

Every-Day Life.
Mrs. D'Avoo (at front window)—
Officer!
Policeman—Yes, ma'am. What's
wrong, ma'am?
Mrs. D'Avoo—Nothing's wrong; but
I wish you'd step into the kitchen and
tell the cook not to burn the meat, as
we did last night. I'm afraid to.—
N. Y. Weekly.

There Are Others.
"That's a cozy-looking couch, old
man."
"Yes, but I never go near it."
"What's the matter?"
"Well, there are only three pillows
that I'm allowed to put my head on,
and I can't stand the wear and tear of
picking them out from the other
seven."—Baltimore American.

On the Road to Greentown.
"Well," asked the acquaintance, "how
is that boy of yours getting along at
college?"
"I tell you," said the proud father,
who had just returned from a visit to
the young man. "Arth's getting to be
a good deal of a swell. He plays lawn
tennis and says 'by Jove!'"—Chicago
Tribune.

Identities Versus Realism.
"What a change one woman can
make in a man's life!" sighed a forlorn
youth.
"That's right, my boy," rejoined his
niece, who had been married for a
number of years, "and what lot of
change she requires while doing it!"—
Chicago Daily News.

Said Behind His Back.
"Did you think that politician was a
queer fish?"
"Yes," answered the precise man.
"But perhaps the metaphor is open to
question. There's no doubt about his
being as slippery as a fish. But he
hasn't nearly so much backbone."—
Washington Star.

Nothing in It.
"They are telling some dreadful
stories about her," whispered Mrs.
Talksprender.
"But I don't think she is really
wicked," replied Mrs. Mollif. "She's
just curious."—Philadelphia North
American.

It's an Ill Wind, Etc.
Mac—Little brothers are a nuisance.
They are always about when they are
not wanted.
Ethel—Yes, but then they sometimes
come in very handy as witnesses in
breach of promise suits.—N. Y. Jour-
nal.

Had on Collectors.
Doctor—I never dare not cheerful
when I'm out in society.
Doctor's Friend—Why not?
Doctor—If I do, you see, all my pa-
tients who owe me money think some
other patient has just paid me a big
bill.—Chicago Record.

A Measure of Success.
Friend—Oh, by the way, I have been
curious to know whether you were
successful with that strange patient you
were treating last winter.
Doctor—I was, partially. He has
paid almost half of his bill.—Philadel-
phia Catholic Standard and Times.

Indulgence.
In honest conscience off he tries
severely to economize.
His struggles with dismay we view
to make a day's work do for two.
—Washington Star.

THE CRYING NEED.



Husband—My dear, we must econom-
ize and buy only the most necessary
things!
Wife—All right; then I shall buy
myself a new hat to-morrow; that's
the thing most necessary just now!—
Flegende Blaetter.

You Know Him.
One dreadful visitor we know;
He strikes our busiest days,
And says: "Don't let me interrupt."
Then stays, and stays, and stays.
—Chicago Record.

Realization Preferred.
"My husband anticipates all my
wishes," said Mrs. Vandereump.
"So does mine," added Mrs. Welrichs,
"but I am one of those that prefer
realization to anticipation."—Town-
Topics.

Could He Well.
"Could you do the landlord of the
Ladies of Lyons?" asked the manager
of a needy actor.
"Well, I should think I might; I
have done a good many landlords."—
Boston Traveler.

Discreditably Light-Hearted.
Smith—What a happy woman your
wife is!

Jones—Yes; I've noticed that. It
makes a woman cheerful when she's
got the upper hand of a man perman-
ently.—Chicago Record.

Heard in the Restaurant.
Tinkler—Jones is a self-made man.
He wasn't born with a silver spoon in
his mouth.
Bocker—Maybe that's why he has
his knife in it now.—Brooklyn Life.

You Must.
"He seems to be a promising young
man."
"Oh, yes; he always has a suit for
breach of promise on his hands."—
Philadelphia Bulletin.

S. SCHEUER & CO.

Leading Cash Grocers & Butchers,
239-241 WEST FRONT STREET, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

ARE OFFERING THESE SPECIAL BARGAINS FOR

Friday, Saturday and Monday.

Best Minnesota Flour, bbl.	\$4.75
" " 244 lb bag.	60c
Franklin Mills Entire Wheat Flour, 6 lbs.	17c
Best Elgin Creamery Butter, lb.	22c
Fresh Eggs, dozen.	16c
Coffee, fresh roasted, whole or ground, lb.	14c
Rice, choice Carolina, 3 lbs. 14c, per lb.	5c
Star Gelatine, very fine, package.	5c
Worcestershire Sauce, bot.	4c
Daisy Catsup, large bottle.	5c
Mason's Quart Jars, doz.	49c
Tanglefoot Fly Paper, 3 large double sheets.	5c
German, regular 15c, pkg.	11c
Danhuam's Coconut, 10c kind, pkg.	5c
Heinz Baked Beans, 14c kind, can.	11c

A Choice Line of Canned Potted MEATS and FISH.

Armour's 1 lb can Potted Ham	5c	Salmon, 1 lb tall cans.	11c
" " 1 lb " " Tongue	9c	Salmon, 1 lb flat cans.	15c
" " 1 lb " " "	9c	Lobster, 1 lb flat cans.	18c
" " 1 lb Lunch Tongue	29c	Lobster, 1 lb tall cans.	30c
Whole Ox Tongue, 1 lb can	60c	Kipperd Herring, can	15c
Armour's 1 lb Roast Beef	12c	Shrimp, best quality	12c
" " 2 lb can Roast Beef	20c	Sardines, in oil, American	5c
" " 1 lb can Corned Beef	12c	Sardines, imported	9c
		Mustard Sardines	8c

SUMMER DRINK SPECIALTIES.

Welsh's Grape Juice, bottle	21c	Gold Medal Root Beer Extract, bot	8c
Raspberry Syrup, bottle	15c	Knapp's Root Beer Extract, bot	12c
Victor Lime Juice, bottle	19c	Orange Sugar, for Orangeade	12c

Tens, our 50c Premium Tens, just the thing for Iced Tea, lb. 35c

IN OUR CRACKER DEPARTMENT.

Fancy Mixed Cakes, 12c value, lb.	9c	Saratoga Potato Chips, pkg	12c
Fancy Graham Wafers, per pkg	12c	Vanilla Midgets, 15c value, lb	15c
Best Milk Lunch, 1 lb pkg	9c	Nic-Nacs or Ginger Snaps, lb.	5c

IN OUR MEAT DEPARTMENT:

Fresh Young Hen Turkeys, lb.	16c
Fresh Young Fowl, per lb.	13c
Fresh Roasting Chickens, lb.	15c
Leg of Lamb, lb.	14c
Legs of Mutton, lb.	12c
Best Sugar Cured Hams, lb.	12c
Best California Hams, lb.	9c
Cooked Pressed Corned Beef, lb.	15c
Cooked Pressed Ham, lb.	15c
Plate or Brisket Corned Beef, lb.	5c

FRESH VEGETABLES OF ALL KINDS.

FREE DELIVERIES BY OUR OWN WAGONS TO WESTFIELD AND VICINITY EVERY FRIDAY.
Mail Orders Filled. Addressed Postal Cards Supplied Free. Tel. 45

S. Scheuer & Co. - Plainfield.

AN ENGLISH CASUAL.

WHERE TRAMPS GET FOOD AND
LODGING FOR WORK.

Josiah Flynt and a Companion Wind Up
a Study of Tramp Life in England by a
Visit to a "Spoke"—Meeting With a
Great Friend of Mark Twain.

Josiah Flynt, who has given interest-
ing studies on tramp life in Germany,
and in this country, has extended his
investigations to England. He writes a
paper entitled, "Two Tramps in Eng-
land" in Century. He and his com-
panion, a German student, completed a
tour through the provinces with an ex-
perience in a "casual" at Notting Hill,
London. Mr. Flynt writes:

"We appeared at the door of the ward
about half past 7 in the evening. A lit-
tle window was raised, and I stepped
forward to state my business. Uncon-
sciously I leaned against the sill of the
window, which offended the inspector
in charge considerably.

"What's your name?" he thundered.
Still leaning on the sill, I gave him my
name honestly enough. He then remark-
ed to some person inside that we were
not accustomed to such places evident-
ly, and called out, "Stand back, will
you!" Back I stood. He cried out again,
"Take off your hat!" My hat came off
instantly. Still again: "You come in
here as if you was a meecooner. You're
not. You're a casual." I was as meek
as could well be. Ryborg was itching to
grab the inspector with his long arms.
The next question was as to where we
had slept the night before.

"Straw stuck," I replied.
"None of your impudence! You slept
out. Why don't you say so? Have you
got any money?"
"A hupenny, sir."

"Hand it in." In it went. Then I
had to tell my trade, which was that of
a sailor, and naturally the next question
was as to where I was bound.
"To Ameriky, sir, if I can ever get
there."

"You're going to tramp it, aren't you?"
"Yes, sir; that's my intention." But
for the life of me I could not see how I
was to reach America that way. I was
so frightened that I would have told
him anything he wanted.

When he was through with us, a kind
hearted attendant took us in hand, gave
us some grub and bread, a bath, clean
night shirts, and then a cell apiece, in
which we slept very well.

As there were only four inmates that
morning we were needed for the clean-
ing up, and so escaped stone breaking,
which I dreaded exceedingly, and were
put at various light occupations—or
rather I was. Ryborg was the victim of
his strength. Our breakfast consisted of
the same dish as our supper of the night
before. I was soon busy as general firm-
man, scrubber, knife cleaner, coal car-
rior, dish washer and helper of my sis-
ter sailor, Mrs. Murphy, in she wash-
ed her tank of towels and ships. At

noon we had pea soup and bread. I en-
joyed it, but Ryborg did not. The poor
fellow was feeling badly. He had had
to scrub nearly 20 cells, and the bend-
ing over incident to such a feat had
nearly broken his back. At dinner he
said plaintively, "Flynt, I want to go
home." "So do I," I replied, "but I
fancy we're wanted here till tomorrow
morning." This proved to be the case,
but he felt better in the afternoon and
got through comfortably, wheeling near-
ly a ton of stone from some of the cells
to the general pile. He earned his
"keep," if ever any poor prisoner did.
I fear I was more shiftless, for about
the middle of the afternoon the attend-
ant who was with me at the furnace
said: "You might as well rest. Just
keep your eye on the fires, that's all."
It was kind of him, and as I had at
least earned my pea soup and grub I
took his advice. He was kinder to me,
I think, because I gave him a corned
pipe which he had had to take away
from me the night before. During the
day he had asked me several questions
about it, and I said, "It's a very decent
sort of pipe—coolin' like, you know."

"Doesn't Mark Twain always smoke
one o' them pipes?" said he.

"Blest if I know," said I, "but I can
well think it."

"I'm a great friend of Mark Twain,"
he pursued, "an I'm a-thinkin' o' gettin'
one o' them pipes, jest out of respect for
him."
"Well," said I, "permit me in the
name of your respect to present you with
my pipe. Besides you've got it any-
how." He thanked me profusely, and
promised to keep it forever. Later in the
day he reported it to be just as I had
said, "sort o' coolin' like." And he was
a good friend to me all the rest of my
stay in the Notting Hill station.

On Wednesday morning we were turned
loose with our two hupennies. We
were both so happy that we decided to
get off the road that very day.

We had been tramps for three weeks,
and had walked most of this time fully
16 miles a day. So we looked up my
friend at the Temple, and in a few hours
were respectable again. That same day
I took my tramp clothes out to the casual
ward and presented them to my friend
the attendant. I had told him the day
before that I expected to get now "togs"
soon, and he had put in a plea for my
old ones. Good luck to him and them.

To Swallow His Own Advice.
"I had a horrible dream last night,"
said Huddleston when he came down
to breakfast the other morning.

"What was it?" asked his wife.
"I dreamed that I was in purgatory
and was made to do all the things I
had told my friends I would do if I
were in their places."—Brooklyn Life.

For some reason the man who has
no money to buy food is never seized
with a desire to acquire fame by break-
ing all records for fasting.—Atchison
Globe.

A Reasoner.

"Mrs. Featherwell's new hat is the
very latest style, isn't it?" remarked
Mr. Blykins.
"Yes," answered his wife. "But how
did you know it? You say you pay no
attention to fashions."
"There couldn't be any mistake in
this case. If it weren't in the latest
style, she wouldn't dare wear anything
so ugly."—Washington Star.

A Pertinent Inquiry.

He—Do you believe in ghosts?
She—No; do you?
He—Sure thing! I saw one last week.
She—How does it look?
He—It appeared in the form of a
donkey.
She—Were you standing in front of
a mirror when you saw it?—Chicago
Daily News.

All Worry.

A pauper is a man at always worries
quite a lot.
Bees he can't accumulate no money.
The plutocrat he worries for fear 'at
what he's got
'Ll git away from him. Now, ain't it
funny?
—Catholic Standard and Times.

HOW KIND OF HIM.



Wearry Willie—Wot a yer walke me
up fer? I was dreamin' I was eatin'
fried chicken an' mince pie!
Facetious Feeny—I was afeerd y'd
overeat yerself.—N. Y. Journal.

A Prime Necessity.

"Oh, fix with me," implored the youth,
"From parents' stern dress!"
"I will with pleasure," said the maid,
"If you the wind possess."
—Judge.

Sounds Strange.

"My children," said the patriarch,
"follow in my footsteps and lead a
fast life, and you will be honored."
Strange advice from the father of a
family?
Not when you take into consideration
the fact that it was a race horse
who was speaking.—N. Y. World.

Just What She Meant.

"I don't think he's a man of much
discernment," said the girl in blue.
"Why, he proposed to me only last
evening," returned the girl in pink.
"Yes; I said he wasn't a man of
much discernment," repeated the girl
in blue.—Chicago Post.

Ready for Her.

"Well, Denn," said his tired auntie,
"how many tongues have you got?"
"Three," quickly replied Master
Denn.

"Indeed! Where are they?"
"One in my mouth and one in each
shoe."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Talent for Escape.

"Mrs. Snibbs is such a clever wom-
an; she has been president of nine dif-
ferent clubs."
"Well, Mrs. Dubbs is cleverer; she has
been in clubs 15 years and has always
evaded getting into office."—Chicago
Record.

Easy Way to Get Relief.

He—If you don't marry me, I'll kill
myself!
She—You don't really mean it?
He—Yes, I do.
She—Then I refuse you!—Harlem
Life.

A Necessary Precaution.

Wife—Are you going to shave, dear?
Husband—Yes.
Wife—Just wait until I take the par-
rot out of the room. I don't want her
to learn any bad language.—N. Y. Jour-
nal.

A Change.

"How can you stay in town all sum-
mer? I have to get away, if only to see
new faces."
"My wife does that for me. She gets
a new housemaid every week."—N. Y.
World.

Achieving a Record.

"Too bad about Dobbs being sick so
long!"
"Why, he's enjoying it. I heard him
brag yesterday that he had over a
hundred medicine bottles in the
house."—Chicago Record.

Remarkably Reserved.

"Shrinkyish is a very reserved man."
"Yes, indeed. Of course, I don't
know, but I honestly believe he could
have a toothache without anyone
knowing it."—Harper's Bazar.

Good Thing in Certain Cases.

Mrs. Henpeque (reading)—It says
here that this new elixir of life will
make a man live for 200 years!
Mr. Henpeque—If I was a bachelor
I'd buy a bottle.—Puck.

Realistic Value of Art.

"Did you like my painting of 'A Rainy
Day in Summer?'"
"Yes; it reminded me that you have
never brought back my umbrella."—
Chicago Record.

At the Musicale.

Miss Pounder (at the piano)—If you
would all talk in the same key I could
accompany you so much better.—Balti-
more American.

The Ideal Life.

Yale Senior—Will you—will you be
my ideal wife?
Now Haven Girl—No, but I'll be your
ideal sister.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Your Money Refunded for Anything Unsatisfactory.

STRAUS
HONEST GOODS, LOWEST PRICES AND LIBERAL
TREATMENT GUARANTEED TO EVERY CUSTOMER
665-687 BROAD ST. 21 W. PARK ST. NEWARK, N. J.

Timely Money-Saving Opportunities

MADE POSSIBLE BY OUR

Semi-Annual

Before Inventory

STOCK-REDUCING SALE!

Desirable Things for Present Use Much Lower-Priced
Than Elsewhere.

ALL OF OUR FINE WHITE SUITS

Will be sold at once. These remarkably low prices will move
them quickly.

AT 5.00
AT 9.00
Fine White Suits, of sheer India linen, elaborately
trimmed with pretty open work embroideries
and ruffles, extra drop skirts, former price \$10,
while they last. 5.00
Fine White Suits, of French Organdies, very
pretty trimmed with dainty laces, insertions, ruf-
fles and ribbons, finished in the best possible man-
ner, they have sold readily before at \$17, while
they last. 9.00

LACE YOKING SPECIAL.

Fashionable all-over effects, new and staple effect. Including the
bow knot pattern, desirable 40c and 50c grades. Here at 35c

6c
YARD
All nice stylish designs, new stripe and figure combinations in
white, navy or fancy colored grounds, grade sold everywhere at
10c and 12 1/2c yd. While they last sale price 6c yd. 6c

POSITIVELY THE BEST

WHITE WAIST

IN THE CITY AT THE PRICE,

Not only because we say so, but you will say the
same when you see them. Exceptionally well
made, from the finest lawns, with full fronts
made of 4 rows of fine openwork insertion, and
24 tucks, backs tucked to match, new shaped
soft cuffs, which are much cooler than the old
style laundered finish. We repeat: the best waist
in Newark at 98c.

Our Store Closes Saturdays at 12 o'clock, Noon,
Keeping Open Friday Evenings During the
Months of July and August.

THE DAVID STRAUS CO.

+ NEWARK, N. J. +

AWNINGS,

TENTS,

Window

Shades.



Geo. F. Brown, Telephone, 43 Somerset St., Plainfield.
No. 23-A. 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 Laire'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,

HAMMOCKS,

ICE CREAM FREEZERS,

and a first-class line of

GENERAL HARDWARE and

HOUSEFURNISHING GOODS.

Goods delivered free. Telephone Call 682.

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

WESTFIELD BAKERY,

Bihlmann & Koening,

PROPS.

Broad Street, Westfield.

Major's Cement

To Repair Broken Articles

Major's Cement

Remember MAJOR'S CEMENT

MAJOR'S CEMENT

MAJOR'S CEMENT

MAJOR'S CEMENT

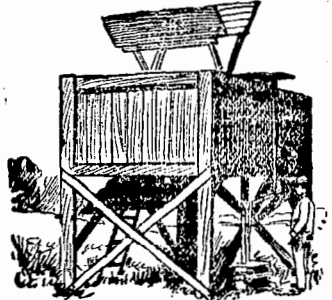
ROAD & FARM IMPROVEMENT.

HOMEMADE WINDMILLS.

Some of Them Are Fearfully and Wonderfully Made, But All Are Quite Effective.

Extending in an almost unbroken succession from Omaha to Denver and from South Dakota through Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma, with Kansas plainly the center of the movement, homemade windmills of various designs are in daily use. Whether of patterns variously known as jumbos, merry-go-round, battle-axe, Holland or turbine mills, they are all successful. And it is a strange fact that wherever the homemade mills are found, shop-made, solid and substantial mills are also numerous and satisfactory.

The jumbo or go-devil mill is much like an old-fashioned overshot water wheel, being an overshot windmill. Sim-



WATERING BY WIND POWER.

ple in design, almost any material may be used in its construction, such as old lumber, lath, shingles, split rails, old packing boxes, barrels staves, coffee sacks and even tin from tin roofs. Jumbo mills can be used to pump water for the house, for stock or for irrigation of small patches of orchard or garden. Jumbos have been made large enough to irrigate ten acres of orchard. If the best use is made of the jumbo the results are not to be despised. They must be set to catch the prevailing winds, which in western Kansas are north and south.

Where there are but four fans, it often happens the wings are in such a position, as they revolve, that but a single fan is struck by the wind at a time, whereas in the case of six or eight fans, two, three or four may catch the wind at a time, thus giving the mill just that much additional strength.

The cut shows the six-fan jumbo mill on the farm of W. W. Goodrich, of Bethany, Neb., used for watering a six-acre egg plant patch. The fans are each 9 feet long, with arms 3 1/2 feet. The jumbo box is 8x11x8 feet high, with doors below for escape of dead air. With a Damascus steel axis, such a mill cost about eight dollars; with a gas pipe axis, one can be built for three dollars.—Farm and Home.

PROGRESS IN KANSAS.

Farmers of the Sunflower State Are Beginning to Be Interested in Highway Improvement.

The agitation for good roads has reached Kansas. While it is true that much attention has been given the subject, and under the present road laws wherever there is a good road overseer who enforces the law we have fair roads, there is a lack of systematic drainage and thorough work. At a recent convention in this county the trustees, clerks and treasurers of townships, county commissioners and a committee from the League of American Wheelmen met and discussed the subject of good roads at length. The suggestion was made of a state convention to secure uniform action all over the state. At such a convention it was stated that the manufacturers of improved roadmaking machinery would be present to show what could be done.

We believe Kansas is ready to take this subject up. A state convention would result in bringing together an enthusiastic body of men who would cooperate in securing legislation and adopting the most intelligent methods for better roads. The value of this movement cannot be overestimated to the farmers of Kansas.—Topeka Capital.

Bluegrass Seeding for Lawns.

The plan intended for the lawn should be very finely pulverized for the reception of the seed, which should be sown early in the spring either broadcast or with seeder, at the rate of about three bushels per acre. The old-fashioned Kentucky bluegrass is the best for the purpose mentioned; it makes a good, firm soil and is particularly well suited for turfing the slopes of embankments and terraces, where the soil is good. Of course this grass is not so well adapted for hay as for pasture. No grass will do well where the shade is too heavy, but Kentucky bluegrass will do as well as any we know of, and, kept cut pretty short, it will thrive in light shade.—Farmers' Voice.

Essence of Good Farming.

The essence of good farming is to first grow what is required by family and live stock with a proper regard to keeping up the fertility of the soil. Look for cash to the crops which experience has taught you to do well on your soil, which you understand how to grow and which bring a fair price year after year in the markets to which you enter. Any plan which means the paying out of a dollar for food for family or stock which might be grown on the farm is a weak spot in the foundation of your farming, and it must be made firm if you would be successful.—Midland Farmer.

POSEY COUNTY VIM.

Famous Indiana Community Sets a Good Example in the Matter of Road Building.

Who has not heard of Posey county, land of the hoop-pole and the pumpkin, region popularly given over to "chills and fever," illiteracy and moonshine whisky? Old Posey may be all that the paragrapher's fancy has painted her, but we doubt it, and our dubiety is based upon an article in the Indianapolis Press wherein Posey county's part in the good roads movement is set forth. Other counties and other states have conventions, bills, "agitation," and all that, but Posey builds the roads. Therein lies the difference between the people of the hoop-pole and pumpkin region and their critics. Last week Posey issued turnpike road bonds aggregating \$103,000, which sold at a premium of two per cent. In one township 32 miles of stone road—macadam—are building and next year several hundred thousand dollars will be expended in extending these turnpikes—smooth and hard as our Hennepin boulevard—over the country. Early next spring the road from Mount Vernon, the county seat, to the historic town of New Harmony, 15 miles in length and traversing one of the loveliest rural panoramas in this country, will be macadamized. The contracts have been awarded, and they call for crushed stone, tile drain and scientific construction in every particular.

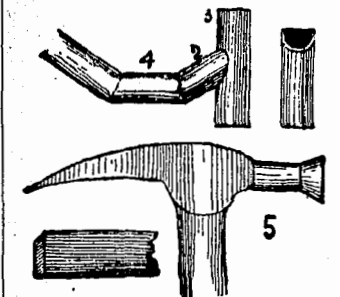
Posey county can afford good roads. In fact it cannot afford to do without them. Small in area, but well populated, it is a wealthy agricultural community. It lends the state in wheat and corn, area considered, and the land that is not given up to the cereals or groves produces abundantly of all fruits and vegetables known to the temperate zone. It has public libraries in nearly every township, and graded high schools are common "out in the country." Nearly all of the school houses are of brick and stone and are of modern construction. Of the 138 teachers in 95 Posey county schools last year, 29 were college graduates and 14 held state, life or professional license. The average wage was \$52 a month. At the close of the year there was \$25,000 on hand in the school fund. The percentage of illiteracy is the lowest in the state, and the farmers of old Posey have more brick dwellings, more pianos, more books, more rugs and carpets in proportion to population than those of any other county in the state.

Old Posey has her faults, no doubt, but there are other counties that might profit by her example in the matter of good roads and schools.—Minneapolis Times.

TILE CUTTING TOOL.

Description of a Non-Patented Hammer Which Is Said to Be Superior to All Others.

I am the inventor of a tool for cutting tile that is superior in every respect to any tool I have ever used, and that is a tile hammer, a drawing of which I send herewith. I have used these hammers for years, and the shape and size here given (six inches long) is about the best proportions for the purpose. They should be made of the best steel and both poll and pick tempered the same as stone-cutters' chisels. The pick is beveled like a cold-



TILE CUTTING TOOL.

chisel. The poll is round and the shape of the base of a cone, and one inch in diameter; the shaft round and cylindrical. The poll should be ground square, or, better, a little concave, leaving sharp cutting edges, and should be a little more flaring on the handle side. With this tool I have never found any need of anything else.

Some get tile at the mills with holes cut in them, but I never do, for with a tile hammer it is less trouble to cut the holes wherever you want them. In connecting laterals, most persons cut a hole, or get tile with holes in them, and stick the end of the connecting tile into the hole, but I never do that nor allow it to be done on work under my supervision. The connecting tile (2) must be cut to fit against the tile connected to, on an angle (see 2 and 3). The hole should be cut the full size of the inside of 2, which will be an egg-shape, the small end up-stream. I also cut the tile on all curves to fit as close as other joints (see 4).

A soft tile is not the best tile to cut, and I promptly discard a cracked tile. Select well-burnt tile, that will ring when struck with a hammer. Cut holes near the middle of the tile. In cutting the connecting tile (2), leave a part of the end full, as shown, instead of cutting it to a thin edge. Except in picking a small hole through a tile to start with, the poll of the hammer is generally used. The edges should be kept sharp. No patent on this hammer; free to all.—S. F. Moore, in Ohio Farmer.

It's no use trying to develop a baseball player out of your dairy cow. She may be a good catcher of flies, but there will be a short stop before the pitcher. The sucking calves and pigs and colts suffer with the heat and need water as well as the baby in the house.

THE OFF SIDE OF THE COW.

Old Wendell Hopkins' hired man is an absent-minded chap: He'll start for a chair and like as not set down in some one's lap. I happened along when he was strapped to bait those the other day. He'd given the horses his lunch-pail and was trying to eat that bait. A kind of a foolish sort of a trick for even a hired man.

But he tackled a different kind of a snag when he tackled with Matilda Ann. When he fooled with Matilda Ann, by Jinks, he got it square in the neck. And the doctors say, though live he may, he's a total human wreck. He's wrapped in bandages and thinking now of the girls in teaching a brindle cow.

Matilda Ann gives down her milk and she doesn't switch her tail. She gives ten quarts—weak in, weak out, and she never kicks the pail. She doesn't look and she doesn't jump, but even Matilda Ann Ain't called to stand all sorts of grief from a silly hired man. And when he tackled to the milking shed in sort of a dream and tried to make Matilda "So" and "Whoa" while he milked on the wrong off side—She giv' him a look to wit his soul and plucked him once with her hoof. And I guess that at last his wife were jogged as he slammed through the lintel roof. He's got a poultice on his brow Of the size of the foot of a brindle cow.

Now, study the ways of the world, my son; oh, study the ways of life! It's the hustling chap who gets the cash for the girl he wants for a wife. It's the feller that spots the place to grab when Chance goes swinging by. Who gets his dab in the juiciest place and the biggest plum in the pie. There's always a chance to milk the world; there's a test, a pail and a stool. There's a place for the chap with sense and wit, but a dangerous hole for a fool. For while the feller that's up to snuff drums a merry tune in his pail The fool sneaks up on the left-hand side and lands in the grave or jail. It's an awkward place, as you'll allow. The off-hand side of the world or a cow. —Lewiston Journal.

Why I Don't Marry

By Arnold Maurice Anderson.

From The Home Journal, New York. Reprinted by Special Permission.

LAST WEEK I attended a wedding. My old chum Max was married. He has a pretty little wife and they have purchased a neat little cottage over in Jersey somewhere. They have gone there to live; to settle down and forget the world at large; to live in each other; to be happy; contented with the humdrum of a Jersey village for the rest of their days. And Max wishes me to get married; to settle down; to move to Jersey and live near him; to be oblivious forever of the awful city noise and confusion. Max is still my friend. He didn't realize what he was advising. He meant no harm. Max is a business man. He has had any amount of business experience, but he isn't a philosopher. He looks on the bright side of things, even matrimony.

When I refused point-blank to consider myself even a possible victim in the matrimonial arena, Max became much annoyed and demanded my reasons. I hated to tell him anything that might tend to mar his happiness, but he was so insistent that I was compelled to give him a serious answer.

The windows of my room face to the rear, and so command a rear view of a large tenement house and a row of modest flats. I led Max to the window and bade him ponder upon the scene. There are the homes of some 30 or 40 families—all the result of matrimony. Max gazed wonderingly for a few moments, and then remarked that likely enough they were happy homes. This was exactly what I had wished him to say, and without further ado I took up my diary and required him to read portions of it at random. In regard to my diary, a word of explanation is necessary. It is my custom to write some pretty sentiment (usually on love) at the top of each page, and, moreover, the diary itself is more of a record of the actions of my neighbors than a chronicle of my own life. My reason for misusing the diary thus is purely selfish—I find it easier and more exciting. Max took the book and opening it, began to read aloud.

WEDNESDAY. "Peace reigns where love abounds." The Irish family on the top floor of the tenement has had a worse time than usual to-day. The head of the house came home in an ill-humor, and after a preliminary volley of oaths, proceeded to order his wife to quit the house and "lug along the brat with her" (referring to the baby). The poor woman left and has not yet returned (11:30 p. m.). All quiet with Italian family No. 3. Family No. 2 quarreled with the Irish woman on the floor below. The battle of words took place from the windows. No serious injuries sustained.

THURSDAY. "Love is a bird of rare plumage." The parrot continues to scream all day. All the miserable creature can say is, "Bare foot! Bare foot!" and this it shrieks at the top of its voice from one end of the day to the other. The Irish family is still at war. The wife returned this morning, but was immediately ordered out again by her husband, who did not go to work to-day. The two little Italian babies, the twins belonging to family No. 1, engaged in hostilities this morning out on the fire-escape. They were rescued in due time by the mother, who finished the fight in a manner of her own. Other families at peace to-day, so far as I know.

FRIDAY. "A loving wife relieves at the sound of her husband's footsteps." The Irish woman came back to-day when her husband was out. When he finally came home there was an exchange of hostile words, but soon a truce was established, and the poor woman was allowed to prepare the evening meal.

SATURDAY. "An infant's wall render the tenderest at the human breast." There is a new baby at Italian family No. 3's. The youngster is a true bohemian—he makes the night hideous with his yells. I must confess that I have lost my prejudice against soothing syrups—they are a benefactor of the human race.

SUNDAY. "Children are the flowers that make the garden of life beautiful." A rather oddish couple dwell in one of the flats, together with two pretty daughters. I have been admiring the girls from a distance, but now the dream is changed. To-day the girl became vexed at the old folks and upbraided them in a most unfilial manner. The trouble seemed to be about bicycling on the Sabbath. The parents objected, but the young ladies had their way. I saw them, in their abbreviated costumes, take the wheels and leave the house. On the whole this is a very quiet Sunday, as most of the Italian and Irish families are away from home.

MONDAY. "Matrimony is the highest state of earthly bliss." There is a middle-aged pair living in one of the flats, that has always impressed me as being exceedingly happy and contented. The husband usually sits by the window every evening reading his paper, while his wife, singing snatches of song, goes about clearing the table and washing the dishes. To-night my former good opinion was shattered. There has occurred a most bitter civil war in that once happy home. The husband took up his paper as was his custom, and commenced to peruse it, when suddenly without any warning, his wife began rating him unmercifully. She talked so fast and so excitedly that I could not catch the drift of her grievance, but now and again I would hear the word "absurdity" uttered with additional force. The husband strove to ignore his storming Xanthippe, but she would not submit to it. In her desperation she snatched the newspaper from his hands and cuffed him very unlovingly on the head. Next the broom figured in the fray, to the discomfiture of the husband, but still he did not resent. The one-sided battle raged fiercely for fully 15 minutes, and not once did the unfortunate victim return a blow or even a word, so far as I could make out. Once, however, he made a rush for the door, but was intercepted. In the course of an hour the usual calm was restored.

TUESDAY. "Loving husbands have dutiful wives." The good man who figured so nobly in yesterday's battle, is in the kitchen this evening washing the dishes. His wife is now reading the paper in his place by the window. I wonder if this



"THE BACK DOOR SIDE OF LIFE." is one of the terms in their treaty of peace. The children in the tenement had a free-for-all fight to-day. It seemed to be the Irish against the Italian.

WEDNESDAY. "Love often speaks in song." I have noticed, lately, a man with a most mournful expression on his face, who, every evening, sits looking out the window. He has a most unhappy face! I often wonder what makes him so sad. His wife appears to be very thoughtful. She plays and sings for him every night. Ah, perhaps that is the reason! Four families in the tenement quarreling to-night. I think I shall move soon or I certainly shall become a cynic in regard to matrimony.

THURSDAY. "Love is present even in the brute world." Irishman on the top floor of the tenement came home intoxicated, but his wife left the house before he could abuse her. The children have resumed hostilities. The parrot has discovered a more annoying way to shriek: "Bare foot!" The two pretty girls are abusing the old folks again, but worst of all, two cats are fighting it out in the back yard. Not even beasts can live happily together. I have decided to move into a front room.

Here Max ceased reading, and after some moments of deep meditation, he said: "Yes, I think you ought to move. It's unhealthy to see only the backdoor side of life."

Half-Dent. James Pains says, in "The Backwater of Life," that as soon as he became deaf, his friends tried to hearten him by collecting anecdotes of those who have made humorous mistakes through suffering a like infirmity. The efficacy of that method may be doubted, but such as it is, many have had to endure it.

One story is indeed to be tolerated, because it refers to a gentleman who, although deaf, was not so much so as he pretended to be. A friend came to him one day and shouted: "Will you lend me half a sovereign?" "What?" "Will you lend me half a sovereign?" "What was that?" "Will you lend me half a sovereign?" "You said half a sovereign before!" —Youth's Companion.

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.

Wardrobe, made of Oak, nicely finished, with double doors.

Special, \$8.50.

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

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

\$11.50.

Special, \$17.50.

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

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

\$2.69.

Only \$6.50.

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

OUR CREDIT PLAN MAKES IT EASY TO SECURE A HOME.

MULLINS & SONS,

218-220 Market Street, Newark.

Other Stores—New York City, Brooklyn, Paterson.

Custom Department Facts.

Study with care. - - - No old stock.

"NO GOODS LEFT OVER FOR NEXT YEAR."

Suits to order \$12 now, have brought \$20 all the season.

We make this offer during July and August to close out our stock of cloths to make room for the fall trade, and to keep the first-class hands at work all summer. We don't expect any profit, we give that to you and guarantee the cut, fit and workmanship of all our garments. Come in and see what we can do for you on a suit at any price from \$12.00 upwards.

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 house. It isn't there long before something is either bursting or leaking, and the money consumed little by little soon amounts to the same as the original of first class work.

M. H. FERRIS, Sanitary Plumbing.

WESTFIELD, N. J.

Be Sure...

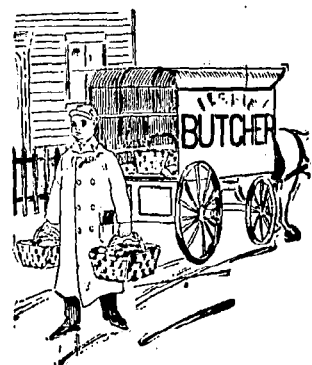
to get the best bread, cakes, pies, and pastry for your table.

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 \$15.00.
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
WALL PAPER
WALL PAPER
WALL PAPER
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
Everything in the line of Milk and Cream.
IRA O. LAMBERT, Prop.

Best for the Bowels.
No matter what ails you, headache to a cold, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascarets help nature, cure you without a grip or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascarets (Candy Cathartics) are genuine, put up in perfect boxes, every tablet has U. S. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give \$100.00 for each movement; it is such a relief."
—AYLMER L. HUNT,
283 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
"GUARANTEED TO CURE"
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c.
CURE CONSTIPATION.
Selling Ready Compound, Chicago, England, New York.

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.

JAMES R. DARY,
CARPETS CLEANED, MADE AND LAID.
GENERAL JOBBING.
Gasoline and Kerosene Oil sold and delivered in any quantity.
Broad Street, Westfield, N. J. P. O. Box 363.

F. S. TAYLOR,
PRACTICAL PIANO TUNER.
ELIZABETH, N. J.
Westfield references given.

Smart Alex.
A man being about to die summoned his four sons to his side and said: "My sons, I will leave to John one-third of my estate, to Alex one-fifth, to James one-sixth and to Thomas one-fourth, and thus you will all share Equally."
John and James and Thomas took Paper and Pencil and began figuring, but Alex took his hat and started out. "Where are you going?" the other three asked. "Do you not intend figuring out the Problem?"
"Not much," said Alex. "I am going for a Lawyer to break the Will."
Morn—Sometimes the Lawyer can Relieve the Heirs of Much of the Figuring.—Baltimore American.

Idle, but Witty.
He was an idle Irish boy, but he had the Celtic wit. He had shipped on board of a man-of-war, where he annoyed the boatswain by his laziness. Seeing him on the main-top one morning gazing idly out to sea, the boatswain called out to him:
"Come down out of that, ye rascal! Come down out of that, and O'll give ye a dozen whacks wld me rope!"
"Faith, sorr," replied the boy, "O'll wouldn't come if ye offered me two dozen."—Harper's Young People.

How It Was.
"And where's Sappeigh?" inquired the returned clubman, who was posing himself. "Is he still courting that bright western girl?"
"Oh, no," replied his friend. "She jollied him for six months or more and fooled him at last."
"Ah," with a sympathetic sigh, "she rejected him, did she?"
"Not much. She married him."—Detroit Free Press.

The English Soldier.
An English soldier coming on duty was heard to say to his comrade, "Well, Jim, what's the orders at this post?" Jim replied, "Why, the orders is you're never to leave it till you're killed, and if you see any other man leaving it you're to kill him."—"Recollections of a Military Life," General Sir John Adge.

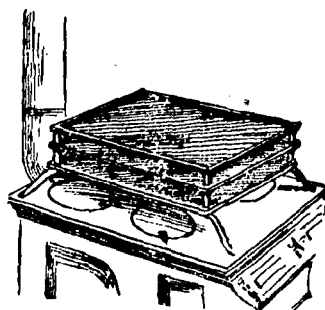
Private Electric Motors.
A well known electrical authority has pointed out that it is now as easy and cheap to have an electric elevator in a private house as in a large office building. Stairs are literally a barbarism, to which women frequently owe ill health, and to which many delicate persons may attribute the deprivation of the full enjoyment of their homes. The cost of operating an electric elevator in, say, a five story house, making 50 or 60 trips every day, will not exceed \$3 or \$4 per month. The devices for operating these elevators have been so improved that an invalid or a child can manage them. The old lever arrangement can be dispensed with, and the elevator ascends or descends at the pressure of a button. It will stop only at each floor and will start only when the elevator door is closed.—New York Times.

HORTICULTURE

HANDY EVAPORATOR.

One That Can Be Attached to an Ordinary Cook Stove and Is Easily Made.

An evaporator is a luxury few farmers can afford unless they intend going into the fruit business to quite an extent. The illustration shows a cheap and handy evaporator within the reach of all. The frames are made of any size desired, 3x4 feet being handy dimensions if the stove is large enough to accommodate it. Over the frames, which should be made of 2x4 or 3 inch strips of board, screen wire netting is firmly tacked. For the legs to be fastened on the bottom frame, take four pieces of strap iron from a foot and a half to two feet long. Through one



COOK STOVE EVAPORATOR.

end of each iron drill two or three holes for screws. Fasten these to the bottom side of the frame with inch screws and then with a wrench or some other tool bend the legs in such a way as to leave a space of from a foot to 18 inches between the frame and surface of the stove. On the upper side and near the corners of the frame, drive in small nails so that they penetrate the wood deep enough to leave an inch in length sticking up. Over these slip four thread spools. By driving corresponding nails into the bottom side of the second frame to slip down into the spools, it is held in place. The third frame is fastened in the same way and as many more as desired can be added. The frames are high enough above the stove so as not to interfere with cooking. The fruit dried in this way is of a good quality, and the work can be done as rapidly as in a high-priced evaporator.—Orange Judd Farmer.

GRAPEVINE CULTURE.

Hints on the Preparation of the Soil and the Distance at Which to Set the Plants.

In preparing the land for grapevines, plow the ground deeply, and, if possible, subsoil. Then pulverize the ground thoroughly to give the small roots all the chance possible to develop. It is best to set the vines not nearer together than eight feet. The holes in which the vines are set should be each two feet square and from 18 to 20 inches deep. If a large number of vines are to be set, the land should be previously marked off, so that the rows of vines will be straight both ways; as this both improves the looks of the field and makes it easier to cultivate. One grape grower advises to keep the surface soil separate from the subsoil when digging the holes, and to put back this surface dirt first when filling up the holes. This will give the roots a good medium in which to develop. Once well rooted and growing, the vine can send its roots into the less congenial soil without experiencing a backset. In the fall, in regions where winter protection is needed, this may be obtained by plowing a furrow on each side of the row and throwing the dirt up toward the vines. In the spring this dirt must be leveled to admit of even culture. The vines may be staked and tied to the stakes till they are two years old, when they may be fastened to wires strung between the posts.—Farmers' Review.

Does the Fruitman's Aid.

The necessity of cross-pollination of fruit bloom is a subject that should never be considered threadbare. Prof. Cook says his sister in California was wondering, in 1891, why her fruit trees were not bearing as well as usual. The trees bloomed, but the fruit did not set. Mr. Cook suggested that it might be caused by a decrease in the number of bees, and accordingly an apiarist was engaged to remove his bees to the place, and at once there was a marked benefit. She has kept the apiary there ever since. She feels that she can afford to pay for the presence of the bees, and she is right. While other insects might help pollination, this incident shows that bees are the thing for the business, and that in their absence the hope of a good fruit crop rests on a slim foundation.—American Bee Journal.

Successions of Vegetables.

Vegetables of which every garden ought to furnish a succession are radish, lettuce, peas, string beans, beets, cress and turnips. Every book that was ever written on gardening has advised "sowing for succession every ten days or two weeks;" yet only the gardens managed by gardeners hired specially to see to such things really furnish such successions. The farmer, in particular, is apt to neglect the garden. If he does not forget it altogether, after the first sowing. Perhaps it is a waste of time to exhort him to care for the garden; but, considering the amount which the garden contributes to the family living, it seems as though it should be worthy of better treatment.—Country Gentleman.

THE BEET ARMY WORM.

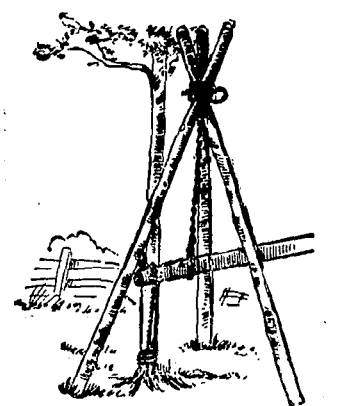
A New Pest That Has Recently Made Its Appearance in Large Numbers in Colorado.

Every kind of worm is called an army worm when it appears in sufficient numbers. A worm that has long been known to injure the beet last year appeared sufficiently numerous to be called the beet army worm. It was officially noticed by the entomologist of the Colorado experiment station. Last year a first brood of caterpillars appeared at about the time for thinning the beets and destroyed most of the plants after thinning. One method of destroying the early brood is to mix one part by weight of Paris green or London purple and 20 parts of common flour, and then dust the mixture over the plants, before sunrise in the morning. In this strength a light dusting will be sufficient. In the early morning the leaves have on them enough moisture to hold the flour and poison. It may also be applied after the leaves have been moistened by a shower. To apply the poison, make a small cheesecloth sack about five inches in diameter and ten inches deep. Fill it with the mixture of poison and flour and walk along a row of plants shaking the sack over them. This can be done quite rapidly when one has learned how and is economical of poison, and does not require wheelbarrow or wagon to carry pump and tank. When the plants become large, as in case of treatment for the second brood, it will probably be better to use a barrel or tank and spray pump.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

Earth Should Be Left Clinging to the Roots and the Trunk Should Be Lifted Bodily.

The more earth that can be left to be transplanted, the more certain is the tree to live. It is wise, then, to dig about the tree so as to leave a bunch of earth about the small roots, following out and gently freeing the long roots as they are met in cutting a circle about the trunk. Then the tree must be lifted bodily, if possible. There are several ways to apply power for



HOW TO TRANSPLANT TREES.

this purpose, one of the best being shown in the cut. A tripod is rigged with three stout poles and lever is attached in the manner shown. As the tree is lifted a new "hold" can be secured by taking up the chain on the tripod. Where the tree is gripped by the chain or rope at the end of the lever the bark should be well wrapped in old cloth to prevent injury. If the ground is dry at the time of transplanting it will be necessary to thoroughly wet the ground all about the trunk, since the earth will cling together and to the roots much better in this way. If dry, the earth falls apart readily. Elms and maples are not difficult to transplant, but oaks must be moved with greatest care and with as little disturbance of the roots as is possible, if the trees are to live.—N. Y. Tribune.

SHALLOW CULTIVATION.

Horticultural Authorities Unite in Agreeing That It Is Most Effective for Orchards.

While it is an accepted fact that so far as conditions will admit thorough cultivation should be given during the early part of the growing season to the young orchard, at the same time it should be understood that the cultivation should be shallow, particularly close about the trees. With all plants, in cultivating care should be taken not to disturb the roots, and this is especially true as regards fruit trees or plants. While thorough cultivation is admittedly beneficial, it should always be given in a way that will not disturb or injure the roots.

With a little care the weeds may be kept down and the soil in good tilth by giving shallow cultivation. When plowing care should be taken to run shallow when close to the trees in order to avoid injury to the roots. When no crop is grown, if when the last cultivation is given the soil be left level, fine and mellow it will act as a mulch during the summer and add very materially in retaining the moisture in the soil, and with newly-set trees this is quite an advantage, as many die the first year for want of moisture.—N. J. Shepherd, in Farmers' Voice.

Borer on Fruit Trees.

There have been published many methods whereby it was claimed borers on fruit trees may be destroyed, but orchardists agree that the work is altogether too laborious to pay. A number of preventives are also advocated, but if those, consisting of washes, usually in the form of cement made of skim milk and hydraulic cement, are not carefully removed after the season of danger is over the growth of the tree is retarded. Undoubtedly the better way to prevent borers is to keep the soil in orchards well cultivated and the trunk of the tree clean of fungi and all other foreign growth, even of loose bark.—Farmers' Voice.

THE MEADOW LARK.

Minstrel of melody,
How shall I chant of thee,
Planting in meadows a thrill with thy song?
Fitting near my feet,
Familiar and wholly sweet—
Oh, could thy spirit to mortal belong!
Till me thy secret art,
How thou dost touch the heart,
Hinting of happiness still unpossessed;
Say, doth thy bosom burn
Vainly, as mine, and yearn
Eagerly for something that leaves it un-
blissed?

Doth not that tender tone,
Over the clover blown,
Flow from a sorrow—longing in vain?
Or, is it joy intense,
So like a pang, the sense
Hears in thy sweetest song something of pain?
Others may cleave the steep,
Soar, and in upper deep
Sing in the heaven's blue arches profound;
But, thou most lowly thing,
Teach me to keep my wing
Close to the breast of our mother, the ground!

Soon shall my fleeting lay
Fade from the world away—
Thine, ever-during, shall thrill through the years;
Love, who once gladdened me,
Sorrow hath saddened thee,
Half of thy music is made of his tears!
Long may I list thy note
Soft through the summer float
Far o'er the fields where the wild grasses
Wave;
Then, when my day is done,
Pour out thy spirit near to my grave!
—Lloyd Milfin, in N. Y. Independent.

Sol Tomlinson's Falconry

By Edwin J. Webster.

"SOL TOMLINSON says it was a Sunday school book that caused him to be nursing an injured spirit and mourning the loss of the finest collection of fancy breeds of chickens ever seen in Pike county," observed Deacon Teds to the crowd at the corner grocery. "But I tell him it was his own foolishness in trying middle age notions in this closing year of the nineteenth century, and also in trusting too far to the loving kindness and forgiving nature of hawks."

"One Sunday afternoon Sol went out to the woodshed and found his boy Tom reading a book he had drawn from the Sunday school library. Sol cracked the boy over the head for reading novels on Sunday, gave him some chores to do, and then sat down to read the book himself. It was all about knights and how they rode about the country fighting for the color of their ladies' eyebrows and how they went hawking and all such foolishness. But it seemed to impress Sol mightily.

"And are you, with your blue jeans and bald pate and white whiskers, going to ride around Pike county on a 'prancing palfrey,' and fight for the honor of your lady, also? I asked him. 'Or what particular kind of foolishness has that book inspired you to?'
"Sol looked hurt.

"Fudge, deacon," he said to me. "I'm a respectable married man without any 'lady loves,' as you call them, and my rheumatism wouldn't allow me to ride 'prancing palfreys' any way. The plan I am thinking of is a practical one, and one that will bring money to a worthy old man without his working for it. Did you read what that book said about falconry, and how all those old coves used to catch heron and ducks and other kinds of birds by the use of falcons? Well, that's what I'm going to do," he says earnestly.

"But you haven't any falcons," I objected.
"Tush, deacon," Sol retorted, sort of impatiently. "Of course, I ain't got any falcons. But what's a falcon except a hawk, anyway, and it will be easy enough for me to get a few young hawks and train them to catch ducks and other birds which sell well, but are a good deal of trouble for a tired old man to shoot."

"Well, the first thing Sol did was to get his boys to work gathering in young hawks. That was considerable of a contract for the boys, as neither the young hawks nor the old birds took kindly to having their nests robbed, but the boys gathered in about a dozen young birds.

"Sol had a lot of chickens of his own, and every time he killed one he would feed the young hawks a bit of liver. Then he would buy up the livers whenever any of the neighbors killed chickens, and feed them to the hawks. Of course he fed the hawks other things, but pretty soon those birds had as well developed a taste for liver as some men have for 'paty' de foy grass,' or whatever it is called.

"Then Sol began the second part of the training. He would put a dead duck on the ground, and carry one of his hawks over to it, go off a ways, and sort of indicate to the bird that he wanted the dead duck brought to him. Hawks are pretty intelligent birds, and it wasn't long before they appreciated the fact that every time one of them brought Sol a duck there was a big piece of liver coming.

"By the time the duck season opened all but six of Sol's hawks had died, but he certainly did have that half dozen trained down to a fine point. Their appetite for liver had gotten to be like that of a man's for drink, and they understood that ducks and only ducks were what Sol wanted, so they never interfered with his chickens. By and by the ducks began flying south. Then Sol started out to gather in his harvest.

"For months," he said to me "these hawks of mine have enjoyed fatherly care and lived on the fat of the land and the livers of several hundred chickens. Now is the time for them to repay my devotion. And, by gum, they will do it or get in trouble."

ing pretty low. And his hawks and pointed at the ducks. It wasn't half a minute before those trained hawks understood what was wanted of them, and off they went at full tilt after the ducks. Each hawk grabbed a duck, started back with it toward Sol and dropped it at his feet.

Then came the first of Sol's actions, which turned aside the hearts of his faithful duck hunters. When the hawks delivered up their ducks to Sol they began to look for some liver as a reward. But Sol didn't see it that way. "These ducks are still in sight," he says to the hawks, as if they could understand him. "And duty calls on you to go after them. Now is your chance to repay a little of my care and affection. This is no time to be looking for liver."

"Sol kept pointing at the rapidly disappearing flock of ducks, and as his hawks didn't seem to understand what he meant, he grabbed a stick and began pounding them with it. It was plain that the hawks were grieved and mystified, rather than angry. They had each of them brought in a duck, why didn't they get their liver? And why did Sol, the man who had fed them and whom they had looked up to and venerated, beat them with a stick?

"Finally they gave it up as a bad job trying to figure out what it all meant, and seeing that Sol wanted more ducks, off the hawks started, but acting in a patient, puzzled sort of way that was really pathetic.

"Those birds of yours are faithful and well trained," I observed to Sol, "but loving kindness isn't the strongest quality of any hawk, even an educated one. If you beat them about once more they will try to get even with you. And from what I know of hawks, I'm betting they will succeed."

"But Sol only grunted out that it was ducks and not tokens of esteem that he wanted from those hawks.

"After quite a wait we saw the hawks coming back. They had had a long chase after the ducks and were pretty weary when they reached us, but each faithful hawk was bringing back a duck, and laid it in front of Sol. Then every bird looked up in an expectant sort of way as if he now felt certain of getting his liver. And it was here that the real meanness of Sol's nature showed up.

"Sol was just going to reward his hard-working birds, when away off to the north another flock of ducks showed up. Then Sol wanted to start his hawks right after the new flock.

"Don't you do it," I warned him. "These faithful birds of yours are pretty nearly worn out, and if you don't



OUT FOR DUCKS.

give them the liver they expect they will lose faith in human nature. A trained hawk who has lost faith in human nature is an ugly animal," I said, solemnly.

"But Sol was set on starting his hawks after this particular flock of ducks. The patient birds, instead of going just loitered around, waiting for their reward. Then Sol grabbed his stick and began pounding them worse than before. For about a minute the birds stood it, then it seemed to come over them all at once that they were being beaten and cheated after they had done their duty. Each bird gave a sort of queer little cry, in which there was more disappointment at the way Sol had treated them than anger, and then rose in the air and turned, not in the direction of the ducks, but toward Sol's barnyard.

"It's fancy chickens and revenge your birds are looking for," I warned Sol.

"Sol looked at the hawks and then began running home as fast as his legs would carry him. But it was too late. The six hawks swooped down among Sol's chickens, and by the time Sol arrived on the scene all that was left of the best collection of fancy breed of chickens ever seen in Pike county was a mass of feathers and dead fowls.

"What heartless ingratitude," says Sol, almost crying. "I fed and trained and cared for those birds, and then they turn and rend me, or rather my innocent and best breeds of fancy chickens."

"But I didn't give him any comfort. "It was all your own fault, Sol Tomlinson," I told him. "If you had treated those hawks halfway decently they would have cheered your declining years and gathered in ducks by the bushel."—Boston Globe.

Odd Signs on Staten Island.

A hievellet who has been making runs in the neighborhood of New York reports that he found the most unannounced and impartial slaughter of English in a sign posted on a Staten Island windmill. It reads:

DIR VINI MILL, FISH BAIL.

At a rude wharf on the Staten Island sound this greeted his eyes:

BOATS TO HIRE.

Another sign showed this legend: WE LIVE TO LIVE AND DYE TO LIVE.

A City of Waters.

Hangloek is a city of waters. It is an Indo-Chinese Venice. More people live in floating houses on the Menam, "The Nile of Siam," and the many canals than in permanent buildings.



CRANFORD.

Mrs. Eugene Rensch is spending several days with Mrs. Paul Rensch at Dunellen.

The Cranford base ball team will meet the Linden A. C. team at Roosevelt Manor to-morrow afternoon.

The Cranford Boating Association meets this evening at the Eclectic club rooms for the purpose of arranging for the annual river carnival.

PROMINENT CRANFORDITE DIES AT ELIZABETH HOSPITAL.

Mrs. William N. Gray Passed Away After Operation.

Kate A. Gray, wife of William N. Gray, died from the result of an operation at the Elizabeth General Hospital on Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Gray, who was Kate A. Tillman, of Somerville, was 38 years of age, and had been a wife for 19 years. She was a devout Christian woman, and an active member of the Cranford Presbyterian church and all its societies.

She is survived by a husband and four children. The funeral services will be held from her late home on Union avenue to-morrow afternoon at 2 o'clock.

RAHWAY.

W. Fred. Muir has been granted a pension of \$6 per month.

Miss Stella Clark has returned home after a pleasant visit with Plainfield friends.

Percival Knanth, president of the Regina Music Box Works, died at Bolton Landing, Lake George, on Tuesday.

The Presbyterian church has been closed for repairs. The ceiling and side walls will be decorated, and new carpets laid.

ROSELLE.

D. C. Arlington, of Pittsburg, Pa., has been visiting in town.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry, of New York, are guests at the Van Court Inn.

Miss Hayes and Miss Marguerite Pierson are summering at Milton, Vt.

E. D. DeVitt, of the New York Times, is spending the summer in Roselle.

The Roselle base ball team plays the Springfield team, at the latter place, to-morrow afternoon.

SCOTCH PLAINS.

Miss Brockaway, of Brooklyn, is the guest of Mrs. W. D. Gere.

Miss Johnson, of Brooklyn, is a guest at the home of Thomas Paff, Sr.

The township committee will hold a meeting this evening, when, it is expected, police officers will be appointed.

Thieves broke into the Union News stand at the Fairwood depot Sunday night and got away with a quantity of tobacco.

He Arbitrated.

Scene: The stone quay of a small fishing village in Cornwall. Two arches are wrangling at the sea and in somewhat dangerous proximity to the deep water. An old retired salt, "the father of the hamlet," watches these antics for a few minutes from his sunning place against the signal staff, then makes stealthily for the offending pair and administers a sound cuff each, afterward returning complacently to his pipe as the youngsters march tearfully shoreward.

A visitor, having noticed the episode, came up and tackled the old fellow on his seemingly unreasonable molestation.

"They were not harming you in any way," he protested, "so why spoil their games?"

"Well, it be jest this yer way," retorted the veteran after a thoughtful expectation. "Tisn't as I cares a darn whether they tumbles in an gets drowned or whether they do stop aboard, 'cos they beent no kin o' mine. 'Twere the bloomin' uncertainty which were agoin' ter happen as was too much for me ter stan' it no longer, so I arbitrates the matter as you zeed."—Scamps.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address: F. J. Cheney & Co. Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Half Family Pills are the best.

An Object of Interest.

"Are you resolute in your idea of being a singer?"

"I am," answered the young man.

"Are you attracting any notice?"

"Some. While I was practicing yesterday two of the neighbors stopped at the door to ask what was the matter with me, and to inquire if they could be of any assistance."—Washington Star.

Anatomical.

With an engaging smile the peddler who had gone around to the side door addressed the sharp-featured woman who answered his knock.

"Is this the head of the house?" he asked.

"No sir," she replied, shutting the door in his face. "This is the wing."—Chicago Tribune.

Cause and Effect.

Digestion, much like Love and Wine, no trifling will brook:

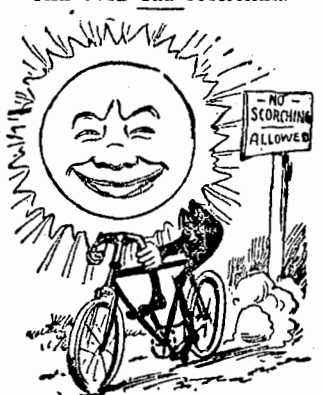
His cook once spoiled the dinner of an emperor of men:

The dinner spoiled the temper of his majesty, and then

The emperor made history and no one blamed the cook.

—J. P. Macleath, in The Smart Set.

THE GOOD OLD SCORCHER.



You can't find him—it's no use.—Ally Sloper.

The Automobile.

"No horse on this carriage!" says she, with a light little laugh. "Ah! but he has both his hands busy, so he's not to blame, is he, if he answers: 'The horse is on me!'"—Puck.

The Usual Thing.

A congressman tells the story that, being selected to deliver the eulogy on a deceased colleague whom he had not known, he consulted Mr. Reed, then the speaker, upon what to say. "Say anything except the truth," was the reply; "it's customary."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Amalgam.

She—The man I marry must have done something of importance.

He—Then I am the very man you require.

She—You? Why, what important thing did you ever do?

He—I fell in love with you at sight.—Chicago Daily News.

A Fatal Omission.

"This," said the editor, "describes the invention in graphic style, but you haven't made it complete."

"No?" said the reporter.

"No. You haven't said that it is destined to revolutionize the industry."—Puck.

The Optimistic View.

"Isn't it too bad?" exclaimed the bride, almost tearfully. "It's raining—and on our wedding day!"

"That's all right, dear," whispered the rapturous bridegroom. "The heavens are weeping for joy!"—Chicago Tribune.

Not His Fault.

Judge—Aren't you ashamed to have struck so old a man?

Accused—It isn't my fault that he's grown old. I've been after him for years, and should have much preferred to get him younger.—N. Y. World.

A Gloomy Outlook.

First Professional North Pole Explorer—You look worried, comrade.

Second Professional North Pole Explorer—Yes; I fear that some day one of those relief expeditions is going to discover the pole.—Puck.

Just the Thing.

Mother—I can't get the fire to burn. Freddy. You'll have to get me some kindling.

Freddy—Suppose you use this shining, ma? It made me burn yesterday.—Harlem Life.

The Bomber.

"Many a man," said the corned philosopher, "after announcing that he will fight to the last, always manages to be the last to the fight."—Indianapolis Press.

A Bad Man Hit.

First Crook—How did you get hurt?

Second Crook—I was shot by a policeman.

First Crook—My! my! Whose dog was he shooting at?—N. Y. Weekly.

Something to Be Avoided.

"What is tobacco heart, Harvey?"

"Oh, it is heart disease which women get who constantly agitate themselves by nagging their husbands for smoking."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Matter of Inference.

"Is Davidson Intellectual?"

"I don't know; he is one of these fellows who call it changing their minds when they decide to put on another cravat."—Judge.

Take a Snap Shot of One.

"So Miss Primrose has purchased a look-see?"

"Yes; I presume she thinks she can catch a man that way."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

An Unpleasant Truth.

Schoolmaster—Now, Rogers, what are you doing? Learning something?

Rogers—No, sir, I'm listening to you, sir.—Golden Days.

THE CONSULTING DETECTIVE.

(Continued from page 1.)

ments not usually the acquisitions of the professional burglar.

"These astute men resented my notions—treated them with infinite scorn, even intimated that I had written the words on the sheet to bolster up my position and said that they were quite certain that inquiry of Miss Weltwetter would elicit that the phonograph record had been made in her presence by a friendly critic—perhaps her instructor. Weltwetter seemed to waver to their side, perhaps because the idea of an educated musician and a burglar in one and the same person was too incongruous for him to grasp with belief, but his wife inclined to my view. I was nettled, and the scorn with which I was treated made a detective of me, for, convinced that the police detectives would never find the man on the lines they adopted, I then and there determined to make the inquiry myself.

"One of the first things I did was to persuade Mrs. Weltwetter to send for her daughter, Lella, with whom I had a conversation immediately on her arrival. One police notion was dissipated at once. She had never submitted her composition to the criticism of anybody and knew of no corrections sung to the phonograph. She was plagued over the assertion of error in her work, and as she listened attentively to the record, holding her written music in comparison, I watched her narrowly. Almost immediately a dull, red flush crept over her face, but whether it was due to a recognition of the voice or to a conviction that she had been detected in error I could not determine, but when the sudden change to the spoken words took place a sort of startled light sprang into her eyes. She hesitated in reply to my question if she recognized the voice, finally saying that she did not; that at first it seemed familiar, but the impression faded as she listened. I was not satisfied. It seemed to me as though the young woman could have said more if she were inclined—that she had something of suspicion. I pressed this view upon her, but she escaped conclusions by asserting that a tone or two of the recorded voice had suggested a person, but only a tone or two; that it was simply absurd to associate the person with the deed of burglary.

"Fortunately for me I had plenty of time to make inquiries, but notwithstanding that I devoted all my time to the work I made no headway. Firmly convinced that the burglar was a professional musician, I worked on that line, attending all places where I could hear baritone singers. I tried to make the acquaintance of all musicians who had been in the habit of gathering at the Weltwetter house, but it was summer time, and I could reach but a few.

"One day, at the end of three weeks of this discouraging work, I was sitting in my office quite despondent, when I was called up on the telephone by my sister. We had been conversing but a moment when some one cut in on us on a crossed line. I was about to demand of the central office to protect us in our possession of the line, when I was startled by another voice—the one of the record on the Weltwetter phonograph—the one I had been looking for, dreaming of, for three weeks, and I listened breathlessly. The subject of the talk of the two who had cut in was the orchestration of some musical score at a theater for which the voice was at work. It ended with a remark of 'the voice' that the other could communicate at any time with him by telephone and giving his telephone number.

"I closed my talk with my sister as quickly as I decently could and hastened to the central office. Learning the name of the subscriber who had the number 'the voice' had given, I was surprised to find it was that of a druggist on the hill. This did not bear out my theory, but I traveled to the store to find it one of the superior sort. It required the exercise of no little skill to discover who had talked through the telephone an hour previously on a musical subject, but it came out in the end, and I was told that it was a professional musician known as Elmer Molesworth, occupying apartments on a floor above the store.

"Inquiries in the neighborhood showed that the musician was held in esteem as an industrious, upright man. I learned, however, that more than once he had been one of a stringed quartet at musical gatherings at Weltwetter's. Armed with this fact, I sought Miss Weltwetter and forced her to the admission that she had recognized Molesworth's voice in that of the record, but was not willing to believe it. From her also I learned a valuable fact. She had a precious relic, a sheet or two of original manuscript by Mozart, which she kept in the safe in the dining room.

"On the occasion of a musical at their house once she had talked to Molesworth of this, and taking the musician to the safe had opened it before him to show it. I saw how Molesworth had obtained the combination and knowledge of the contents of the safe. By a little strategy in a few days I obtained a note from Molesworth, so that I was enabled to make a comparison with the writing on the music sheet and to see a marked resemblance. "It now remained for me to arrest, but here Weltwetter stepped in. He feared if arrest were made his papers would be lost and he preferred the recovery before everything—said he would interfere everything for them—his plate, valuables and even his loved Anna. He begged me to undertake their recovery. He began my detective career by compounding a felony. I visited Molesworth in his apartments and bluntly charged him with the bur-

glary. He was cool and self possessed. He denied my charge indignantly, but I told him the story of his deed and the methods of its accomplishment step by step and how I had been led to its up-on him. All this time my eyes had been busy about the room. As I ascended the stairs I had heard the sound of a violin, but I saw none. Beside his desk was a shawl on the floor, and something seemed to be under it. Suddenly I sprang up and lifted that shawl. Under it was a violin. Molesworth turned pale, and I, lifting the instrument and pointing to a mark on it, said dramatically, 'It was the temptation to possess this Anna that led you into the crime.' He wilted at once. I followed up my advantage by promising him on behalf of Weltwetter immunity, silence and safety if he would return what he had taken, and he broke down and confessed.

"That afternoon I returned the prized papers and the Anna to the brewer. The plate had been disposed of or destroyed, and Weltwetter, highly pleased over his recoveries, let it go. He gave me a handsome fee.

"This started me on my career, for Weltwetter, with an exaggerated idea of my abilities, called me to ferret out a leak in the funds of a bank of which he was a director and in which I was successful. This led to similar employments, until now I am a full fledged consulting detective, who puts the public officer on the right track, though I maintain my lawyer's shingle on Court street as before.

"Weltwetter's papers? Oh, neither you nor I would care for them. They were proofs of his rights to an estate of rocks and trees and a ruined castle in Germany and to the title of the family from which he was descended. To obtain the money with which to support them he had brewed beer in this country. He has sold out to a trust, I believe, and is going to Germany soon."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Clothes Transformation.

In these days of uniformed employees there are to be found means whereby a uniform coat may quickly and easily be changed in its appearance to that of an ordinary civilian. This is done simply by changing the buttons. There are different kinds of buttons for this purpose. Some are made with a shank that goes through an eyelet made in the coat, where commonly a button would be sewed on, this movable button being fastened at the back. Buttons of this kind are changed bodily—one kind removed and the other kind put in its place.

There is another kind of transformation button in which a black button of ordinary appearance is sewed on to the coat in the usual manner, there to remain, the gold button in this case consisting of a cap which screws on or is otherwise fastened right over the black button, which it covers. Screwing on these caps would put a man into uniform; taking them off would put him back into a blue coat such as might be worn anywhere.

The device of a silk band that may be put in a moment around a uniform cap is familiar. It covers up the gold braid there, which is, after all, likely to be the most conspicuous thing about a uniform, more so than the brass buttons on the coat.—New York Sun.

The Way to Live.

"If anybody needs artificial exercise," said a well known doctor, "it is because he is not leading a natural life. It is better to come back to nature than to do something that takes up time and produces nothing. Stout people are always told to exercise. I tell you, they cannot exercise stiffly to themselves. Brain workers should avoid all extra exertion. Thin people can take all the exercise they want to."

The speaker prescribed air, water and food as the real culture. He pointed out that New England housekeepers through their fashion of shutting up their "best rooms," especially after a death, had caused the deaths of a succession of the future occupants of such apartments. To this he attributed the rapid decrease of the old New England stock.

Enough to Madden Him.

Lunatic (in dreary monotone)—I cannot put it on over my head; I cannot put it in my pocket; I cannot wear it on my feet. It will not stand on the shelf, and there is no loop to hang it up by. It cannot be a lampshade, a horsecloth or a chest protector. It does not look like a bag; it is not a smoking cap. It cannot be a cover for a man; it is not Ar-r-r-r-r-r!

Visitor (in asylum)—This is indeed a sad case.

Keeper—Yes, sir; one of the saddest that ever came under my observation. This young man was but a little while ago possessed of an unusually brilliant intellect, and a mind of truly remarkable depth and grasp. He delved deep in science and solved abstruse problems in astronomy with ease. Psychology was to him little more than recreation and metaphysics a mere pastime. But a young lady gave him a birthday present of her own making, and in trying to determine the name and use of it he was reduced to his present pitiable condition.—Collier's Weekly.

Moral Influence Recognized.

"I suppose there are several lines to the end?" he queried at a railroad ticket office in Chicago the other day.

"Well, yes," reluctantly replied the agent, "but if you want the shortest and quickest line—"

"That makes no difference to me," interrupted the caller. "I want a line controlled by moral influences. Is the president of your road a religious man?"

"I can't say as to that, but I know that two of our wealthiest and three foremost lately joined the Salvation Army and that our board of directors disapproved poker and beer."

"That's moral influence," said the traveler as he brightened up, "and you may give me a ticket to New York."

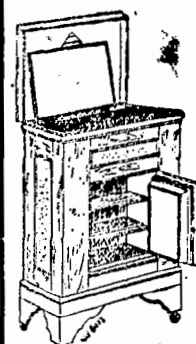
A Storage Warehouse like ours—built just for storage—is well worth patronizing. But always look for "No. 74" Market and note first name "Amos" before you stir a step.

AMOS H. VAN HORN LIMITED

Note first name "AMOS" and No. "74" before entering store. Get off Canal Place St.

No "Let-Up" Here

Many a store eases up and lets things drift when hot days come along—not so here! We're piling bargains on bargains for you in reasonable goods for Summer and in that big sample furniture sale. Even if goods are not wanted now, we'll hold them till you say. You can profit by the saving now. Free deliveries—cash terms or credit as you say.



Refrigerators

—Over 40 War-

ranted Styles,

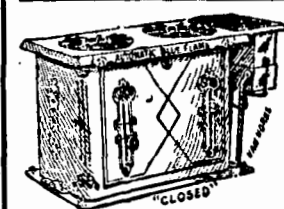
In soft and hard wood—every one at lower price-marks than you'll get anywhere else!

\$4.98—for this week. Iceboxes—\$2.98 up—Newark's largest, best-selected stocks!

Continued Selling of Hundreds of Furniture and Carpet Samples.

Samples of Parlor Suits—\$24.00 up; Enamelled Beds—\$3.49 up; Bedroom Suits—\$13.98 up; Slideboards—\$13.49 up; Couches—\$3.98 up; Chiffoniers—\$4.98 up.

Sample rolls of Brussels—49c. up; Ingrains—33c. yard up; All-Wool Ingrains—86c. yd. up; Velvets—69c. yard; Axminsters—87c. yard; Flatting—10c. yard up.



Stoves Advertised

by the Standard Oil

Company Operated

Here Daily.

Also all Vapor, Gasoline and Oil Stoves—lowest prices.

"The Domestic Sewing Machines"—lady attendant here to explain all their merits to you—pay us "on credit"—your old machine allowed for.

"Carfare paid to out-of-town Customers"

Amos H. Van Horn, Ltd. 73 Market St., Near Plane St., Newark, N. J.

LOW PRICES—EASY TERMS. Note first name "Amos." Telephone 580. Goods delivered Free to any part of State.



Albert E. Decker,

LIVERY and

BOARDING STABLES.

North Ave., Westfield, N. J.

Special Accommodations for Boarding Horses. . . . FIRST CLASS RIGS.

NORTH AVENUE HOTEL, W. H. GROGAN, Proprietor. Accommodations for Transient Boarders. + Board by Week or Month. EXCELLENT STABLE AND SHED ROOM. Opposite Standard Building. Westfield, N. J.

J. W. SINGER, CASH MEAT and VEGE-TABLE MARKET.... Broad Street, (Tel. 24 F.) Westfield.

Daguerreotypes Can Be

Cleaned and Restored

To all their original beauty by ROCK-WOOD, 1440 Broadway (40th Street), N. Y., for one dollar. Send by mail or express. Daguerreotypes given more satisfactory COPIES than any other style of picture.

One customer writes: "The photograph (copy of daguerreotype) 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."

Preparing For a "Devel."

One of the most remarkable documents that have ever come under our observation is to be found in the case of ex parte Scoggin, 6 Tex. App. 546. Mr. Scoggin was under indictment for the murder of one William Gerrard, and an extract from a memorandum book in defendant's handwriting and found near the body run as follows:

Johnson Co., Tex., Jan. 24, 1875.

As this may be the last pencil that I may ever do on earth, may I leave this to the man that I am going to die, for we have been having to gather some time and have left out a bound the sum of \$5 and have agreed to build a devil this night of our kind, and as one of us has to die May I leave this to the first half hour on earth with one of us, I want to preserve me now and leave it to the man I have chosen, and I want to be killed by William Gerrard, bound and tied to the stake by William Gerrard, bound in blood.

Mrs. Scoggin's pretty apparently brought victory to him in the "Devel," for his adversary when found appeared to have been struck behind the ear by a 10 inch stick.—Law Notes.

JAMES MOFFETT..

CARPENTER

AND

BUILDER.

Prospect Street, Westfield, New Jersey.

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished.

Baumann's Photo Studio

and Kodak Agency.

36 Elm St., WESTFIELD, N. J.

HIGH CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS.

Out door work. Old pictures copied and enlarged. Picture frames.



A full line of Cameras and Amateur Supplies at New York prices. Attentive work carefully finished.

J. L. JOHNSTON.

Poultry, Fish & Vegetable Market

Opposite Standard Building, 36 Prospect Street, Westfield, N. J.

Orders promptly attended to.