \$18 and over. The average business man spends usually about \$3 for a four-bladed knife. If he loses a knife often, as many men do, he comes down to \$2, then to \$1. Most expensive knives are bought for presents. Four dollars buys an excellent gift. Last season many knives were given for prizes at euchre parties. Such knives were usually the fancy ones, with half a dozen blades or attachments. That big 7 inch knife there is a hunter's knife. It costs \$4.

"A man who buys that will take it to the Adirondacks, and when he leaves there present it to his guide. We have one customer who buys three of those knives every year. He gives them to his guides, he says. We sell nearly 150 of them every year. This heavy one here with a big steel hook is a horseman's knife. It costs \$7. The hook is used for digging out a stone from the horse's hoof. It has, as you see, other attachments, such as a corkscrew, screwdriver, nut cracker, awl, gimlet and a score of things for other useful or useless purposes, according to the point of view. We sell many of them, probably more than any other one kind. Sailors usually buy pretty good knives. They and Italians go in for big, sharp knives that should be handy in case of defense. Pretty nearly every trade has a peculiar knife. That's one reason why a well equipped cutlery shop makes such a formidable display. Knives cost all the way from 50 cents to \$25. We don't sell many at the latter price."—New York Press.

Forge and Furnace of the Future.

The opinion is expressed by a writer in The Mechanical News that the forge and furnace of the future will consist of a lead lined glass or porcelain vase, or cupola, filled with cold acidified water, to which is connected a strong positive conductor, the forge and outfit being rendered complete by a pair of tongs with insulated handles attached to a flexible negative conductor. According to this plan, the smith seizes the piece of iron which is to be manipulated with the insulated tongs and plunges it into the sour water, which begins to boil and bubble the instant it comes in contact with the iron, the latter, in a remarkably short space of time, turning to a red and then to a white heat, ready for the work of the smith. So rapidly indeed is the heating done by this means that the water and the portion of the iron not immersed in the water are but slightly warmed. The principle involved in this process is of a simple and well known character—resistance producing the light and heat—it being found that enormous heat can be produced by such a method, much greater, in fact, than is necessary to extract iron from the most refractory ores. It is remarked that the value of such a process will be especially exhibited in the more complete and rapid handling of heavy iron and steel plates and bars requiring to be hammered and welded—more valuable still for tempering purposes, as the necessary heat for the immersed portion can be so quickly obtained, while the remaining portion holds comparatively cool.

Routed the Bull.

A lumberman attached to John Crane's camp, up beyond the Katahdin Iron works in Maine, was tramping across to a pond late one November evening when he ran upon a bull moose.

The lumberman had no rifle, so he yelled and waved his arms, expecting that the broad antlered bull would dash fear-stricken down the mountain. But it didn't. It rushed for the lumberman. He dodged about a tree and dropped his ax. For ten minutes he dodged, half scared to death. Then he climbed the tree.

The bull butted the tree with its antlers until it swayed to and fro, and then walked away a few yards and rested. The lumberman yelled some more. When he could yell no longer, he set his wife to work. Just above him was a dead limb. He broke it off, and as the bull advanced again he set the wood afire and dropped it on the bull's back. With a bellow it ran down the mountain. The half frozen lumberman made a line for camp.—New York World.

An Extraordinary Frank.

A citizen of Tampa, Fla., is the owner of a wonderful curiosity in the shape of a pair of deer's horns in which one of the prongs ends in a startling malformation. Four inches from the place where it branches from the main horn this prong suddenly enlarges into a bulbous growth nearly as large as a man's fist, and it is in this excrescence that the wonder lies. The bulb is in the form of a hound's head, plainly showing ears, mouth, eyes, etc. It was "taken in the down," and were it otherwise it is impossible that it could be a work of art, owing to the enlargement necessary for the frank.—St. Louis Republic.

A Hope Barometer.

In the office of the Des Moines Register is the best barometer in the state. It consists of an ordinary rope attached to the carrier box between the first and fourth floors, making it nearly 60 feet long. This rope is wonderfully sensitive to changes in the atmosphere. At least 24 hours before the average rain it begins to tighten by the absorption of moisture. Its predictions nearly always come true.



SCOTCH PLAINS.

Mrs. William Gern has returned from a pleasant visit at Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. George Goodland are visiting friends at Green Point.

Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Henry, of Plainfield, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Clark.

A mid-summer musicale will be held at the Methodist Episcopal church, Scotch Plains, tomorrow evening, followed by refreshments on the lawn. Miss Ketchum, of Westfield, and Miss Mary Luckey, of Plainfield, will assist.

RAHWAY.

Mrs. Riblett has as a guest Miss Belle Clayton, of Princeton.

Miss Mabel Moffett, of Orange, is the guest of Miss Annie Rowland.

Miss Ida Baker, of Elm avenue, is entertaining Miss Frances Cooper, of Philadelphia.

Miss Edwards has returned to her home at Newark after a pleasant visit with friends in town.

Mrs. William Esterbrook is spending several weeks with her sister, Mrs. Johnson, at Forest City.

The Great Lafayette, the most wonderful wizard and entertainer now on the American stage, has made even a greater sensation at Kottke than was expected. Amusement and amusement have vied with each other in the effect of his singular and interesting performance on the audience. Lafayette is a comedian of remarkable talent and magnetism, as he demonstrated long ago by his laughable mimicry of Sousa and his burlesque mimicry. Beside Lafayette next week, there will be Harry Dodge & Co. in the comic opera "Tillie Ho"; Zeno, Carl and Zeno in their thrilling aerial act; the Three Marvelous Monarchs on bicycles; the Coellian Four (a quartet of ladies); Linton & McIntyre, McNeil & Kirby, Mizneris the Zany, and a host of good things.

The Last Chinese Actress.

Many visitors to the Celestial Kingdom have noted the absence of women from the stage. All the roles in a Chinese play are taken by men. This singular custom is traced back to a woman's whim. The Emperor Yung Tsching married an actress at the beginning of the eighteenth century, when women were allowed on the stage. The emperor died and the empress dowager ruled the country for her son, the Prince Kim Sang.

To satisfy her vanity this shrewd and most peculiar woman issued a decree in the year 1736 forbidding, under penalty of instant death by the sword of the executioner, any member of her sex to appear on the Chinese stage. "After me, no one," said the empress dowager, and since her day no woman within the reach of Chinese law has dared to test the strength of her decree. In Hongkong (a British colony) women have played in Chinese theatres, but never as yet, we believe, in San Francisco.

Weight of Women's Brains.

The woman's brain is always less than the man's. From Lloyd's figures we can pick out 102 men and 113 women between 64 inches and 66 inches high, averaging close on 45 inches for each group. But the brains of the men average 46.5 ounces, while those of the women are only 41.3 ounces, which gives the men an advantage of 12 per cent. There are 21 small men whose height averages 62 inches, and there are 135 women of the same height. The brains of the men weigh 45.6 ounces, those of the women only 42.9 ounces.—New York Herald.

Stage Freight.

When Bob Burdette started out to lecture, he struck the same town as Henry Ward Beecher, who sent for him.

"Well, young man, how do you like it?"

"Mr. Beecher," he replied, "it is awful. I nearly die every night from nervousness."

"Let me console you, then. The longer you lecture the more nervous you'll get." And Bob declared it to be true.—Saturday Evening Post.

A Close Estimate.

"I don't want to hear anybody say that our boy Josiah doesn't earn his salt," said Farmer Cornsack.

"You said it yourself once," said his wife.

"Well, I take it back. I don't want to do the boy any injustice. I have been looking over these market quotations, and I have concluded that Josiah does earn his salt, just about. But if they'd 'n' said he didn't earn his pepper I reckon I'd have to give in."—Washington Star.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*

A Swindling Scheme.

For some years past the treasury department has received from time to time letters from all parts of the country asking for information regarding certain large sums of money which, it is alleged, are on deposit in the treasury department awaiting distribution to heirs or persons of great wealth in Europe and America.

Among these noted claims is one of the heirs of a man of the name of De Haven, who is alleged to have loaned the government of the United States large sums of money during the Revolutionary year. Another well known case is that of the Robert Morris estate, the heirs of which, it is said, are entitled to receive from the government several millions of dollars. The Duke claim also is well known in the department and involves several millions of dollars. The latest one is that of the heirs of Anneke Jans, who are said to be entitled to receive from the United States something like \$90,000,000, which sum, it is said, has been received from Holland and now awaits proof of relationship.

It is stated that the treasury department that all of these claims are spurious and that they are made the basis of confidence games by agents who work upon the credulity of the unforgotten. Agents, it is said, are selling bonds to raise money to prosecute these claims against the government, realizing something like \$10 per \$1,000 promised in case of success. The treasury department is powerless to proceed against these impostors.—Washington Post.

A Joke on Offenbach.

Offenbach, the famous opera house composer, had an insatiable thirst for success and fame combined with a vanity that occasionally played him a sorry trick.

Once he was going down the Rhine on a steamer, among whose passengers was the Duke of Nassau, a fact of which the composer was in blissful ignorance.

As the steamer approached its last stopping place the bank of the river was seen to be covered by a dense throng of people who were shouting and waving their hats. A band on the pier was playing a march from one of Offenbach's operas.

As the boat touched the pier Offenbach stepped to the rail and bowed and waved his hat to the people in acknowledgment of this flattering ovation.

"It is glorious to be received in a foreign land like this!" he remarked to his companions.

But his self complacency received a rude shock the next instant when the duke's attendant appeared and said, in a rough and unfeeling manner: "Get out of the way, will you, and let his highness show himself!"

Beauty and Education.

Why is it that woman has always been more beautiful than man? In human beings the attractive qualities have always been on the side of the female. Why is it? Without wishing to cast any aspersion on the members of the superior sex, we may fairly answer that it is because they have hitherto been the less educated. But woman's ideas are changing. She has listened to the voice of the tempter, whispering in her ear all sorts of sweet fables about equality of the sexes, intellectual development and its necessity, and the like, and she has yielded to the temptation. And the result of this will be that she will lose her beauty. She will suffer in appearance as man has done and is doing, and in the course of time the extremely civilized races of mankind will be ugly, irretrievably and lamentably ugly.—Pearson's Magazine.

A Famous Pearl.

The beautiful pearl known as the Great Southern Cross was found in Western Australia in the year 1884. It consists of nine pearls joined together in the form of a cross, in which shape it was found by a man named Clarke. It is said that the finder and the first purchaser of it buried it for some time, apprehensively regarding it as a heavenly miracle. It was, however, ultimately taken up by its burial place and sold for \$1,000, since which time it has frequently changed hands and is now valued at \$50,000. At the Colonial and Indian exhibition in England it attracted a good deal of notice and is probably the only natural cross ever found.

Cannibals and Pork.

In the New Hebrides human life has been made safe by the introduction of pigs into the island. The cannibals are said to prefer roast pork to roast man, and as the porcine tribe increases among the natives they may give up their feasts on human flesh altogether excepting when something unusual happens, such as entertaining a king of some other cannibal island or on state occasions of rare ceremony.

Tough on the Joker.

The contributor wrote a joke about a plumber whose bills were always normal. "That," said the editor, rejecting it, "is not a joke; it's a lie."

The contributor tried again with a story of the plumber whose charges left nothing to be desired on the score of size. "That," said the editor, who had suffered "is not a lie. Neither is it a joke!"—Scraps.

More Honest.

"Have you noticed any difference in your wife since she became converted, and joined the church?"

"Yes; she asks me to wait an hour for her now instead of a minute!"—Harper's Bazar.

A Man to Let Alone.

"What kind of a man is your new bookkeeper?"

"He's this kind: If you say two words to him, he'll say 'NO!'—Detroit Free Press.

A WOMAN'S MISTAKE

It is a well-known fact that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured more women than any other remedy. It therefore must be the best possible medicine for female ills. But some women make the mistake of thinking that they will try something else, simply because it is new. That mistake is often a fatal one—fatal to the health and happiness of the experimenter.

Is it not foolish to risk the possible results of such experiments? Is it not better to depend upon a medicine which has been tried successfully for thirty years, and which has never been found wanting? Do not therefore let any one persuade you to try something which they say is just as good. It cannot be just as good. Mrs. Pinkham's Compound is the best, and there can be only one best. This is not a mere assertion, but is a positive fact, admitted by hundreds of regular physicians.

Rely on your own common sense, and Mrs. Pinkham's life-long experience, and you will make no mistake. Don't experiment with your health, but take a medicine that you know is good, and is backed by such letters as these to Mrs. Pinkham:

Suppressed and Painful Periods Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I was thin, sallow and nervous. I had not had my menses for over a year and a half. Doctored with several physicians in town and one specialist, but did not get any better. I finally decided to try your medicine, and wrote to you. After I had taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier, my menses returned, and I feel as well and strong as I ever did, and am gaining flesh."—Miss LENA GAINES, Visalia, Tulare Co., Cal.

"Before taking the Vegetable Compound I was troubled with irregular menstruation, and suffered great agony. My physician gave me morphine, and I remained in bed. I doctored eight years and got no relief, and the doctors told me there was no relief for my trouble. Finally I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. While taking the first bottle I felt that I was improving. I have taken seven or eight bottles, and never had anything to do me so much good. Every month my troubles have grown less and less, and now at this time I am cured."—Miss J. QUINCY, No. 22 Stage Street, Haverhill, Mass.

Ovarian Troubles Always Yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I had been in poor health for twenty years, having inflammation of ovaries and womb trouble. Although treated by physicians, I could not gain strength nor do my work, and was so low-spirited and tired of life. A friend advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The first bottle strengthened me, and I wrote to you. After taking six bottles can say that I am well and can even do my own washing."—Miss M. W. MULLER, No. 1033 Canal Street, New Orleans, La.

"For three years I suffered with ovarian trouble, having inflammation and an abscess on right ovary. Had such pain in my back and head, and at times was unable to walk. Had several doctors, but they did not do me much good. One doctor said that I would have to have an operation and have the ovary removed. I became discouraged and gave up all hopes of getting well. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and followed her directions faithfully, and am better than I have been for three years. I have taken ten bottles, and my friends are surprised at my rapid improvement."—Mrs. W. H. WALTERS, Cold Spring Harbor, L. I., N. Y.

Backache and Womb Troubles Succumb to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I have been for ten years an invalid with female weakness, and the torture and pain I suffered no tongue can tell. I never spent one week in the ten years that I was free from pain. My trouble was inflammation and congestion of womb. When I commenced to take your remedy I had been bedfast for some time under the treatment of two of the best physicians in Illinois without receiving any benefit. You can imagine the benefit I derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when I tell you that I have gained forty pounds and am well—a thing I never dared to expect."—Miss C. E. FOLSON, Monett, Mo.

"For a number of years I was troubled with backache and leucorrhoea. I became so weak and miserable that I could not attend to my work or studies. The least effort would completely exhaust me. Physicians failed to help me. I felt that my youth was blighted, and the life before me would be one of suffering and misery. Then a friend introduced me to your medicine. Before I had used one bottle I was greatly relieved. I had not known a well day for four years, but now I feel better than I have since a child, and it is all due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Miss MAY M. STEVENSON, Alliance, O.

NO NEED TO STUTTER.

THERE IS A SWIFT AND EASY CURE, WITH LASTING RESULTS.

A Leading Specialist Says the Sufferer Can Cure Himself—The Way Is to Take a Long Breath Before Each Vowel, Open the Mouth Wide and Speak.

Stammering and stuttering are now permanently cured in New York by a simple method. These afflictions differ but slightly. In one case there is inability to pronounce certain words; in the other, certain sounds. Neither, according to a New York professor, who is a graduate of a German college for the vocal organs, is a disease, but both are habits that will disappear under proper treatment.

"The inability to talk plainly or to articulate except with great effort, when due to organic trouble or malformation, does not come under the head of stammering and is not within the scope of the stuttering specialist.

"The whole thing is very simple," said the professor, "so simple that you will smile when I tell you that the sole and only cause of stuttering and stammering is careless respiration. People who suffer from the impediment have only to pause, take in a long breath, and then, opening the mouth in the manner laid down in the charts used by elocutionists, pronounce the word sharply. Have you never noticed the remarkable fact that people who are inveterate stammerers are often accomplished vocalists? That is because in the act of singing respiration is done in a proper way.

"A novel fact is that the troubles of stammerers or stutterers lie entirely with the vocal sounds. Patients do not seem to understand this. In describing their cases they will tell me that they have difficulty in sounding 'p' or 'd.' That is where they are wrong. They sound the consonant all right, but stagger at the vowel. A patient comes to me, and I say to him, say 'papa.' He will commence p-p-p-p-p, oh, professor, I-c-c-c-c-c-an't say p-p-p-p-papa."

"It is at once apparent that his trouble lies with the vowel 'a.' Then the treatment commences. Standing before him, I suggest that he take a long breath through the partially closed mouth until the lungs are well filled, and then, at the moment of exhalation, following my direction, he opens the mouth in the proper manner, as indicated by a chart, and pronounces with me in a high, mechanical voice, 'paw-paw.' This is often repeated, the vowels being changed.

"From words we pass on to sentences and so on to introduce in close connection all the vowel sounds. The respiration before each vowel sound is necessary. The treatment therefore consists in forming this habit. As the patient pupil progresses the length of this respiration is reduced, the pronunciation is made in a lower pitch and in a few weeks, rarely over five, the most inveterate stutterer can talk fluently and rapidly with no sign of his former affliction. But eternal vigilance is necessary.

"Should the apparently cured patient become careless and forget the necessity of respiration as taught him, he may relapse into his former state, and then his training must be done all over again. A boy 16 years of age was once brought to me. His was a stubborn case, but in six weeks I had him talking all right. Time passed on for two years. I frequently saw the boy at his father's house and was delighted with the cure. Last summer he came to my institute. He was as bad off as when I first met him. "It seems that his father had sent him on a short business trip to Europe, away from the restraining influence of the father, whose ears were always alert for any return of his son's affliction, and much disturbed, as he explained to me, by the noise of the vessel's machinery, he became careless, and having once relapsed he became worse every day, and was really forced to shorten his stay abroad and return to New York for treatment.

"He was a bright lad, who readily applied himself to my rules, and in a week he was all right again. As a matter of fact, he need not to have come back to me, but could have applied his old lessons with success.

"The German government has long recognized the importance of rational treatment of vocal impediments, and school children afflicted in this manner are put through a regular course by graduates of the college at Frankfurt, where this specialty is taught in the government employ. The German treatment is that of elementary training in elocution.

The habit of imperfect respiration is generally found in connection with some disease of childhood like the measles, but a most frequent cause is unconscious imitation. One stuttering child in a family will set all the others to struggling with the vowel sounds. An adult in conversation with a stutterer finds it difficult to speak without stammering."—New York Herald.

In Trouble.

"You see," said the lean man with the yellow vest, "it was dark when I got home, and the girl met me in the hall, and I saluted her quite affectionately. Then my wife got mad."

"I reckon," said the fat man. "I explained that I had mistaken the girl for her, which was a fact. Then the girl got mad, and now we are both around trying to find another girl."—Indianapolis Journal.

Miss Mary M. Haskell.

Miss Mary M. Haskell of Miami Springs has just been appointed county clerk for Cass county, Minn. The population of the county is widely scattered, and the trip will have to be made on horseback. Much of it is an unbroken wilderness, and there are many Indians in the country, some of whom will have to be encountered. The undertaking is a formidable one, and very few women would be willing to attempt it.

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Facsimile Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fitch*

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One customer writes: "The photograph of my dear grandmother was received yesterday and I am delighted with it; feel that I really have my dear grandmother with me again. Very sincerely, E. W. P., Washington, D. C."

Nearly 200,000 worth of articles are pawned in London weekly.