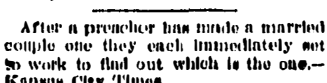
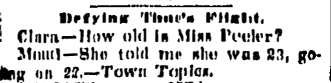


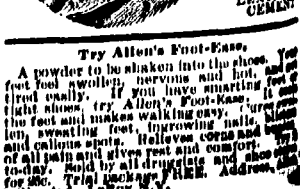
HAD BEEN PUNISHED ENOUGH.



"I was pretty sure you would say that," rejoined the author; "consequently if you will count them you will find the heroine weeps real tears in just 253 pages of my story"—"Was

Empty Egg—Like a meal ticket, it's every meal punched out.—Brook.

person all the family. Four flavors—Lemon, Orange, Strawberry and Raspberry. At your



NEW FALL CARPETS.

A most interesting place to visit—Our Carpet Store, at 246 West front street, Plainfield. Perfectly lighted, right on the ground floor, goods so attractively displayed, all these things tend to make it a model carpet store, and we don't hesitate to say that we are justly proud of it. With greatly increased facilities we are enabled to display a much more varied and comprehensive line of floor coverings, than in any former season. We feel safe in saying to the people of this community that our exhibition of new and reliable carpets rivals that of any concern this side of New York city, and we positively guarantee our prices lower than those of any reputable New York house.

A Few Particulars.



Biglow Carpets made, laid and lined, 3.00 yd.
Saxony Carpets, " " " 1.55 yd.
Real Wilton, " " " 1.65 yd.
Extra Axminster Carpets, made laid and lined, 1.35 per yd.
Best Body Brussels Carpets, made laid and lined, 1.15 per yd.
Saxony Axminster Carpets, made, laid and lined, 1.00 and 1.10 per yd.
Smith's Velvet Carpets, made laid and lined, 1.00 and 1.10 per yd.
Stinson's Best 10 wire Tapestry, made laid and lined, 85c per yd.

Stinson's Best 8 wire Tapestry, made laid and lined, 75c per yd.
Choice Patterns in Hall and Stairs in all of above.
Akola Ingrains, 85c yd.
Union Ingrains, 25c to 45c yd.

Rugs and Art Squares.

Java Smyrna (reversible) 6x9, 6.98; 7x10, 8.88; 9x12, 12.00
Wool Smyrna " 9x12, 18.00 to 21.00
Axminster " 9x12, 25.00
Wilton Velvet " 9x12, 33.00
Extra Super Art Squares, 2 1/2 x 3, 4.98; 3x4, 5.98; 3x3 1/2, 6.98; 3x4, 7.98.
All the above in colorings and carefully selected patterns.

Japanese and Chinese Mattings.

The difficulty in China has resulted in a sharp rise in the price of Mattings. All our mattings are bought, however, for this year, and we shall continue to sell at former low prices. Our mattings are imported by Arnold Constable and Co., a guarantee of their reliability.

Elegant new Portieres of Velour and tapestry, 1.98 to 8.00 pr. Oriental effects predominate. Table Covers and Cushion Tops in variety.

Lace Curtains. All new, fresh, dainty and pretty. Nottingham curtains, 75c, 98c, 1.25, 1.50, 1.98, 2.48, 2.98, 3.98. Net curtains with Renaissance Borders, 1.49, 1.98, 3.75, 4.50. Irish Point Curtains, 2.98 to 8.00 pr. Special ruffled Suisse curtains, 98c pr. Ruffled net curtains, with lace edge, 1.98 to 3.98.

Window Shades. We make them to order and take contracts to furnish whole houses. Measurements taken and estimates cheerfully furnished. Ready made shades mounted on the best spring rollers, in 10 colors, 25c each.
Linoleums and Oil Cloths in 100 patterns, 25c to 1.50 per yd.
Curtain poles, Cottage Rods, Brass Rods and fixtures in the newest things.

IF YOU NEED ANY OF THE ABOVE CALL ON US.

Woodhull & Martin,

234, 236, 238, 240 Front Street, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

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.

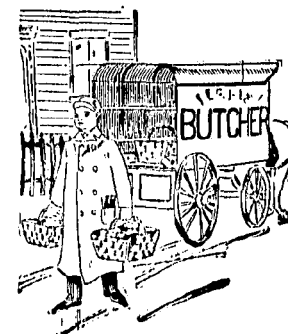


Don't Waste Money

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.



Archbold & Scudder,

VARIETY MARKET,

WESTFIELD.

OUR MOTTO:

BEST GOODS, LOWEST PRICES.

POLITE ATTENTION

QUICK DELIVERIES.

They will vanish if you advertise properly. PROPERLY means saying something to convince buyers that they will be benefited by dealing with you.

HERE'S THE PLACE TO SAY IT. You can talk to thousands at once.

Try Our 1 Cent A Word Column.

At Hillsborough Fair

Being an Extract from "Eben Holden; a Tale of the North Country."

By IRVING BACHELLER.

"Eben Holden; a Tale of the North Country," by Irving Bachelier—published by Lethrop company, Boston—is a tale to be sure, but so faithfully does it depict the scenes of the day and locality from which it is taken as to read more like a history. The common places of existence in northern New York in the forties and fifties are so woven into a charming story as to make the tale appear more as a reality than as a well-written bit of fiction. It is a book of many sides. The curious tales of Uncle Eb, with which he was wont to amuse his little orphaned nephew, is a side that appeals to the children. The descriptions of the methods of living, of the incidents which brought to the hardy sons of harder pioneers their joys and sorrows is of interest to every student of America's growth, while Uncle Eb, with his quaint sayings and his good American sense is as clever a characterization as it would be possible to find.

The following extract from the book depicts the scenes at the county fair of that time and locality, and at the same time gives the reader a glimpse of Uncle Eb: "LATE in August Uncle Eb and I took our Black Hawk stallion to the fair in Hillsborough and showed him for a prize. He was fit for the eye of a king when we had finished grooming him, that morning, and led him out, rearing in play, his eyes flashing from under his broad plume, so that all might have a last look at him. His arched neck and slim barrel glowed like satin as the sunlight fell upon him. His black mane flew, he shook the ground with his hoofs playing at the halter's end. He hated a harness, and once in it lost half his conceit. But he was vainest of all things in Faraway when we drove off with him that morning.

All roads led to Hillsborough fair time. Up and down the long hills we went on a stiff jog, passing lumber wagons with generations enough in them to make a respectable genealogy, the old people in chairs; light wagons that carried young men and their sweethearts; backwoodsmen coming out in ancient vehicles upon reeling, creaking wheels to get food

him away and said nothing for a moment. But every time he tried to take aim the fellow jostled him.

Ab looked up slowly and calmly, his eyebrows tilted for his aim, and said: "Go off, I tell you." Then he set himself and took aim again.

"Let me hold it," said the man, reaching for the barrel. "Shoot better if I do the aiming." A laugh greeted this remark. Ab looked up again. There was a quick start in his great, slouching figure.

"Take yer hand off o' that," he said, a little louder than before.

The man, aching for more applause, grew more impertinent. Ab quietly handed the rifle to its owner. Then something happened suddenly. It was so quickly over I am not quite sure of the order of business, but anyhow he seized the intruder by the shoulders, flinging him down so heavily it knocked the dust out of the grass.

Ab turned quietly to the range.

"Hedn't order t' come an' try t' dew my aimin'," he said, mildly, by way of protest; "I won't hev it."

Then he inquired about the score and calmly took aim again.

The stallion show came on that afternoon.

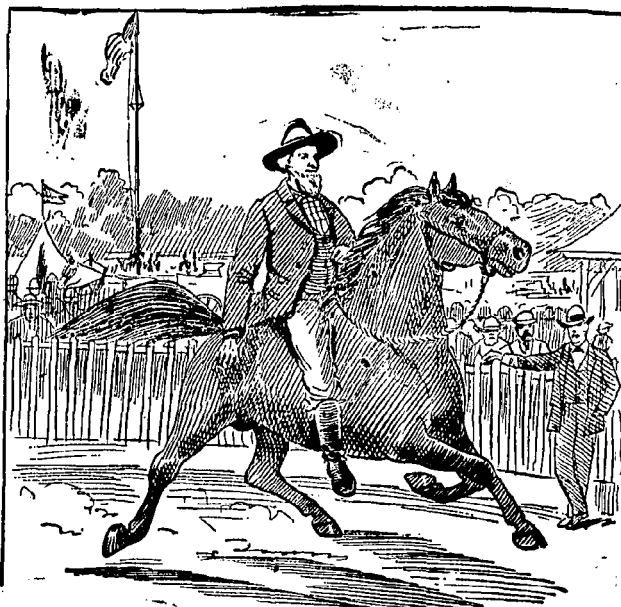
"They can't never beat the boss," Uncle Eb had said to me.

"Fraid they will," I answered.

"They're better hitched, for one thing."

"But they hain't got the ginger in 'em," said he, "er the git up'n git. If we can show what's in him, the Hawk'll beat 'em easy."

If we won I was to get the prize, but I had small hope of winning. When I saw one after another prance out, in sparkling silver harness, adorned with rosettes of ribbon—light-stepping, beautiful creatures, all of them—I could see nothing but defeat for us. Indeed, I could see we had been too confident. I dreaded the moment when Uncle Eb should drive down with Black Hawk in a plain leather harness, drawing a plainer buggy. I had planned to spend the prize money taking Hope to the harvest ball at Rickard's, and I had worked hard to put the Hawk



"GLANG THERE!" HE SHOUTED.

for a year's reflection—all thickening the haze of the late summer with the dust of the roads. And Hillsborough itself was black with people. The shouts of excited men, the neighing of horses, the bellowing of cattle, the wailing of infants, the howling of vendors, the pressing crowd, had begun to sow the seed of misery in the minds of those accustomed only to the peaceful quietude of the farm.

The staring eye, the palpitating heart, the aching head, were successive stages in the doom of many. The fair had its floral hall carpeted with sawdust and redolent of cedar, its dairy-house, its mechanics' hall, sacred to farming implements, its long sheds full of sheep and cattle, its dining hall, its temporary booths of rough lumber, its half-mile track and grand stand. Here voices of beast and vendor mingled in a chorus of euphony and distress. In Floral hall Sol Rollin was on exhibition. He gave me a cold nod, his lips set for a tune as yet inaudible. He was surveying sundry examples of rustic art that hung on the electric railing of the gallery and trying to preserve a calm breast. He was looking at Susan Baker's painted cow, that hung near us.

"Very descriptive," he said, when I pressed him for his notion of it. "Red Baker's sister Susan made that cow. Gits two dollars an' fifty cents every fair time—wish I was dewing's well."

"That's one of the most profitable cows in this country," I said. "Looks a good deal like a new breed."

"Yes," he answered soberly, then he set his lips, threw a sweeping glance into the gallery and passed on. I found Ab Thomas at the elite range. He was whittling as he considered a challenge from Tip Taylor to shoot a match. He turned and "hefted" the rifle, silently, and then he squinted over the barrel two or three times.

"Banno but what I'll try ye once," he said, presently. "Jest I see."

Once started, they grew red in their faces and shot themselves weary in a reckless contest of skill and endurance. A great, hulking fellow, half drunk and a bit quizzical, came up, presently, and endeavored to help Ab hold his rifle. The latter brushed

in good fettle. I began to feel the bitterness of failure.

"Black Hawk! Where is Black Hawk?" said one of the judges, loudly.

"Owned by David Brower, o' Faraway," said another, looking at his card.

Where indeed was Uncle Eb? I got up on the fence and looked all about me anxiously. Then I heard a great cheering up the track. Somebody was coming down, at a rapid pace, riding a splendid-moving animal, a knee rising to the nose at each powerful stride. His head and flying mane obscured the rider, but I could see the end of a rope swinging in his hand. There was something familiar in the easy stride of the horse. The cheers came on ahead of him like foam before a breaker. Upon my eyes! It was Black Hawk, with nothing but a plain rope halter on his head, and Uncle Eb riding him.

"Glang there!" he shouted, swinging the halter stale to the shining flank. "Glang there!" and he went by, like a flash, the tail of Black Hawk straight out behind him, its end feathering in the wind. It was a splendid thing to see that white-haired man sitting erect on the flying animal, with only a rope halter in his hand. Every man about me was yelling. I swung my hat, shouting myself hoarse. When Uncle Eb came back, the Hawk was walking quietly in a crowd of men and boys eager to feel his silken sides. I crowded through and held the horse's nose while Uncle Eb got down.

"Thought I wouldn't put no higher on him," said Uncle Eb. "Glad's him 'in a good 'nuff harness."

The judges came and looked him over.

"Guess he'll win the prize, all right," said one of them.

And he did. When we came home that evening every horse on the road thought himself a trotter and went speeding to try his pace with everything that came up beside him. And many a man of Faraway, that we passed, sent up a shout of praise for the Black Hawk.

FIRST USED IN THE STATES.

Armored Trains Were Employed Originally During the Civil War in This Country.

As with a great many other utilitarian devices, the Americans were the first to construct an actual armored train. During the civil war in the states a mob destroyed the bridges on the Philadelphia, Wilmington & Baltimore railway, and in order to prevent a recurrence of the disorders and to protect the line generally, the government hit upon the expedient of converting a long, flat baggage car into a small movable battery. The car was built up and covered in with thick sheet iron, in which were pierced a number of loopholes for musketry. Port holes were arranged at the center and at each end, and a cannon on a traversing turntable was mounted for duty at each or either of the port holes. The projectiles used were of a somewhat extraordinary character, being nothing more or less than disks cut from boiler plates.

Perhaps the most effective use of the armored trains, up to recent years, says the Chicago Chronicle, was made by the French during the siege of Paris in these trains both engines and carriages were bullet proof, and contained a number of loopholes. Each train carrying four small cannon which could be readily and expeditiously maneuvered from the train, was capable of holding 500 men. Considerable use was made of these trains in bringing in provisions to the beleaguered Frenchmen, and they were turned to account by the communists afterward against the government troops until their position was outflanked by heavy naval guns.

In the year 1882 an armored train, which was only partially protected by boiler plates and sandbags, was used against the Egyptian rebels under Arabi Pasha. A similar contrivance was also employed at Kassasin previous to the British advance on Tel-El-Kebir. One operating in Chili during the civil war, and a sandbag protected or "armored" train, equipped with a field gun, was utilized with advantage in the Sudan quite recently. In Cuba a locomotive and truck, protected with three-eighths-inch boiler plates, was sent in advance to pilot and protect from the rebels the trains between Colon and Santa Clara.

The South African armored trains now being employed by the authorities consist of nothing more or less than ordinary cars covered with from half to three-quarters of an inch of common steel, the locomotives being similarly protected, and a car placed in front with a gun in advance. These trains are, of course, of little or no use if the line falls into the hands of the enemy—a few dynamite cartridges or the removal of a rail or two (as was painfully demonstrated in the recent disaster to the Mafeking train) would render them a source more of danger than service.

The German emperor has an idea that "war cars" can be constructed on a plan which he has devised, which will enable them to traverse at will over a battlefield or territory which does not present impossible geographical difficulties. He proposes that each car shall be complete in itself and in size about that of a Pullman. The sides are to be constructed to fall just above the level of the ground, in order to protect the wheels. These plated sides will consist of steel of great resisting force, and will be pierced with a requisite number of port or loop holes for quick firing and machine guns and rifles. In order that a possible enemy may not be able to get on top of the car, it is to be made with sharp bayonet spikes protruding from the sides and roof. The whole idea seems very chimerical, but as the world-famed Krupp is responsible and has now an experimental car in progress, it would scarcely be safe to say that there is nothing in the idea.

CHINA'S GREATEST ACTOR.

The Sir Henry Irving of the Mongols Has a Great Reputation.

The brightest light upon the stage in China is in many respects a duplicate of Sir Henry Irving. The drama is highly esteemed by the Celestials, and those who "strut and fret upon the stage" are regarded as next in rank to the mandarins, says a London exchange.

In a severely plain and simple place of amusement in Peking, devoid of ornamentation of any kind, a recent arrival from the flowery kingdom had the pleasure of seeing Pon Chong Mai, the Sir Henry Irving of China, act the leading part in a play entitled "Ching-Won-Hohow." The plot of this play contains nothing new to an Englishman familiar with Shakespeare. There is scarcely an incident or proverb in the piece which does not recall the work of the great poet. Pon Chong Mai is a popular man and a great actor. For over 200 years his family has been identified with the actors' art, and when he acts he is often aided in a costume which an ancestor wore two centuries ago on the stage. He is a man of the keenest perception, highly educated in Chinese arts and sciences, and should be by any misfortune obliged to quit the stage he could earn his living in almost any business or profession. His memory is prodigious, and he possesses a repertory which includes all the great religious plays of the Mandarin dialect, some of them filling scores of volumes.

Like his great English contemporary, he is a splendid companion.

Venturesome Economy.

"While I was away, Killy, you saved some home money, of course?" "Yes, Harry, I saved lots but I spent it all on tea cream."—Detroit Free Press.

Swindled Again.
"By gum!" said Uncle Ezra, "I ain't goin' to answer another advertisement as long as I live. I just sent 50 cents to a fellow down in Connecticut that put a piece in the paper sayin' he had a receipt to prevent drownin'."

"And didn't he have it?"
"No! The blamed, cheatin' fellow wrote back to keep away from the water!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

Made the Case More Suspicious.
Magistrate—So you claim that this handkerchief, which was found in your servant's possession, is your property?
Complainant—Yes, sir.
Magistrate—But handkerchiefs are a good deal alike. Look at mine, for instance. It's just like yours.
Complainant—Certainly; but I've had two handkerchiefs stolen from me lately!—Der Floh.

Poverty.
"Poverty is no crime," they say. And maybe it is true. But if it were not, possibly, some might much better do. For it it were a grave offense, The houseless poor, ill-fed, In comfortable jails might find Home, clothes and food and bread. —Detroit Free Press.

COMPLIMENTARY DEFINITION.



"How did you know you were in love with me?"
"I felt so foolish."—Philadelphia Press.

The Great Leveler.
The uses of adversity are Precious—for you know, Some nurse-proud folk who take on airs Are often thus brought low. —Detroit Free Press.

Forewarned Is Forearmed.
A Yorkshire vicar tells how he once received the following note from one of his parishioners: "This is to give notice that I and Miss Gemma Breasley are coming to your church on Saturday afternoon next to undergo the operation of matrimony at your hands. Please be prompt, as the cab is hired by the hour. Forewarned is forearmed."—Tit-Bits.

The Train.
"I suppose the things you miss most out there are the things you would quickly get in town," said the city man.
"Not exactly," replied the suburbanite. "The things we miss most are the things that would quickly get 'us' in town."—Philadelphia Press.

His Only Good Point.
"I wonder," remarked the visitor at the dog show, "why that prize bulldog over there shows his teeth all the time?"

"It's all he's got to show, ma'am," replied the man whose dog didn't get the prize.—Chicago Tribune.

And Willie Knew.
Little Willie—Pa, is ma a microbe?
Mr. Henpeck—Why, no, Willie. What makes you ask such a question?
Little Willie—Well, the teacher told us that baldness was caused by a microbe.—Baltimore American.

His Only Way of Escape.
Mr. Kawdle—I wish you wouldn't interrupt me every time I try to say something. Do I ever break in when you are talking?
Mrs. Kawdle—No, you wretch! You go to sleep!—Chicago Tribune.

The Cheerful Idiot.
"There is no show for the down-trodden poor man in this country," said the dyspeptic boarder.
"That's a fact. The man with only one suit of clothes has no redress at all," said the Cheerful Idiot.—Indianapolis Press.

What They Wanted.
"William, those people next door want to borrow our cow while we are away."
"Well, that's all right."
"Yes, but they want us to lend them feed for her, too."—Chicago Record.

Trouble in the Sanctum.
Editor—Mr. Bluepensill, did you compose that line with "suicided" in it?
Mr. Bluepensill—Yes, sir.
Editor—Well, you may go down and tell the cashier to "salary" you. You are "resigned" to it.—Syracuse Herald.

Too Much Exultation.
She—Isn't it nice to have folks comment on you when you are getting on in business?
He—Yes—unless they spoil it by adding "they can't understand it."—Chicago Daily News.

Riff in the Lute.
"I am so glad, Harold, that you married me for my money."
"What do you mean by that, Bella?"
"Because you are going to be so beautifully left. Papa has failed."—Chicago Tribune.

The Pension.
Katherine—Miss Boston's father keeps a fine St. Bernard.
Katherine—To discourage admirers?
Katherine—Oh, no! It is trained to trot in and rescue a fellow before he's really frozen.—Puck.

UNION COUNTY STANDARD

WESTFIELD, N. J., OCT. 2, 1900

Wants and Offers.

Wants a 2-burner, blue flame oil stove. Original cost \$1.50. Apply 21 Central Ave. or Lock Box 140.

Wants and repairs removed by T. H. Williams. P. O. Box 367.

Wanted girl for general housework. No washing good wages. 23 Central Ave.

Wanted seamstress would like work by the day. Address M. 821 College Plainfield, N. J.

Wanted a single steering, double diameter frame tandem. Price \$15.00. Address A. E. Standard office.

Wanted several houses with all improvements, also a large number of buildings. Location fine, title guaranteed. Monthly payments if desired. Address Real Estate and Improvement Co., E. S. S. Irving or W. S. Welch.

Wanted farm for sale. Ira C. Lambhart.

Wanted a teacher of physical culture and education, will open classes. Address 5th, in the Social club rooms. Address 105 5th, Westfield.

Wanted furnished room, private family. Reference exchanged. 40 Walnut street.

Wanted exchange for a horse or Jersey cow, good, clean stables or hay. Box 531.

Wanted girl to do general housework. 40 Cumberland street.

Legal Notices.

STATE OF HARRIS TITUS, DECEASED. Pursuant to the order of the T. Harris, Surrogate of the County of Union, in the application of the undersigned, Administratrix of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to present their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months of the date of the filing of the inventory of the estate of said deceased, to-wit: the twenty-seventh day of September, or they will be forever barred from presenting or recovering the same against the estate.

MARY A. TITUS, Administratrix.

Block below C. R. R. Station.

Jacoby's

FRENCH RESTAURANT,

12 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

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

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

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

Wall Papering.

All latest designs in line.

Wall Papers for this season. Samples furnished.

3c Per Roll

and Up.

CHAS. CRICKENBERGER,

Elm Street, Westfield.

Fall and Winter

OPENING

—IN—

....Millinery....

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday,

October 2, 3, 4, 1900,

AT THE PARLORS OF

L. A. BILLET,

127 Broad Street,

WESTFIELD, N. J.

Agency for Standard Patterns.

Didn't Succeed in Westfield.

(Special to the Daily Press.)

Westfield, Sept. 28.—Harry Dell, the

bank swindler, caught at Millbrook, N. J.,

never swindled the Westfield bank.

He tried it, however, about a year ago,

and called on C. A. Smith & Co., about a

year ago ostensibly to purchase some

second-hand machinery which they had

for sale. After examining the machinery

he declared himself satisfied with it.

The price was to be \$90. He produced a

draft on a New York bank \$325, and

agreed to pay for the machinery if C. A.

Smith would identify him at the bank to

get the draft cashed. He was introduced

at the bank but as C. A. Smith would

not guarantee the draft Dell did not get

the money, and was never heard from

again in the matter.

"HYDRO-

LITHIA"

CURES ALL

HEADACHES

TRIAL SIZE, 10 CTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MADE EXCLUSIVELY BY

THE STONEBROKER CHEMICAL CO.

BALTIMORE, MD.

LOCAL PARAGRAPHS.

—Coal is still \$6.00 a ton.

—The township committee meets Friday evening.

—Mrs. A. Moyer, of First street, has returned home.

—A Bryan and Stevenson banner will be raised next week.

—W. J. Broderick and family have returned to Brooklyn.

—Arthur Skiff, of South Broad street, has moved to Youkers, N. Y.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Downes spent several days last week at Brooklyn.

—W. P. Van Horn has taken the place of life insurance agent D. L. Condie.

—The Board of Education will meet to-night at the Prospect street school.

—The colored Republican Drum Corps has bought new fife and drums.

—Burton Harris is attending Columbia College of Physicians and Surgeons.

—Miss Rath Pearson, of Carleton place, is visiting friends at Hightstown.

—Charles Miller, of Brooklyn, visited his uncle, Rudolph Brunner, last Sunday.

—The Lincoln High School foot ball team has issued season tickets for their games.

—Frank Warncke has commenced the study of medicine at the New York University.

—Henry M. Green is taking the place of local editor R. M. Stickle, during his absence.

—Ross Edwards has accepted a position with the United States Express company.

—The vesper service at the Congregational church will commence next Sunday at 4.30.

—Charles N. Coddington and family are re-occupying their house on the Boulevard.

—It is rumored that the members of the old L. H. S. Drum & Fife Corps will re-organize.

—The Board of Education will meet at the Prospect street school building this evening.

—Miss Rosa Pauch, sister of Charles Pauch, will leave for her home in England on Saturday.

—An S. O. H. meeting will be held Thursday evening, Oct. 4th, at the residence of Octavius Knight.

—T. J. Jones and family, and daughter, Mrs. Vanderhoef, have returned from Greenwood Lake, N. Y.

—Miss Donnell will open her class for Elocution and Physical Culture in the Social club rooms on Oct. 5th.

—The regular meeting of the Board of Health will be held at 7.30 o'clock at the town rooms Friday evening.

—Mrs. A. Basmeier, of St. Louis, Mo., has returned after a two weeks' stay with Mrs. W. R. Erbeck.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Mahmar, of Walnut street, will celebrate the 5th anniversary of their wedding to-night.

—The first meeting of the U. B. B. A. was held last night. The boys seemed ready to work after the long vacation.

—The first fall meeting of the Woman's club will take place at the Westfield club on Monday afternoon of next week.

—The bills are out to-day. The rate is the same as last year, and the only increased valuation is in improved property.

—A new bicycle dealer arrived in town Sunday night. Wellesley Robinson says the boy is a ten-pounder and is doing nicely.

—R. M. Stickle, secretary of the Bryan and Stevenson club, left last evening to attend the Convention of Democratic clubs at Indianapolis.

—Miss Nellie Manning returns tomorrow to Asbury Park after a three weeks' visit with her mother, Mrs. Fannie Manning, of Central avenue.

—The new teachers of the Westfield public schools will report Saturday morning at the Battin High school, Elizabeth, for examinations and certificates.

—An interesting foot ball game was played Saturday morning between the first and second teams of the Lincoln Grammar Grade; the former won by a score of 25 0.

—At a meeting of the Board of Governors of the Westfield Club, held recently, the following resolution was adopted: "That on and after November 1st, 1900, an initiation fee of five dollars be charged to all applicants for membership."

—In the recent pool tournament held at Kirsche's, J. C. Tobin won the prize for the largest run, with 22 balls. There was a tie for the greatest number made on the break, and this was also won by J. C. Tobin.

—The Epworth League will hold a week-day in the lecture room of the Methodist church, Thursday evening, Oct. 4th, at eight o'clock. Everyone attending is requested to bring a loaf of bread. These occasions have in the past proven to be very enjoyable affairs, and it is well to suppose that this one will not prove an exception to the rule.

—The ladies of the Library Association

getting up the Rummage Sale want housekeepers to rummage their storerooms and cellars for anything, new or old, they would like to give away.

Such sales are always a success; a boon to housekeepers and a bargain to purchasers. Anything sells; if good, for a price; if old, still for something. The sale is to be held the middle of October.

—At a meeting of the Board of Trade & Improvement Association held Friday evening \$250 was guaranteed the township committee for the purpose of paying for the continuance of the police force, the amount to be paid by February 1, 1901. This amount will be raised by subscriptions and the following committee was appointed to collect the funds: H. P. Condit, chairman; Geo. B. Dickerson, J. S. Irving, W. S. Welch, F. C. Decker and M. J. Gildersleeve.

—At the meeting of the W. C. T. U. held Tuesday of last week, the committee in charge of preparations for a rummage sale was instructed to complete the arrangements for October 11th and 20th. The plan was decided upon in the spring and the committee appointed. The advertisement of such a sale under the auspices of the Library Association appeared in the Standard of last Tuesday and in consequence the ladies of W. C. T. U. have decided to postpone their sale until November.

ROBERT J. DOES AN EXHIBITION

MILE.

Fair Acres Driving Club Holds its Fall Handicap.

A large crowd assembled at the Fair Acres Driving club track, Saturday, when the club held its Fall Handicap. Prominent horse owners and horse lovers watched with eager eyes as the gallant steeds swung round the track and into the stretch.

Five races were run off, as follows:

FIRST RACE, 2.35 CLASS.

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WESTFIELD SOUND MONEY

MEN ORGANIZE.

Enthusiastic Meeting Held Last Evening in French's Hall.

The sound money men of all parties and creeds in Westfield, met last evening in French's hall, Elm and Broad streets.

J. H. Pencheon, with a short speech, called the meeting to order and asked that a chairman be elected. Theodore McGarragh was elected and led to the chair by Martin Welles, J. R. Connolly and J. Allston Dennis, amid thunderous applause and cries of "Speech." Mr. McGarragh made a short speech and then asked the pleasure of the meeting.

L. G. Cohen asked the chairman for about three minutes to express his views. As the meeting had not been organized yet and only a chairman pro tem had been elected the chairman judged Mr. Cohen out of order. Mr. Cohen then left in high dudgeon. Martin Welles moved to elect a president, vice-presidents, secretary and treasurer. Carried. The following officers were then elected: President, H. C. Sergeant; vice-presidents, Martin Welles, Harry E. Kulgit, Theodore McGarragh, W. G. Delamater, J. R. Connolly, Hiram L. Fink, J. Allston Dennis, Hon. Chester M. Smith; secretary, George B. Dickerson; treasurer, J. H. Pencheon.

Hon. Chester M. Smith moved that an intermission of 15 minutes be taken in order to let the officers make up the committees.

The following committees were chosen: Speakers, Martin Welles, H. E. Knight, J. Allston Dennis; finance, J. H. Pencheon, H. P. Condit, L. M. Whitaker, Paul Q. Oliver, J. R. Patterson; executive committee, W. G. Delamater, P. Q. Oliver, J. R. Connolly, Martin Welles, H. L. Fink, Theodore McGarragh, J. Allston Dennis, Hon. Chester M. Smith, A. L. Alpers, E. P. Barritt, Elmer Affleck, Dr. J. B. Harrison, N. B. Arnold, C. A. Smith, Geo. E. Gilmore, J. T. Pierson, R. P. Grant, G. H. Embree, J. B. Wilson.

The meeting moved that a vote of thanks be extended to E. J. Whitehead for his offer of a column in the Union County Standard for the publishing of their opinions. The meeting then adjourned subject to the call of the chair. There are now 115 members enrolled. Any others desiring to join the club can do so by sending their name to George B. Dickerson, Secretary.

Donations to the Children's Country Home

The treasurer of the Children's Country Home acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following contributions:

David Stanley, \$5; Mrs. David Stanley, \$2; Mrs. G. A. Francis, \$2; Miss Elizabeth Morehouse, \$2; Miss A. C. Lathrop, \$2; Mrs. Theophilus Wheeler, \$2; Mrs. Robert Johnston, \$2; Mrs. C. G. Mienter, September, 50c; Mrs. Joseph E. Gallagher, \$5; Mrs. Lloyd, \$1; Mrs. Phillips, \$1; Mrs. S. L. Kuffin, \$2; Mrs. Abrams, \$1; Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Willets, Brooklyn, \$1; Mrs. Lewis, Brooklyn, \$1; Mrs. F. M. Teed, Brooklyn, \$2; H. P. Robinson, Fairwood, \$2; Miss A. T. Jones, Ocean Grove, \$1; Mrs. Randolph Perkins, \$2; Mrs. James French, 25c; Mrs. J. T. Wilcox, \$1; Mrs. Edwin Hodges, \$1; Mrs. Joseph S. Ferris, \$2.

Golf Club Adopts Constitution and By-Laws.

A meeting of The Golf Club was held Saturday evening, Sept. 29th, in the Westfield Club Hall. A constitution and by-laws was adopted and it was decided to have three holes ready for play by next week.

By the great number of applications for membership which have been received it looks as if the limit would soon be reached.

Hose Wagon Subscriptions.

The following subscriptions for the new hose wagon for Bucket & Engine Company have been received.

Previously acknowledged:

John Darsh.....\$ 25.00

Leider.....5.00

J. B. Green.....1.00

Total.....\$106.00

CRANFORD TOOK SECOND.

(Continued from page 4.)

struck out, Kelly died at first and M. Collins struck out.

SUMMARY.

WESTFIELD.

R. H. P. O. A. E.

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1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Hamilton theological seminary claims to be the oldest Baptist seminary in the world.

Among the 569 students at the University of Lausanne this summer there are 74 women; but of these only five are Swiss, 55 being Russian women, and of these 44 are studying medicine.

John H. Smith, the only native of Finland on the police force of New York city, recently secured the permission of the elders of Calvary Presbyterian church of that city to hold services for his countrymen in the church building on Sunday afternoons. The Finlanders of New York never have had a place of worship.

The general Presbyterian assembly of 1900, meeting at St. Louis, determined to celebrate the advent of the new century by special services to be held in connection with the session of the assembly at Philadelphia in 1901. An important part of this celebration will be a report upon the twentieth century memorial fund, which the general assembly authorized.

Colgate university has had no addition to its endowment during the past year, though several large gifts have been added to its working equipment, among these the new president's house, just completed at a cost of about \$27,000, and an addition to the campus valued at about \$4,000. The endowment proper has increased by natural growth, under the provisions of gift of the Dodge memorial fund, about \$20,000.

According to the latest authorities there are 70 distinct churches of the Presbyterian family. These embrace in round numbers 29,800 congregations, 26,600 ministers, 127,000 elders, 4,000,000 communicants, 337,000 Sabbath school teachers, 3,500,000 pupils. The Presbyterian churches contribute for home work \$32,090,205 and about \$35,640,760 for foreign missions. They support \$40 ordained foreign missionaries, 1,306 medical missionaries, 465 ordained native workers, and have among the brethren over 148,000 pupils.

HE JUST PLAYED ON.

A Terre Haute Musician Who Tooted Delicately at the Bolts of Jupiter.

Over in Terre Haute, "on the banks of the Wabash," there is a brass band which has, for a good many years, borne the reputation of being one of the best, if not the best, in the state. Whenever this band appears in the streets of Terre Haute or any other city in Indiana, it is sure to attract a crowd, and the quality of the music it renders makes this fact easily accounted for, says the Indianapolis News. The band has a solo alto player who is a genius in his way. He can play anything that can be blown into or scratched with a bow, and his part in the "music by the band" is always an important one. This artist is a German, more or less phlegmatic in temperament. It has often been said that nothing seemed to rattle him when out with the band, and his stolidity in the face of accidents is a by-word with the other members of the band. Street cars have run into the parade, runaway horses and teams have scattered the other members of the band like chaff before the wind, but the solo alto kept serenely on without even losing step. The other members of the band look on Gus as a kind of uncanny being, absolutely devoid of nerves.

On a recent Sunday the band was engaged to play at the baseball park in Terre Haute, and while waiting for the car that was to take them out, a storm came up. The band went to Seventh and Main streets to "wait till the clouds rolled by," and while waiting they gave the guests of the Terre Haute house, at the corner, a serenade. Several selections were played, but still the rain kept up, or down, and lightning began to blaze. Finally, as the band was getting in its best lies at "On the Banks of the Wabash," the storm reached its climax. The front of the hotel is ornamented with several towers above the fourth story, and just as Gus was beating down strong on the solo part of the air so dear to Terre Haute people, lightning struck one of the towers and ran down the front of the building. The bolt was of sufficient force to create a panic. Chairs were overturned, and their occupants knocked "galley west," falling from the roof fell in a shower, and the members of the band were hurled into the street or against the wall of the hotel. The man who operates the tuba was thrown into the middle of the street car tracks, and others were lying around in more or less picturesque attitudes for half a block. All except Gus. When the smoke cleared away, there stood the solo alto, playing away as if nothing had happened, and competent witnesses declare that he never missed a note. With his eyes half closed, he was blowing away at "The Banks of the Wabash," and not until he reached the end did he pause. Then he looked around for the rest of the band and asked, in a surprised tone: "Got de matter off you fellows?" Nobody has told him yet; they say it was the apy use, because blowy on the tuba at Manila was in a panic compared to this.

Value of the Museum.

Education having taken mastery in the school-room and the lecture-room, in the study and the library, the opportunities of museums and exhibition and of travel commonly come too late to be of much real use. There is in some other respects, our children are more fortunate, and are having not only a better time at school now, but are obtaining a better preparation also. They are going to the museums, to the city and to the country; they are often learning first to observe keenly, to remember vividly, to interpret shrewdly, and to question eagerly, to read hungrily afterward. — International Monthly.

NEW JERSEY'S GREATEST STORE.



We Will Not Be Undersold
Money Returned if Article Was
Lower Priced Elsewhere on the
Day You Bought it.

Every Day an "OPENING DAY"

**TWENTIETH CENTURY
STYLE-COSTUMES AND FABRICS**

RICHEST Gathering of Smart
Creations that the Fashion Cen-
tres of America and Europe pro-
duce. Not only the Best Goods in
New Jersey, but many times more
of them than any other store in the
state can show in Home Furnishings
and Raiment for everybody.

HAHNE & CO., - - NEWARK.

COOLING DRINKS IN TURKEY.

Beverages and Ices Sold on All the Main Streets.

On all the main streets nearly every other shop has a counter of white marble and large bottles of iced water, lemonade, cherry syrup, pomegranate sirup or something of the sort. Green leaves surround the bottles, and a little machine keeps up a tinkling of glasses to attract the passersby. Certain shops are known for their specialties in certain sirups and others for their water, about which Turks are very particular and can tell at once from which of the many springs near the capital it comes. The streets swarm with itinerant sellers with elaborate arrangements for keeping the water cold. Some have a regular booth where they dispense anything from water to a gazelle, which is the name for effervescent lemonade.

The simplest method is that adopted by those who carry about a huge glass bottle holding about two gallons of lemonade on the mouth of which is balanced a large lump of ice, continually dripping into the bottle. These drinks are the cheapest, one farthing a tumbler. Unfortunately the coin representing a farthing is almost extinct, so that the drinker has to drink two glasses or come back next day for the balance. The ice cream vendors, too, must not be forgotten. Their picturesque get up is very distinctive, and they do a roaring trade. The ices they sell are very pure, and one never hears of cases of illness among those eating them. The time when the men do their best business with Europeans is at night after dinner. Every one is then sitting out, side on the terraces or balconies overlooking the Bosphorus. The ice man comes along in a boat and goes at once to supply a long felt want.—Constantinople Cor. London Telegraph.

A Story of Anthony Hope.

Anthony Hope Hawkins, always a believer in men of letters standing by each other, worked tremendously hard to help on the fund which the Authors' society of London is trying to accumulate, from which pensions are to be paid to authors whose literary merit has not brought them a corresponding income and who view increasing years with fear.

Once an unfortunate writer who visited Mr. Hawkins at his rooms in Buckingham street, by the Embankment gardens, exclaimed on leaving with something in his pocket, "Oh, oh, I feel that Providence must have sent me to you!"

And the reply came with a twinkle in his benefactor's eye, "Let us hope, however, that Providence will not neglect the habit of doing so."—Argo.

Read registered the house in the middle ages. For this purpose black marble dust, baked nine times in wine, was a favorite recipe with learned monks.

ENGLISH AS SHE'S WRITTEN

A Telegram That Nearly Prostrated a Washington Man.

A lamentable unfamiliarity with English as she is idiomatically "spoke" on her native heath is responsible for a bad quarter of an hour which a certain young lawyer of this town will not soon forget. His wife has most pronouncedly correct tastes in everything, including dress. Such of her gowns as do not come direct from London town are built in New York by the most correct of English milliners. When she made ready to go to Long Branch last summer, the young wife hid in a supply of clothes that should dazzle the natives. Her English milliner was, however, provokingly slow about delivering things, and she was forced to set off without several of the frocks she had intended taking with her. For the first week after she went away she wrote to her devoted husband at home every day. For the second week she wrote every other day. In the third week four days passed without a line from her. On the fifth day a telegram was delivered at the young lawyer's office.

"Wife's body forwarded this morning."

The signature was a scrawl, but the message was enough to chill the very marrow of that young husband's bones. It had been sent from New York. He saw, in his mind's eye, his dainty little wife running up to town for a day's shopping. He thought of the frightful heat. He knew just how it had all come about, and with a horror-stricken face he dashed out into the street and fairly ran to the house of his wife's sister to acquaint her with the frightful news. He was past speech when he reached the house, but he held out the fatal telegram. The sister read it.

"Well," said she, "it's a time he sent it. She's been expecting it for six weeks. It's the one that goes with the pink chiffon skirt, I suppose."—Washington Post.

She Knows.

Marjorie is the small and only daughter in a family which boasts of several sons. Aged 4 is Marjorie, petite and mischievous and enjoying excellent opportunities for becoming spoiled. She has lately attained to the dignity of the kindergarten and comes home daily with some fresh acquisition of wisdom. A few days ago it was addition, and she proclaimed promptly at the dinner table:

"I know how much two and two make and five and two and four and two."

"And what," said her father, "do you and I make, Marjorie?"

Without a moment's hesitation over these new figures in her problem, the little maid answered, with a dimple and a smile:

"Sweethearts."

And all the family were satisfied with Marjorie's arithmetic.—London Answers.

JUST MISSED CHRISTIANITY.

China's Search for the Incarnate God Was 15,000 Miles Short of the True God.

One of the most interesting chapters of Chinese history is that which concerns the embassy sent out in A. D. by Emperor Wing-te to find the incarnate God. Rumors of the Christian religion, its miracles and holy men penetrated to the court of Peking in that year. These eventually reached the ears of the emperor. Calling the literary and scientific men before him, he demanded to know their opinions, says a London exchange.

After long consultation it was decided to send an embassy to the incarnate God, with rich offerings, and to ask him to come to China to preach the true word. So a great caravan of richly-decorated camels was gathered and magnificent offerings loaded upon their backs. There were superb silks, glittering precious stones, the choicest incense, magnificent ivory carvings and the finest products of all China. Attended by a huge retinue of coolies and servants and soldiers, the embassy, consisting of China's most learned men started south along the coast line, for in those days it was not safe to travel too far inland. Days and weeks the caravan traveled. Each day prayers were offered for the incarnate God. On went the cavalcade, passing beyond the boundaries of China into the unknown land beyond. Everywhere the mission went the word of the search was passed and soon a huge army entered India.

Once there the stories of the incarnate God became more circumstantial and with renewed courage the ambassadors pressed on. At last southern India was reached and a positive clue discovered—at least so the embassy thought. Yes, the natives had heard of a great prophet. He had performed miracles and had disappeared in a miraculous manner, none knew whither He had lived and was born on an island south of India, across the water, which the Chinese dreaded.

But, strong as was the fear of water, the desire to accomplish their purpose was stronger, and so in rude boats they set sail for Ceylon. The wind favored them and soon they set foot on the island home of the unknown prophet. There, where the knowledge of his existence was still fresh in the minds of the people, where the Ho-tree, or tree of knowledge, where he had gained inspiration, was still standing, where his personality was not yet forgotten, the ambassadors gained their knowledge of—Buddha, Gautama Siddhartha, the all-wise.

They confused Buddha and his works for Christ and his miracles. Had they gone 15,000 miles to the west they would have received the true word and China might have been the greatest Christian nation on earth.

NOTABLE DEAD LIE THERE.

King's Chapel, Boston, First Burying Ground, in 1869, and its Unique Graveyard.

At the corner of Tremont and School streets in Boston stands one of the most historic churches in that city. This church is King's chapel, and when it was built it took the place of a small wooden chapel standing on the same ground. The little wooden chapel had been erected in the year 1669, and the land on which it stood was taken from the public burial ground by Gov. Andros. It was the first Episcopal church in Boston, and its attendants were chiefly the British officers and loyalists. It had the first organ ever heard in New England, a certain Thomas Brattle having given it the instrument in 1713. In the year 1740 the corner stone of the present building was laid by Gov. Shirley, but the church was not completed until 1759. In that year George Washington was present at an oration given in the church celebrating its completion, and he contributed five guineas to the church. During the siege of Boston this was the only church in which regular services were held attended by the British officers. When the city was evacuated by the British the rector sailed away to Halifax, carrying with him the church register, communion service and vestments, and the church was closed. A few years later it became the First Unitarian church, and it is to-day one of the most important of the Unitarian churches.

Gov. Shirley lies buried in a tomb beneath the porch of the church, and in the old burying ground at the side and in the rear of the church are the graves of many of the good men and true who were among the founders of the city of Boston. Here may be seen the graves of John Winthrop, of Gov. John Leverett, of Mary Chilton, of Lady Anne Andros, wife of Sir Edmund, the governor. Lady Andros died in February, 1688, and her funeral was held in the evening by torchlight. The funeral of Gen. Joseph Warren, who was killed in the battle of Bunker Hill, was held in this church. The body was followed from the townhouse to the church by a great procession, and the funeral oration was by Perez Morton. In later years the funerals of many distinguished Bostonians have been held from King's chapel.

French Style of Starting Foot Race.

In an American sprinting race the starter orders the runners on their marks, then tells them to "get ready," then calls out "set," and a couple of seconds later fires the pistol. At the Paris races the French starter ordered the men on their marks, called out "attention!" and fired the pistol at once afterward that the Americans could not get into a crouching position. After the first heat or two the Americans were always set by the time-keeper was called and started at the word instead of pistol, thus gaining a yard or two.—Little Chronicle.

Cash or Credit.

MULLINS & SONS.

218 and 220 Market Street,
NEWARK, N. J.

The largest and most complete
Furniture and Carpet House in the
State. Your credit is good. Be-
fore purchasing elsewhere call and
see our specials.



THIS HANDSOME
PARLOR SUIT
only
\$22.50

Couches.



Like this, \$2.98

Extension Table.



Like this, \$4.98

MULLINS & SONS,

218-220 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

OTHER STORES: JERSEY CITY, PATERSON & BROOKLYN.

Jell-O, the New Dessert.
Plains all the family. Four flavors—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocer's, try it to-day.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

MADE HER FORTUNE.

Boarding House Steaks That Grew Tender Under a Four Ton Hammer.

"Speaking of luck," said a reminiscence man, "reminds me of how fortune came to a boarding house keeper in a mill town where I once lived. There came to the house when he first struck the town a new millhand. This boarder seemed at first just like any other young man with a good appetite, out of whom the profit to be made was likely to be small, but it was specially discovered that he was a man of ability and promise, who was likely to get on at the mill. He made great progress at the works. It wasn't long before he was at the head of the section of the forge department there, the boss, in fact, of the four ton hammers.

"As far as he was concerned the only thing that marred his happiness was the toughness of the steaks they had at the boarding house, and that they were tough nobody could deny. But he was equal to the occasion there as he had proved himself to be at the mill.

"Madam," he said one day to the landlady, "if you will let me take the steaks you buy before you cook them I will make them just as tender as you like without any cost to you whatsoever."

"Now, he had paid his board regularly, and he was at that moment virtually the star boarder. The landlady handed him the next morning without hesitation the handle of steaks just as it came from the butcher, and the hammer boss just took 'em over to the mill, this being before the regular starting time in the morning, and, adjusting one of the four ton hammers to about the right gauge, started it up and ran the steaks a couple of times under the hammer.

"Good? Why, they were just simply beautiful, and every morning after that the regular hammer boss used to run across to the mill before breakfast and quietly, without the knowledge of anybody, run the landlady's steaks back and forth once under the four ton hammer. The fame of the landlady's tender steaks grew rapidly, and did also, naturally, the number of her boarders. And so she accumulated wealth."—New York Sun.

The Chinese boy's ambition is to become a civil magistrate. Even servants save money to educate their sons with this aim.

UNION WATER COMPANY

Incorporated 1870. Organized by the inhabitants of the villages of Westwood, Westfield, Cranford and Basking Ridge with water for domestic use.

"The Purest and Sweetest that Nature can yield."

In June 1885 the water supplied by the company was analyzed by Allen Hazen, leading hydraulic expert of Boston, and pronounced by him to be "water of great purity," and in a letter to one of the proprietors he said: "You are to be congratulated upon having so good a supply, and you have no anxiety whatever as to its purity."

The interest of the Company is identified with the villages in which its plan is based, and it is the policy of the management to its full share to promote their growth and prosperity.

The Company refers to all its Plans. A representative of the Company will be pleased to call on parties who do not at present use water from its mains, and explain the terms, method of service, etc.

Union Water Company,
At 68 Broad Street, Elizabeth.

Not the largest, but one of the best.

26th YEAR OPENS SEP. 14.

THE FALL TERM OF

The New Jersey

Business College.

located at 683 Grand Street, Newark.

(Opposite Military Park.) offers superior inducements in its Evening and Shortland Department, day and night sessions, for the education of both sexes. A strong faculty, an ideal course of study, individual instruction and reasonable tuition. Write or call for New Catalogue. Office help furnished.

N. B.—This twenty-five years devoted to educating thousands of youth, of both sexes, should count for much in public estimation. C. T. MILLER, Principal.

Do Your Feet Ache and Hurt?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Powder for the feet. It cools the feet, makes tight or new shoes feel easy, cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Smarting, Itching, Sore and Sweating Feet. Allen's Foot-Powder relieves all pain and gives rest and comfort while you walk. Try it to-day. Druggists and shoe stores sell it. Sole Mfrs. J. C. Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill.

Stop Smoking.

Stop Smoking.

Stop Smoking.

Stop Smoking.

Stop Smoking.

Stop Smoking.

Clara Marie Heller.
 "Doesn't your husband's insomnia
 get any better?"
 "No; the only sleep he ever gets is
 when I think I hear a burglar down-
 stairs."—*Chenango Record.*



CLARK TOWNSHIP.

Mrs. Phoenix, of Newark, is visiting Mrs. Charles H. Brewer, Madison Hill.

No Sunday school or C. E. meeting was held at the Locust Grove school house on Sunday.

The storm of Sunday was a great benefit to wells and cisterns as many were getting very low.

The Lumbers Mills, at Willow Grove, is grinding apples every day; there is always plenty for them to do.

Robert Long and Miss Daisy Seymour, who were moved to the Plainfield hospital, are reported as improving.

Miss Estelle Mays, of Locust Grove, is very much improved after her late illness and hopes soon to be out again.

Some very large timbers are being shipped on the Lehigh Valley, at Good man's crossing, from the Vail woods, now owned by E. Mays.

CRANFORD.

Cranford Council, Royal Arcanum, will meet tonight in their rooms in the Opera House.

Cranford base ball enthusiasts bought every broom in Westfield after Saturday's game and paraded the streets.

Manager Tusch wants to send his crack ball tossers up against Westfield again. Mr. Tusch thinks he can make it "three straight."

RAHWAY.

The Board of Education met last night.

The Common Council will meet this evening.

Miss Emma Mix has returned from the Berkshires.

To night the Washington Hose Co., No. 1, will parade.

The Republicans will hold a parade on Friday evening of this week.

SCOTCH PLAINS.

The Citizens' League held a business meeting last night in the Baptist church.

John G. Cook, the well known dealer in crushed stone, reports a big business the past year and looks for an increase the coming year if Bryn is elected.

William McDonough, 73 years of age, died yesterday morning at his home after a long illness. The funeral will take place to-morrow at 8.30 a. m., from St. Joseph's church.

Can You Tell Why

You have constant headaches, are nervous and sleepless at night and feel tired in the morning? Your blood isn't carrying the right materials to your nerves and other organs. Begin taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, and you will soon realize a change. You will feel better and stronger, will relish your food and enjoy refreshing sleep.

Nausea, indigestion are cured by Hood's pills.

Wanted His Full Share.

Little Willie, sitting down to tea with his grandmother, who is just about to cut the cake. Willie (hastily)—Granma, before you cut my piece of cake I want to ask you a question.

Granma—Well, dear, what is it?

Willie—I want to know if your spectacles magnify?

Granma—Yes, a little, dear.

Willie—Well, then, will you please take them off while you cut my cake?

The Theory.

"So he regards himself as a senatorial possibility?" said one politician.

"Undoubtedly," answered the other. "On what theory?"

"I don't know unless it's the theory that the unexpected always happens."

—Washington Star.

"It is an ill wind

That blows nobody good."

That small ache or pain or

weakness is the "ill wind"

that directs your attention to

the necessity of purifying

your blood by taking Hood's

Sarsaparilla. Then your

whole body receives good,

for the purified blood goes

tingling to every organ. It

is the great remedy for all

ages and both sexes.

Dyspepsia — "Complicated with

liver and kidney trouble, I suffered for

years from dyspepsia, with severe pains.

Hood's Sarsaparilla made me strong and

healthy." J. D. Emerson, Auburn, Me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

NEVER DISAPPOINTS

Hood's Pills cure liver, bile, and bowels, and

only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

AT THE THEATRE.

Next week will be a week of head liners at Keith's, and the bill will embrace the finest lot of one-act plays that has ever been presented in a single programme. John W. Albano, Jr., with a company of four people, will produce for the first time in New York, his own romantic play of "Trenton", based on the historic incident of Washington crossing the Delaware in 1776. J. K. Murray and Clara Lane will present a charming operatic sketch called "Heart and Hand". One of the most delightful features of the bill will be "A Sunday with Aunt Martin", in which Miss Mary Dupont, the fascinating little actress will make her New York debut as a vaudeville star. Nick Long and Idolene Cotton, will appear in "Managerial Troubles", with some new imitations. "The Bachelors' Club", will return, and Harrigan, the famous trumpet juggler, will be among the strong favorites in the list of specialties.

L. BAMBERGER & CO.

At L. Bamberger & Co's "always busy store" everything necessary for the comfort of men, women and children may be found in endless variety. Even for the person contemplating but a small purchase, it is a liberal education merely to take a walk through the great building and look on the vast array of useful and beautiful articles.

The first question asked there by the many acquaintances one meets on every hand is "Have you seen the vaudeville show on the top floor?" This is a unique feature of the Bamberger store and attracts crowds of customers. Entrance to the performance is usually free but this week a charge of five cents is made for admission, the proceeds to be given to the fund in aid of Galveston sufferers. Six performances are given daily, and the proprietors expect to realize a snug sum for the fund, as the cozy theatre, holding about 200 people, is crowded at every performance.

After leaving the theatre and possibly getting a bite to eat in the neat and attractive restaurant on the same floor, where appetizing, well-cooked dishes may be bought for very little money, the visitor descends to the fourth floor, which is the home of carpets, rugs, furniture and bedding of all sorts. The carpet floor of Bamberger's is considered the finest in the city, and every known variety of carpet and rug is here for sale. The happily contrasted colors of the various rolls and hanging rugs gives an Oriental look to this floor, which is very attractive. The furniture department also attracts the notice and usually the dollars of the visitor.

On the floor below are found ladies and children's garments of all sorts, upholstery and curtains, and in the rear there is a splendidly stocked and equipped sporting goods department. The latter is a special feature of the store, and particular attention is paid to the wants of the amateur photographer. Cameras, from the little dollar ones to the big expensive fellows, are here in profusion, and no kind of photographic material or appliance is missing from the counters. All kinds of sporting goods, from sweaters to bicycles, can be bought here, too. The second floor is devoted to shoes, ladies' lingerie, muslins, silk waists and petticoats, and a beautiful fitted up millinery department, the show room of which is exquisitely finished in different shades of green. Comfortable couches and divans are provided, with large plate glass mirrors on every hand, in which prospective purchasers may view the effect produced by the bewildering display of Paris and domestic hats displayed in the handsome show-cases lining the walls.

The shoe department on this floor is the largest and most fully stocked in the city, and is crowded all day long. Every known style of shoe can be bought here, from the heavy golf shoe to the dainty satin dancing slipper. The display of underwear and silk waists here, too, would take pages to adequately describe. Descending one flight of steps, the visitor is on the ground floor and is plunged at once into a surging crowd.

On this floor there are so many different articles of fancy goods for sale that it is impossible to describe them in detail. Everything dear to the feminine heart is here, and some things attractive to the male mind, too, notably the men's furnishing goods, which are displayed in endless profusion. This is the busiest part of the "big store" and is always crowded with buyers. Hosts of pretty girls are behind the counters to show the goods to shoppers, and dignified and business-like floor-walkers patrol the aisles to see that no one goes away without receiving proper attention.

The basement is given over to hardware, crockery and fine china ware, and is also well worth a visit. The display of the latter is especially fine, and attracts many persons. Here, also, is the central office of the pneumatic tube system, where change is made for every department in the building, requiring services of as many as thirty able-bodied young women in busy seasons. Altogether, Bamberger's is well worth a visit, and it will be a strong-minded person, indeed, who can leave the place without making a purchase of some sort, so cheap yet good are the articles shown.

Maintain Your Bowels With Chamberlain's Cathartic, cure constipation, prevent, 50c, 25c. If O. C. O. fail, druggists refund money.

HUMOROUS.

Wife—"It takes two to make a quarrel." Husband—"True, my dear. Where there's a will there's always a way." Chicago Daily News.

If a man is engaged to a girl and she elopes with another man, the party of the first part is saved from getting a mighty poor wife.—Chicago Daily News.

Muriel—"Your brother proposed to me during the service in church last Sunday." Zoe—"You mustn't mind him. He often talks in his sleep."—The Smart Set.

Learn to be a worker. Every man's success is founded on hard work, backed by honesty, a little common sense and a good deal of taste.—Athenaeum.

"What!" exclaimed the orator "What two things are helping mankind to get up in the world?" "The alarm clock and the stepladder," answered the dense person in the rear of the hall.—Baltimore American.

The Cruel Man.—Daggs—"I think Miss Hinoche's vocal solos sound better when one is some distance off." Waggs—"Undoubtedly—now the farther away from her I can get the better I enjoy her singing."—Ohio State Journal.

He Was Generous.—When the queen, during a stay in Scotland, visited the Tay bridge, one feature of the attendant ceremony was the presentation of a beautiful basket of flowers. The queen smiled as she took it, but Dundee was not yet satisfied that it had "done all in its power. The provost stepped forward with a low bow "And, your majesty," said he, "you need not return the basket."—London Outlook.

ODD EFFECTS OF CARGOES.

Sufferings Caused to Sailors at Sea by Coffee, Sugar and Pine Lumber.

It was in one of the little river front eating houses in Brooklyn frequented by sailors from the coasters which are loading or unloading. A big, powerful sailor, who looked as if he had never in his life known what it was to be sick for a day, entered and took a chair opposite a longshoreman who had already ordered and was waiting for his dinner. As the sailor was looking over the bill of fare with that critical and hesitant eye that characterizes Jack ashore from a long voyage with a discriminating sea appetite upon him, the waiter brought in a cup of steaming coffee and set it down before the longshoreman. As the odor of it reached the sailor's nostrils he bent upon the cup a gaze of concentrated disgust and hatred. Then he turned deadly pale, rose from his seat and staggered toward the door, relates the New York Sun.

"Been drinkin' a little too much for your tonnage, mate?" asked the proprietor, helping him to the door.

"Haven't had a drop to-day," said the man. "It's that coffee."

"What's the matter with the coffee?" asked the proprietor, angrily. "There ain't any better coffee than that on the river front."

"That's all right," replied the sailor, with an effort, "but I just got in off a coffee ship this morning."

"Oh," said the proprietor, comprehendingly. "If that's the case I'll fix you off in the corner where you'll be all right."

A table was set for him far from the others, and there he ate his dinner in apparent peace. Now there was in the eating house a landman of an inquiring turn of mind who failed to understand the wherefore of all this, so he questioned the proprietor, who has been long on the river front and is himself a graduate from before the mast and has sailed in many waters of the world.

"Nothing queer about that," he said, in response to the landman's question. "He's been out on a coffee ship, that's all. He won't want to see or smell coffee for weeks, let alone taste it."

"Do they feed them nothing but coffee on the coffee ships?" asked the landman, in the innocence of his soul.

"Feed 'em? Tisn't the feed. It's the smell that knocks 'em. For a week or ten days it isn't bad; in fact, it's rather a pleasant smell, that of the green berry, but after that it begins to get on your mind. In damp weather if it's a long voyage it's something terrible. I've seen a whole ship's crew in a dead calm over the rails, just getting breath enough to swear between times. If anybody had been going by they'd have thought there was a shipful of lubbers getting the worst of the ground swell. By and by a breeze came up and didn't take any orders from the captain to get us astern and to windward of our cargo in two seconds. But we hardly had strength enough to work that ship the rest of the voyage home and if we'd struck another calm spell I reckon we'd have all dropped overboard from pure disgust."

Refuse to Be Civilized. China is often alluded to (whether correctly or not is a question) as a benighted region, but there is one little kingdom, the Hermit Kingdom of Corea, that is entitled to the palm of darkness as far as civilization and modern progress goes. The trouble with China is that the people will not adopt systems of the foreigners, while Corea, it seems, encourages and instructs the Coreans in the use of American tools, but, with all the labor involved, they prefer to do the work as their forefathers did.—Washington Times.

Had the Symptoms. Count de Ties. You was married once, wasn't ye, Wess?

Everett Wess. Not I, master. I am ever partly but. But's not makes me reddish-like and kinder thild in my speech.—Puck.

HOW TURKS EAT.

They Use No Tables, Chairs, Knives, Forks or Plates.

The Turks use no tables in their homes, and chairs are unknown, says London Answers. Instead there is a large wooden frame built in the middle of the room, about 18 inches high, and when the family assembles to dine cushions are brought, placed upon the frame, and on these the members seat themselves, tailor fashion, forming a circle around a large tray which occupies the center.

The tray is a very large wooden, plated or silver affair, according to the social and financial condition of the family, and thereon is deposited a capacious bowl. About it are ranged saucers of sliced cheese, anchovies, caviare and sweetmeats of all sorts. Interspersed with these are goblets of sherbet, pieces of hot unleavened bread and a number of boxwood spoons, with which to drink the soup.

Knives, forks and plates do not figure in the service, but each one has a napkin spread upon his knees, and every one, armed with a spoon, helps himself.

When this is consumed, the bowl is borne away, and another great dish takes its place. This time it is a conglomeration of substantial, all stewed up together, such as mutton, game or poultry. The mess has been divided by the cook into small portions, which are dipped up with the aid of a spoon or with the fingers.

For the host to fish out of the mess a wing or leg of a fowl and present it to a guest is considered a great compliment, and for a Turk of high degree to roll a morsel between his fingers and then put it into the mouth of a visitor is looked upon as the height of favor and good manners.

A Dye Wanted.

Our consul in Birmingham says that several years ago one of the Barbers of threadmaking fame, told him that the discoverer of a fast black dye for linen thread could command his own price. Examine the thread holding the buttons in men's clothing, and you will see that after a short time the black disappears, and even new linen thread has not sufficient depth of color. It is impossible to find in the English shops men's black cotton socks with tops at all elastic. The fast black dye for cotton was the discovery of an English chemist. English hose manufacturers would not at first buy his secret, but the Germans did and built up a trade all over the world.—New York Times.

Mutual Recognition.

"Bless my soul!" explained the man with the iron gray beard, cordially extending his hand. "Ain't you the tow-headed boy that used to worry the life out of me 25 years ago, back in old Channing county, by climbing my orchard fence and stealing my apples?"

"If you're the infernally mean and stingy old hunk who owned that orchard and used to set your dog on any boy who came within half a mile of it, I am," replied the younger man, grasping the proffered hand and shaking it heartily.—Chicago Tribune.

A Good Varnish.

By dissolving celluloid in acetone or acetic ether a transparent varnish is made which will take a high polish and resist hot water. It is particularly adapted to metal objects, such as bicycles, and can be made a vehicle for any desired coloring matter.

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Ginger -
Turmeric -
Saffron -
Vanilla -
Starch -
Gum -
Resin -
Oil -
Essence -
Extract -
Tincture -
Syrup -
Pill -
Capsule -
Tablet -
Powder -
Granule -
Pellet -
Lozenge -
Mint -
Chew -
Stick -
Drop -
Sachet -
Bag -
Box -
Can -
Jar -
Bottle -
Vial -
Tube -
Syringe -
Dropper -
Spoon -
Cup -
Glass -
Bowl -
Plate -
Dish -
Tray -
Box -
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Aeolian Style 1500	500	325	Princess (Single Row)	75	55
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