

SEMI-WEEKLY  
UNION COUNTY STANDARD.  
TUESDAY FRIDAY

WESTFIELD, UNION COUNTY, N. J., TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1901.

\$2 Per Year. Single Copies 3c.

**ut & Co.**  
THE LARGEST DRY AND  
GOODS HOUSE IN NEW JERSEY

M. INSTEAD OF 8 O'CLOCK.

**ale Bargains**

important money-savings  
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**SALE**  
**GE" FURS**

some stylish skins com-  
creations for the present

**Fur Collarettes**

**toles Fur Sets**

**eductions**

**Furs**

are opportunities which  
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**NEWARK, N. J.**

**OLF GOODS**  
at popular prices.

**RYTHING FOR THE GOLFER,**  
**URAPHER AND FOOT BALLIST.**

**NOGRAPHS and RECORDS.**  
**O RECORDS JUST RECEIVED.**  
**ATEST AND POPULAR VOCAL**  
**STRUMENTAL SELECTIONS.**

**to-Supply Co.,**  
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er. Plainfield, N. J.

**NS LONG IS THE**  
**ITABLE FOR THE**  
**RE. WE SELL**  
**ND. IF YOU USE**  
**OUR FREE BURN-**  
**NEL COAL.**

**BROS.,**  
**DAL & LUMBER,**  
TELEPHONE 22 F  
., Westfield.

**PLANT TREES**  
now is the time to  
**PLANT TREES**

If you do not like to  
**PLANT TREES**  
personally, give your orders to

**BALL, &**

**WESTFIELD NURSERYMAN**

at the same time engage him to  
at them. He will plant them prop-  
is good as if you did it your self, and  
he trouble you will have to mail  
your check when the work is done.

**neodore A. Ball,**  
**WESTFIELD NURSERIES.**  
P. O. Box 405

**CENTRAL R.R. of NEW JERSEY**  
(anthracite coal used exclusively, insuring  
cleanliness and comfort.)

**Time-table in Effect Nov. 25, 1900.**  
Trains leave Westfield for New York, New-  
ark and Elizabeth at 10 except Newark) 6:45  
6:41, 7:08, 7:35, 7:41, 8:01, 8:12, 8:25, 8:45, 8:57,  
9:28, 10:04, 11:01, a. m. 12:20, 12:50, 1:47, 2:40, 3:50,  
4:50, 5:07, 5:44, 6:43, 7:17, 8:45, 9:45, 10:27, 11:30,  
p. m. Sundays 9:48 (except Newark) 8:12, (ex-  
cept Newark) 9:08, 10:04 a. m. 12:12 (except  
Newark) 1:09, 1:57, 2:51 (except Newark) 3:42,  
5:52, 7:02, 8:22, 8:44, 10:04 p. m.  
For Plainfield 1:57, 5:09, 6:58, 8:00, 8:30,  
10:40, 11:45 a. m. 12:50, 1:57, 2:50, 3:50,  
4:15, 5:21, 6:21, 4:27, 4:52, 5:23, 5:52,  
5:58, 6:08, 6:29, 6:29, 6:53, 7:03, 7:23, 7:57, 8:12,  
8:57, 9:28, 10:12, 11:15 p. m. 12:35, 1:05, night.  
Sundays 1:57, 6:20, 6:32, 6:42, 10:18, a. m. 12:03,  
12:53, 1:52, 2:55, 3:28, 4:45, 5:25, 6:22, 8:02, 8:10, 10:04,  
11:02, p. m. 1:05 night.  
For Philadelphia, 6:53, 8:06, 9:30 a. m. 1:57, 3:21,  
5:23, 7:23, 8:12, 9:28, p. m. 1:05 night Sun-  
days, 5:23, 9:44, a. m. 1:52, 2:57, 4:45, 6:23, 6:23,  
8:19 p. m. 1:05 night.  
For Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown,  
1:00, 6:00, 9:00 a. m., 1:57, 4:52, 6:20 to East-  
on) Sundays 6:20, a. m. 1:52, 6:23 p. m.  
Saturdays only.  
Through tickets to all points at lowest rate  
may be had on application in advance to the  
ticket agent at the station.  
H. H. OLHAUSEN, H. P. BALDWIN,  
Gen'l Sup't. Gen'l Pass. Agt.

**WESTFIELD POST OFFICE.**  
L. M. WHITAKER, Postmaster.  
A. K. O'LE, Asst. and Money Order Clerk.  
J. TOWLEY, General Delivery Clerk.  
FRED WINTER, Clerk.

Office open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. except on  
Sundays. Office open on Sundays for holders of  
Lock Boxes from 9 to 4 o'clock.

**ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.**  
New York, East, South and South-  
west open for delivery at 7:00 and 8:30 a. m.,  
3:30 and 5:15 p. m.

**MAILS CLOSE.**  
For New York, Philadelphia, Trenton, the  
Norfolk, South, Southwest and way stations  
at 7:30 and 11:15 a. m., 2:15 and 6:15 p. m.  
For Plainfield and Easton and way stations  
at 7:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.

**MOUNTAIN SIDE.**  
Arrive at 7:30 a. m. and 4:30 p. m.  
Close at 8:30 a. m. and 5:30 p. m.

**DOMESTIC POSTAGE RATES.**  
Apply to mail matter sent to Puerto Rico,  
Guam, Philippines, Canada and Mexico.  
First-class, Letters and Sealed matter: 2 cts.  
for each ounce or fraction.  
Second-class, Newspapers and periodicals:  
1 ct. for each four ounces or fraction.  
Third-class, Miscellaneous printed matter:  
1 ct. for each two ounces or fraction.  
Fourth-class, All matter not included in first  
three classes: 1 ct. for each ounce or frac-  
tion.

**SPECIAL DELIVERY.**  
A special delivery stamp, in addition to post-  
age, secures any immediate delivery at any  
United States post office.

**FOREIGN POSTAGE RATES.**  
Letters and Sealed Matter. 5 cts. for each half  
ounce or fraction.  
Postal Cards. Single, 2 each; double 4 cts.  
each.  
Commercial Papers. 1 ct. for each two ounces  
or fraction, but not less than 5 cts. on each  
packet.  
Printed Matter. 1 ct. for each two ounces or  
fraction.  
Samples of Merchandise. 1 ct. for each two  
ounces or fraction, but not less than 5 cts.  
on each packet.  
Parcels-Post Rates. Consult your postmaster.  
POSTAL MONEY ORDERS  
may be obtained at or paid at \$1,000 money  
order offices in the United States, and may be  
drawn on 48 foreign countries.  
The fee for Domestic Orders ranges from  
5 cts. to 30 cts. for International Orders, from  
10 cts. to \$1.  
The system offers safety, and combines econ-  
omy with simplicity.

**THE REGISTRY SYSTEM.**  
Letters containing money, or parcels of val-  
uable matter, should not be sent in the mails  
without being registered.  
The registry fee is 8 cents in addition to post-  
age, foreign or domestic.  
Safe transit and proper delivery are assured.  
A receipt signed by the addressee is returned to  
the sender, without extra cost.  
A domestic registered letter addressed to any  
United States post office is insured for its value  
up to ten dollars.

**Religious Notices.**

**WESTFIELD BAPTIST CHURCH, West-**  
**field, N. J., Rev. George A. Francis, Pas-**  
**tor. Services: Morning, 10:30 a. m.;**  
**Evening, 7:30 p. m. Sunday School 10 o'clock.**  
**Young People's Prayer Meeting 7:30 p. m.**  
**Praying 8 p. m. Midweek prayer meeting,**  
**Wednesday 8 p. m. You are cordially invited**  
**to attend all these services.**

**CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF**  
**CHRIST, Rev. James R. Danforth, D.**  
**D., Pastor. Sunday Morning, Service 10:30**  
**a. m. Sunday School 10:30 a. m. Evening**  
**Meeting 7:30 o'clock. Vesper service 8:30 p. m.**  
**General Prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 p. m.**  
**A hearty welcome to all.**

**METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH,**  
**Rev. G. M. Anderson, D.D., Pastor. Resi-**  
**dence Union Place. Sunday morning Ser-**  
**vices 10:30 o'clock. Sunday-school 2:30 p. m.**  
**Young People's Meeting 7:30 p. m. Evening**  
**Service 7:45 o'clock. Class meeting, Tuesday**  
**evening at 8 o'clock. General Prayer Meet-**  
**ing, Wednesday evenings, at 8 o'clock. All**  
**are invited.**  
We extend you a hearty welcome to these  
services. If not identified with any other Con-  
gregation we should be pleased to see you  
among our regular attendants and cordially  
invite you to make this church your home.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Rev. N. W.**  
**Cadwell, Pastor. Services, Sunday 10:30**  
**a. m. 8:40 p. m. Sunday Meeting, Wednesday**  
**Prayer Meeting 7:30 p. m.; Sunday, Young People's**  
**Meeting 7:00 p. m. Sunday School 12 m.**  
**A. N. Pearson, Superintendent. Strangers**  
**made to feel at home.**

**ST. PAUL'S PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL**  
**Church, Broad street, Westfield, N. J.**  
**Rev. Wm. Oscar Jarvis, Jr., Rector. Services**  
**on Sunday: Celebration of Holy Commu-**  
**nion, 7:30 A. M.; Sunday School, 9:30 P. M.**  
**Morning Service and Sermon, 11. First Sun-**  
**day in month, Holy Communion, also at 11.**  
**Evening Service and sermon, 7:30. Services and**  
**address, Friday evenings at 8. A cordial in-**  
**itation to every one to attend. The Rector is**  
**at home mornings (except Monday) for con-**  
**sultation.**

**WESTFIELD PUBLIC LIBRARY.** Incor-  
porated 1877. Library open every Tues-  
day, Thursday and Saturday afternoon, from  
4 to 6 o'clock. Saturday evenings from 7 to 9  
at their rooms on Broad street, near Elm.  
Subscription \$2 per year, payable semi-an-  
nually in advance, or 5 cents a week for  
each book. New books constantly added.

**PARKER'S**  
**HAIR BALM**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.  
Promotes a luxuriant growth.  
Never fails to restore Gray  
Hair to its youthful color.  
Cures scalp diseases, a hair falling  
out, and all other troubles.

**WESTFIELD PHARMACY.**

**"LET US FILL YOUR PRESCRIPTIONS."**

**W. H. Trenchard, Prescription Druggist,**

112 Broad Street, Westfield, N. J.

**Directory—Professional.**

**ANGLEMAN, Chas. H.**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
160 Market Street, Newark, N. J.

**EGEL, CHAUNCEY F., D. D. S.**  
Bank Bldg., Westfield, N. J.  
Hours: 9-12, 1-5.

**CRAY, Wm. N.**  
FUNERAL DIRECTOR,  
Telephone 28-a. Cranford, N. J.

**HART, L. E.**  
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW  
MASTER IN CHANCERY. INSURANCE.  
Elm and Quimby Streets, Westfield.

**MOY, G. W. V.**  
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Park Avenue and 4th St., Plainfield, N. J.

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LAW OFFICE,  
221 Park Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

**MARSH, CRAIG A.**  
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,  
Park Ave. and 2d St., Plainfield, N. J.

**REED & CODDINGTON,**  
COUNSELLORS AT LAW,  
Babcock Building, Plainfield, New Jersey.

**VAN EMBURGH, H. C.**  
CIVIL ENGINEER & SURVEYOR,  
152 Park avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

**Local Directory.**

**LOCATION OF FIRE ALARM BOXES**  
**IN WESTFIELD.**

397—Summit avenue and Park street.  
490—Elm street and Kimball avenue.  
579—Broad and Middlesex streets.  
630—Cumberland St. and South Ave.  
393—Fire Department house.  
90—Center Street, Garwood.

After sending in an alarm stand near  
the call box until arrival of apparatus

**A Social Ambiguity.**

He had hoped to be asked to take  
her in to dinner, but to his great disap-  
pointment that duty fell to somebody  
else. And so until the men arose to let  
the women file out he could only gaze  
at her from afar and be politely stupid  
to the woman next him. He had never  
met her before, but somehow they  
seemed to know each other very well  
by the time they had spoken a few  
words in the course of the short wait  
before the guests paired off on their  
way to the dining room. He didn't  
know what she thought of him, but he  
knew that from his point of view she  
was about right. And he was a man  
difficult to please.

The men seemed to him to linger over  
their cigars an interminable time. At  
last they trooped to the drawing room.  
He sought her out.

"How did you get along?" he asked.

"To tell you the truth," she said  
frankly, and her frankness was charm-  
ing. "I have been bored to death. Have  
you been?"

"Yes," he said.

"Isn't it a pity," she remarked, "that  
we didn't get the chance to be bored in  
each other's company?"—New York  
Sun.

**Lost Her Match.**

Loren P. Merrill of Paris tells the  
story of the particular old woman, and  
he makes her a resident of Livermore.  
She was not only old, but she was of  
the worrying, fretting species of anti-  
quity. She had fretted away her friends  
and relatives until she was at length  
living alone in a small house in the  
outskirts of the town. Just as she was  
retiring one bitter cold night she dis-  
covered that but one unlighted match  
remained in the house. She lay awake  
until almost daylight, worrying and  
disturbing herself with wondering if  
the match was good. At last she got  
up and hunted up the match and struck  
it to see if it would light her kindlings  
in the morning.—Lewiston (Me.) Jour-  
nal.

**Taken by Surprise.**

"That cousin of yours is from Chica-  
go, isn't he?" asked the village post-  
master.

"Yes," replied Farmer Haycraft.

"How'd ye know?"

"When he was in here yesterday and  
asked if there was any mail for the  
Haycrafts, I told him no. And then a  
second later when he was turning  
away I said: 'Hold up. There is one  
letter for them.' I noticed that when I  
said 'Hold up' he threw up his hands  
quicker'n lightning."—Chicago Trib-  
une.

**Roarish.**

De Vere—That's Miss Winter. Love-  
ly girl, but awfully boorish.

Ponsonby—How do you know?

De Vere—I proposed to her the other  
day, and she said that, though she liked  
dogs, she didn't care for puppies.—

Pick-Me-Up.

**A Chinese Curiosity.**

"A Chinaman in San Francisco," says  
a gossip in the Philadelphia Record,  
"showed me once an ivory ball as big  
as your two fists, with six smaller balls  
inside it. It was the most wonderful  
thing I ever saw. The Chinaman said  
that the balls had been begun by his  
grandfather and that he was the third  
generation to work on them. He told  
me how the work was done.

"It begins with a solid block of ivory,  
which is turned into a ball and then  
carved in a latticed pattern with tiny  
saw toothed knives. Through the lat-  
tice, with other knives that are bent in  
various shapes, the second ball is car-  
ved, but is kept fast to the first one by  
a thin strip of ivory left at the top and  
by another left at the bottom. Then  
the third ball, with still finer knives, is  
tackled through the first and second  
ones, and so the work goes on till all  
the balls are finished, when the strips  
that hold them firm are cut away, and  
they all revolve freely, one inside the  
other.

"This Chinaman said it was a com-  
mon thing for families to have such  
balls for hundreds of years—grandfa-  
ther, father, son and grandson working  
on them when they had nothing else to  
do. They are priceless, of course. Some  
cheap balls are made of vegetable iv-  
ory, being carved while the material is  
soft, like a potato. These, though, are  
not worth more than a few dollars at  
the most."

**The Evolution of the Pocket.**

The ancient wore a single pouch at  
his belt. The modern has how many  
pockets in an ordinary costume for out-  
doors? Let us count them: In the  
trousers five, in the waistcoat five, in  
the jacket five, in the overcoat five,  
making 20 in all, a full score of little  
pokes or bags, and arranged so con-  
veniently that they are scarce noticed.

Truly this is an evolution! How long  
may it be before we have pockets in  
our handkerchiefs—where the Irishman  
carries his pipe, the American soldier his  
toothbrush and internally the pettifog-  
ger his legal papers, the papers that  
his predecessors in England thrust into  
the typical "green bag"? How long  
before there may be pockets in our  
gloves—for there are, I believe, patents  
covering this invention—and in our  
shoes? The cane also, with its screw  
top, begins to be a useful receptacle.

Two centuries from now, so the man  
with a long foresight can clearly see,  
the main idea underlying the wearing  
of clothes will have entirely changed.  
The chief purpose of garments will no  
longer be considered to protect the  
body. They will be regarded first of all  
as textile foundations for innumerable  
pockets.—Tudor Jenks, in "Woman's  
Home Companion."

**Took a Mean Advantage.**

A supernumerary in Richard Mans-  
field's company who had been, to use a  
Scottish phrase, continuously and con-  
tinually "heckled" by the manager at  
rehearsals and between the acts for al-  
leged displays of stupidity on the stage,  
was informed that a near relative of  
his had departed this life and had left  
him a competence, so he decided to  
leave the dramatic profession and, to  
quote him, become respectable. Before  
leaving he determined to take his re-  
venge on Mansfield for the attacks on  
his amov prope that gentleman had  
made.

The play was "Richard III," and the  
supper was one of the soldiers who  
led away the Duke of Buckingham  
when the king orders his demise.

In due time Richard remarked, "Off  
with his head!" and this was the su-  
per's opportunity. Advancing, he  
touched his helmet in the style of a  
footman and replied loudly and genially:

"That'll be attended to, old chap.  
We'll take care of old Buck. It'll be  
all right!" and retired gracefully. When  
the infuriated Mansfield came off to  
commit murder, he found the supper had  
fled.—Chicago Chronicle.

**"FLORIDA FAST MAIL."**

**To The Winter Resorts of the South.**

The "Florida Fast Mail," another of  
the Seaboard Air Line Railway's splen-  
dently equipped trains, leaves New  
York daily at 12 10 A. M., 23rd Street  
Station, Pennsylvania Railroad, with  
Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Car  
and Day Coaches to Raleigh, Southern  
Pines, Columbia, Savannah, Jack-  
sonville, where connections are made for  
St. Augustine, Tampa and all Florida  
points. This train connects at New  
York with train leaving Boston 7:00  
P. M. Leaves Philadelphia 5:50 A. M.,  
Baltimore 6:22 A. M., Washington 10:55  
A. M., Richmond 2:40 P. M., arriving  
Southern Pines 9:35 P. M., Columbia  
1:45 A. M., Savannah 5:00 A. M., Jack-  
sonville 9:10 A. M., St. Augustine 11:10  
A. M., Tampa 5:30 P. M. Through Pull-  
man Drawing Room Sleeper New York  
to Jacksonville. Through Vestibuled  
Passenger Coaches and perfect service.  
For information call on or write to all  
Pennsylvania Railroad offices, or Sea-  
board Air Line Railway representatives at  
306 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.;  
1200 and 371 Broadway, New York; 307  
South Third Street, Philadelphia; 207  
East German Street, Baltimore; 1434  
New York Ave., Washington, or to R.  
E. L. Bunch, General Passenger agent,  
Portsmouth, Va.

**Local Weather.**

Fair and colder to-night and Wednes-  
day. Northwest winds, fresh to brisk  
on the coast.

**FACTS ABOUT DOLLS.**

**CAUSE OF THE ORIGIN OF THE WAX  
AND CHINA VARIETIES.**

**They Were First Used to Show Off  
Models of Costly Dresses and in the  
Seventeenth Century Were What  
Fashion Favors Are Today.**

The origin of the word doll is curi-  
ous. Centuries ago, when saints' names  
were much in vogue for children, St.  
Dorothea was the most popular, and  
her name the best and luckiest that  
could be given to a little girl. The  
nickname was Dolly, or Doll, and from  
giving babies the nickname it was an  
easy step to pass it on to the little  
images of which the babies were so  
fond.

The word doll is not found in com-  
mon use in our language until the  
middle of the eighteenth century, and,  
as far as can be discovered, first ap-  
pears in 'The Gentleman's Magazine' for  
September, 1751. In the following:  
"Several dolls with different dresses,  
made in St. James street, have been  
sent to the czarina to show the manner  
of dressing at present in fashion among  
English ladies."

Previous to this the word used to  
describe the favorite plaything of all  
girls in all countries and in all ages  
was "baby," which is to be found,  
together with "poppet," or "puppet,"  
in this sense in the works of most of  
the earlier writers.

The wax and china doll originated  
in the middle of the seventeenth cen-  
tury. There were no fashion papers  
as now, and in order to show what was  
being worn on the continent dolls were  
beautifully and expensively dressed  
and sent to the various European coun-  
tries, and from the model orders were  
taken. The dolls, to show off their  
costly garb, must be made of more  
precious stuff than wood, so wax and  
china and even ivory ones were made.

Thuringia is the land where most  
dolls are born—puppetland, as it is cal-  
led on this account. About 200 years  
ago most of the dolls were made in  
Flanders, and they were called not  
dolls, but Flanders' babies. There used  
to be an old English couplet which ran  
thus:

The children of Holland take pleasure in making  
What the children of England take pleasure in  
breaking.

At one European doll factory of the  
present day 100,000 dolls are produced  
annually, some 500 men, women and  
children being employed. To make  
one talking doll requires the joint labor  
of 30 men. Dolls' eyes are made in un-  
derground rooms, into which the sun-  
light rarely peeps, and violet orbs are  
the most difficult to color. There is  
one town in Germany where three-  
fourths of all the dolls' eyes in the  
world are made. Only in the case of  
the most expensive dolls is real human  
hair used.

In a doll factory are wood carvers,  
headmakers, leg and arm makers, eye-  
makers, portrait artists, hairdressers,  
doll sewers and doll stuffers; also a  
small army of fashionable dressmakers  
and milliners.

The Hindoo child is probably the  
only doll-less child in the world. The  
little Egyptians have their wooden  
"Ushabt," the same in style as 4,000  
years ago. These were sometimes  
made of porcelain. When a child died,  
its dolls were buried with it, in the ex-  
pectation that their spirit forms would  
rise and do service in another world.

The paradise of dolls is Japan, where  
they are most elaborately and gor-  
geously attired affairs. So are the dolls  
of Koto—"genroku," as they are cal-  
led. They are often valuable wood  
carvings, enameled in colors or statu-  
ettes of great artistic merit.

One of the most interesting collec-  
tions of dolls in this country is that  
belonging to the bureau of ethnology,  
Washington. They are dolls of the Uni  
Indians of Arizona and are made from  
the roots or subterranean branches of  
the cottonwood tree, whitened out with  
knives. They are decorated bright red,  
yellow, green and represent the gods of  
the tribe—the god of the snow, the god  
that eats up the rainclouds, the fire  
god, the sun god and the corn goddess.  
The Uni children play with these dolls  
as other children do. Any one who  
goes into a Uni habitation is certain to  
see a row of these dolls suspended  
from the ceiling. When not in use,  
they are hung up until wanted.

La infantilla is a doll with a history.  
It is made of clay and is considered by  
its owner, a Mexican lady, and by  
hosts of other persons to be a worker  
of miracles, and quantities of costly  
gifts are constantly offered to it. A  
room in the house of its owner is set  
aside for its exclusive use. Here it re-  
clines in a canopy bed of solid silver.  
It has beautiful dresses and rich jew-  
elry, valued at thousands of dollars.  
Among its latest gifts is a magnificent  
piano, which is played upon by those  
who visit the doll, as a part of the ser-  
vice of adoration.—New York Sun.

You can't convince a man who has  
dyspepsia that crime is not on the in-  
crease.—Philadelphia Record.

## Diagnosed.

A song with the title "There's a Sigh in the Heart" was sent by a young man to his sweetheart, but the paper fell into the hands of the girl's father, a very unsentimental physician, who exclaimed:

"What wretched, unscientific rubbish is this? Who ever heard of such a case?"

He wrote on the outside:

"Mistaken diagnosis; no sigh in the heart possible. Sighs relate almost entirely to the lungs and diaphragm!"

—N. Y. Weekly.

## Our Coming Rulers.

"These boys," said the school trustee, who was called on to speak to the scholars, "may live to be our presidents." And then realizing that it would never do to slight the girls, he turned to the other side of the room and said, with some embarrassment: "And these girls—let me see—these girls may live to be our cooks."

—Yonkers Statesman.

## A Secondary Victim.

Hobbs—What makes you so nervous?

Dobbs—Coffee.

Hobbs—I didn't know you drank it.

Dobbs—I do not. But Hobbs has just stopped drinking it, and he insists on detailing his sensations to me every time I see him.—Baltimore American.

## Psychological.

"Do you believe in the power of mind over matter?" asked the mystical man.

"No," answered the practical friend.

"I believe in the power of matter over mind. I have known a dull, insensate black hammer, by one swift rap on the thumb, to make a man say things that he had not thought of for years."—Washington Star.

## He Was.

"Your husband seems to be making a large and unique collection of books," remarked the caller, looking with interest at the costly array of rare volumes on the library shelves.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Gaswell, with well-bred indifference. "I believe he becomes more bibulous every day he lives."—Chicago Tribune.

## Tough Luck.

The Doctor—Here I carried that patient through a desperate sickness, only to—

His Wife—Have him object to your fee?

"No; drop dead when he saw my bill!"—Life.

## A Good Tonic.

Mrs. Yungwife (feebly, from the bed)—Oh, dear! if I die what will become of the children?

Sister Maria—Don't worry about that. William will get married again in a little while.

Mrs. Yungwife (briskly)—Well, I ain't dead yet!—Judge.

## Remarkable Prices.

Miss Paytrone—Under the head of "Remarkable Prices" you advertised sealskin coats at \$20; now you ask me \$300.

Clerk—Exactly; the prices were remarkable and we have marked them up.—Ohio State Journal.

## Their Peculiarity.

Mrs. Dorcas—You may say what you like about the rational dress; but you never saw a pair of bloomers that bagged at the knees.

Dorcas—Why, my dear, they bag all over.—Judge.

## Fate.

I shot an arrow in the air, and marked the course on which it sped. Then—jumping cats! How I did swear the blamed thing!—upon my head!—Philadelphia Press.

## EVIDENTLY IT HAS.



"What do you want for dot dog?"

"Twenty-five dollars."

"My goodness! Has der price of manage gone up?"—Chicago American.

## A Disappointed Benedict.

Mrs. Benham—You haven't been to church since the day we were married in church.

Benham—Wasn't that enough to make a man hate the place?—Brooklyn Life.

## Wholesale Trophy Capture.

"Adelaide Skiggs has more lovely china and silver than any woman I know."

"Of course; she belongs to seven exclusive clubs and sometimes plays bridge a day."—Indianapolis Journal.

## His Annual Resumé.

"My wife asserts that she saves my life at least once every year."

"How's that?"

"She won't let me go hunting."—Chicago Record.

## Sure Thing.

He—Will you sing for me "When I Am Far Away?"

She—Yes; good night.—Boston Journal.

## Preventive.

"Don't tell me that worry doesn't do any good!" exclaimed Mrs. Fret. "I know better. The things I worry about don't happen."—Puck.

## Prudential Policies

are gaining in popularity day by day. They afford security, investment and profit to the insured.

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## KEEP WARM

This is sound advice for this time of year. The best advice probably is to keep the head cool and the feet warm. We think our Double-Sole Cork-Filled Shoes will assist you materially in keeping the feet warm.

\$2.00 to \$5.00.

## Van Arsdale,

127 EAST FRONT STREET,

PLAINFIELD, N. J.

## IF YOU LOVE YOUR BABY MAKE GOO GOO EYES.

MY ZULU BABE, etc., also all the Latest Marches and Waltzes at BROKAW'S, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

Babcock Bldg., 2nd Floor, take elevator  
PHONOGRAPHS \$5.00 and up, RECORDS, 40c a piece, \$4.50 per dozen.

## COMPLETE FILIPINO VILLAGE

That at Pan-American Fair Will Be Very Interesting to Tourists.

Ground was broken a few days since for the Filipino village at the Pan-American exposition at Buffalo next summer, and "Pony" Moore, a well known newspaper correspondent, has started for the Philippines, where he will get together material for this feature of the Midway. It is expected that a whole vessel will be required to bring to this side of the Pacific the native Filipinos, the cattle, utensils, tools and various objects which will be used in creating a representation of actual life in this most interesting new possession of the United States. The Filipino village will occupy 11 acres of land on the Pan-American Midway, and the population of the village will be about 100, ranging from old folks to babies in arms.

On the right of the entrance will be an adobe tower with thatched roof, a representation of the Spanish watch tower which marked the water batteries at the entrance to Manila harbor. On the left will be a facsimile of the signal tower that loomed above Fort Cavite and which was wrecked by shells from Dewey's fleet. Between these points will be nipa covered buildings and bamboo fences. Canvases and lateen sail boats will drift upon a placid lake fed by a cataract with a fall of 45 feet. There will be a market square, a Filipino church and many dwellings for the natives, in which they will live just as they do in the Philippine Islands. All the tribes of the different islands will be represented in the village, and the scene will be most picturesque.

In front of the village will be a military guard of United States soldiers to give a military glamour to the scene. There will be a theater with a capacity for seating 1,000 people. Performances will be given daily by the natives. Every visitor will want to see this Filipino village and thus witness scenes true to life in the islands which have now become an important part of the possessions of the United States.

## He Was Up to the Limit.

A young society woman tells a story of a very little newsboy who so appreciated her kindness to him at a newsboys' dinner that he went to the extent of great suffering for her sake. At least she thinks it was appreciation, but others have doubts. At all events, the young woman who, with a number of others, was engaged in serving the boys, noticed this little boy way off at one end of the table. Many of his larger fellows were already hard at work on the various good things, but this little fellow had evidently been neglected. Clearly here was a case of urgent charity, so the amateur waitress flew to his side, and for an hour she saw to it that he did not lack for anything. Plate after plate of turkey was literally showered upon him. Finally, as she set another piece of plum pudding in front of him, he rolled his eyes meekly toward her and said in muffled tones: "Well, miss, I kin chew, but I can't swallow no more!"—New York Sun.

## A Costly Costing.

On one occasion Cluny Macpherson had dealings in his castle with one of the very poorest of his clansmen. He received him in one of the rooms which had just been decorated at great expense, and after their business was transacted the chieftain asked: "What do you think of this room? The varnishing alone cost me £150."

"That's naethin ava," was the astonishing response. "If you come along tae ma bit hoose, A'll show ye a room that cost four mair than that tae be coated."

Macpherson wondered that he had never heard of it before and arranged to call around and see it. When he visited the place, a poor looking, thatched little "biggling," he was shown into a room so dark that he could scarcely see, with its walls literally blackened by the smoke from a peat fire. "There's ma room," exclaimed the triumphant tenant. "A make oot that it took five hunner loads o' peat tae coat it, and at 10 shillings the load that mak's two hunner and fifty puul!"—Argonaut.

## Explanation Called For.

Alfred (whose sporting opportunities have been limited by parental decree)—Papa, what does it mean by base on balls?

Papa (who is reading an account of the latest heavyweight fight)—Alfred, you could better employ yourself with your Sunday school lesson. I'm too busy now to explain.

Alfred (still thirsting for knowledge)—Did it mean the same as base on balls when you telephoned last night that us mamma was away you were going out on a bat?

Mamma (who is always listening)—Benjamin Ridgely, you will take time right now to make two explanations, with the most important one coming to me.—Denver News.

## Messages to Australia Without Wires.

It is reported, according to a London cable dispatch to the New York Sun, that Signor Marconi is arranging to erect wireless telegraph stations along the route from Great Britain to Australia to enable voyagers to send and receive messages daily throughout the trip. It is stated that negotiations are proceeding for the necessary rights at Prowle Point, the Lizard, Ushant, Cape Malsterre, Gibraltar, Malta, Algiers, Sardivia, Sicily, Greece, Alexandria, Aden, the Coco Islands and Australian points. The promoters predict that they will be able to transmit telegrams at the rate of twopence a word.

## Possums a Drug in New Jersey.

If the average colored man was aware of the fact that opossums are so plentiful around Lower Alloway, N. J., that they are being used as a fertilizer, he could fill his larder for the winter with little expense, says the Philadelphia Times. These animals are so thick that one man has gone into the business of buying them and selling them again for this purpose. After being skinned the carcasses are planted at the bottom of grapevines and trees. It is not a difficult matter to capture a dozen in one night in the wilds of Lower Alloway.

## He Counted All Right.

"You've been in a fight," said his mother, reprovingly.

"Oh, not much of a one," answered the boy.

"Did you count 100 as I told you when you felt your angry passions rising?"

"Oh, sure," returned the boy. "I counted 100 all right, but I knocked the other boy down first. It's the only safe way."—Chicago Post.

## Unsympathetic.

Mr. Boerum Place (suffering from mal de mer)—If you have never been seasick you cannot understand why it is that a seasick person does not care whether he lives or dies!

Mr. Columbia Heights—Oh, yes, I can. I have gone abroad with people who were so seasick that I didn't care much whether they lived or died.

—Brooklyn Eagle.

## Attackd Afloat.

Love may be blind, but just the same, it has a strange, peculiar way of distinguishing between a million plunks

## SELF-EVIDENT.

And an income of only \$1 a day.

—Chicago Daily News.



Young Lady—Have you "Ten Thousand a Year?"

New Clerk—I should say not! If I had I wouldn't be working here for ten dollars a week.—Chicago Daily News.

## Scientific Research.

Jester—Old Squeezit has agreed that after his death his body shall be turned over to the university in the interests of science.

Jimson—Interests of science?

Jester—Yes; all Squeezit's relations have insisted that he has no heart. The doctors are going to find it out.—Ohio State Journal.

## Real Economy.

Mrs. Newliwed—The Ideal He says I'm extravagant!

Her Mother—Well, dear, perhaps you're not as economical as you might be.

Mrs. Newliwed—Oh, but I am. Why I never buy a blessed thing but bargain.—Philadelphia Press.

## Giving Hubby a Hint.

Mrs. Skinner—Oh, but I wish I was a man!

Mr. Skinner—Why so, dear?

Mrs. Skinner—I was just thinking to-day, if I was only a man, how happy I could make my wife by giving her a diamond necklace for a birthday present.—Tit-Bits.

## In Boston.

Mamma—Dear me! Your brother will not keep himself clean!

The Six-Year-Old—Well, mamma, it is hardly reasonable to expect a three-year-old child to take a deep interest in his personal appearance.—Puck.

## Indefinitely Continued.

Willie—Pa, what's a—

Pa—Now, you promised me when I answered your last question that you wouldn't ask another.

Willie—I know, but this is part of the same question.—Philadelphia Press.

## Easily Satisfied.

"Some of these fellows who go about singing 'I would not live always,'" remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "seem satisfied to live any old way."—Yonkers Statesman.

## The Penalty of Carelessness.

The Owner—See here! You want to handle that trunk more carefully!

The Porter—I'll look out for it, sir. I know a man let one fall on his toes last month an' he ain't out of the hospital yet.—Brooklyn Life.

## Always Appropriate.

He (musingly)—Let me see! What is the rest of that old saying: "When in doubt—"

She (helpfully)—Give her a diamond.—Judge.

## Couldn't Help Herself.

Clara—How did you come to accept Mr. Snaphood?

Dora—I had to. He proposed to me in a canoe, and he got so agitated I was afraid we'd upset.—N. Y. Weekly.

## A Glorious Exit.

"Tabbs is somewhat of a snob, isn't he?"

"Snob? Say, he'd die happy if he could get run over by a millionaire's automobile."—Chicago Record.

## In Need of Treatment.

Father—Do you think I ought to have my daughter's voice cultivated?

Absent-Minded Visitor—I should think you ought to have something done for it.—Tit-Bits.

## Active and Talkative.

"When a man admits a partner to his joys and sorrows," remarked the Overseer of Events and Things, "she's not a silent one."—Yonkers Statesman.

## Not Much Left.

Lady—Where is my trunk?

Baggage Man—I couldn't find any trunk, mum, but I've got the handle with the check on.—N. Y. Weekly.

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MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY

## Annual Mark-Do

We offer now incentives to buy every must go; we have made further reduction them out positively and completely in sh to your notice only a dozen picked up hundreds that can be found in the store.

**Outing Flannel**—The greatest Outing Flannel bargain of the season—all of our best quality goods worth up to 10c yard—light and medium grounds, heavy weight and well fleeced large assortment to choose from, yard..... **5 1/2c**

**Barbours Linen Thread**—The genuine article; black, white and linen colors, odd numbers, full 200 yards to the spool, sold all over at 8c spool, special, while it lasts, spool..... **5c**

**Handkerchief Special**—Men's pure linen hemstitched handkerchiefs, with one-half and one-inch hem, value 19c each..... **12c**

**Embroideries**—About 3,000 yards of fine cambric embroideries, in edging and insertings, beautiful open work patterns, value 12c, at yard..... **5c**

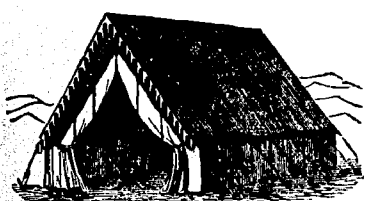
**Hosiery**—100 dozen women's fast color fancy polka dot hose, double sole, spliced heel, value 19c, at pair..... **12c**

**Mittens**—150 dozen children's woolen mittens in fast black only, value 12c to close at, pair..... **6c**

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PLAINFIELD, N. J.

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House Furnishing Goods,  
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Iron Clad Granite Ware,  
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BARGAINS IN PARLOR STOVES

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Goods delivered free. Telephone Call 268.

**A Remedy for the Grippe.**  
A remedy recommended for patients afflicted with the Grippe is KEMIP'S BALSAM, which is especially adapted for the throat and lungs. Don't wait for the first symptoms of the disease, get a bottle to-day and keep it for use the moment it is needed. If neglected the Grippe has a tendency to bring on pneumonia, the cough comes and the lungs free from inflammation. All druggists sell KEMIP'S BALSAM at 25c and 50c.

**The Double Letter.**  
The double letter is scarcely of use in any language. Sometimes we are purely inconsistent. Letter must have two t's, literal one. The double letter very seldom affects the pronunciation. Would it not be well to drop the double letter altogether? It would simplify spelling and save time too.—Notes and Queries.

**Unbleached**  
Full size quality in linen never sold.

**Buck**  
sample of many including gold and p than 25c 1.00, 50c

**Umb**  
21, 20, 28-cerized Umbrella, women, rod, par, tassels, a styles o horn, br ch, pear others, g la. Sinc

**Won**  
Heavy J. croquet, pearl bu pants to special.

**Won**  
Made of yokes t rows of t ter of t connect i 50c value

**Boys**  
ends of l of a line 7 to 11 y Friend v from 25c two for 1

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## NUARY e Selling

expectations. We have been buyers every day, and it's not to consider the extremely low prices for a question of money making, bringing a usually dull month in buying now for their future well wanted.

## BEDROOM SUITS.

Sample Suits at a saving of 5 per cent.

3-piece suit, dresser top, 16½ mirror, 18x20. Washstand 18 in., special at 13.98.

3-piece suit, dresser top 18x mirror 18x20, washstand top 18 in., special at 15.98.

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3-piece suit, dresser top 20x mirror 18x20, washstand top 18 in., special at 19.98.

any finish 3-piece suit, dresser top 21x mirror 18x20, washstand top 18 in., special at 21.98.

3-piece suit, dresser top 21x mirror 18x20, washstand top 18 in., special at 23.98.

oak 3-piece suit, with full swell 22x44, French bevel glass mirror 23x44, washstand 19x32, height of bed 6 ft. 6 in., special at 27.50.

AK 3 piece suit, golden finish, with nicely carved, dresser top 22x44, washstand 19x32, height of bed 6 ft. 6 in., special at 29.98.

ED OUTFITS. All complete with outfit No. 1, 6.98. Outfit No. 2, 7.98.

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Don't Waste  
Money

by having cheap plumbing put in to your house. It isn't 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.

Mustn't "Own" Their Engines.

The railroad engineer who "owns" his engine is not in favor with his superiors. Complaints about trivial matters are likely to be made against him, and soon he finds himself without a berth. The phrase "owning an engine" does not mean that the engineer has acquired title to his iron horse. The expression is used of a man who has been with a certain engine so long that he becomes a part of it. He knows its every peculiarity, he feels its every protest against a heavy load, and he nurses it and coddles it as if it were his child. He dislikes to run the engine at top speed for fear something will happen to it, and in consequence his train is frequently behind time. He takes a grade at half the rate he should, and he runs cautiously down hill. In a word, he "owns" his engine.

Of course this is all very nice and laudable, and it is the kind of thing a person likes to read about in stories of the railroad. But plain, practical railroad men look at it differently. They argue that the best engineer is the man who never fails to run his train according to his running time, the man who is never behind and seldom ahead. So it comes about that the engineer who makes a master of that which should be his servant wonders who has a grudge against him. But it isn't a grudge; it's business.—New York Mail and Express.

## SEARCHLIGHT GUARD

Electricity to Be Employed on Western Cattle Ranges.

Same Power Will Be Utilized in Executing Thieves When Captured Instead of Old Style Lynching.

Driven to desperation by the raids of "Black Jack" Kelley and the "Hole-in-the-Wall" gang of horse thieves and border ruffians, the ranchmen of Routt county, Col., have adopted a novel plan of protecting their herds of cattle, sheep and horses, says the Chicago American.

Not only do the ranchmen fear the raids of the ruffians, but the Indians from the Utah reservation have made things lively for them for months past.

The robbers are experts at their business. They know every canyon and gulch that seam the grazing grounds and are as expert in dodging pursuit as in changing the brands on live stock. So thorough have they become in their work that the choicest stock has been almost cleaned out for a radius of 50 miles, and no sooner is a choice bull brought in for breeding purposes than he mysteriously disappears as though dropped into a crater.

For months the ranchmen have had nightly patrols. Capt. W. S. Seavey, of the Thiel detective agency, has been at work on the matter, but the thieves are too clever to be caught by ordinary means. Tracking is almost an impossibility, for it has frequently been suspected that as soon as a horse is stolen he is fixed up with "mittens," padded shoes that are frequently changed so as to elude pursuers.

Early in the spring when the night riders were first put on the range it was thought the problem had been solved. But the trick only lasted long enough to give the robbers time to plan, for they set out pickets to watch the riders and then got into the circle and picked out the choicest steers and sleekest horses in the bunch.

During the summer there was a horse race at Craig in which a very valuable animal belonging to a ranchman living about ten miles from town was entered. The horse came from good stock, but looked seedy and rusty from two seasons on the range. The gamy animal won the most exciting race of the day by long odds and was a popular favorite among the cowboys and ranchmen.

For two years the horse had escaped the eyes of the robbers, or, possibly, looked too ragged to be of value. But that night she was stolen from the corral within a hundred yards of her owner's cabin. She was probably driven north into Wyoming and clipped, after which the brands were changed, the animal finally reaching the market thoroughly disguised.

A few days ago the annual round-up meeting was held near Craig, and the most important matter discussed was the reign of robbery that was ruling the ranches in Routt county. J. Dudley Morton, who has an interest in one of the large ranches in the vicinity, but whose home is in California, was present, and he suggested a plan that met with instant favor and has already gone through the preliminary stages.

On Big Beaver creek, just about the geographical center of the robber-infested community, is a waterfall of nearly 200 feet. The stream is never dry, winter or summer, and it is proposed to install a turbine wheel and dynamo and furnish currents for searchlights to be installed on watch towers on the four little hills that are within a mile or two of the falls.

The summits of these hills command unobstructed views of practically all the grazing land most tapped by the thieves, and it is proposed to keep the beams of dazzling light sweeping over the flocks all night to detect at once any commotion in the herds or the presence of unwelcome visitors. It has been shown that five men will supplant the 20 or 30 who now ride the range at night, and the cost will be practically nothing in comparison.

Saving 50 head of horses in two years will pay for the entire plant, and the security from theft of other animals will more than pay operating expenses, making the saving on the present range riders, at \$35 a month and board, quite a respectable item. It is proposed to have one man at the generating station and another on each of the four towers. These in turn will be connected by telephone, which will also be extended to as many of the ranches as possible, so that, should anything suspicious occur even at the outer edge of the lighted area, some persons can be aroused to immediately investigate.

The men on the towers will, of course, be armed with the new long-distance rifles that will be effective at least for scaring purposes up to a mile. A few sticks of giant powder can be used for bombs to arouse the entire community in case of necessity, while the man at the generating station will have his pony saddled and bridled, ready to start out on the war-path as soon as needed.

When the robbers are caught it is proposed to electrocute them with the electric current instead of lynching them the old-fashioned way.

As Far as He Got.

Ask!—So you're writing for the magazine; what success are you having?

Wright—Oh, varying.

"Really?"

"Yes; some of my stuff is declined 'with regrets' and some 'with thanks.'"

—Philadelphia Press.

## EDITING MANUSCRIPTS.

Ludicrous Blunders Are Sometimes Made by the Most Experienced Authors.

"Most authors are furious at the bare suggestion of 'editing' their manuscripts," said a man who used to be a reader in a big publishing house relates the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "but you would be surprised at the ludicrous blunders made by the best of them. When a writer is accessible, the usual plan is to mark the 'bad breaks' on the proof slips and send them to him, with a discreet note requesting a correction; but when a house is getting out a book in a hurry or when the author is abroad, this is often impossible, and then the situation becomes very ticklish. I remember, for instance, I was once reading the proofs of a novel by one of our best-known and crankiest women writers. She was away on a visit to Mexico and had left strict orders to 'follow copy' to the letter. In one of her early chapters the hero was shaving himself after a long hunting trip, and was exactly half through when interrupted by the sudden arrival of the villain. A stormy scene followed, and eventually all hands adjourned to a fashionable ball. The authoress evidently forgot that her man was still half shaved, and I took the liberty of finishing the job. When she saw the book she was as mad as blazes because I had interpolated eight or nine words, and I swore I would never again play the barber to save anybody's reputation.

"Another writer, for whom we got out a story, made one of his characters 'empty his revolver' at a retreating burglar, and a moment later 'sent two bullets crashing through a window' to show a rival how quick he was on the trigger. I called his attention to the inexhaustible pistol, and he never spoke to me afterward. In an earlier novel by the same gentleman you will find reference to the hero's 'dark smooth-shaved face,' and on the very next page he is 'twirling his moustache.' I noticed it in proof, but remembered my experience with the lady and let it go.

"It is a common thing for writers to locate well-known streets, parks, art galleries and monuments in the wrong cities, and they make the sun rise and set at all the points of the compass. We had to delay a book for a whole season once because the author located the Windward Islands off the coast of South Carolina, and then went away to Japan before anybody discovered the mistake. To make the correction involved changing the whole action of the story, which, of course, nobody dared to do."

## NOVEL REMEDY FOR OBESITY.

Practice Climbing Stairs and Your Surplus Fat Will Be Quickly Taken Off.

Not so very long ago a Philadelphia inquirer man got off at the twelfth floor of a big office building instead of the eleventh, as he had intended. As it was a case of going down instead of up, he concluded to walk back to the floor he wanted instead of waiting for the elevator. At the foot of the stairway he almost ran into an acquaintance, whose office is on the twelfth floor, and whose weight very nearly approaches 300 pounds. The acquaintance was puffing and blowing as he prepared to ascend the flight of steps leading to the floor above.

"Makes you blow to climb a flight of stairs, doesn't it?" remarked the reporter.

"Climb a flight of stairs?" disdainfully rejoined he of the 300 pounds between puffs. "Why, young man, I've just climbed 11 flights and I'm going to do another."

"Mean to say you've walked all the way up here?"

"That's just what I mean. Elevators are running, too."

"I know that. Came up in one myself a few minutes ago. But how on earth do you account for doing all this climbing? You don't look crazy."

"Neither am I. Never was more sensible in my life. Just made a new discovery, that's all. Realized how fat I've been getting the past three years."

The reporter nodded in the affirmative.

"Well, it was in spite of everything I could do to stop the accumulation of tissue. I was afraid I would soon do for the fat-boy act in a side show until one of my friends bet me a bottle of ginger ale that I couldn't climb three flights of stairs in this building. I won the bet, and in doing so discovered when I weighed myself a few minutes later that I had lost nearly a pound in weight. That gave me a tip and the next day I climbed five flights the next day six, and—well, now I at the whole blamed 12 every day, and I'm losing flesh so rapidly my clothes have to be taken in once a week at least. It's a great scheme, and it isn't patented, either, so if you know any other fat men in town I don't mind your letting them into the secret."

In Trouble.

Mrs. Tuttle—Do you know, dear, I'm afraid Harry does not love me the way he used to.

Mrs. Kissince—You do not mean to say he is cross to you.

"No; but he says that he is hankering for a square meal; that he'll starve to death if he does not get away from a chafing dish diet before long. And he used to be so enthusiastic over the things I cooked in the chafing dish when he came to see me! Men are so changeable!"—Boston Transcript.

The Experience of Fathers.

It is the experience of fathers that they get more enjoyment out of daughters who are not the popular craves with young men.—Atholton Globe.

## MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

The greater portion of our foreign immigration comes through the port of New York.

Our Indian population is not skillful in any line of manufacture, save their own crude industries.

Our immigrants from Italy, Rumania, Hungary and Russia rarely engage in any line of manufacture.

Of the year book of the United States department of agriculture for 1899, half a million copies were printed.

Some of the finest sugar mills in the world, costing \$1,000,000 each, are found in Hawaii, and there are plantations in the islands who produce \$800 worth of sugar and \$500 worth of rice to the acre.

Dissatisfied with the result of the United States census, Raleigh, N. C., took one of its own, and found only 31 more people than the number reported by the official enumerators.

A number of orders for printing presses have been sent to the United States from Mexico recently. Apropos of this fact, the first printing press of the American continent was set up in Mexico City.

While the established belt adapted to the cultivation of the prune extends from the state of Washington to Arizona, by far the larger percentage of the product is yielded by California.

Of the 6,753 Finns who came to this country last year only 17 were sent back; only 62 were unable to read and write, and only 14 were said to be likely to become public charges.

## BRAZIL RIVALS THE WORLD.

Has a Most Remarkable Mountain Railway Now in Course of Construction.

There is a good deal of the enterprise characteristic of Americans among the Brazilians, and nothing better illustrates the fact than the stupendous railway scheme recently carried out there. A road has been constructed to the top of the Corcovado peak, the great eminence not far from Rio de Janeiro, says the Chicago Chronicle.

The peak is situated about four miles in a southwesterly direction from the heart of Brazil's capital. It is a precipitous granite cone. A tramway carries the passengers through the beautiful suburbs to the station, whence nine trains each way are run on Sundays and holidays and four each way on other days. The single car of each train holds about 50 passengers. It is pushed before an engine with an inclined boiler, central cogwheels and brakes, which was made in Switzerland expressly for the needs of the road. The latter was surveyed and built, however, by a Brazilian engineer. The engines weigh 12 tons, and the total cost of the rolling stock was \$330,000. About 50,000 passengers are at present carried over the line yearly.

To reach the summit of the Corcovado the railway winds around the sides of the valleys and along the ridges, a distance of nearly two miles. It passes right through a virgin forest of splendid trees, shrubs, creepers, ferns and orchids. The curves are uniformly of a radius of 390 feet. Near the first station is an iron viaduct, about 300 feet in length and 75 feet in height. Several small viaducts are built, but there seems to have been much more cutting than filling, the total excavation amounting to 74,000 cubic yards. About two-thirds of the distance to the summit a good hotel has been built on the side of the mountain overlooking a great valley, where the famous botanical garden has been laid out, with the island-studded ocean in the distance.

Part of the roadbed has been blasted from the cliff, while some of it is built upon its very face. At this point it is the greatest declivity of the railway. It is a more appalling passage than any upon Mount Washington on the right. Should any gearing yield, a rail or nail break or any obstruction fall in the way of the train nothing could prevent the train being hurled over the precipice.

The line halts about 200 feet below the top at a point beyond which it would be impossible to advance except by a spiral tunnel of the rocky summit itself. The time consumed in the ascent is just an hour. The summit is nearly a bare granite rock, in which great steps have been cut to facilitate the visitor's progress.

Steamers Use Homing Pigeons.

This winter the Flint & Pere Marquette railway in Michigan has adopted the experiment of homing pigeons as a means of keeping in touch with its lake steamers during the voyages of the cold months. If a steamer is disabled by storm or is caught in the ice a homing pigeon will be loosed from her, which is expected to fly to port with the news of the situation. Then a rescuing steamer will be sent out to aid the disabled one. The officials of the railway and the officers of the steamers have confidence that the plan will work satisfactorily.—Chicago Chronicle.

Revival of Humlets.

Although the smartest Parisiennes wear their hair dressed on the top of the head, it is drawn back loosely and naturally from the face, and not unduly puffed out, and the little humlet of Josephine curls is almost invariably seen. For evening wear there are the daintiest little headdresses, composed either of flowers or the lightest materials, which are placed very forward on the head.—Detroit Free Press.

Heavy Loss.

The builders of the Swiss village at the Paris exposition lost \$600,000 by their enterprise.

Connecticut Tobacco Crop.

The Connecticut tobacco crop of 1900 is the best on record.

## DOMESTIC HINTS.

Recipes for a Few Delicous Dishes for the Personal of the Housewife.

Fillets of Sole, Josephine Style.—Have the fillets trimmed and flattened as usual, then spread each one thickly with some rich shrimp sauce. Fold the fillets over carefully, hold them in place with bands of buttered paper, set on a buttered tin, and bake 12 or 15 minutes. Have ready some melted butter with lemon juice with which to baste the fillets from time to time as they bake. Take them out when done; put on the dish on which they are to be served, pour a gill of white wine into the pan in which they were baked, heat this quickly on top of the range and pour over the fillets, removing, of course, the paper bands which shaped them while cooking.

Spaghetti with Oyster Sauce.—Boil the spaghetti till tender; then drain; dish and cover with an oyster sauce made in this way: Have small oysters, drain them and wipe them and then poach them in a little butter till the edges curl. Season with salt and pepper and just a few drops of tomato catsup.

Goose Salad.—Cut the meat of a cold roasted goose into long thin strips, mix it with a hothouse cucumber cut into thin slices, a few bits of shredded lettuce and dress with a French dressing.

Consomme Chasseur.—Put into a stewpan two ounces of butter, two sliced onions, a carrot, two stalks of celery, two or three bits of turnip, with thyme, parsley and a bay leaf. On this lay any bones of game with giblets, cover tightly and let simmer for half an hour. Let the contents get brown but not black. Then pour in about two quarts or so of good stock, preferably chicken or poultry. Let it come to the boil and then let simmer for four hours. Strain off into an earthen basin and let get perfectly cold. Skim off all the fat, strain and heat ready for serving.

Stewed Terrapin.—Boil three terrapins, of moderate size, for 2½ hours. Then pick them, throwing away all of the intestines, heart, head and most of the feet. Be very particular to cut out the gall found in the middle of the liver. Scrape out all the fat and meat and put into a saucepan with half a pound of butter, salt and cayenne pepper. Simmer very gently for two hours. Just before serving add three glasses of sherry.—The Epicure.

## THE SHIRT WAIST.

If It Be of Silk or Wool It Always Fits Better When It Is Well Boned.

The new shirt waist, flannels are plain and dotted rather than striped, and come in delicate pastel shades of blue, gray, tan, white and old rose, as well as green, especially reseda, navy blue, red and brown. They have pearl or gilt buttons, and are made with a very thin percale lining. Stitched bands are fancied on flannel shirt waists, or the tiniest of tucks, and the coat sleeve is preferred.

Silk shirt waists are a mass of tucks or fine featherbone cording in lengthwise effects, and are made of plain taffeta in dark or very light colors. Hemstitched tucks appear on light shirt waists, but these are always of one material, which marks the difference between them and the trimmed evening models.

A black taffeta shirt waist has become the standard for every wardrobe, says Ladies' Home Journal. It should be of soft-finished goods worth at least a dollar a yard, and be lined; then it gives satisfactory wear. In tucking a shirt waist use letter A spool silk and a loose tension on the machine. A silk or woolen shirt waist fits very much better if it is boned under each arm, and at the back and center front.

Directoire Evening Cloak.

An evening cloak which is a perfect work of art and a combination of the Louis XVI. and directoire periods is of black embroidered mousseline de soie lined with cloth of gold. The embroidery on the mousseline de soie is of jet and silver flowers. At the back there is a hood of mousseline de soie, caught up in the center with a gold butterfly. At the neck, sleeves and front edges of the cloak are ruckings of mousseline de soie, tinted gold color to match the lining of cloth of gold.—Washington Star.

Batter Bread.

A pint of sifted meal, three eggs and butter, or lard the size of an egg, and a little over a pint of sweet milk. Pour boiling water over the meal, until you have a stiff batter, stirring it all the time. Put in the butter, then the yolks of the eggs, then the milk, and last of all the whites of the eggs beaten till very stiff. Put in a well-buttered tin or dish and bake 45 minutes. This in the south is a breakfast or dinner dish.—N. Y. Post.

Words of Advice.

If anybody knows herself to be in a false position let her step out of it. If anybody has been unkind or inconsiderate, or self-absorbed or morbid, or ungenerous, let her quietly kneel down and tell the Lord that she is penitent and ask His forgiveness and then, in His strength, let her turn over her new leaf. But all this should be done quietly—not with a flourish of trumpets.—Margaret E. Sangster, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Cranberry Pudding.

Cook a pint of cranberries in half a pint of water until soft, then mash them with a silver spoon, strain through a jelly bag, add one-half pint of sugar, place on the stove, stir until the sugar is dissolved, remove, and, when cold, add the juice of one lemon; freeze to a mush. Serve in sherbet glasses, with turkey or other fowl.—People's Home Journal.

## THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

Semi-Weekly.

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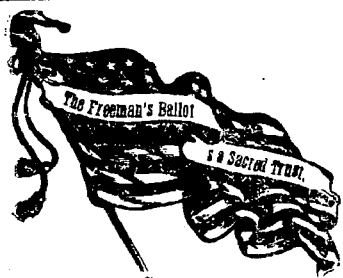
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ALFRED E. PEARSALL, Editor.  
R. M. STICKLE, Local Editor.

WESTFIELD, N. J., JAN. 22, 1901.

Communications to insure publication in the Standard should be in our hands by noon of the day preceding publication, and should not exceed 300 words with the true signature of the sender, for publication. Anonymous communications cannot be considered. A line worth saying is worth signing.



Our space limitations this week forbid the publication of the welcome letter of the Board of Education, John B. Green, and also editorial comment on the same; so, we give the preference to Brother Green; which is no more than we should do. Communications from our citizens will always have the "right of way;" we only wish our correspondents would observe the 300 word request, more closely.

The stars and stripes are by law ordered to be shown over every school house in the land. For weeks, if not for months, the Lincoln school house flag has not been raised. The reason given by the school authorities, as we are informed, is that Johnnie Pfeiffer, when he lived, charged only \$5 to restore halfyards; and that no one can be found to take the same risk or perform the same service for less than twice that sum. The halfyards are down. Unfortunately Mr. Pfeiffer's exact address is not known to a certainty. But we will undertake to say for the citizens of Westfield that they will find no fault whatever should their school officers go to this expense in order to comply with the law and keep alive in the patriotic heart of the rising young Westfielder and the glow of loyalty that the sight of the American flag always inspires. Indeed it will be much easier to forgive the board on this account than it will be to forgive the board for needlessly placing the taxpayers at hundreds of dollars expense on interest account, resulting from the premature borrowing of a large sum of money for school purposes; to say nothing of an unnecessary \$50 trip to Boston.

The citizens of Westfield, however, want the Lincoln school flag up where it belongs!

There is so little crime in Westfield that it is but seldom that the people realize the need of police protection; but at this time, when the town is liable to lose its efficient police department, the question is brought forcibly home.

During the past year, the time that Westfield has been under police protection, the town has been unusually free from disorderly persons; and those who have been so indiscreet as to cause trouble of any kind have been promptly dealt with.

Some time ago the police appropriation became so low that it was feared that the department would have to be done away with; yet the members of the Board of Trade & Improvement Association, which by the way, is a very inactive body for such an active town, pledged themselves to raise \$250.00 for the use of the police department. It was arranged to pay this amount over to the township committee on or before February 1; and unless it is paid by that date the department may be discontinued until the spring election; when the people vote for or against another appropriation.

The Board of Trade & Improvement Association, several months ago, appointed the following committee to collect funds for this purpose; Henry P. Coudit, F. C. Decker, M. J.

Gildersleeve, H. L. Fink, W. S. Welch, and George B. Dickerson.

This committee, so far as we can learn, has met with but little success. It is hoped that the people will see to it that the good name of Westfield is not injured by having the police department become a thing of the past for such a small amount.

That the township committee has acted unwisely in using the appropriation should not be allowed to stand as a reason for the doing away of an institution that has proved its worth on more than one occasion.

The following editorial, which is timely and of much interest at this time, appeared in the Plainfield Press on Friday.

Westfield's good folk are again planning to organize a Young Men's Christian Association in that place. The attempt was tried there some years ago and the association flourished for a time. But interest in it gradually lessened and the support necessary to maintain the Y. M. C. A. building diminished to such an extent that the rooms, provided by the association for the use of its members, had to be given up. Without a home, the organization became a dead-letter. Somerville went through a similar experience.

Now, however, there is renewed interest in the project among the people of Westfield and the promoters of the organization believe that conditions have changed sufficiently to make a permanent organization possible. The business men of that place are to be consulted and it is thought that they will give the plan their vigorous support.

Plainfield has a Young Men's Christian Association which has survived all sorts of vicissitudes and is now on a firm foundation. Nobody, who understands the workings of the local association, questions the expediency of having such an organization in the city. The good which it accomplishes and the opportunities which it presents to the youth of this city cannot be under-estimated.

If Westfield can put its reorganized Y. M. C. A. on a good basis and conduct it with the success that is meeting the efforts of the local workers, there is no doubt but that it will be an excellent thing for Westfield. The only trouble is that the good people who are often at the head of such organizations grow weary of well doing, and the efforts, instead of being steady and persistent, are rather intermittent.

While the enthusiasm lasts, wonderful things can be accomplished, but it is the daily routine that counts in the long run and brings success to crown the efforts of those working toward the desired end. It was this persistent toil that has sustained the local Y. M. C. A. and, if infused in the blood of Westfield's proposed organization to a sufficient amount, will carry to a satisfactory culmination the present movement.

Two accidents occurred on the trolley line of the Elizabeth, Plainfield & Central New Jersey Traction company last week. Both are due, entirely, to the bad management of the road.

Up to January 1, of the present year, accidents were almost unknown; and when they did occur there was but little damage to the company's property or to their passengers. On that date the new and more economical (?) management took charge and trouble began.

It is not right to blame the underpaid and overworked conductors and motormen; it is not their fault. They have just so much time in which to make the trip from Plainfield to Elizabeth and return and they try to make it. The first thing that this new management did was to lower the wages of the employees. The officials of the road claim that no reduction has been made; but the men talk differently. And this seems to be the right of the matter. Up to January 1, the motormen and conductors, if new men, were paid \$1.50 per day, for four trips to Elizabeth. Men who had been with the company for six months or longer were paid \$1.75 for a day's work, four trips to Elizabeth. Two of the regular cars have been taken off by the new management and the other cars are still running on a fifteen-minute headway which compels the men to make five trips a day instead of four. Unless they make the five trips they do not make a full day's pay. Is this a cut in wages or not?

Both accidents last week resulted from running at too great a speed; the motormen endeavoring to make up lost time and get the car in on time. Before the new management took charge the motormen slowed up before reaching each curve; but now they let the car go full speed

until they reach the curve when they put on the electric brakes hard and try to make the car slide around the curve and in that way lose no time.

The township committee should take action in regard to the cars running through Westfield at a greater speed than the franchise allows. And, unless the practice is stopped, the town authorities should have the responsible officials arrested and haled to court.

Mr. Green Has More to Say.

Westfield, N. J., Jan. 10, 1901.

To the Editor of the Standard:

MY DEAR SIR:—In my former letter I said that if you would afford the space, I would give the public the information, large as the order was, concerning the new school-house which full reports of and intelligent comment on the proceedings of the Board of Education in the recent past would have rendered unnecessary; so, I write again, to make up the deficiencies in your reportorial and editorial departments.

I do not care to debate with you, sir, at this time, not because I have any fear of the controversy, but because I have the more important work on hand of putting facts before the people of Westfield on whose judgment unwaveringly depends from ignorance or prejudice I am content to rest.

I do pause, however, to say again, lest you forget, that there is no law-suit, that the threatened basis of it is without merit in either law or morals, and that a school trustee can no more act as legal adviser to his Board of Education than he can sell it coal or school-books. And I do claim with reasonable modesty, that the views of the lawyers in the Board upon this professional question are worth something, while the views of an editor of a rural newspaper upon it are of even less value (if that be possible) than his ideas on National finance.

The candid enquirer will ask, what has been the actual delay? What has caused it?

There has been a lapse of two years since the Board of Education, after extended study of the conditions, and aided by professional advice, was led to the conclusion that a new school house was needed.

You sir, aided and abetted the people in refusing to supply that need, and later when the people authorized the building was counted among its opponents.

But while refusing to trust their elected representatives, the people did select six other citizens to examine and report on the local conditions, and these gentlemen after faithful study and also with independent professional advice, confirmed in every substantial respect the conclusions of the Board. They feared only to advise as large a building, and the expenditure of as much for it, as later events have shown to be absolutely required.

Result. Loss of a year. There was another result. The Board could not then direct its consulting architect to prepare plans, because the valuable and gratuitous service rendered by the gentlemen who advised the citizen's committee constrained us to invite him to submit designs, and the principle of competition once admitted there were others, with friends and relatives in town, who, their backers insisted, were superior in character and ability to all rivals.

Early last year, as soon as the record could be made up and sworn to, the proceedings of the meeting were submitted for approval to the State Department of Public Instruction and the attorney general, and favorable action was obtained in about thirty days.

A letter of invitation to competing architects was then issued and they were allowed until about the end of February to submit designs. A fortnight was consumed in judging the plans and selecting the successful ones, the authors of which were given an opportunity to come before the Board, to explain their designs and give the required assurances.

About this time the Legislature enacted a new general school law making obligatory certain requirements not theretofore essential in school house construction, and entailing important modifications in the selected plans, and deferring their completion until the consulting architect of the State department should give his approval.

All these steps having been regularly completed, the selected architects began and during the summer and in a not unreasonable time completed the working drawings which were issued to bidders for construction proposals.

The conditions under which each architect took part in the competition rightly and unequivocally required a completed building at a cost not exceeding in any event \$40,000 yet when the bids came in not one approached as low a sum as \$60,000, and all had to be rejected.

Three courses were then open to us. First. To call the people together and ask for more money.

Second. To reject the plans and discharge the architects at once.

Third. To allow the architects to try to give us a proper building for our appropriation.

The objection to the first course was twofold. The people might not grant any more money. They might not be asked to, because as events have shown a proper building was and is possible for the money we have, although all of it is required.

The second course in view of the excuses and promises of the architects seemed unduly harsh and it was reasonable to suppose their experience with the problem would save time for us.

The third course seemed best and was followed.

Let it, however be said here, that if the building had been undertaken according to the first set of plans ready, with all the money requisite at my command it could not have been finished and occupied before vacation this year.

The architects tried to modify their plans and give us a properly constructed building of suitable materials and wholly failed so that in the end we had to dismiss them, reject their plans and employ another architect.

In the light of these facts after giving them every chance in the world, we regret that neither in law or in morals have these architects any claim whatever, and this ought to be plain

even to you, sir.

The new architect after conforming his plans to the requirements of the new school law, and securing the approval of the public authorities, promptly got ready his working drawings and issued them to contractors. Our local builders complained—and they alone—that insufficient time was allowed them in which to prepare their bids. They had ten days, and the successful bidder had less. Time had been extended for them on the former plans but it could not be spared again, and to our regret they submitted no proposals.

A contract has been signed providing for the completion of the building by Sep. 1, 1901. The contractors are responsible, they have built a similar building before, they have to give an ample bond. If this contract is kept, the new building will be ready when the schools open next autumn, and this is all that could have been had if there had been no change of plan or architect.

The only avoidable delay had the architects met their engagement would seem to be the summer vacation when the schools are not in use.

I reserve the subject of rents, for want of time and space here to another letter.

Finally, I offer no apology for the course of the Board, so far as I am concerned, with a competition of architects. It would be the same again. We will have a better building—built of better materials, better constructed and practically fire proof. It will be built within the amount called for. It will be ready as soon as expected. If these results had cost double the time employed and involved a real outlay in rent and interest they would be worth the expenditure of both time and money.

Yours very truly,

JOHN B. GREEN.

## The Skin and the Lungs.

"That the skin is intimately connected with the lungs is proved by the fact that our minor ills of the respiratory tract—colds, for instance—are almost always traceable to a checking of the perspiration, so that the impurities of the blood poison us," says Harry Sutherland, in Ainslee's. "Everybody knows the story about the little boy that was covered with gold leaf as a cherub for some Roman pomp and how he died in agony a few hours afterward. The poisons manufactured by his own organisms slew him, to say nothing of his suffocation. Burns involving more than one-third of the general surface are fatal because the excretory powers of the skin are lessened beyond the abilities of the other depuratory organs to make up for."

"Varnish an animal and it will die in from six to twelve hours, say some authorities. This incontrovertible fact is matched by another equally incontrovertible—that nobody ever heard of any case of tarring and feathering that killed the victim. He might have had all kinds of trouble in getting the stuff off, and he might have felt a shock to his pride, but he didn't die that anybody ever heard of. I never assisted at a ceremony of this kind at either end of the joke, and so I can't speak as to the completeness with which the body is covered with the tar, but from my general knowledge of the character of the people of the west and southwest, where such sports are freely indulged in, I should say that it would most likely be a thorough and comprehensive pigmentation. It may be that the man breathes through the quills of the feathers stuck on, but I doubt it. I should think tar would seal up the pores of the skin quite as effectually as varnish, and it is a paint warranted to wear in all weathers and not to crack or scale off."

Persons who sniffer from indigestion can not expect to live long, because they can not eat the food required to nourish the body and the products of the undigested foods they do eat poison the blood. It is important to cure indigestion as soon as possible, and the best method of doing this is to use the preparation known as Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. It digests what you eat and restores all the digestive organs to perfect health. W. H. Treachard.

## When Twelve Is Odd.

One would think that 12 was more entitled to be considered an "even" number than 10, for its half is an "even," whereas the half of 10 is "odd." Yet on the Stock Exchange 12 is an "odd" number. The house takes five shares as the basis of dealing, remarks Commerce, and all multiples of five are considered "even" numbers. Any intermediate numbers are "odd," and parcels of shares not divisible by 5 are difficult to sell except at a reduced price.

When threatened by pneumonia or any other lung trouble, prompt relief is necessary, as it is dangerous to delay. We would suggest that One Minute Cough Cure be taken as soon as indications of having taken cold are noticed. It cures quickly and its early use prevents consumption. W. H. Treachard.

## Compliment Well Deserved.

One must be quite sure of his ground before beginning a controversy with the Chinese minister to this country, says the Philadelphia Record. Mr. Wu seems well able to take care of himself, and he is as courteous as he is capable.

## One Benefit Noticed.

Sea herring have appeared in Lake Ontario near Toronto. Their presence is said to be due to the deepening of the canals—the first benefit Canada has yet received, says the Buffalo Press, from its costly canal system.

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NEWARK, N. J.

## Her Wedding "Tower."

An accommodation train on a distant railroad was dragging along, when a long, lean and shrewish woman, in what appeared to be subdued bridal finery, leaned across the aisle of the car and said seriously to a lady sitting opposite her:

"Dear me! It's a kind of a solemn thing to be 'travelling' with two husbands, now, isn't it?"

"I do not know what you mean," replied the lady.

"Oh, niebbs not. Well, you see, my first husband died 'bout a year ago and was buried over in Patrick county. An last week I was married ag'in, an me an my second husband have been over in Patrick county on a little wedding tower, an I thought I'd kind of like to have my first husband buried in the graveyard nigh where I'm goin to live now, an my second husband was willin, so we tuk my first husband up, an he's in the baggage car along with our other things. My second husband is settin out on the platform takin a smoke, an I been settin here thinkin how solemn it is to go on a wedding tower with two husbands. It's a terrible solemn piece of bizness when you come to think of it."—Laurence Lee in Lippincott's Magazine.

## Why Cables Get Tired.

There has been some question, says The Electrical Engineer, as to the reason why certain cables lose their conducting properties and have in some instances to be replaced. A learned Frenchman has submitted a paper on the subject to the Academie des Sciences. In this paper he states that when cables lose their electrical properties it is because they are always used for one kind of current only, either positive or negative. If used sometimes for positive and sometimes for negative, they will, he states, preserve their conductive qualities indefinitely. Experiments with nine wires running from Paris to Dijon demonstrated this, he says.

## Unsympathetic.

"You haven't much sympathy for the request from your employees for shorter hours."

"Not much," answered Mr. Camron. "It goes to show that men don't know when they are well off. If they had been invited around to muskies and dragged through Europe by Mrs. C. and the girls like I have, maybe they'd appreciate the privilege of staying in a nice, comfortable, businesslike office nine or ten hours a day."—Washington Star.

Such little pills as DeWitt's Little Family Pills are very easily taken and they are wonderfully effective in cleansing the liver and bowels. W. H. Treachard.







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**Not the Bass Viol Man's Fault.**  
A capital story relating to good old as is still told in the Fen district the eastern counties. As is well known by many and even now remembered by some, a bass viol was often used to help the choir in parish churches.

One lovely Sunday morning in the month while the parson was drowsing his drowsy discourse and had about him the middle a big bull managed to escape from his pasture and march majestically down the road, hellowing defiantly as he came. The parson, who was somewhat deaf, heard the hellow, but, mistaking the origin of the sound, gravely glanced toward the singers' seats and said in tones of doubt: "Wouldn't you thank the musicians not to stop during service time. It annoys me very much."

He may well be imagined, the choir greatly surprised, but said nothing.

Very soon, however, the belligerent gave another hellow, and then the drowsy parson became desperately nervous. "Cassell's Magazine."

**A Philadelphia Story.**  
day School Teacher—Where did you wise men come from?  
Adelphy (whose family had only moved to Chicago)—They came from the east.  
day School Teacher—And why did they call "wise men"?  
Adelphy—Because, ma'am, they back again.—Philadelphia Press.

ave noticed," said the social philosopher, "that people who gossip about neighbors are the people who are fretting because they imagine they are being talked about by their neighbors."—Omaha World-Herald.

safer to marry a thrifty woman only 15 cents than it is to wed a belle with \$15,000.

## A GREWSOME FIND.

Four Hundred Skeletons Discovered in Arizona Cavern.

Remains of Cliff Dwellers Unearthed by Sergeant Price of the Seventh Cavalry in the White Mountains.

A strange story of the suffocation of an entire village of cliff dwellers about 4,000 years ago is told by Sergt. George E. Price, of the recruiting station, at Denver, to the Evening Post, of that city.

In picturesque Arizona, among the White mountains, not far from Fort Apache, the peculiar race of little climbers once reigned supreme. Among the almost inaccessible cliffs of red sandstone they lived like fugitives, in natural fortresses. The caverns they once inhabited are to-day as they were centuries ago, and in many cases have apparently never been trodden by human foot since the death of their ancient inhabitants. The petrified remains of 400 prehistoric little people were found by Sergt. Price in a vast cave. The Apache Indians, who now inhabit that district, regard the cavern with superstitious dread, and cannot be induced to enter its gloomy portals. No white man had ever set foot there before Sergt. Price and he found its contents undisturbed.

During the spring of 1899, when he was with troop G, Seventh cavalry, and stationed at Fort Apache, in his researches about the country the young soldier discovered the great cave village, with its strange legend. A few miles east of the fort, on the White river, rise some immense cliffs of red sandstone. From the glistening stream the cliffs rise almost perpendicularly to a sheer height of 300 feet. Crevices and little edges of rock form the only footholds for daring climbers. While fishing for trout one day, Sergt. Price noticed high up on the cliff a black hole.

Believing it to be a cave, he at once determined to scale the cliff, and several soldiers volunteered to accompany him. The ascent was exceedingly hazardous and difficult, but after a long climb they reached the hole. Jutting out from the face of the cliff was a natural shelf, about eight feet wide and twice as long.

Just back of the ledge was the entrance to the ancient cave. Under the sergeant's leadership the party entered the cave with torches and lanterns. They explored over four and a half miles of passages and corridors. Many people had once inhabited the winding passages of the cave village. The soldiers penetrated into the furthest recesses and found a big council chamber far back in the interior of the cliff. As the flickering light of the torches pierced the gloom of the large room the grewsome scene was revealed.

Huddled together on the cold damp floor of stone as if for mutual sympathy and protection, lay the ghastly skeletons of over 400 little cliff dwellers, petrified by their exposure during ages past. A short distance apart from the others lay the frame of the chief, leaning against the wall opposite the entrance to the room. His skull was resting upon his breastbone, just as he had died. It seemed to the discoverers that he, perhaps, had died last of them all, and before his spirit fled had taken a final look at his people. Then his chin sank upon his breast, and the people of White River cliff were no more. Scientific observations have shown that these people lived about 4,000 years ago.

Sergt. Price began a systematic questioning of old Indians, and at length adroitly secured the legend of the cavern. Many, many hundred years ago, he was told by the red-skinned sages—and to express their idea of the number they tossed up handfuls of sand into the air—the small men lived in the cliffs. They were at war with other small men who lived at some distance. Battles were frequent, and the tribe which occupied the White River cliffs was worsted.

Many of their best warriors were slain by the clubs and arrows of the enemy. Retreat finally became necessary, and the defeated men hastily scaled the beetling cliff to their home near the summit. Once within the great cave they felt themselves secure from further attacks. They carried with them such scanty supplies as they could quickly gather, and they hoped that in case of siege their corn would last until the siege was raised.

Swarming up over the ledge to the entrance to the cave came their enemies. Several they killed, but were soon driven back from the entrance. Wonderingly, they crouched within its portals. The assailants brought up quantities of wood and piled it high up about the hole in the cliff. Then they kindled a huge fire and never suffered it to abate in fury.

Days passed on and the flames still gleamed brightly on the side of the vast rock. For a fortnight the vigilance never slackened. At length the revengeful army retired, leaving a great pile of ashes on the ledge. No one dared to enter the cavern, and, having accomplished their grim mission, they departed from the section. What agonies the cliff dwellers must have suffered as the pangs of starvation grew keener and keener and always at the only exit they saw the blazing pile!

**Belgian Products.**  
Teacher—What are the Belgians noted for, Willie?  
Willie—Hares and blocks, ma'am.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Night Schools in Jail.**  
In Baltimore they have night schools in the city jail. Attendance is compulsory.

## WOMAN'S CROWNING GLORY.

This Authority Says Steam Heat is Often Responsible for Loss of Hair.

"Steam heat is responsible for your loss of hair," said Mme. Restorer to a young woman whose head was undergoing a preliminary examination in the white tiled and nickel-plated shampooing room of a prosperous beauty parlor, according to the Washington Star. "There are scapels that can and do triumphantly endure the greatest amount of dry heat, but they are not many." Here she enveloped her patient in a big waterproof cape and, tipping her forehead over the edge of a marble basin, poured on liquid suds while she talked.

"What the steam heat does is to take out of the atmosphere just what most scapels need, that is, of course, the moisture. Then, too, in winter, nature's normal impulse is to send us a thick growth of hair as a protection, just as she gives it to animals; but the torrid temperature of our houses checks this tendency which we inherited from our monkey forebears. Year after year the young shoots creep out in the autumn, asking for moisture and a cool, invigorating temperature to encourage their growth, but these two most essential conditions are denied them, and by and by the roots die in their cells, and only the long hair remains to do duty. If you could just go over your scalp with a magnifying glass you would quickly see what, comparatively speaking, are barren wastes on your head. These are the places where the rejuvenating crop of young hair should come from every year, but instead, only a few weak spears spring up, grow about an inch long and then, for lack of nutrition, dwindle and fall out at the touch of the brush or when your head is washed.

"There is only one other condition that produces similar unfortunate results. By that I mean gout or excessive indigestion. The acid created in the system and forming gouty deposit in the joints rarely or never fails to play havoc with the hair, and just as soon as I lay my hands on the head of a gouty patient I can recognize the trouble by the feel of the hair. It is invariably harsh, stiff and lusterless, and in nine times out of ten very gray. Gout is on the increase, I can tell, because girls of 19, who come to me to have their heads treated, often show all the ugly symptoms, and as I have been washing, rubbing and studying hair for some 15 years now, I can say with a great deal of confidence that women's hair is not what it used to be.

"It fades and falls at an earlier age with each succeeding generation, and though I hope I am not a stupid alarmist, I do believe the time will come when total baldness will have to be esteemed a beauty, and hair on a woman's head as mortifying as a beard on her chin. Meantime, there are lots of things we hairdressers do to delay the fatal period when a billiard ball crown will be regarded as a charming feature. For instance, we wash the hair ever so gently, and instead of tearing out the precious strands with a rough towel, followed by a brushing, we lift up the sopping tresses, when they are free from dust and soap, and put the length of them through a patent roller that softly presses out the water; then the patient lies back in an easy chair, her hair spread out behind her on a towel, and sweet, warm air is blown on the damp locks in such a fashion that the currents of air straighten out nearly all the tangles.

"Finally, the dried hair is greased, and always with coconut oil, mixed with a little sulphur and a bit of extract of fresh fat pine that has been soaked in alcohol. That is the best tonic and brilliantine discovered yet, and in Paris, when a very sensitive scalp is under treatment, the ointment is reduced to a liquid state and applied as a spray to the roots of the hair. Everything is done to prevent unnecessary rubbing and handling and pulling at the weakened growth, with the result very often that the original tone and productivity is entirely restored to the scalp.

"No, there is no unguent for the scalp superior to coconut oil, and as a proof of its efficacy I should like you to see the native men of the island of Ceylon. Few men in that spiced isle but boast suits of hair that would set an American girl daff with envy. Their great manes fall often clear to their feet, the quality of the hair is curly and silken, and the color is a pure black. Even the guides, who take you about sightseeing feel the tenderest pride and pleasure in their magnificent tresses, which all day they wear twisted in a mighty coil at the back of the head, with never a hairpin to hold the heavy loops in place. By a twist of the wrist the end of the long hair is tucked in to support the rest, and on inquiry I find that the daily toilet of the humblest Cingalese begins with a shampoo. No soap or comb is used, but in a tub of clean water the hair is dipped, wrung out, straightened with the fingers, and rubbed and shaken until quite dry, and then a teaspoonful of perfectly fresh coconut oil is rubbed in and through it all.

"If every American woman could afford to bathe her head seven times a week, use absolutely fresh oil and abjure hats and hairpins, the effect would be nothing short of marvelous, because it is for want of moisture, fresh air and freedom that our women are in imminent danger of losing permanently their natural crowns of curls and braids and shining band of beautiful hair."

**Pieces in a Watch.**  
There are in the average watch about 175 different pieces.

**No Recell About This.**  
"You told me," said the infuriated purchaser, "that that brook on the farm you sold me never ran dry."  
"Guess I did," said the real estate man.

"It has been dry all summer."  
"When it was dry it didn't run, did it? Therefore, it could not run dry. We never deceive."—Philadelphia Press.

**Humor Entered.**  
"My niece," said the doctor, "has joined an organization they call the—strange I can't think of the name. I had it at my tongue's end a moment ago—O, yes, I remember it now. They call it the 'Thimble club.'"  
"Then you didn't have it at your tongue's end," objected the professor "You had it at your finger's end."—Chicago Tribune.

**Unexpected Encouragement.**  
"So this is the end," he in bitterness cried, displaying the note she had written. "Just now it's the end," she with caution replied.  
Regretting to see him thus smitten. "And yet," she went on in her feminine way.  
"Don't deem the world barren and hollow. What'er woman writes, just remember, I pray, A postscript is likely to follow."—Chicago Post.

**RATHER DIFFICULT FOR HIM.**



Jones—I am never at a loss in conversation.  
His Fair Hostess—But surely, Mr. Jones, there must be some subjects you don't understand. What do you do then?  
Jones—Oh, then—I say nothing, and look intelligent.—Punch.

**The Philosopher.**  
He had no luck, however small, and therefore he was glad.  
"This best," said he, "no luck at all. Than always have it bad."—Catholic Standard and Times.

**Motherly Advice.**  
"Johnny," said the St. Louis mother, "I want you to quit using that low, vulgar language."  
"Why, mother," replied Johnny, "Shakespeare said what I just said."  
"Then you must quit associating with him," said the good woman. "He's not a fit companion for you."—Chicago Daily News.

**His Purpose.**  
"What makes you keep declaring that you will never again be a candidate for public office?"  
"Well," answered the statesman, "I've got to keep saying something in order to prevent my friends from overlooking me as a possible candidate."—Washington Star.

**Purifying Politics.**  
The Major—I don't know but there is need of some kind of reform in politics around here.  
The Colonel—I think so. I'm no fanatic, but I think ballot box stuffing should be done with moderation.—Puck.

**Ready for the Question.**  
Mrs. Younglove—John, do you know that you haven't kissed me for a week?  
Mr. Younglove—Yes, darling; I was just waiting to see how long it would take you to notice it.  
John, it will be observed, had his presence of mind with him.—Tit-Bits.

**Speaks Both Fluently.**  
Yeast—Does your wife speak more than one language?  
Crimsonbank—Yes; she speaks two—one when she's got hairpins in her mouth and one when she hasn't.—Yonkers Statesman.

**Further Information.**  
His Little Son—Papa, isn't a skeptic a man who doesn't believe what he can't understand?  
The Deacon—Yes; especially if it's something that doesn't suit him.—Puck.

**It Fills the Bill.**  
Customer—I want a good, clean family paper that does not treat of murders, suicides or divorces.  
Newsdealer—Yes, sir. Would you like to look at our line of wrapping paper?—N. Y. Journal.

**One of Many.**  
Mr. Filghtie—Mere talent is not appreciated nowadays. Oh, if I only had a touch of real genius—  
Wife—Genius isn't what you need. "Eh? What then?"  
"Horse sense."—N. Y. Weekly.

**The Very Reason.**  
Little Harry—Why haven't we ever had a lady president, papa?  
Papa—Because, Harry, a man-made law makes it imperative that the president be more than 35 years old.—Judge.

**Discerning Woman.**  
He—I point out your faults because I love you.  
She—Nonsense! If you really loved me you would think my faults were excellences.—Chicago Record.

**Wouldn't Have a Chance.**  
Miss De Pride—I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man on earth!  
Rival Belle—Indeed you wouldn't! I'd take him myself then!—Tit-Bits.

**AN ITINERANT JOKE.**  
There is Confusion After All as to Who is Really the Victim of It.

This is a true story of a transferred joke that involved several people in all sorts of farce comedy complications, says the Kansas City Journal. It revolves around the home products show that was given in Convention hall by the Manufacturers' association. When the committee of the show decided to issue a souvenir programme the proceeds were donated to the woman's auxiliary, which is a correlative organization. The women were to solicit advertisements, and this they did. One of the features of the programme were the pictures of the officers of the Manufacturers' association, for which a fee was charged. The officers themselves cared little about having their pictures in the programme, but they nearly all consented in order to help the women out.

One officer of the association was out of the city at the time and some of his associates conceived the idea of inserting in the programme a picture of the manufacturer that had been taken a quarter of a century ago, when he was a young chap, and the clothes in which he had sat for the picture were the ones in which he had been married only a few days before. This picture was very old-fashioned and represented the subject as not quite up to date as regards the fashion even at that time. It was, in fact, the sort of a picture that staid old couples generally relegate to an obscure part of the family album and classify as an uncle who went to sea and was never heard of again.

The picture was sent around to the office of the women's auxiliary by the jokers, with instructions to run in the programme. This was done.

Here is the sequel: A week ago the manufacturer returned to town, and on his desk was a bill for the insertion of the picture in the programme. He looked up the book, and, sure enough, there was his picture, but, oh, how changed! Suspecting some joke, the manufacturer wrote a letter to the women's auxiliary in which he said such an insult had never been perpetrated on him before. He said that the picture in the book was that of his wife's first husband, and that to ask him to pay for it was filling his cup of humiliation. He added: "My wife always did love her first husband more than she does me, and now to think that you want me to pay for that picture is too much."

Having written the letter, he hunted up a friend whom he could trust and instructed this friend to spread the report that a horrible mistake had been made by the jokers. When the woman's auxiliary got the letter the joke was charged to them. They were horrified that so grave a mistake should have been made as to publish a man's wife's first husband's picture instead of the living one, and then to have sent the bill to the living one—it was too much, also. The women decided to sift the matter to the bottom, and they hunted up the letter instructing them to insert the picture, and learned that the picture had been sent by the Manufacturers' association by way of a miserable blundering joke.

Upon the receipt of the letter and the bill the friends began to doubt, and after a consultation it was decided that the wife of one of them should call upon the wife of the manufacturer and ascertain to a certainty if the picture really was that of her first husband.

Now the manufacturer, who had been chuckling in his sleeve all this time, had posted his wife on the complication, so that when the blushing better half of one of the blundering friends called upon her to diplomatically inquire about the picture Mrs. Manufacturer, with tears in her eyes, admitted that it was that of her first husband, and added that she wouldn't have cared only she loved him so much better than any of her other husbands. That settled it. When the friends learned of this they stood aghast at what they had done. The joke was on them.

After the most earnest consideration the friends came to the conclusion that they could do nothing now to help matters save pay the bill and try to hush things up. This the manufacturer heard with exceeding glee. But a horrible thought crept into his mind. What if his friends really did pay the bill and hush things up, then there always would be the impression in the public mind that he was his wife's second husband, and then, too, he had openly confessed in a letter that his wife had loved her first husband better, and this had been substantiated by the wife herself in an interview with the friend's wife. What could he do to dissipate such a thought? Nothing save to tell the truth. This he decided to do, and the next mail brought to the women's auxiliary an explanatory letter from the manufacturer—and a check for the cost of the picture. A dozen people now breathe easier, but the question of whom the joke is on is now being discussed.

**Vain Thoughts.**  
Burroughs—What's the matter, old man? You've got a far-away look in your eye; what's that for?  
Markley—Ah! My thoughts have gone back about three years, but I really don't like to tell you what I'm thinking of.  
"Something you'd rather forget, eh?"  
"No, but I think it's something you have forgotten. It's that 'river' I loaned you in the fall of '97."—Philadelphia Press.

**Satisfied.**  
Agent—Have you seen our new automatic gas burner?  
Householder—Thanks, but we are already burning gas enough. —Detroit Free Press.



## RAILWAY.

Charles Grube is confined to his home on West Grand street by illness.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Sandford, of Brooklyn, visited in town on Sunday.

W. H. Harris, of Clark township, has been granted a pension of \$2 per month and back money to the amount of \$610.

Forest City Circle, No. 408, Compositions of the Forest, has completed arrangements for a grand dramatic entertainment to be held in the Opera House Monday evening, February 4. The entertainment is in charge of the Dramatic Committee. The three-act comedy-drama, "The Major," will be produced by a well-selected cast. Specialties between acts will be a feature.

## First and Foremost

In the field of medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It possesses actual and unequalled merit by which it cures all diseases caused or promoted by impure or impoverished blood. If you have rheumatism, dyspepsia, scrofula or catarrh you may take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured. If you are run down and feel weak and tired, you may be sure it will do you good.

The favorite family cathartic is Hood's pills.

## "FLORIDA AND WEST INDIA SHORT LINE."

To Winter Resorts of the South via Seaboard Air Line.

Effective January 14th, the Seaboard Air Line Railway, the only line operating daily limited trains to Florida, will put on its magnificent new train, "Florida and Metropolitan Limited," solid from New York via Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington to Richmond, Raleigh, Columbia, Savannah, Jacksonville and St. Augustine. Connections at Jacksonville for Tampa and all Florida points, and at St. Augustine for the East Coast. This train also carries Drawing Room Sleeping Car New York to Atlanta. Leaves Boston 12:03 A. M., New York 12:55 P. M., (from 23rd Street Station Pennsylvania Railroad), Philadelphia 3:29 P. M., Baltimore 5:45 P. M., Washington 6:55 P. M., arriving at Southern Pines, N. C. 5:50 A. M., Columbia, S. C. 10:00 A. M., Savannah, Ga. 12:25 P. M., Jacksonville 3:50 P. M., St. Augustine 5:00 P. M., Tampa 6:30 A. M., Charlotte 9:51 A. M., Atlanta 4:35 P. M. Connections are made both at Miami on the East Coast and Port Tampa on the West Coast for Key West and Havana. The "Florida and Metropolitan Limited" is luxuriously equipped in every respect, with Pullman Drawing Room Car, Compartment Car with Drawing Rooms and State Rooms, Observation Car, through Day Coaches and unexcelled Pullman Dining Car service.

For further information, call on or write to all Pennsylvania Railroad offices, or representatives of the Seaboard Air Line Railway at 300 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.; 1206 and 371 Broadway, New York; 30 South Third Street, Philadelphia; 207 East German street, Baltimore; 1494 New York Ave., Washington, or to R. E. L. Bunch, General Passenger Agent, Portsmouth, Va.

This season there is a large death rate among children from croup and lung troubles. Prompt action will save the little ones from these terrible diseases. We know of nothing so certain to give instant relief as One Minute Cough Cure. It can also be relied upon in grippe and all throat and lung troubles of adults. Pleasant to take. W. H. Trenchard.

## The Kiss That Made Him Mad.

A Boston man, in speaking of certain foreign characteristics, told the following story: "A middle aged American couple traveling abroad some years ago called in Rome on a sculptor with whom they had been acquainted years before. The visit passed off pleasantly, but at its close the host gallantly, but none the less to her surprise and chagrin, kissed the lady as he said goodbye. The sculptor was an elderly man, but nevertheless it was a liberty, and she was not astonished to hear her husband ejaculate: 'Why, I never heard of such cheek! I've a good mind to go back and tell him what I think of him!'"

"After two or three remarks of a similar tenor, in which the note of anger was rising, the wife decided to pour oil on the troubled waters and so, laying her hand on his arm, said: 'I know, dear, he shouldn't have kissed me, but what does it really matter? What does a kiss count in a woman of my years? He is a very old man, and probably he was following the fashion of the country.'"

"Her husband turned an astonished face. 'Of course I don't mind his kissing you,' he raged, 'but, and his voice rose, 'it's his having kissed me that has hurt my feelings.'"

"The sculptor had followed the Italian custom and kissed both wife and husband."—New York Tribune.

## "To Err is Human."

"But to err all the time is criminal or idiotic. Don't continue the mistake of neglecting your blood. When impurities manifest themselves in eruptions or when disordered conditions of stomach, kidneys, liver or bowels appear, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will make pure, live blood, and put you in good health."

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

## THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Interesting Incident at the Opening of Congress.

## JANNON AND HIS NEW OVERCOAT.

Uncle Joe's Recent Experience on a Railroad Trip—Senator Callum and Pumpkin Pie—Hanna's Rose Tree, De Graffenreid's Story of Towns in the Empire State.

An incident in connection with the opening of congress occurred outside of the big marble building, writes the Washington correspondent of the New York World. There were fully two dozen men armed with cameras running hither and thither to catch views of statesmen. Each photographer was accompanied by a capitol guide, who pointed out the important personages. As the hour of 12 approached and the stream into the capitol increased there were lightning-like changes of plates and films in order not to miss a subject. The majority of senators were willing victims, and more than one was observed to straighten a hat and adjust a coat in readiness for the snap of the shutter.

Senators Aldrich of Rhode Island, Teller of Colorado and Foster of Washington came up the northern entrance to the senate arm in arm. The trio turned pale as they faced the charging camera experts. "What's this for?" queried Senator Aldrich good naturedly. "I haven't done a thing to warrant this."

Senator Thomas C. Platt came up in a carriage, and as he alighted he was buttonholed and induced to step in a better light. Senator Billy Mason of Illinois offered no objection and posed with his hand tucked into his coat. Senator Mark Hanna's arrival created a big rush, but a sign of disappointment arose as the Ohio man ordered his carriage to proceed to the dark entrance under the main steps. The united appeal of half a dozen men succeeded in bringing him into the open, and he was caught in a number of attitudes. Only one senator openly objected to the picture taking—Rawlins of Utah.

Uncle Joe Cannon has a new overcoat and thereby hangs a little tale, says the New York Tribune's Washington representative. A few days ago the chairman of appropriations left his business cares at Danville, journeyed to Chicago, and after a brief sojourn boarded the train for Washington. He crossed the Alleghenies in peace and repose, rode down over the foothills into the rich agricultural section of Maryland, and when he neared Rockville, allowed the obliging porter to brush him up for the termination of his railroad trip. He was at hand. He glanced into the looking glass on the wall of the Pullman car, with a bit of pride for his new suit of clothes and shook himself vigorously as the porter put him into a capacious overcoat. Forthwith he plunged into the deep pockets and began to fish up cough drops and other strange articles. He surveyed the splendid black cheviot with hardly less amazement than he did the cough drops and informed the porter that he had crawled inside of the wrong coat.

The car was turned upside down in search of the missing garment, but it was nowhere to be found. Moreover, the porter said no gentleman had left the car between Rockville and Chicago. "Well, I left Danville with a rusty last winter's overcoat, and now I have a garment of the latest cut, which fits me to a T. It is strange, indeed," said Mr. Cannon. "I must have swapped 'em somehow here in Chicago." Scarcely in the knowledge that he has the better of the bargain, Mr. Cannon wore the coat out of the train and will keep it with him till he hears from its real owner in Chicago.

Senator Callum took two ladies to lunch on the other day, says the New York World's Washington correspondent. "This restaurant is famous for its pumpkin pie," he said, "real genuine pumpkin pie." Walter, with our luncheon, we shall want some pumpkin pie. They had some oysters and some fowl, and then the man who looks like Lincoln turned to the waiter, "Now, three pieces of that fine pumpkin pie."

The waiter brought three pieces of golden hued pie. Mr. Callum looked at them in ecstasy. "That is pumpkin pie such as mother used to make," he said. "It is genuine pumpkin pie. Walter, where do you get the pumpkins this pie is made from—in old New England, I'll bet." "Deed, I dunno, sah," the waiter replied, "but dat ain't pumpkin pie, sah. Pumpkin pie was all out, so I brought you sweet pertter pie instead, sah."

Senator Hanna's rose tree was the most remarkable floral offering at the opening of congress. It was five feet high and covered with full blown flowers. "Gee!" said a cynic from Pennsylvania. "See Hanna's roses. I guess Quay must have sent them to him."

Representative De Graffenreid of Texas was telling some friends of a recent visit to New York state. "Yes, sir," he said, "that New York state is all right. It is sure the Empire State. Why, I went all over it, and say, do you know, there's towns as big as Dallas up there where the trains go right through without stopping."

## The Largest Mail.

The largest mail ever carried across the Pacific ocean is on the transport Sherman, says the Honolulu Republican. There are 1,100 boxes of letters and papers for Guam and Manila.

## FLORIDA'S BLUSHING TREE.

The Secret of Its Pollage Changing Color When Rain Falls.

"Among the many wonders of those strange Florida swamps there is nothing more surprising than the blushing tree," said a man who has recently passed a month in the Everglades of Florida.

"The blushing tree," he continued, "is by no means common. It is found only in the densest thickets of those interminable marshes whose luxuriant vegetation is a revelation to explorers. It is called the blushing tree by those who know it because it actually blushes when the rain falls upon it. This phenomenon is apparently incomprehensible. It never fails to astound those who see it for the first time. The mysterious and beautiful glow of color which it assumes in a rainstorm baffles description. The Seminole Indians, who once ruled Florida, have always known of the tree, and in their musical language, now fast disappearing, have words which mean 'the maiden tree, which reddens at the coming of her lover, the rain.'"

"In company with a taciturn Indian guide I journeyed 40 miles to see this marvelous bit of vegetable life. I could scarcely believe the story he told me, yet curiosity at length overcame incredulity, and we set forth one morning in a small canoe. We spent nearly three days paddling and polling our way over the winding waters. In the afternoon of the third day I began to wonder if he had only been deceiving me for the sake of the boat hire and his pay as guide, when he gave a grant of satisfaction and pointed to the right.

"Distrustfully I followed him ashore and through the underbrush. Beneath great cypress trees, honry with the gray hanging moss, and past immense bay trees we wended our way inland. Eagerly he led the way until, reaching the edge of a little open space, he stopped and with silent pride pointed toward the center. Gracefully a tree, with broad, banana-like leaves, reared itself aloft. Wide spreading branches hung down, slightly waving in the warm breeze. Its emerald hued foliage was the most beautiful I had ever beheld. It rose to a height of 20 feet, and its thick, substantial trunk indicated many years of existence. This, the old Seminole informed me, was the blushing tree.

"I told him to prepare to camp here until rained, regardless of time. We unrolled our blankets, stretched our mosquito bars, without which one cannot sleep in the glades, cooked supper, and rolled up in our blankets for the night. That night, the day following, and the next night passed without rain.

"I began to think it would never rain, when about noon a cloud darkened the sky overhead. I put a rubber poncho over my shoulders and fixed my eyes on the green and pretty tree a dozen yards away. It was covered with a greenish insect, the size of a large wood tick, which intensified its color. The rain began to fall in torrents, after its custom in that region. Beside me, grinning confidently with a pipe in his mouth, stood the Seminole.

"As the cool water drenched the tree I was amazed to note a changing of color. Gradually, yet unmistakably, the green hue was giving away to pink. The Indian had told the truth. The tree was blushing at the rain. In a few minutes the green had faded from sight. Only in a few, half hidden spots beneath broad branches and on its trunk was there a tinge of green to be seen. The tree was as pink as the cheek of a healthy girl.

"After an hour or more the shower passed over, and I watched with no less interest the wonderful tree assume its familiar green once more. As it was changing back to emerald I suddenly realized the secret of the phenomenon. The tiny insects and not the tree itself changed color. These peculiar parasites are possessed of the power of chameleons. In the bright warm sunshine they are greener than the tree on which they live, but when the chilly rain falls upon them they contract their little backs and become a pretty pink in color. Millions of them thus change the tint of the tree. They are found only upon one species of trees, which grow in certain parts of the Everglades."—Denver Post.

## London "Sandwich Men."

The "sandwich men" are among the "East London Types" described by Sir Walter Besant in The Century.

They walk between the boards all day long for a shilling. It is work which makes no demand upon them. They slowly and mechanically plod along, each following the man before him. If you watch the sandwich man, you may observe that he looks neither to the right nor to the left. His face expresses no emotion of any kind; he feels no interest in anything. He is like the hermit, or the recluse, or the anchorite—Inchius. He is dead to the world, a man without friends; without money, without hope, without resources, without the power of work, without strength of mind to resolve, without will to urge him and to sustain him or to lead him out—has no further concern with the world. It is a moving panorama, a series of pictures on which he looks without interest. His own figure, which ought to be there, is not there. Newsboys shout their evening papers; the shops light up their wares till the whole street is a fairland of treasures; the well dressed people pass him in long procession, the carriages go up and down the road. To all the life around him, to all the sights around him, to the meaning of the show and to the dance of life and death that fills the street the sandwich man is indifferent. He has no ambition; he has no future to hope for, no past that he cares to remember; he lives only for the day.

## QUEER RELIGIOUS SECT.

Behals Believe In the Master at Acre, In Syria.

FRIDAY IS THEIR REAL SUNDAY.

A Missionary Lately Returned From a Sojourn With the Master Tells of Teachings From His Lips—The Sun of the Millennium to Rise in the West.

At a hall on the west side in New York the other night there was a meeting of Behals. A Behal is one who believes in the One-Over-at-Acre. Acre is in Syria, on the shores of the Mediterranean. The One-Over-at-Acre is sometimes called the Master by his believers. There were about 150 persons at the meeting. Most of them were believers; some of them were students. All listened with the utmost attention to a witness lately come from a sojourn with the Master at Acre.

The witness was a woman apparently past middle age, of low, wonderfully modulated voice. She wore a gray costume made as plainly as a Quaker's and a small round hat with a flat top, from either side of which a veil of the same color hung down over her shoulders. She told of her recent visit to Acre and of the great number of believers who were gathered there. But few are privileged to have conversation with the Master. Those who are go out and report the words of the Master as best their human memories will permit them to the believers who have not been permitted to have speech with him.

The witness explained that she had hoped that she might be able to sit down directly after speaking with the Master and write down what he said so that the words might be preserved, but there were so many ladies without, she said, waiting to devour with the utmost eagerness every word that came from within, that it seemed best to disseminate, at least the spirit of the Master said, by telling it orally to the many rather than waiting to write it down for the few. One lady who was privileged to go to Acre and to speak with the Master, so the witness said, was formerly an actress and had trained herself to commit plays to memory at a single reading.

This woman, fortunately, had foreborne to stop to tell what she had heard of those outside, but had gone apart as soon as she had come from the Master's presence and had written down all his communications word for word just as he had said it. The believers present the other night seemed greatly pleased by the news that a copy of these reports of the Master's utterances is soon to be sent to the United States to be distributed among them. The witness further reported that the Master customarily spoke in the most beautiful parables.

To the believers in America the witness brought the word that the One-Over-at-Acre had only the warmest words of love and hope and encouragement for them. It had been written in former revelations, the Master told the witness, that the sign of the millennium would be that the sun should rise in the west, and might not this mean that the light of the new revelation, which is to bring with it the realm of universal peace, was to come from the country of free speech and broad thought and of untrammelled religion?

Most of those who were present seemed to be fairly prosperous. It was given out that more meetings will be held soon in an appointed place and that the great need of the Behals now is for teachers. Believers were urged to suspend proselytizing for the present and perfect themselves in the teachings, so that they may be ready to meet with wise instruction the students who will come. The believers present were also informed that, although most of them did not know it yet, not having as yet been sufficiently instructed in the new revelation, Friday was the real Sunday and that in a hundred years all would recognize the fact. It was learned that the instructions to believers and students are given out in a series of successive lessons. There are so few copies of these lessons that the believers have to make their own copies from the papers in the hands of some of the more advanced believers.

The gentleman who presided over the meeting informed a New York Sun reporter that in due time the Behals would be recognized as bringing to the world a revelation of divinity which could be preached to all people in terms that each people could grasp and embrace. It would appeal to each race. The Jews, for instance, are still waiting for the coming of their Messiah. But two-thirds of the Jews of Syria and Persia have accepted the revelation of the One-Over-at-Acre and are believers. The Jews could not accept Christ because the prophets said that the Messiah would come when they were scattered over the earth. They are scattered now, and the Zionist movement is an outward and visible sign of the spirit working in them, of which the revelation of Behal was the inward and moving cause.

The Behals believe that revelations come in cycles and that the revelation of the cycle of Behal is to be the most far-reaching and the most generally accepted of them all. Apparently they believe that the One-Over-at-Acre is to bring the millennium as soon as the shah of Persia will let him alone, which it is gathered, the shah is not doing at present. The Behals have unbounded confidence in their ability to convert.

"I could make a believer out of you," said one of the most advanced leaders to the reporter, "if I could only get a wink at you."

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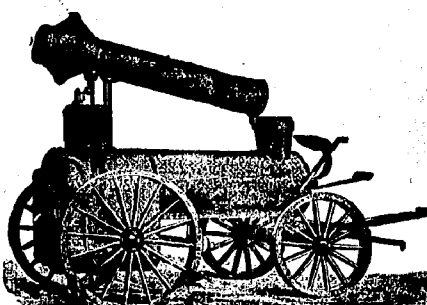
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