

# THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD.

SEMI-WEEKLY  
TUESDAY FRIDAY

VOL. XVII. NO. 36

WESTFIELD, UNION COUNTY, N. J., TUESDAY, JULY 31, 1900.

\$2 Per Year. Single Copies 3c.

**THE BEE HIVE**  
**L. S. Plaut & Co.**  
THE LARGEST DRY AND  
FANCY GOODS HOUSE IN NEW JERSEY

**Saturday Summer Half Holidays!**  
Open Friday Evenings—closed Saturdays at noon.

## Our Free Delivery Service

Brings the city conveniences of one of the most up-to-date stores in America to your very door. We cover New Jersey thoroughly with our own wagons and the goods you purchase will come to you promptly and without delivery charges.

### \* DAILY FREE NEW JERSEY DELIVERIES \*

We deliver daily by our wagons, free, to the following, as well as many other points throughout the State of New Jersey:

Arundale	Essex	Lyons Farms	Roseville
Arlington	Essex Falls	Marion	Richfield
Ashland	Fauwood	Manhattan Park	Roseland
Bloomfield	Franklin	Murray Hill	Summit
Brick Church	Forest Hill	Madison	Springfield
Brookdale	Garwood	Montclair	South Orange
Bogota	Glenridge	Montclair Hgts.	Somerset
Bergen Point	Greenville	Maplewood	St. Cloud
Bayonne	Halodun	N. Plainfield	Soho
Chatham	Harrison	New Orange	Silver Lake
Convent Station	Hackensack	New Providence	Saybrook
Cranford	Hawthorne	New York	Scotch Plains
Clifton	Hillsdale	N. York	Union
Carlstadt	Hilts	Netherwood	Unionville
Charlton Hill	Huntley	Orange	Verona
Caldwell	Irrington	Orange Valley	Vailsburg
Cedar Grove	Jersey City	Plainfield	West Arlington
Columbia Hgts.	Kearney	Plainfield	Wallington
Delawanna	Kingsland	Patterson	Woodside
Dundee Lake	Livingston	Pasanic	Wyoming
Elizabethport	Lorraine	Pasanic	Wyoming
Elmora	Linden	Pasanic	Wyoming
East Newark	Llewellyn Park	Pasanic	Wyoming
East Orange	Lake View	Pasanic	Wyoming
	Lyndhurst	Pasanic	Wyoming

### \* DAILY FREE SEASHORE DELIVERY \*

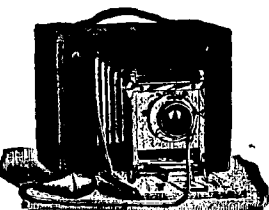
We deliver free by our own wagons to the following points:

Long Branch	Sea Bright	Elberon	Asbury Park
West End	Bradley Beach	Deal Beach	Ocean Grove
Hollywood	Belmar	Allenhurst	Avon
Mouth Beach	Spring Lake	Interlaken	Sea Girt

N. B.—Mail orders sent to the house by patrons at the seashore will have prompt attention or a postal to L. S. Plaut & Co., 609 Sewall avenue, or telephone call to 124 A. Asbury Park will bring their representative.

Our Mail Order Service is as effective as tho' you bought across the counter. The prices are no higher. Your purchases are filled accurately and dispatched quickly.

707 to 721 Broad St., NEWARK, N. J.



**EASTMAN KODAKS** and FILMS a specialty.  
**SPORTING GOODS, PHONOGRAPHS.**  
**PLAINFIELD PHOTO SUPPLY CO.,**  
133 NORTH AVENUE.

## TUTTLE BROS Coal and Lumber.

Yards—Westfield avenue,  
Spring and Broad streets, Westfield.  
TELEPHONE 32 8

**Sanitary Plumbing & Heating.**  
ESTIMATES FURNISHED—  
JOBBER  
PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.  
**H. C. McVOY, Elm St.**

**Piano Bargains**  
We are now offering several odd styles of Upright Pianos both new and second hand at great reductions. Sold on easy terms of payment or liberal discount allowed for cash.  
WRITE FOR PARTICULARS.  
**Mason & Wyman Co.**  
3 and 5 West 10th St., New York.

This is not the time to  
**Plant Trees**  
but it is just the time to  
**See BALL...**

The WESTFIELD NURSERYMAN  
in reference to what you may require for Fall Planting time.  
If you prefer to have him call at your grounds before you select your trees and plants, mail a card to him and he will call.  
**Theodore A. Ball,**  
WESTFIELD NURSERIES.  
P. O. Box 305.

### CENTRAL R.R. of NEW JERSEY

(Anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring cleanliness and comfort.)

Time-table in Effect May 27, 1900.

Trains leave Westfield for New York, Newark and Elizabeth at 6:48 (except Newark) 6:48, 7:00, 7:30, 7:45, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 8:00, 8:15, 8:30, 8:45, 9:00, 9:15, 9:30, 9:45, 10:00, 10:15, 10:30, 10:45, 11:00, 11:15, 11:30, 11:45, 12:00, 12:15, 12:30, 12:45, 1:00, 1:15, 1:30, 1:45, 2:00, 2:15, 2:30, 2:45, 3:00, 3:15, 3:30, 3:45, 4:00, 4:15, 4:30, 4:45, 5:00, 5:15, 5:30, 5:45, 6:00, 6:15, 6:30, 6:45, 7:00, 7:15, 7:30, 7:45, 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## COST OF CITY LOTS.

High to Raise Watermelons and Garden Truck On in Chicago.

The amazement of the bucolic mind at the extraordinary prices paid for a city lot in cities as populous as Chicago or New York is brought out by this yarn, told in the Chicago Times-Herald:

"Tom Nicholl, the artist, was talking to an old negro down in Georgia a few days ago, whom he had told that he lived in Chicago.

"What is dis yer Chereargo?" the ancient darky asked. "Ees dat byant de sea?"

"No, it's up north above here, 1,400 or 1,500 miles."

"Uch, Oo! Dat's too fur fur me. En you ride all de way on de kyars?"

"Oh, yes, and much farther."

"I s'pose you got a big fahm up in dat Chereargo, what you call it?"

"No, I don't own a foot of ground there."

"Wharfo dis?"

"Costs too much."

"Bout how much, suh?"

"Well, if you just wanted a place to put a home, you could probably get it for \$250 or \$350 a foot."

The old fellow leaned over and looked incredulously into the artist's face.

"Huh?" he asked. "Is yo' talkin' sense to me, whits man?"

"Certainly, and if you wanted a place to put a store or something like that, it would cost \$4,000 or \$5,000 a foot front."

The negro was paralyzed. He could not even comprehend the cost of a lot of Chicago.

"Listen at dis, ole 'oman," he said to the dusky mammy who was broiling a young chicken and fixing the artist a savory meal. "Listen at dis! War's niggahs gwinter come back. If dey's got sense enuff to grease ar' ginit. Whar dey gwinter git ground enuff to raise vottommillyuns, much lessen place fur taters en cabages en mustad greens en goobahs? 'Cause me, suh, is you makin' a meal?"

## A LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

One That Has Served as a Natural Beacon for 2,000 Years in the Sea.

Stromboli, one of the Lipari Islands, has constantly and usefully performed the function of a lighthouse for at least 2,000 years. Circular in outline, the island culminates in a conical, steep elevation due to past volcanic activity, which rises to the height of 3,000 feet above sea level, and is visible over an area having a radius of more than 100 miles. During the day masses of vapor are seen issuing from a point high up the mountain side, and at night successive displays of red light, varying in duration and intensity, somewhat resemble those of a giant flashlight on the coast. The flashes last from under one to over twenty minutes, gradually increasing to a steady glow, and as gradually fading away. This island is referred to by several very ancient writers as the great natural Pharos of the western Mediterranean. Now it serves the same purpose, for the constant stream of traffic passing to and from the French and Italian ports in the Gulf of Genoa and of Lyons, through the Straits of Messina, for which Stromboli acts as a "leading" light. To such an extent is this the case that, although the other principal islands of the Lipari archipelago are marked by lighthouses, nothing of the kind is placed upon Stromboli.

## LIVED IN SPITE OF PROPHECY.

Consumptive Philadelphia Woman Survives Three Doctors' Warnings.

Predicted Death.

Tenacity of Life.

Known Walnut street physician, reports the Philadelphia Record, "crops out in the most unexpected ways. A remarkable incident of it is the wife of a life insurance man of my acquaintance. Eight years ago she developed symptoms of heart affection, the physician in attendance saying she could not live longer than a month. She took the statements philosophically, and as she had always been fond of the good things of life, she determined that her last moments on earth should not be painful. For a year and a half she lived, and one day the doctor died. A second physician was called in, and the doctor diagnosed her case as one of the most immediate danger. She lingered for more than two years under his care, and then she died. A third doctor, who was summoned considered it his duty to inform her that her demise was only a question of a few months. Two weeks ago he was seized with malignant typhoid fever, which resulted fatally. The woman is still comfortably alive and promises to continue in that condition, as the doctors are inclined to fight shy of her."

## Widows in China.

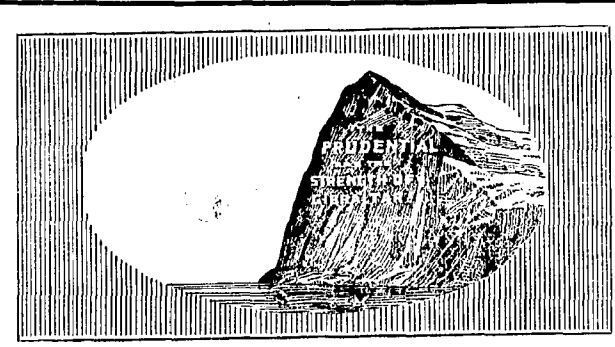
In China it is the rule of good society that widows do not remarry. They are not forbidden to do so, but they are thought more highly of if they don't. In order to encourage them the government, when they have passed the age of 50, and have not remarried, confers on them a tablet containing a eulogy of their virtues.

## Quails in Egypt.

Quails swarm by the million in Egypt. This fact was not generally known until a protest was recently raised by Frenchmen against carrying the birds across French territory for English use.

## Phoenix Park.

This is a fine public pleasure ground and favorite resort in Dublin, Ireland. It is one of the beauty spots of the city and is much admired by tourists.



## "Brevity is the Soul of Wit."

Here's the whole story: THE PRUDENTIAL Profit-sharing Life Insurance—Ages 1 to 70, both sexes. Amounts \$15 to \$100,000. Absolute security guaranteed.

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## "SPARTACUS."

The Author's Story of How He Came to Write It.

A writer in the Lewiston Journal who interviewed Rev. Elijah Kellogg says:

When asked if he had written any declamations besides "Spartacus to the Gladiators," "Regulus to the Carthaginians," "Virgilius to the Roman Army," and "Pericles to the People," he replied that he had written "Icilus," but that it had never been published. Then he asked the writer if he had ever heard how "Spartacus" came to be written, and when told that he had never heard an authentic statement concerning it Mr. Kellogg said:

"During my first year in Andover Theological seminary we were required to write original declamations and declaim them before an audience. A committee of three seniors criticised the speaker publicly, and Professor Parke performed the same duty privately. I always dreaded to face an audience and especially to be criticised publicly, and so I thought I would write something that would so interest them in the story of it that the critics would forget to notice the errors, and so I wrote 'Spartacus.' When I had finished declaiming it, the professor asked the committee if they had any suggestions to offer, and they said they had not, but Professor Parke told me privately that there were errors that might be mentioned, but that he was glad I had made a departure from the old custom of declaiming nothing but sermons and moral disquisitions and had given them some rhetoric."

So the author of "Spartacus" was the first declaimer of it. Little did he think that he was the first of thousands of declaimers and college youths on both sides of the sea to recite a composition of so humble origin. This bit of literary history is precious as coming from the lips of this grand old man, and this interview will forever have a safe place in the treasure house of the writer's memory.

## THE PARACHUTE.

A Monk's Experiments in Air Flight in the Eleventh Century.

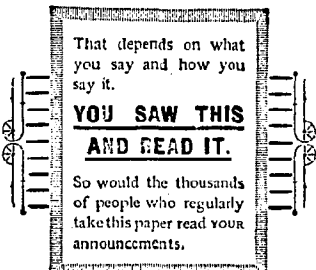
Credible accounts exist of an English Benedictine monk, Oliver of Malmesbury, in the eleventh century having tried to fly by precipitating himself from the height of a tower with the assistance of wings attached to his arms and his feet. It is said that having gone along a little way he fell and broke his legs. He attributed his accident to failure to provide his apparatus with a tail, which would have helped preserve his equilibrium and made his descent a gentler one.

In the sixteenth century Leonardo da Vinci first demonstrated that a bird, which is heavier than the air, sustains itself, advances in the air, by pondering the fluid, denser, where it passes than where it does not pass. In order to fly it has to fix its point of support on the air. Its wings, in the descending stroke exert a pressure from above, down, the reaction of which from below up forces the center of gravity of its body to ascend, at each instant to the height at which the bird wishes to maintain it. Some sketches which Leonardo composed to improve that Leonardo da Vinci, with giving man the power to fly by the assistance of wings suitably fixed to the body. We owe to Leonardo also the invention of the parachute, which he described in the following terms: "If a man had a pavilion each side of which was 15 braccia wide and 12 braccia high, he might cast himself from any height whatever without fear of danger." It may be said, too, of Leonardo da Vinci that he was the first to suggest the idea of the screw propeller. Appleton's popular Magazine.

## Periodical Famines Expected.

Since the first great famine of which there are records devastated the land in 1770, when 10,000,000 perished in Bengal alone, India has scarcely passed a decade free from scarcity of grain in one district or another. The British government expects a drought about twice in every nine years, a famine once in every 11 or 12 years and a great famine about twice in a century. —Review of Reviews.

## DOES ADVERTISING PAY?



## IT'S WORTH TRYING

LILIES. Lilies, white lilies, ye calm my soul, For the waters are wild and the billows roll, And love and trust have drifted away Like the distant sail on the breast of the bay. In a moment more 'twill have drifted from sight And be hidden away in the waste of night! And then ye came with your pure, sweet gaze, With your dainty, winsome, loving ways, And ere long a dear dream into my heart, I could not bear to send thee apart. For the fragrance that floats on your balmy breath To me whispers "peace," though the world calls it death. —Rose Van D. Speece in Scranton Tribune.

## COULDN'T FOOL HIM.

This Man Knew a Steamboat When He Saw One.

The agent of one of the ocean steamship lines, says the Chicago Tribune, told the following story of a St. Louis man who got into New York the day after the maiden arrival of a great liner:

After gazing at the vessel from the pier the St. Louisan said to the man at the gangplank:

"Dirty good sized steamboat."

"She's a liner, ocean liner," was the lofty reply.

"She's purty high up, ain't she?"

"Ocean liners have to be. But when she is under way she doesn't look so high."

"Her chimneys ain't very high, though."

"You mean her funnels. No; they never make them high for liners."

"Hinges on 'em?"

"Never heard of hinges on a funnel."

"How does she get under the bridge?"

"Why, any bridge. Steamboats out our way have hinges on their chimneys, and when they come to the bridges over the river they lower the chimneys, and she scoots under like she was greased."

"The man at the gangplank observed the St. Louis man with lofty indifference."

"She ain't got any wheelhouses on her sides nor none at her stern," remarked the St. Louis man after he had made further inspection.

"Liners have propellers," said the man at the gangplank, and his nose turned up visibly.

"Well, I'll bet she can't run. It takes two wheels and a bow like an arrowhead and a scant hold to give a steamboat speed, sonny, and don't you forget it. If this steamboat was to get into the Mississippi, she'd go hard aground first clip."

"I have told you this is not a steamboat," replied the other.

"Shuckst. You can't gimme that! I saw a plecter of her in one of our newspapers before I left home, and the printer didn't say 'steamboat.' Do you think a St. Louis editor don't know a steamboat when he sees one? You're not on to your job yet."

## A Waste.

The Father-You two had better have a quiet wedding.

The Lovers—Why?

The Father—There'll be noise enough and to spare after you're married.

Syracuse Herald.

## A MOST UNUSUAL MAN.

Agent of Chicago Firm Tells of Some Quiver Experiences in New York City.

"I must have been born under an unusual star, one of the sort that are jolted from fixed orbits about once in a thousand years, because my experiences are never like those of anyone whom I know," said the New York agent of a Chicago firm, according to the Inter Ocean. "I was walking down Gold street with a friend on April 1 when we saw a pocketbook on the sidewalk."

"Not on your life," said my friend, as he passed by, but I picked it up. It contained \$60 in notes, and although I advertised it, no owner appeared. Every other pocketbook lying idle on a New York street that day had a string attached to it.

"My life has been filled with contrary incidents of this sort. An acquaintance who had occasionally borrowed money from me came to me two years ago and said:

"Old man, you have always been white to me, and I want to do you a favor. I can't pay back the money I owe you, but I have a straight tip that is worth more. It is inside information. Rake up all the money you can and buy this stock."

"I knew no more about stocks than a child, and I had never heard that straight tips sometimes failed. I bought the stock and sold it at 60 points profit. That was unusual, eh?"

"Now, yesterday my office boy came to me and said:

"Sir, my grandmother died yesterday, and I want to get off this afternoon to attend the funeral."

"I always read the comic papers, and I said: 'Wait a minute, my boy, and I'll see about it.' I looked in my newspaper and found that the home team was going to play a strong western team that afternoon. My experience in unusual experiences somehow never teaches me anything, so I said:

"William, are you sure your grandmother is dead?"

"Sure," said he; "Casey, the undertaker, put her on ice yesterday."

"And has she never been buried before?"

"William looked at me as if he thought my mind was wandering."

"Never that I know of, sir."

"Are you going to sit on the bleachers, Willie?" I asked.

"Now, I'm going to ride in the kerriage with the folks."

"He's deeper than I thought, I concluded."

"Well, Willie, you may go this time and see the game," said I, "but don't bury your grandmother again this season."

"Willie told the elevator boy that the old man was gettin' 'dotty,' and off he went. Now it does seem strange, but Willie's grandmother was buried that afternoon, and Willie not only went to the funeral but his 'kerriage' was upset and he was taken to the hospital with a broken arm. I have just been up to see him, and I am so penitent at my fibes about Willie's grandmother, to whom he was really attached, that I have had him removed to a private room and I'm going to pay all of his expenses. Willie never went to a ball game in his life. Now, did you ever hear anything stranger than that? I am certainly the most unusual man of my acquaintance."

## PINE APPLE DESSERTS.

Some Delicious Dishes for the Warm Weather, and How to Prepare Them.

A Muscovite pineapple cream is a delicious iced pudding. Peel and chop fine a small sweet pineapple; add a pound of sugar and let it cook until it is soft and clear; rub it through a sieve. It should all pass through; add two tablespoonfuls of gelatin which has been soaked for two hours in half a cupful of cold water; let the mixture cool by setting it in a pan of ice water. When cold, put the mixture in an ice cream freezer, and when it is nearly firm add a pint of whipped cream. It can be made of peaches, strawberries or apricots cooked in the same way, says the New York Tribune.

Another cold pineapple pudding is made of a quart can of preserved pineapples, or a fresh pineapple chopped and cooked with sugar, as described in the Muscovite ice cream. Drain off the syrup from the pineapple in either case. There should be about a pint of the syrup. Heat it boiling hot and stir in it a third of a box of gelatin which has been soaking in a cupful of cold water for half an hour. Strain the gelatin and syrup over the preserved pineapple. Cool it in a pan of cracked ice. When it is thick stir in two pints of whipped cream. Pour it into a mold, and when it is hard serve it at once on a low crystal platter, with a border of whipped cream flavored with orange extract, and with a few tablespoonfuls of candied pineapple cut in bits and candied cherries cut in two scattered over it. This dessert looks very pretty and is delicious. It must, however, be made and served as soon as it is done, as all desserts containing gelatin and pineapple should. There is a ferment in pineapple juice that destroys the substance of gelatin if the gelatin is left to stand in it for any length of time.

## Current Ice.

For every pint of juice from ripe red currants allow a pound of granulated sugar and a pint of water; when the sugar is thoroughly dissolved put into the freezer; add the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs to the mixture when it is half frozen.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

## Adding Insult to Injury.

Waggon—Every time I take a drink it goes straight to my head.

Jaggs—Well, take my advice and give up those soft drinks.—Chicago Evening News.

Your Money Refunded for Anything Unsatisfactory.



## THE LAST WEEK.

## Semi-Annual Before Inventory Stock Reducing Sale!

The Final Price Cutting Effort. The Culmination of a Great Bargain Occasion.

The reduced lines and lots in every section caused by the remarkably large selling of the past two weeks, have been classed with the odd lots and repiced accordingly for quick selling. Come any day during the week—come expecting to get desirable dry goods at

About One-Half What You Expected to Pay, or, in other words, twice as much for your money as you expected to obtain for the amount expended. Lots which were slow in moving last week will be the first to go to morrow, owing to the great concessions in price. No sacrifice is considered too great in order to carry out our policy of closing out all our merchandise in its proper season.

## Another Grand Shirt Offering.

The Fashionable Madras Negligee, in all the newest, up-to-date patterns, at

Went on sale Monday. Values which are bound to make a stir in the Men's Furnishing trade. Just think of it. To be exact, 735 of this season's prettiest and most desirable Men's Negligee Shirts, made by one of the leading manufacturers, whose product retails among the fine furnishing houses at \$1.00 to \$1.50 each which is a sufficient guarantee of the quality and finish of these goods. In sizes 14 to 18. The first comers always get the best picking. Two nice shirts for nearly the price of one, at

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## JULY CLEARING SALE.

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### SUMMER HOME FURNISHINGS

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WINDOW SCREENS,  
SCREEN DOORS,  
SPRINKLING POTS,  
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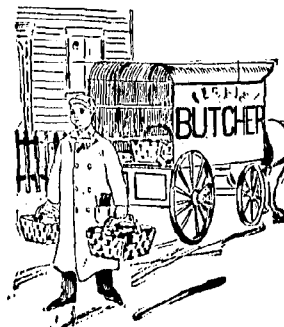


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## "PHEME."

(From the Pacific Monthly, Portland. Reprinted by Special Permission.)

DID you ever stand on an eminence in the midst of the rolling prairies of southwest Kansas when they are covered with the verdure of the early spring? No? Then you have missed a scene than which there are few more beautiful this side of the Pearly Gates. But you have doubtless stood on the seashore and watched the billows stretch away endlessly into the horizon, and if you have, I think I can picture to you the beautiful scene that memory holds up to me. Suppose that away back in the chaotic time when "the morning stars sang together" that these billows had been running high and broad and that He who silenced the waves of Galilee had said to them "Peace, be still" and that instantly all motion had ceased, and instead of foaming water there was dry land covered with varied verdure—picture all this if you can, and you have the prairies as they are.

Flowers? Yes, it is one of God's flower gardens in the early spring before the hot winds come. You will find the bright orange of the wild geranium beside the dark purple of the wild verbena; the delicate, sensitive rose trailing its tender shoots among the brilliant clusters of the wild morning glory; blue hyacinths and wild onions nodding their blooms toward each other; the buffalo bean and the Indian pea shaking their long spikes of brightness on the prairie winds—all these on the uplands where the soil is rich and dark.

Where the red and yellow sands sparkle in long stretches, there you will find cacti in abundance. Then in the buffalo wallows are tangles of marsh marigolds and gay-colored xenias, while down in the deep canyons dandelions and daisies nestle in the shade of the plump grass that grows tall and rank—fit abode for prairie chicken and rabbit and terrapin and all the other shy denizens of the prairie.

But if you will look on the same scene a few months later in the season, you will find a weird and wonderful change. Instead of the bright green that was flecked with the crimson and purples and blues of the early spring, you will see only the somber and dismal brown—brown—brown; all the grass and flowers and waving grain literally scorched and burned and withered. Here and there the sand showing through bright yellow and red and sending up little quivering waves of heat everywhere towards the sky from whose cloudless expanse the sun shines down with the heat of a furnace; nothing to relieve the monotony of the scene that stretches out before the weary eye—only long, brown waves of land that meet the arching sky. No sounds through the noonday but the unceasing swish and rustle of the withered foliage as the winds surge over it.

In the midst of such a scene as this stood a little pine hut with straw-thatched roof. It held but three inmates, a young girl of about 26 years of age whom everybody called "PHEME," her older married sister and little babe. The older sister, Maggie, had been for some months prostrated with typhoid fever, and was now so weak that she could not raise her head or lift her hand.

The babe was sleeping in its crib and PHEME was ironing. Outside the wind was blowing a gale.

Far off to the northwest, about 100 miles away, a passenger train was sweeping along. The travelers looked out on the dreary scene and wondered how anyone could want to live in such a place; the fireman threw the ashes from his locomotive into the grass and the train went swirling on. But among the ashes there was one live coal. ("Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!") Once out in the wind, it began to glow and sparkle. Soon the one beside it was glowing and sparkling too. Then, by and by, between them, they sent up a tiny tongue of flame to the nearest shoot of grass. The little flame climbed to the top of the grass blade and then leaped to the next, and the next, and other little columns of red leaped up through the grass and danced high up in the air until by and by there was sweeping along that terror of the inhabitants of the prairie—a fire!

PHEME looked out of her low window, and seeing a cloud of smoke away off to the northwest gave a little cry of horror. She knew too well what this meant. The wind was just in the direction to bring the fire down upon her. All the other members of the household had gone to a town some 14 miles away and would not be home until nightfall. There was no time for delay, for these prairie fires travel with terrible rapidity. Without waking her sister or the babe, she hastened out to the barn and hitched the two horses there to the plow, to plow an additional fire guard.

Every farm in southwest Kansas has its fire guard, which consists of a few furrows plowed the whole way around the farm; then there is a space of unplowed ground several yards away, then a few more furrows. The space between the two rows of plowed ground is kept burned off closely, so that fire cannot cross it because there is nothing there for fire to burn.

PHEME knew that with such a high wind as to-day, these narrow fire guards would be of little use, for the burning tumble weeds will travel a long distance. Her intention now was to plow a few more furrows just outside the garden by the house and burn a wider space before the fire came. She had not gone a rod until she saw that her work was useless.

The fire would be upon her before she could get the back fire going. The horses had smelled the smoke and were quivering with excitement. She looked them from the plow and they broke away from her and galloped off across the prairie at the highest speed. She glanced after them with dismay. One more chance of life gone, she thought. It had occurred to her as she was trying to plow that she might possibly take her sister and the babe, one at a time on one of the horses, to some place of safety, but now she could not do that. She stood for a moment dazed and undecided, then another plan suggested itself. One thinks very quickly in a time like this; hours seem ages; moments seem days. Up the canyon a few rods there was an old dugout built well up on the side of the canyon, where there was no tall grass and so no chance for the fire to come. If she could just reach this in time! She ran into the house and found her sister awake. PHEME had not much breath to spend in words, so she said briefly and hastily, "There's a big fire coming, and I'm going to take you and the baby to the old dug-out down the canyon." As she spoke she took Maggie up in her arms and started. "Oh! take the baby first—take the baby first," wailed the sick sister, but PHEME paid no attention. When they got outside of the door and Maggie caught sight of the red flames so near, she fainted away at once. PHEME did not have time to get water to restore her. Trembling with fatigue she hastened on through the tall grass to the old dug-out. She reached it, laid her sister down and hurried back for the baby. The flames were now quite close to the house. The baby was wide awake and smiled up at her as she took him in her arms. When he caught sight of the flames he crowed with delight, thinking no doubt that this was some new and pretty plaything that had been arranged specially for him. PHEME was by this time so weak with the excitement and overexertion that she could hardly drag herself along. She could hear the flames close behind her, but dared not look around. A little faster now and all



THE GRAVE OF AUNT "PHEME."

will be well! Through the high grass safe? Good! You can easily reach the dug-out now before the fire comes. What! tripping and falling? Oh! Poor PHEME. Hear the flames right behind you! Up and out! Quick! But PHEME could not move. Just on the edge of the tallest grass she lay powerless. She tried to lift her arms but could not. She could not even speak.

Maggie had by this time revived and looking out through the open door from where she lay, saw PHEME falling. "Oh! PHEME! PHEME!" she called in agony, but PHEME could not reply. She tried again to move her arms. She could not. She tried again to speak, but not a sound came. Maggie screamed and moaned. She could see the flames now almost upon PHEME and the baby, but she was powerless to help them. Her torture was horrible. Suddenly PHEME felt her strength come back a little. She could not get up, but she could move her arms. She took the baby up, and reaching as far as she could pushed him from her with all her strength out of the way of the fire. Maggie, looking out from the door, saw all this. "Oh! PHEME, PHEME!" she cried. "Can't you move just a little?" she cried. "Then you will be out of the tall grass." But PHEME had used all her strength to save the baby. "It's too late, Maggie," she said, "too late." The flames were upon her now, but the baby was saved! In one moment of time her whole life flashed before her. Scenes from her childhood came back to her; she saw herself a child again, wandering about her old eastern home, now chasing butterflies under the pink blossoms of the apple blossoms—now gathering autumn berries on the crimson and gold-crowned hills. Then later life scenes came up. She thought of a lover waiting alone for the bride that would come to him only in death; of the modest little prairie home that she would never share. All these thoughts passed through her mind with lightning rapidity while the flames were doing their horrible work. The agony now was too intense for thought. There was a terrible struggle for breath in the fierce heat and black smoke, and then all was over!

On a lonely spot on the prairies of southwest Kansas there is a grave marked with a plain white slab. There in the evenings you will often find a boy of about ten years of age tenderly watering the white rose he is trying to get to grow on the lonely grave, and if you should ask him whose grave this is for which he is taking such care he will reply, "That is the grave of my Aunt PHEME, who was burned to death while she was trying to save my life and my mamma's."

## DOMESTIC LORE.

Odd Items of Information Relating to Matters in the Cuisine.

These are the days when tired feet are a common complaint. If to the night foot-bath a small lump of common washing-soda is added, the relief to tender skin and strained muscles will be prompt, says the New York Post.

A mold of salmon is a good dish for Sunday night supper in summer. Pour off all the juice from a can of salmon and carefully pick out any bits of skin and bone. Flake the fish and mix it with one whole egg lightly beaten, a cupful of powdered bread crumbs, the juice of part of a lemon and a tablespoonful of parsley, chopped very fine. Season with salt and pepper, and pack in a buttered mold which has a tight-fitting lid; steam two hours and serve very cold on a bed of lettuce hearts.

If the strips of pork or bacon used to hard meat or game are kept in a bowl of ice water the process will be found much easier.

A cherry jelly is an appetizing sweet that is reasonable at the moment. A half box of gelatine is soaked in half a cup of cold water for two hours. This is then added a scant cup of boiling water, a teaspoon of sugar, the juice of a lemon and a half pint of sherry. Have ready a half pound of large, fine cherries, which have been stoned, and in the place of the meat of a hazel nut inserted in each. The strained jelly is poured in a mold a little at a time, the cherries set in as the jelly hardens slightly, enough to hold them. Continue to add cherries and jelly until the mold is full, and set on the ice to harden. When turned out on a bed of fruit leaves, the dish is as pretty as it is nice.

Banana sorbet needs as a foundation half a dozen ripe bananas which should be peeled and panned. A teaspoon of granulated sugar is dissolved in a pint of water, and added with the juice of a lemon to the bananas. Put into the freezing can, and half freeze before beating in a wineglass of rum and finishing the process.

### MAKE YOUR BEDROOM PRETTY

There Are So Many Designs Nowadays That One Has a Wide Choice.

There is no reason nowadays why a girl should not have an attractive bedroom. It is a false idea that any sort of a room is good enough to sleep in, provided the air is pure. The furniture and walls should be pretty as well as comfortable. And now that pretty and artistic wall papers can be bought so inexpensively there is no excuse for not having our rooms always bright and fresh-looking. We are all unconsciously affected by our surroundings, although we may not think much about them, and should therefore endeavor to have everything about us as cheerful and artistic as possible, says the Chicago Chronicle.

The size and aspect of the room should be considered. Warm rooms looking south should have a paper of a cool shade, while those of a northerly aspect require something warmer in coloring. Large patterned papers should not be hung in a small room or it will appear smaller; a dado or frieze also has the same effect, while perpendicular patterns add to the apparent height of a room.

A pretty scheme for a bedroom would be to have a pale pink paper of chrysanthemum design; one with a satin stripe would be charming. A plain soft green wool carpet with a matting surround. Curtains of green linen edged with tulle lace, with undercurtains of cream Madras muslin, fixed to the lower half of the window, caught back halfway down by narrow ribbon, the edges of the curtains to be edged with cotton-ball fringe. The green line might be used for the toilet covers and mantle drapery. If there are hangings to the bed they might be of green linen lined with pink, or the toilet covers and bedspread might be of white linen embroidered in pink. Green-stained furniture would look well in this room, with pink tiles to the washstand and cream ware.

### Creamed Fish in Rolls.

Take a piece of salmon, codfish, or other boiled fish, free it from skin and bones, pick up fine. Take half a dozen dinner rolls, cut off a thin slice of the top crust, scoop out all the bread, leaving the hollow crust, mix the crumbs with the fish; season well with pepper and salt. Make a cream sauce with a half pint of rich milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter and as much flour; cook until it begins to thicken, then add the fish and bread crumbs; boil until quite thick, when fill the empty rolls and put on the top crust. Garnish with parsley. —Boston Budget.

### Kerosene in Cleaning.

Clean paint smoked by kerosene lamps with kerosene and rub it off with a fresh cloth.

Rub stoves and stovepipes which are set away in summer with kerosene. Clean grease or rust from plain iron or galvanized iron sinks with kerosene and wash them with boiling hot soap-suds.

Clean zinc with boiling suds and polish it off with kerosene.

Rub nickel plate with kerosene. —N. Y. Tribune.

### Cabbage Salad.

Choose smooth tomatoes as nearly of a size as possible. Cut off the stem end of the tomatoes, and carefully remove the seeds. Place on ice. When cold, fill the whole tomatoes with finely chopped white cabbage, seasoned with a tablespoonful of grated horse-radish, white pepper and lemon juice, and place a little mayonnaise dressing on top. The salad thus served on blue china artistically combined our national colors. —Good Housekeeping.

**A Silver Lining.**  
Mr. and Mrs. Cooper do not get along well together. She is not to blame, for he is always saying spiteful things. For instance, when she happened to say that a murderer had been sentenced to 20 years in Sing Sing, he remarked:

"Well, he is in good luck."  
"How so?"  
"He will have a quiet time of it until he gets out, and then he will be too old to marry." —Harlem Life.

### What He Needed.

"I find," said the clergyman, "that my work is too arduous. I need an assistant."  
"Do you know of any young clergyman whom we can get?" inquired the vestryman.  
"I don't want a clergyman," replied the pastor, "I want a good hustler to collect my salary for me." —N. Y. Journal.

### Discrepancies.

"There's no use o' tryin' to explain it," said Farmer Cortness.  
"Tryin' to explain what?" inquired his wife.  
"The way boys'll spend the hull day climbin' trees to rob birds' nests an' go to sleep before happast ten in the mornin' ef you send 'em out to collect a few hens' eggs." —Washington Star.

### A Trifle Too Good.

Chappie—I wish to—aw—purchase an umbrella.  
Dealer—Umbrella, sir; yes, sir. Here is something just out, sir—ten dollars.  
Chappie—Oh, not that kind. I've got one of that kind, don't you know. I want something to use when it rains, don't you know. —N. Y. Weekly.

### Mistaken Idea.

"Old Gayboy, I learn, has married a charming young widow and settled down."  
"He didn't do anything of the kind. He settled down something pretty handsome on the charming young widow and then she married him." —Chicago Tribune.

### Financial Crossroads.

"We had a dreadful time over the \$95 we made at our bazaar."  
"How so?"  
"Half the women wanted to pay it on our church debt, and the other half wanted to buy our clergyman a wheel." —Indianapolis Journal.

### Good Plain English.

"The man whom you saw me talking with this evening dared to kiss me. I can assure you I spoke my mind to him in good plain English."  
"What did you say to him?"  
"I warned him that the next time he did I should be obliged to rebuke him." —N. Y. World.

### A Burden Shifted.

"Jack Jones played me a mean trick just now."  
"What was it?"  
"He called me up to the place where he was talking to Prof. Borer and then went off and left me with him." —Chicago Record.

### An Essay on Man.

Man is the martyr of his deeds—The gods abuse their powers; He spades the garden, fights the weeds, And woman plucks the flowers. —Chicago Record.

### WASTED REBUKE.



Clergyman—I caught your son fishing last Sunday, Mr. Banks.  
Mr. Banks—Ah! then that's the reason I couldn't find my fishing rod when I wanted it. —Ally Sloper.

### Willing.

He—I asked your father's consent by telephone.  
She—What was his answer?  
He—He said: "I don't know who you are, but it's all right." —Harvard Lampoon.

### Not the Only One.

The little girl slipped something beneath the edge of her plate.  
"I wish," she said, under her breath, "there was an anti-crust law! That's what I wish!" —Chicago Tribune.

### Very Much So.

Snaggs—You ought to hear Buster wife talking about the preserves her mother used to make.  
Waggs—Isn't it jarring? —Yonkers Herald.

### He Did the Counting.

"Then he isn't a real count?"  
"Bless you, not! They call him 'count' because he was once a referee at a prize fight." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A Color Study.

"Jack is awfully taken with Miss blond Perkins girl."  
"Yes; he even thinks she's pretty after she's been eating huckleberry pie." —Chicago Record.

### Every Way Preferable.

Wenny Willie (indignantly) — Dad woman called me a dog.  
Sunset Sims—Well, dat's better'n calling a dog, —Judge.

### Really Found.

Jimson—Do you believe that the office seeks the man?  
Blinson—I do and nine times out of ten it finds him in a saloon. —Puck.

## THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

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WESTFIELD, N. J., JULY 31, 1900.

No Attention Will be Paid to Unsigned  
Communications. Correspondents will  
confer a favor by keeping their com-  
munications within three hundred  
words.

The devil dies hard.

Still to the King—The People!

A political party is the people's  
servant—not its master.Are you certain that you read the  
signs of the times correctly?There is no argument for the man  
who puts party above principle.Don't expect Liberty unless you  
love it well enough to protect it.Some men are so little-minded  
that they have no room for a new  
idea.Read up your Roman history, if  
you are not already afraid of Imper-  
ialism.The real value of our lives, friends,  
is what they are worth to other  
people.William Waldorf Astor has hard  
lines in trying to prove that he is  
the real thing.Sermons on Good Government  
and Good Citizenship are due in  
patriotic pulpits.Don't be a pessimist. The world  
is better than it was and is growing  
better all the time.The sea serpent seems to be neg-  
lecting business this season among  
the rainbow hued bathers.You will, doubtless, admit that  
there is a difference between a mine  
of wealth and a mind of wealth.How these Republican howlers  
against Democratic "calamity how-  
lers" do howl. Its almost funny.As a shining success the Westfield  
dog grows beautifully less as the in-  
telligence of the community ad-  
vances.There's lots of money wasted  
through injudicious advertising.  
Consult the Standard's advertising  
sharp.A straight-a-way state road—a  
bee line from Jersey City to Camden,  
—would it not be a good thing for  
the people?It is our calm judgment that  
Westfield's leading citizen gets vac-  
cinated before he takes sick and dies  
from over-work.A Hoboken bicyclist shoots dogs  
that beset him in the streets. He  
would be a Godsend to Westfield  
should he come this way.It is, perhaps, just as well for  
civilized America to keep the New  
Orleans newspapers out of the hands  
of the Heaton Chinese for a while.Now that the election is coming  
on the Trusts have already got their  
thumbs under, preparatory to turn-  
ing over that inevitable new loaf.Perhaps they will fool the people  
again; then, again, perhaps not!Governor Roosevelt, who was going  
to fill the jails with canal thieves,  
but didn't; and who swore that he  
would refuse that nomination, yet  
didn't etc., etc., may not really  
mean it when he declares that the  
Democrats are all cowards.Theodore McGarragh in the New  
York Times:—\*\*\*\*\* "When the time comes that  
the rights of individuals to equal opportu-  
nity, according to ability and capital, un-  
fettered by laws that take from one  
to give to another, are recognized and  
accorded, if nature does not fail us,  
the unbounded prosperity of our country  
will be assured."Jefferson's were the principles of  
a People's government. Hamilton's  
were the principles of the English  
government and of cockney aris-  
tocracy.To-day the fight is on between  
the principles of Jefferson and the  
principles of Hamilton.Workingmen, middlemen and  
merchants are commencing to realize  
the meaning of a vast standing  
army on the one hand and the Trust  
power on the other hand. The in-  
termediate classes would be in a  
bad fix, indeed, should present ten-  
dencies towards Imperialism and the  
attendant aristocracy of wealth get  
the upper hand.Startled at the tremendous strides  
made by the German and labor  
vote generally towards Bryan the  
Trusts, who winced under Hanna's  
demands at first, are now loosening  
their purse strings. But may not  
this very fact cause the people to  
hesitate. The trusts want class  
privileges; they have not looked to  
the Republican party in vain heretofore.The shadow of the Chinese dragon  
is becoming blacker and wider every  
day.Meanwhile it is interesting to  
chronicle that the liar, Li, announces  
his appreciation of the friendly at-  
titude of our administration.Some think the very life of the  
Republic is involved in the next  
election.Idleness is to be condemned.  
Labor is honorable. This is a  
workingman's Republic. It won't  
do to tie the producer up to a trem-  
bling mill of servitude by class laws in  
favor of the monopolist and then  
sneer at him because he does not  
rise to better things for the want of  
brains."Keep on with your weary battle  
Against triumphant might,  
No question is ever settled  
Until it is settled right."Will any fair minded man object  
to what Adam Smith says: "The  
subjects of every State ought to con-  
tribute to the support of the Govern-  
ment as nearly as possible in propor-  
tion to their respective ability; that  
is, in proportion to the revenue  
which they respectively enjoy under  
the protection of the State. In the  
observation or neglect of this rule  
consists what is called the equality  
or inequality of taxation."That is the Income Tax. Is it  
fair? Whether it is or not "Bryan-  
ism" stands for it.Whether the alleged present Im-  
perialism tendencies of American  
politics do mean anything or not, in  
connection with the possibility it be-  
comes the more interesting to read  
that England is accused of causing  
the awful famine in India through  
over-taxation. Mr. H. M. Hynd-  
man, an expert authority on Indian  
matters and an Englishman living in  
London, has sent an article to the  
Journal in which he declares that  
England is responsible for the pitiful  
condition of these unfortunate people.  
He contends that through being  
obliged to provide \$150,000,000 of  
revenue annually for England the  
natives are so overburdened by taxes  
that they cannot properly till the  
land and ward off the famines that  
threaten them at intervals.New Are Your Kidneys?  
Dr. Noble's Kidney Pills cure all kidney troubles.  
Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

## BROOKLYN BOYS

## PLAY POOR BALL.

TEAM OF YOUTHS SENT TO DO BAT-  
TLE WITH ROUGH RIDERS.Westfield Players Kept Score Down by  
Battling the Leather Sphere into the  
Hands of the Youngsters.A large crowd of base ball enthusiasts  
gathered at Recreation Park Saturday  
afternoon, to witness the ball game be-  
tween the Rough Riders and the team  
from the Long Island A. C. But a great  
many left before the game was half  
over, as it was slow and very uninter-  
esting, the visitors proving to be a  
crowd of Brooklyn youngsters who  
would have been easy for the Westfield  
school boys to defeat.The Rough Riders did their best to  
keep the score down but it was impossi-  
ble to resist the temptation to tap the  
ball now and then, and the runs ran up  
to 20, 8 being made in the first inning.

LONG ISLAND A. C.					
Lyons, 3b	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.
McGuire, 1b	0	1	3	2	0
Casey, c	1	1	1	1	0
Bonnie, 2b	1	1	1	1	0
Spelman, lf	1	2	0	1	0
Harris, ss	1	2	2	4	1
Yardley, rf	1	1	2	4	1
Howlett, p	0	0	1	4	0
Watson, cf	0	1	0	0	0
Total,	4	9	24	30	5

WESTFIELD.					
	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.
Collins, cf	3	3	0	0	0
McIntire, lf	2	3	0	2	0
DeForest, 3b	2	3	0	0	0
Peter, ss	3	3	0	0	0
Kelly, c	4	3	2	4	1
Quail, rf	3	3	2	4	1
Bolsterie, 2b	3	3	2	4	0
Collins, p	0	1	2	4	0
Holdy, lb	2	2	2	12	0
Total.	21	21	17	21	5

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Westfield, 3 0 0 0 4 0 5 1 21  
Long Island A. C. 0 0 0 1 0 2 0 1 4Struck out by Collins, 2; by Howlett, 1; by  
Romer, 1; wild pitches, Romer, 2; Howlett, 2;  
base on balls, off Collins, 0; off Howlett, 3;  
stolen bases, DeForest, 1; Peter, 1; Kelly, 1;  
Caldwell, 1; Romer, 1; two-base hits, DeFor-  
rest, Double play, De Forest and Holdy.  
Umpire, Mr. Miller.

## LIKED THE POORHOUSE.

Would Not Leave It to Go For Money  
That Belonged to Him."I won't go out! I won't leave here  
for anything!"Such was the amazing declaration of  
a pauper attendant in an east end Lon-  
don workhouse on being told by an  
agent that he was entitled to some  
money. And the man—the son of a  
post captain in the navy—meant all  
that he said. Not an inch would he  
budge, nor would he sign any paper,  
and it was only by taking a commis-  
sioner down to him that the fund  
could be recovered.Whether because it was only a com-  
paratively small sum or whether be-  
cause he was a worker, the guardians  
made no claim on it. Accordingly, at  
his request, it was split, and two ac-  
counts were opened on his behalf in  
the Postoffice Savings bank. But, for  
all that, he continued to remain in the  
workhouse.Meanwhile he was very anxious that  
his wife should not know he was alive  
—in fact, he denied that he was mar-  
ried. His life partner, however, called  
at the agent's office to inquire about  
the case, though she begged that her  
husband might not be told of her  
whereabouts. She was in a fairly  
good position, earning as she did a liv-  
ing by keeping a ladies' school, and  
once or twice her reprobate husband  
had turned up in an intoxicated con-  
dition and raised a commotion that had  
scandalized her pupils. The ill sorted  
pair were, therefore, not brought into  
communication.Never would the pauper legatee leave  
the workhouse. He remained there till  
his death, whereupon, having left no  
will, the money he had scorned to use  
passed to his wife.—Cassell's Saturday  
Journal.

## How to Give a Cat Medicine.

A New York gentleman has a very  
fine Angora cat, and so fine a specimen  
of her kind that she is famous in a  
large circle of fashionable folk. She is  
not rugged in health, yet she cannot be  
persuaded to take physic. It has been  
put in her milk, it has been mixed with  
her meat, it has even been rudely and  
violently rubbed in her mouth, but never  
has she been deluded or forced into  
swallowing any of it. Last week a  
green Irish girl appeared among the  
household servants. She heard about the  
failure to treat the cat. "Sure,"  
said she, "give me the medicine and  
some lard, and I'll warrant she'll be  
ating all I give her!" She mixed the  
powder and the grease and smeared it  
on the cat's sides. Pussy at once licked  
both sides clean and swallowed all the  
physic. "Faith," said the servant girl,  
"everybody in Ireland does know how  
to give medicine to a cat!"Reading a Book.  
A writer in the New York Medical  
Journal says that the curved pages of  
the ordinary book are injurious to the  
eye of the reader. The curvature ne-  
cessitates a constant change of the fo-  
cus of the eye as it reads from one side  
to another, and the ocular muscles are  
under a constant strain. Moreover,  
the light falls unequally upon both  
sides of the page, further interfering  
with a continued clear field of vision.  
It is suggested that the difficulty might  
be obviated if the lines should be print-  
ed parallel to the binding instead of at  
right angles to it.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always BoughtBears the  
Signature of J. C. Watson

## HUMOROUS.

Sunday at the Zoo.—Mr. Murphy—  
"Excuse me, sorry; but can ye direct  
me to the goin' out entrance?"—  
Punch.She—"There's a cold wave coming."  
He—"No, I paid it this morning." She  
—"Paid what?" He—"The flemman's  
bill."—Ohio State Journal.Midget—"I wonder how the Cireas-  
sian girl ever got such long hair?"  
Giant—"She says that when a child  
her nurse told her a hair-raising  
ghost story."—Philadelphia Record.Equation—"He is not fitted to be  
an historian. The personal equation is  
too strongly in evidence in all  
that he writes." "You mean to show  
he isn't equal to it, I presume."—De-  
troit Journal.Book Agent—"I want to sell you  
this little book on 'what to do before  
the doctor comes.'" Watts—"I sup-  
pose there are directions as to the  
best way of mortgaging your salary?"  
—Indianapolis Press.A Wesleyan Definition.—"What is  
coeducation, my son?" "It is a fool-  
ish system of education, father,  
whereby the male students are per-  
petually condemned to see themselves  
crowded from first honors by an in-  
ferior sex."—Cleveland Plain Dealer"You need a change," said the doc-  
tor. "I think you should take a trip  
to Europe." "Well, doctor," said the  
man with a large and expensive fam-  
ily, "you need a change, too, I'm  
thinking." "Really?" "Yes. You  
want to change your mind."—Phila-  
delphia Press."Yes, yes!" exclaimed the New  
Man. "But how am I to throw dust  
in the eyes of the people?" "The way  
to a man's eyes," replied the Skilled  
Politician, brusquely, but not un-  
kindly, "is through his pocket!" Now  
this not only proposed a modum op-  
erandi but intimated, as well, some-  
thing as to what was meant by the  
term dust, in the ultimate analysis.—  
Detroit Journal.

## PIGEON RACES A TRAIN.

Starts Out Regularly Every Morning  
for a Fly Alongside the  
Engine.There is a pigeon in Belgium which  
regularly flies with the morning train  
that goes from Liege to Warenume. It  
began to accompany the train toward  
the end of January, and it has done  
so every day since then, except on  
three occasions, says a London paper.  
The Meuse, one of the leading news-  
papers in Belgium, vouches for this  
fact, and gives other curious details  
about the remarkable bird. The  
train starts at three minutes to ten  
a. m., and a crowd gathers daily to  
see the pigeon go with it. The bird  
wheels around the station while the  
passengers are taking their seats, and  
as soon as the whistle is blown and  
the journey begins it takes up a po-  
sition a little behind the engine, and  
there it flies surrounded by the moist  
though warm, steam, which it evi-  
dently enjoys. It retains this po-  
sition even while the train is passing  
through tunnels, and apparently is  
not incommoded in the least by the  
warm vapor. When the train reaches  
its destination the bird flies swiftly  
along the railroad track back to Liege  
where it arrives about half-past eleven  
o'clock.This pigeon was born at the rail-  
road station in Liege, and consequent-  
ly is familiar with trains, smoke and  
steam. Until a few months ago it  
occupied, with eleven others, a com-  
fortable cote, and when this was re-  
moved from the station by order of  
the authorities it refused to abandon  
its old home, though its 11 com-  
panions at once sought for shelter  
elsewhere. This fidelity was suitably  
rewarded. The railroad officials gave  
the bird carte blanche to search for  
food wherever it pleased, and the pub-  
lic liberally supplied it with corn and  
other dainties. A singular fact is that  
on the three days when it failed to ac-  
company the train a Belgian engine  
was used instead of an English one,  
and the assumption is that the fuel  
consumed by the latter gives forth a  
steam which the bird prefers to that  
from a Belgian engine.East India Marine Hall.  
Salem, Mass., is the home of this  
building, which contains collections  
of the Essex Institute and of the East  
India Marine society. The scientific  
cabinets of the Essex Institute are  
extensive and well-arranged, and the  
collections of the Marine society in-  
clude many curiosities from oriental  
countries and other distant nations.  
Among the numerous curiosities is a  
piece of wood carving in the form of  
two hemispheres 1 1/2 inches in diam-  
eter, in the concavities of which are  
carved representations on the one  
hemisphere of Heaven and on the other  
of hell. There are 110 full-length  
figures in the carving, and the whole  
is very skillfully executed. It is said  
to be the work of an Italian monk of  
the fourteenth century.—Detroit  
Free Press.An Advantage in Being Short.  
Col. Burn-Murdoch, who is now in  
South Africa in command of the  
"Kaiser's Own," owes his life to his  
short stature. When the square was  
broken at Abu Kien, Col. Burn-Mur-  
doch was standing by the side of two  
other officers, both taller than he.  
The onrushing dervishes fired a vol-  
ley, and, unhappily, both of his tall  
neighbors fell, shot through the head,  
while Col. Burn-Murdoch was hit in  
the helmet. That helmet is now in  
the ancestral hall.—Chicago Times-  
Herald.Lovers of Two Bells.  
First Guest—"Won't you join me in re-  
questing Miss Squaller to recite?"  
Second Guest—"But I don't like recit-  
tations."  
"Neither do I. But if she doesn't re-  
cite she'll sing."—Stray Stories.

## BAMBERGER'S

THE ALWAYS BUSY STORE

MARKET &amp; HALSEY STS.

OPEN FRIDAY EVENINGS—CLOSE SATURDAYS AT NOON

## Odd Lot and Remnant Sacrifice

That regularly occurring half year-  
ly event when every short piece and  
stock end is reduced in price to a  
point which precludes the necessity  
of taking them in at stock count-  
ing. The money saving possibili-  
ties of this occasion are innumera-  
ble, but limited quantities forbid  
detailed mention. If you want a  
remnant, COME THIS WEEK;  
if there's a need that may be filled  
from any of the thousands of lines  
that we carry, COME THIS  
WEEK. Every counter and  
aisle table a revelation in rare  
economies, the equal of which are  
never found anywhere else, and  
only here at this particular time.

MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED. GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

L. BAMBERGER & CO.,  
Market and Halsey Sts., NEWARK, N. J.

## ROYAL ARMS-

Have you tried our ROYAL ARMS Coffee at  
32c lb? We are still sole Westfield agents for  
Red Ribbon Coffee at 30c lb.Our TEAS are the best that can be obtained for the price, and always  
give perfect satisfaction.A. C. FITCH & SON,  
...GROCERS...

Hello, 24-a. 157 Broad St.

## IF YOU GO...

on a vacation, or stay at home,  
its all the same to us, we're after your  
trade with reliable and up-to-date footwear at  
pleasing prices.Van Arsdale,  
127 EAST FRONT STREET, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

## THE BAYARD PHARMACY,

HENRY P. CONDIT, Proprietor,

Has taken SOLE CONTROL in Westfield for our famous  
El Pasha (Key West) Troop, Lord Lake and Havana  
Resagos. This is the finest line of Olgars sold in Westfield  
or any other city.AARON WARD & SON,  
KEY WEST AND NEWARK, N. J.GEORGE LARSEN,  
PAINTER.Westfield. New Jersey.  
Residence, 31 Sussex St. P. O. Box 271.  
WORK SATISFACTORILY DONE.Felix Bridger,  
FLORISTGreenhouses, Central Ave. Tel. 21-a.  
Branch, Trenchard's Drug Store, Broad St.  
WESTFIELD.

## Use Tier's Ice Cream.

TIER'S Lake House and Ice  
Cream Pavilion,  
32 Bank Place, Plainfield. Tel. 707TIER'S Ice Cream and Con-  
fectionery Store,  
134 Park Ave., Plainfield. Tel. 714Ice Cream at wholesale and retail  
Churches, Parties, Reception, etc.,  
supplied.



THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD  
WESTFIELD, N. J., JULY 31, 1900

## Wants and Offers.

**FOR SALE**—Cart and harness J. H. Sorter, Central avenue.

**FOR SALE**—A two-seated carriage in good order. J. B. Carberry, Westfield avenue.

**FOR SALE**—A single steering, double diamond frame tandem. Price \$3.00. Address, "S. A. E." Standard office.

**GIRL WANTED**—A good strong, capable girl for general housework; must have good references. Apply to Mrs. Tyler, 22 Walnut street, corner Lawrence avenue.

**HOUSES WANTED**—Wanted at once, four to five Protestant homes for four small children of the following ages: Boy, 7 years; girl, 5 years; 2 boys, 4 years. Any good Christian family willing to receive either of these children as a member of the family and give it of its time and training as well as for a life of self support and usefulness, is invited to correspond with The Children's Aid and Protection Society of the Orange, No. 65 Essex avenue, Orange, N. J., A. W. Abbott, agent.

**MY farm is for sale.** Ira C. Lambert.

**PIANO INSTRUCTION** may be obtained for a limited number of pupils; beginners preferred. Address, Lillian B. Gaudin, 38 Cumberland street, Westfield.

**WANTED**—Recorder and bill maker. Apply Standard office.

**WANTED**—Immediately, a man that can milk. Address, Geo. W. Tice.

**WANTED**—Help by a man overboard. Apply at the landing, Boynton Beach.

**\$20,000**—To loan in sums to suit borrowers. P. O. Box 65.

## Legal Notices.

**ESTATE OF THEOPHILUS WHEELER**, deceased. Pursuant to the order of George T. Parrot, Surrogate of the County of Union, made on the application of the undersigned, executors of said deceased, to exhibit to the subscribers under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from the second day of June, 1900, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.

JACOBUS WHEELER,  
FRANCES WHEELER,  
Executors.

Half block below C. R. R. Station.

## Jacoby's

**FRENCH RESTAURANT,**  
882 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

LUNCH, 12 to 3 P. M., 40c.  
TABLE D'HOUE DINNER, 5 to 8 P. M., 50c.

AFTER THEATRE SUPPER, 10.30 P. M. to 12 P. M., 80c.

**Children's Country Home Donations.**  
Donations to the Children's Country Home from July 16th to the 30th:

Mrs. Connolly, hats and dresses; Mrs. W. H. Morse, testament, toilet soap and vegetables; Mrs. Samuel White, clothing, shoes and cart; Mrs. Fleming's little girl, a tricycle; Mrs. Cottrell, cakes and vegetables; Andrew LaRosa, peanuts; Wm. Wills, crate of eggs—30 doz.; Mrs. D. Lussie, rocking horse; Mrs. E. L. Cole, vegetables; Mrs. Geo. H. Starr, cookies and vegetables; Miss Meyers and Miss L. C. Moller, of Brooklyn, ice cream; they also entertained the children Wednesday afternoon; Mrs. Moore, vegetables; Dr. Smith, one month's medical attendance; Mr. Irving, one dollar; Archbold & Scudder, 10 lbs. fresh beef; Mr. Cory, corn.

Mrs. A. E. DECKER,  
Mrs. G. H. STARR,  
Committee.

## HOSE WAGON SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Union Water Company.....	\$ 25.00
Hook & Ladder Co. No. 1.....	10.00
Cash.....	10.00
H. C. O.....	10.00
Geo. B. Dickerson.....	5.00
J. D. Gluck.....	5.00
C. E. Burtis.....	5.00
Martin Welles.....	5.00
Col. Geo. H. Starr.....	5.00
Dr. R. R. Sinclair.....	5.00
Thos. O'Neill.....	2.00
David Burke.....	1.00
Charles Edwin.....	1.00
Michael Kelly.....	1.00
Thomas Keeney.....	1.00
John Uttinger.....	1.00
C. P. Wilcox.....	1.00
K. L. B.....	1.00
Union County Standard.....	1.00
E. J. Wilcox.....	1.00
A. C. Fitch.....	1.00
E. W. Chautauquin.....	1.00
W. M. Townley.....	1.00
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$90.00</b>

## Subscriptions For Home Charity.

The good people of Westfield are invited to contribute something toward raising an amount sufficient to purchase clothes for Willie Hodges, the orphan boy who was recently taken from W. B. Hall, his adopted parent.

Cash..... \$ 1.00  
Cash..... \$ 5.00

## "HYDRO-LITHIA"

**CURES ALL HEADACHES**

TRIAL SIZE, 10 CTS.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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

## LOCAL PARAGRAPHS.

—Ed. L. Sanford is spending his vacation at Atlantic City.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Ingram spent Sunday at Asbury Park.

—Township Clerk C. D. Reese is enjoying a short vacation.

—Miss Mary Lee Caldwell is confined to her home by illness.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Piker are spending a few days at Asbury Park.

—Miss Wilcox will enjoy a few weeks visit in Sullivan County, N. Y.

—Mrs. A. Hoyt, of Westfield avenue, will spend her vacation at Asbury Park.

—The board of health and township committee both meet on Friday evening.

—A. G. Anderson and family left today for their new home at Circleville, Ohio.

—The regular Tuesday meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be omitted this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Harry Evans are spending several weeks at Old Forge, N. Y.

—W. J. Alpers and family left this morning for a vacation trip to Sunapee, N. H.

—Miss Pauline Kratzel, of Danellen, was the guest of Westfield friends on Sunday.

—Picnics are being held every Tuesday and Saturday evenings at the Picton Grove.

—Masons are at work repairing the large chimneys on the Lincoln High School.

—The residence of J. N. Wilcox, on Central avenue, is being repainted and decorated.

—H. A. Gomes, of Brooklyn, spent Sunday at the home of his brother, W. H. Gomes.

—Mrs. R. Brunner has returned from her trip to Baltimore where she visited with friends.

—Mrs. Mary Clausen, of Newark, is the guest of Mrs. A. S. Terry, of South Broad street.

—Rev. George A. Francis addressed the meeting at Fresh Air Camp on Sunday afternoon.

—Dornie Sorter is now filling a position with the Metropolitan Insurance company.

—Jacob Husk left today for Danbury, Conn., where he will spend several weeks with relatives.

—Mrs. Arthur Skiff and sons, of Broad street, are visiting relatives at Yonkers, N. Y.

—Misses Lou Fitch and Mabel K. Hurst leave to-morrow for a wheeling trip to Stanhope.

—Samuel Johnson has accepted a position in New York and will commence work to-morrow.

—Miss Clara Hatch has returned home after a pleasant visit with friends in Pennsylvania.

—Mrs. J. R. Buckley, of Scotch Plains, was visiting friends on North avenue, Saturday.

—Dudley S. Miller and family, of Plainfield, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. George Morton.

—Rev. F. H. Decker, of Westerly, R. I., will occupy the pulpit at the Baptist church next Sunday.

—Elm street from North avenue to Broad street is much improved by a top dressing of small stone.

—Mr. and Mrs. Frank MacMonies, of Brooklyn, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. B. Bogert.

—Miss Charlotte Beebe, of New York, is the guest of her grandmother, Mrs. Silas Beebe, of Dudley avenue.

—The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Kelly died on Saturday. The funeral services were held yesterday.

—Rev. and Mrs. F. H. Decker and son, Malcolm, of Westerly, R. I., are guests of C. A. Decker, of Elm street.

—Mrs. B. W. Reese, of Prospect street, is entertaining Mrs. D. J. Cummings and daughter, of Independence, Iowa.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Howell, of Brooklyn, are visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Taylor at Oakland.

—Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Trenchard, of South Orange, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Trenchard, of Broad street.

—The Board of Education will hold a special meeting at the Prospect street school building this evening at 8 o'clock.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Platt have returned from the New England states where they have been spending several weeks.

—A large number of Westfielders enjoyed a trolley ride to Plainfield on Friday evening to hear the open air band concert.

—Rev. and Mrs. N. W. Cadwell leave next week for New York state where they will spend the month of August.

## Attention Wheelmen!

Sun sets at 7.15 p. m. Bicycle lanterns must be lighted at 8.15 p. m.

—Fred, Decker and W. M. Stamets are at Newark attending a special session of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows.

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His body was found in the yard by his wife, who notified John M. C. Marsh, County Physician F. W. Westcott, of Fanwood, was notified and permission was given to remove the body to the house. It was later decided that death resulted from heart failure and that no inquest was necessary. The dead man was about 60 years of age.

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Fire	.05
Sewer	.04
Hydrants	.14
Township Expenses	.10
County Roads	.03
Special School	.50
Police	.09
<b>Total</b>	<b>2.53</b>

The special school tax last year was but 82 cents and there was no police tax.

Keith's, August 6.

The business done at Keith's in the hot weather is wonderful. On a rainy evening, when the roof gardens and the beaches are impossible, it is Keith's that benefits, and the Union Square Theatre is as full as if it were the height of the theatrical season. The house is comfortably filled even on very warm afternoons by shoppers who go in there to get cool; for Keith's is acknowledged to have the pleasant atmosphere in New York City when the street pavements are baking.

The strength of the show has something to do with this unceasing popularity. Take next week's bill. The Great Lafayette remains at the head of the list, and there are also Arthur Dunn, the diminutive comedian and pretty Clara Belle Jerome, in their laughable skit, "The Messenger Boy"; Booman & Adelle, in their novel comedy sketch; Clarice Vance, the famous singer of southern melodies; Dorothy Neville the comedienne; the Willis family of musical wonders; the marvelous Merills on the bicycle, and Mr. Keith's latest importation from abroad, Mlle. Christina and her trained monkeys and dogs.

When you need medicine you should get the best that money can buy, and experience proves this to be Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**Municipal Ownership.**

Municipal ownership long ago passed out of the stage of theory and experiment, if, in fact, it ever belonged there. Centuries before America was discovered public ownership of public utilities was highly developed. The city of Rome 2,000 years ago possessed its splendid public bath, its superb aqueducts and other utilities owned and managed by the government.

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Hydrants	.14
Township Expenses	.10

By Alice Waldron.

But hesitated only a moment; then the article in question changed hands.

Gertrude Wells never wanted for a champion in district No. 4.—Young Mid-West.

Standard Building,  
**WESTFIELD, N. J.**

condition of affairs, for as the birds become fewer the farmer's work of destruction becomes more difficult.

When a dog shows his teeth and snarl you may be sure he's one of the cross breeds.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City



"For a number of years I was troubled with backache and leucorrhea. 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 insisted on me taking your medicine. Before I had used one bottle I was greatly relieved. I continued to use it for a few more 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 B. STEVENSON, Alliance, N. H.

## RAHWAY.

Miss May Ensworth, of Milton avenue, is entertaining Miss Margaret Abrams, of Chester, Pa.

**CRANFORD.**

The Cranford base ball team defeated the O. N. T. team by a score of 10 to 0 on Saturday.

**ROSELLE.**

Mrs. H. H. Roeder is entertaining her sister, Mrs. Eva Green, of New Brunswick, at her home on Chestnut street.

### Locusts Good to Eat.

The one I was eating was rather nice. I agreed with my Arab servant that, should the meat supply fall short, a dish of locusts would be a very good substitute.

By the time I was eating the second locust it seemed to me absurd why one should have a sort of lurking pity for John the Baptist's daily menial unless it be for its monotony, and I felt convinced that I should get tired of honey sooner than I should of locusts.—Current Literature.

**The Song of the Yukon River.**

water the stream is constantly shugging. No matter where you are, there is a sound like that made by escaping

## BATCHEL THIEVES AT DEPOTS.

"I had an experience of that kind myself recently. In my line the only samples we carry are photographs of

### MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

head pipes which have perforations to direct jets of air on the passengers. A fan casing is attached to the under por-

...ft geared to a toothed wheel secu

of any nature or kind whatsoever to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding."

## MAINE TOWN FOR SALE.

itself at the century's end. It seems to have just dried up, and it is the best example known of the decayed

## HOW FOREIGN TRADE GOT IN.

In 1784 the first American trading began and continued through the "honor merchants" until 1843, when the

### Frenks of Explosions.

**Making It Clear,**

## Making It Clear,

Nothing.

Downloaded from <http://ajphaphapublications.sagepub.com/>

**To Cure Constipation Forever,  
Take Cascara Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c.**

**To Cure Constipation Forever,**  
 Take Cascara Candy Cathartic, 10¢ or 50¢.  
 If O. C. fails to cure, druggists refund money.

[illegible]

ing away, too."—Town Toubler.

**900 DROPS**

**CASTORIA**

**Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of**

**INFANTS CHILDREN**

**Promotes Digestion Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.**

*Recipe of DR. D. C. SANDEL PITCHER*

*Pumpkin Seed -  
Aloë Pulp -  
Rockella Salt -  
Anise Seed -  
Sagebrush -  
Bitter Melon -  
Warm Oil -  
Clarified Sugar -  
Mint Leaves -*

**A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.**

**Fac Simile Signature of**  
*A. H. Fletcher*  
**NEW YORK.**

**At 6 months old**  
**35 Doses - 35 CENTS**

**EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.**

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have  
Always Bought  
Bears the  
Signature  
of  
*Dr. J. C. Hutchins*  
In  
Use  
For Over  
Thirty Years  
**CASTORIA**

# SPECIAL SALE OF RENTAL PIANOS.



We have at our warerooms a large and fine assortment of Pianos that were rented last season. Many have been but slightly used, and all have been thoroughly overhauled and are in every respect quite equal to new. This is an opportunity to secure a high-grade piano at a special price. These instruments must be sold to make room for our new fall stock. Should you not wish to pay cash, advantageous terms can be arranged to our mutual satisfaction. A deposit paid on any piano you may choose, now, will secure it for you until the fall. We solicit an early inspection of these

## PIANO BARAINS.

Correspondence invited and promptly attended to.

# FISCHER PIANOS

## 33 UNION SQUARE, WEST.

Between 16th & 17th Streets, New York.

**They Changed.**

At a dinner party the other day a well known and deservedly popular dramatist took a lady down to dinner, neither knowing who the other was. As a subject the theater was started, as it is so often under similar circumstances.

"I can't think why they have revised that piece at the King's," the lady said. "I never liked it, and it's so worn that I should have done better than that?"

"Yes," the dramatist replied, "perhaps so. It was one of my first pieces, however, and I had not had much experience when I wrote it. Let's change the subject."

**...JAMES MOFFETT  
CARPENTER  
AND  
BUILDER.**

**Prospect Street,  
Westfield, New Jersey**

**Estimates Cheerfully Furnished.**

known who her neighbor was. He presently said:

"Are you interested in the Fenton case?" speaking of a cause celebre that was in progress.

"Yes. I've read all the evidence," was the reply.

"He'll lose it, of course," the dramatist went on. "He never could have had the faintest chance from the first. It's a marvel to me how any lawyer could have been idiot enough to allow such a case to go into court!"

"Well," answered the lady quietly, "my husband was the idiot. Let's change the subject."

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of Plevna, was handsome and prepossessing, looking a born leader of men. Like Napoleon, he was always distinguished by the plainness of his uniform. He had a queer habit of always, even in battle, carrying a pencil behind his ear, butt end foremost. He was taciturn, grave, abrupt and disdainful of forms and etiquette. He hated all foreigners, especially Germans, Russians and English. As for war correspondents, he entertained the utmost detestation of them, whence the deeds of his army were never chronicled as they should have been. He had a strange method of dealing with cowards. He would send for them and publicly box their ears. When really angry, his rage was terrible.

After the battle and the surrender he was seen to be weeping tears of rage and shame. He was, it may be, a little touched by the Czar Alexander II, who came up to him and said: "I congratulate you on your superb defense. It is one of the finest feats of military history."

And that is the judgment of posterity.—Pittsburgh Courier.