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"Luck in numbers" does not consist solely in looking out for number one.—**Central Illinois Democrat.**

The Kind of a Piece It Was.
One evening at a social function where Sarasate was among the guests, a young violinist had the bad taste to play one of Sarasate's compositions with variations of his own creation. The latter were inappropriate and inartistic and jarred upon the ears of all. The performer ended his work and made his way to Sarasate, doubtless expecting a word of recognition or praise. Sarasate said nothing, and the player finally asked, "I hope you recognize that piece?"
"Certainly," Sarasate promptly replied; "it was a piece of impudence."

Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

"How do you like this idea of simplified spelling?"

"It makes me laugh. I've been spelling that way all my life, and till now everybody called me ignorant."—Chicago Record.

If you can't possibly do a certain thing, try to do it, and people will admire you for being "ambitious."—Atchison Globe.

W. H. TRENCHARD,
Prescription Druggist,
Brant and Prospect Streets.
WATERFIELD, N. J.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

Semi-Weekly.

Publishes every Tuesday and Friday by
The Standard Publishing Concern.

E. J. WHITEHEAD, President.
A. E. PEARSON, Vice-President.
C. E. PEARSON, Secretary-Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2.00 PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.

Office—STANDARD Building.

Advertising Rates furnished on application.

ALFRED E. PEARSON, Editor,
C. E. PEARSON, Manager.

WESTFIELD, N. J., AUG. 8 1899.



Do we over-do Dewey? Not so, not so!

The business men who make failures are the men who tackle the job from the standpoint of how not to do it.

It is amusing how much superfluous work the school trustees are doing to find out how they can give the people what they don't want.

The shot fired by the Woman's club at the STANDARD block hits the mark and improvements will be made as soon as the trolley people get through with the plot which they now have possession of.

How beautiful is the face of nature at this particular writing! Only man is vile. But, as we have remarked before, he is not as vile as he is cracked up to be. And, in our humble opinion, he is rapidly divesting himself all the while; with such help as we are able to give him from time to time, at the rate of two dollars per year in advance—sometimes.

Loyal Westfielders never let an opportunity pass to sound the praises of Westfield, the imperial, rock-throned Goddess of Union County. Good men and true are they. It is because of this, perhaps, and certainly so to an extent, that Westfield is out-stepping all other places in the far-famed New Jersey Central system, (as officially ascertained) in proportion to population.

What! So soon, the golden rod? It is, indeed, most graceful and so beautiful! Yet it seems, to us, always to be waving a farewell to summer. And for our part, we do not like to think of summer ended. Still, there will be many golden days before we realize that the season is passed. Then, too, the season is growing longer—don't you think—more of summer and less of winter? God is good.

The Referendum was tried in Westfield on the water plant question; and the town committee then in office deliberately set themselves up to defeat the will of the people as expressed at the polls. And how successful they were is a matter of record; more than that it is in the folk-lore of the town, to go down from generation to generation with its enormity increasing as the principle of the Referendum is increasingly understood only to increase in revelation. The conviction that the rule of masses by means of the Referendum is steadily growing is the only hope of a people's government.

Do the people govern to-day, or do the politicians govern in the interests of dangerous concentrations of wealth?

There appears to be a persistent determination on the part of the school trustees to ignore the wish of the people as manifested at the spring meeting in favor of two primary school buildings instead of one general school.

We again protest against the Lincoln school being perverted or in any degree reduced in its efficiency and

convenience as a school for the higher studies for which it was specially created by a liberal public. The STANDARD took the position that two primary schools, one on either side of the track, could be built for less money than one general school. The fact that the trustees now make a smaller estimate than originally amounts to nothing because the present estimate is only an entering wedge towards the enlargement of the school house on the site to be adopted. They have evidently realized that the public are against one large school house and their plan, as we read the signs, appears to be to circumvent the people by this subterfuge.

Is it impossible to get officials in this town to carry out the will of the people?

Good idea! Trolley it along. We don't know just where the idea sprung from; but we suspect "Charlie" Denman. He is much given to thinking things. Never mind whence came the idea; it is, all the same, good. And here it is: A Trolley Base Ball League. By that meaning a league within the trolley circuit comprehending Elizabeth, Cranford, Westfield, Springfield, Rahway, Plainfield, Bonad Brook, Somerville, New Brunswick, etc., etc. It is not necessary to have high priced playing talent. There is plenty of good amateur ability. And we believe that the public, within this district, would, if properly assured as to the straightforward character of the movement, give it countenance and all the financial support required.

What do you say, Elizabeth, Cranford, Westfield, Plainfield, Bound Brook, Somerville, Springfield, Hurlahway, New Brunswick, etc., etc?

For Westfield, yes!

Just think of what a lively time we'd have on hand now if a course of League games was in progress within this territory this summer, and all the places connected up with trolley routes as they probably will be next summer!

Should the idea materialize we beg to offer to the league directors, free of charge, quarters in the STANDARD Building, located within one minute of the Jersey Central station at Westfield on line with the prospective trolley route, now under construction.

Philip Schnell, an honest baker, a man with a family, was killed Saturday by a Brooklyn trolley car in the hands of a green motorman. Schnell is the two hundred and forty-ninth trolley victim. There must be trolley victims; but it should be made criminal for the trolley people to employ green hands while old hands are available; pending a settlement of differences by means of arbitration. Are the courts becoming the tools of the trusts that the principle of arbitration cannot even get a hearing? Perhaps so. What would be the fate of an arbitration bill at Albany or at Trenton? When we think of Hobart (in the executive board of the twenty-one corporations) of Platt, of Griggs, of Kean, of Sewell—of the generality of the makers and administrators of the law, mostly identified in one way or another way with the trusts, we are obliged to conclude that anything the people want and ought to have is in a bad way. Why do the monopolists resist the principle of arbitration?

Because they must rule by might and not by right.

That is the reason why.

Their's is a cold-blooded calculation that an occasional suit for damages brought by a bereaved family costs less than the amount involved in the demands of old and experienced hands for a day's work not to exceed ten consecutive hours with 20c an hour for over time. Not unreasonable—think you?

But dividends on watered millions are not paid upon that basis. Monopoly's business is to make labor orange and starve into submission. Strikes must be made unsuccessful. Strike at the polls, before it is overwhelmingly too late!

If it is too late who will be to blame when the inevitable balance is struck in blood?

TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE

HELD SHORT SESSION FRIDAY EVENING.

A Large Batch of Bills Paid—Garwood Streets Dedicated to Township—Messrs. Pierson and Fink Want Middlesex Street Extended.

At the meeting of the township committee held Friday evening F. W. Morse, superintendent of the Garwood Land & Improvement company, dedicated parts of Locust, Spruce, Willow, and Myrtle streets in Garwood to the township. The clerk reported that H. M. Grayhill and William Adams had taken out pedler's licenses and that he had turned over the money for the same to the treasurer. Hiram L. Fink appeared and asked what the committee intended to do in regard to the opening of Middlesex street from Broad street to Kimball avenue. Mr. Harden stated that he was in favor of letting the matter rest until Committeeman Welles returned from his vacation. He also stated that he did not think that the work was in any hurry as it would probably only be of benefit to two people, meaning Mr. Fink and James T. Pierson. A complaint of the sidewalk in front of the property of A. L. Russell was received and the clerk was instructed to notify Mr. Russell to repair the same.

A petition from several residents in the neighborhood of Lawrence avenue asked that a top dressing be placed on that avenue above Kimball avenue. The matter was laid over. Superintendent Chamberlin, of the roads, reported that about \$1,500 of the road appropriation was still unused but that it would take double that to do all the work that has been mapped out to do. He was instructed to have the brook cleaned as soon as possible. The report of the tax collector, which was the same as that of the district clerk, published some time ago in the STANDARD, was received and placed on file. William K. Embleton was given permission to run a road race on South avenue on Labor day, September 4.

Superintendent of Sewers Chamberlin reported the system in good working order and that four permits to connect with the system had been granted during the month of July. The treasurer was empowered to issue a certificate of indebtedness to the First National bank for the sum of \$1,000. The estate of Anna Young was notified that the sidewalk in front of their property on First street, must be repaired at once. Township Attorney Oliver was instructed to draw up a quit claim deed for the property at the corner of Summit avenue and Grove street, recently purchased by Arthur Irving. After ordering the payment of the following bills the committee adjourned:

John O'Brien	20 00
C. E. Love	10 70
A. E. Carleton	10 00
E. M. Wood	10 00
J. F. Hubbard	10 00
Thomas Kenny	12 75
Edward Purvis	2 25
George W. Young	0 75
George D. Barrill	11 25
George Gulick	10 50
E. W. Chamberlin	100 00
W. H. Barton	11 00
Hatseld & Chamberlain	402 03
George W. Young	0 00
Tattle Brothers	7 02
Lender	8 00
Edward Edgar	23 50

WANT A JUNK ORDINANCE.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Health was held in the town rooms last evening. On motion Township Attorney Oliver was instructed to prepare an ordinance relating to junk dealers doing business within the township. Health Inspector Edgar was instructed to notify Fred. Glizer, of Plainfield, who has been in the habit of removing fat and refuse from one wagon to another within the township, that it must be stopped. Irving I. Ross was present at the meeting, on behalf of his mother, to complain of the chickens owned by James McCarthy. The matter was referred to the township attorney.

W. H. Barton, the liveryman, complained of a crowd of men who congregated in the early mornings in front of the engine house and by their loud talk keep members of Mr. Barton's family awake. The secretary was instructed to get the names of the men who are in the habit of doing their conversing so early in the morning and notify them that it must stop. A communication from Charles Bliss complained of the out house of the New York Avenue Baptist church and the secretary was instructed to notify the trustees of that church that the nuisance must be abated. Robert Woodruff and Mrs. Catherine Moffet were notified to connect their property with the sewer. A communication from J. S. Foster complained of the condition of the brook above Lawrence avenue and the matter was turned over to the township committee for action.

The pig pen on the property of S. D. Winter on First street was complained of and he was notified to abate the nuisance caused by the same. Township Physician Dr. J. B. Harrison reported the sanitary condition of the public schools as good. A bill of Edward Edgar for \$8.50 was approved and turned over to the township committee for payment.

DIDN'T CARE TO BE KILLED

SO KATIE CONLEY LEFT HER HOME AT SPRINGFIELD AND CAME TO WESTFIELD.

Told a Strange Story to the Overseer of the Poor and was Provided With a Temporary Home—Her Father Takes Her Home—Only Twelve Years Old but a Brilliant Romancer.

Because her mother threatened to kill her Katie Conley, the twelve year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Couley, of Springfield, ran away from home on Saturday. Late in the evening she was found wandering about this town by Constable Todd, who took her in charge. While he had her in a store on Broad street, the Misses Tobin, of North avenue, came in and hearing the girl's story offered to take her to their home for the night.

The girl said that her name was Mary Clark and that she had lived at South Orange until about nine months ago when her mother died and she was taken to Philadelphia, where she lived with an aunt, Mrs. Mary E. Daly, of Park street. Recently her aunt, so her story went, took her to New York to another aunt and left her. A week ago the aunt told her that she must look out for herself and giving her a little money turned her out. She said that she went to Summit and found work as a nurse girl but was discharged on Saturday and then walked to this town.

Overseer of the Poor, Fred Decker, tried to locate the girl's relatives and had about decided to send her to New York when a man called and said that he was looking for his daughter who had disappeared from home and it was thought that she had been kidnapped by gypsies. J. M. C. Marsh went to the girl and said, "Kate, your father is here for you," but the girl replied, "I have no father; he is in his grave." However, she said was willing to see the man who claimed to be her father and when he met her she broke down and confessed that she had run away from home. She said that she had taken her sister's wheel and rode to Summit on Saturday and had been caught in the shower, getting the wheel wet, and that her mother had threatened to kill her so she ran away. The father promised her that she would not be killed or punished and they drove off together.

TO START IMPROVING WESTFIELD.

The Woman's Club and Appointed Committee Held a Meeting Last Evening.

Mrs. Philip, Mrs. J. B. Harrison, Mrs. Harry E. Knight and Miss Steele, the committee from the Woman's Club, and the committee of gentlemen, consisting of Messrs. Harry E. Knight, W. G. DeLamater, Henry C. Sergeant, H. P. Condit and E. S. Malmar, appointed by the club to assist the committee in improving the appearance of the town, met last evening at the home of Dr. J. B. Harrison, on Broad street. Harry E. Knight was chosen as chairman of the meeting.

The members talked over the situation and discussed ways and means of having the vacant lots about town cleaned up and the stopping of bill posting on the trees now that they have provided bill boards for that purpose. A committee of one was appointed to draft an ordinance relating to the throwing of papers in the streets, the posting of bills on the trees and the littering of the vacant lots with rubbish. Another meeting will be held shortly at which this committee will report.

TWO DEATHS IN ONE WEEK.

The Home of Edward C. Sanford Again Plunged in Gloom.

Twice in one week death has visited the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward C. Sanford on First street. Miss Martha D. Sanford, sister of Mr. Sanford, who has lived with him since childhood, died during the heavy thunder storm on Saturday afternoon of heart failure after having suffered for several years. She had lived in Westfield since 1890 and had a large circle of friends. The funeral services will be held from the residence of her brother this afternoon, with the Rev. Dr. C. M. Anderson, of the Methodist church, of which church Miss Sanford was a member since she was thirteen years old, officiating. Miss Sanford was 53 years of age. A week ago to day Mrs. Falyu, mother of Mrs. Sanford, was buried.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

Fire Alarm Refused to Work and Chief Chamberlain Climbed the tower.

During the heavy thunder storm Saturday afternoon lightning struck the engine on the house owned by L. M. Whitaker, at the corner of Clark street and Dudley avenue, which is occupied by H. H. Brown. The bolt seemed to hit the top and run down the sides, tearing off a few shingles as it went. The firemen were at once sent for but Chief Chamberlain, who received the alarm, tried to ring the bell from the box at the engine house but could not make it work. The chief then climbed the fire tower and sent out an alarm by hand. The firemen were not needed but they responded promptly. The loss is very slight.

Edacate Your Bowels with Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. C. C. C. Co. fail, druggists refund money.

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Daily Performances at
10 and 11 A. M., 2, 3, 4 and 5 P. M.

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FISHERMEN ALL SAY

There is everything in knowing where to go fishing.

A view of the famous weak fish grounds off Boynton Beach, Sewaren, N. J.

Leading Shoe Store of Westfield.

HOW ABOUT THAT WHIP?

It does not cost much to always have a good substantial Whip. One that looks well and wears well—if you get them of me.....

R. F. HOHENSTEIN
DEALER IN
HORSE EQUIPMENTS, FLOUR, FEED, HAY AND GRAIN.
...PRATT'S FOOD...
PROSPECT STREET, WESTFIELD.

JOHN O'BLENIS
Broad Street, Westfield.

BUSINESS NOTES.

The force at the Bayard Pharmacy have been so overworked this week that they have been unable to prepare any poetry for this week's issue.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Sea Shore Goods
AT
Clark's.
Hats, Negligee Shirts, Wash Pants for the youngsters, etc.

OUR WARES WANTED.

Unique Fields for Our Windmills and Bicycles.

Superior Workmanship of American Made Machines Makes Them Preferred in Foreign Lands.

It has recently been discovered by the Austrian minister of commerce and national economy, as he is called, that while other European nations are enlarging the profitable scope of their foreign trade, Austria among European nations is falling backward, and suffering from the effects of a competition which the Vienna government does nothing to counteract. Therefore it is seriously proposed that the Austrian minister of commerce shall delegate to various individuals the task of representing Austrian interests abroad, and to serve as national "drummers" in aid of their expansion. It is pointed out that there are abroad many profitable fields for the investment of Austrian capital and the utilization of Austrian labor, and the bureau of foreign commerce at Vienna hopes soon to be engaged in work connected with them.

Meanwhile, however, American representatives abroad are not idle in proposing methods whereby the interests of citizen-subjects of Uncle Sam may be promoted, and one such project comes from classic Athens in the suggestion conveyed by the American consul at the Greek metropolis to the state department that there is now a chance of introducing American windmills into Greece. An Athenian firm has, it appears, agreed to buy and erect one windmill in a conspicuous location as a sample and is confident that it can sell others. The firm wishes to proceed very carefully in its choice of this sample, in order to get the mill that will work best under the conditions. The members of the firm wish to deal with an American establishment, because they believe that the Americans excel in the construction of this article.

The islands and mainland of Greece possess innumerable small farms, laid out in vineyards, vegetable gardens and orange and lemon groves. The soil is rich, but the important question is that of water, which, when found, is near the surface and supplied to the land by means of wells worked by machinery with mule or horsepower. Many of the land proprietors are well to do, and could afford windmills. Greece, it appears, is so cut up by the sea that there is hardly a day in the year without a breeze. During the seasons, July and August in particular, the wind is strong. A mill so constructed that it will work either in a light or strong wind is needed. It would also be more salable if it could perform services other than the mere drawing of water, such as grinding grain.

Another field for American industry, it is pointed out in a bulletin to the state department, is in the island of Madeira, where it appears that practically no wheeled vehicles are used. The streets of Funchal are paved with small, smooth stones brought from the seashore. The ground is carefully prepared, and the small stones are well laid down, and when a square is finished it is pounded to a level with a heavy maul. Some of these pavements have been laid for more than 200 years and are better to-day than when first laid down. Time and use have made them solid and smooth. They ride in Funchal in sleds drawn by oxen, on horses and in hammocks and in carriages on runners. Every driver carries a rag or coarse towel saturated with grease. This, from time to time, he puts down in front for the runners to pass over. In summer, during the dry season, the grease and friction make the pavements almost as smooth as glass, and this compels the buying of Madeira-made boots. The soles of these boots are spongy and cling to the pavement. The claim is made that Madeira offers opportunities for the investment of American capital in bicycles.—N. Y. Sun.

GIG, A FLIRTING GIRL.

A Term That Is Found in the Works of Old English Writers.

"Gig" has one or two obsolete and rare meanings of interest. It is obsolete in its meaning of a flirting girl, though a writer so comparatively modern as Mme. D'Arblay wrote in her diary: "Charlotte L.—called, and the little gig told all the quarrels." In the sense of an oddity or fool the word probably survives locally. Whyte-Melville makes some one say in "Kate Coventry": "Such a set of 'gigs,' my dear, I never saw in my life." * * * not a good-looking man among them." Yet note that the word is put into quotation marks. "In high gig" meant in high spirits. "Gig" had the third meaning of fun, glee. Sir Walter Besant locates the phrase in the '30s of this century in his "Fifty Years Ago": "A laughter-loving lass of 18 who dearly loved a bit of a gig." No connection with "giggle" is suggested. By the way, I see that Mr. Leslie Stephen has had the temerity to write of the house of commons "giggling over some delicious story of bribery and corruption." Although "gig" a flirting girl, is obsolete, "giglet" meaning the same thing, is apparently not so. A writer in Chambers' Journal uses it with effect in the sentence: "Why should female clerks in the post-office consist of pert giglets hardly out of their teens?" "Giglet" (for hiring female farm servants) are still held in the west of England.—Academy.

Mottos.

"I will," is the motto of Chicago. "I can," is the motto of the fruit preserver.—Chicago Daily News.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Three-fourths of the students in Japanese schools are agnostics or atheists. It is estimated that there are 30,000 pupils in the agricultural schools of the United States.

The Presbyterian church of Canada last year received for home missions \$100,169.94 and for foreign missions \$175,222.61.

The income of the Zenana Bible and Medical mission of London for last year was \$100,000, the largest ever received in one year.

In the Frankfurt (Ky.) prison there are two Christian Endeavor societies, one for white men, with a membership of 150, and the other for colored men, with a membership of 98.

In the vicinity of the Catholic university at Washington ground was recently broken for Trinity college, the first Catholic institution for the higher education of women on this continent.

Roman Catholics form 75.40 of the population of Ireland, the actual number amounting to 3,547,307 in a total population of 4,704,750, according to the census returns in 1891. In the counties of Antrim and Down, and possibly Fermanagh, the non-Catholic population is the majority.

A Presbyterian clergyman, it is said, has been experimenting by working in mines, foundries and brickyards. He announces his conclusion "that if candidates for the ministry would work for a year among those who toil with their hands, they would be better able to fill the pews in their churches with working men."

The Doukhobors, 7,500 of whom recently immigrated to Canada, and were assisted by the British Society of Friends, are a secret Christian sect in Russia, who have been persecuted for 150 years. They are nonresistant, have no priests or ceremonies, are communistic, tilling their fields in common, and are scrupulously honest.

SHIRT WAIST IRONERS.

Heavy and Exhausting Work of Laundry Dresses Caused by Summer Fashion.

This is the season when the shirt waist wearer comes forth in all her glory and refreshes both herself and the casual beholder continually by her attractive display of nicely starched and ironed linen. The girl who has just attired herself in a spick and span shirt waist just fresh from the laundry is as delightful to the eye and the senses of her fellows as is the spottless shirt waist to its grateful wearer. But to the girls who iron those waists—well, that, to use a Kiplingism, is another story.

One hundred, 110, 120 and even higher now and then the thermometers in the big laundries often register. And in this heat shirt waist girls—not wearers, but ironers—stand and toil all day long. Many, many hours of hard and exhausting labor daily is necessary in order that the other shirt waist women, the wearers, may "do themselves proud" in the ubiquitous garment which has proved itself such a good friend to womanhood. Nor does the work of ironing shirt waists belong to the order of that which may be performed hastily, with a minimum of care and labor. No, indeed! Every woman who wears a shirt waist wants it perfectly ironed, naturally enough, and that means work. Very few women have sufficient shirt waists in ordinary use to allow the pretty "blouses" sent to the laundry one week to be returned the next. As a rule two or, at most, three days is all that can be allowed for their laundering. And that means work also—overwork, overtime, but, alas! not overpay, as a general thing, for the shirt waist ironers.

Doctors and hospital nurses tell gossamer stories occasionally of dread diseases brought on and young lives sacrificed by the perpetual standing on one foot and the heavy machine work performed in many laundries. The girl who stands on one foot all day long, year in and year out, pressing down the heavy treadle of an ironing machine with the other, until she grows too sick to work longer and goes to the nearest free hospital or lapses into semi-invalidism at home, has no love for shirt waists as a rule. For much of this exhausting and difficult labor is carried on in behalf of the shirt waists which most other women love, and, lest the non-shirtwaist-wearing half of Chicago humanity grow unduly puffed up, let it be said that the delicate and fragile negligee and outing shirts so favored of mankind for some time past are very neatly, if not quite, as well as the shirt waists. While as to "rush" orders—well, there wouldn't be so many of them, perhaps, and the average man and woman would order a few more shirts or shirt waists, even if a little pinch had to be felt somewhere else. If only they realized all of the torture and strain, and all for very low wages, which must be undergone by some one every time they make emphatic demands for their laundry bundle to be returned "just as quickly as possible."—Chicago Chronicle.

A Come-Down.

"I hope," said Wimbleton to Mrs. Witherby, who had just come back from abroad, "that you enjoyed your trip."

"I did, indeed," said Mrs. Witherby, as she returned the slight hand pressure in the usual manner; "but, do you know, I came over with so many celebrities who were on the steamer that it seems rather strange now to associate with common, ordinary people."—Brooklyn Life.

No Longer in the Unknown.

Maud—Oh, Uncle George! did you see the medicine man of the tribe of Indians that you visited?

Uncle George—No, Maud. I discovered that he retired several years ago in favor of the patent medicine man.—Judge.

THE TILLER OF THE SOIL.

By dint of craft he coaxes from the field, stubble and furrows, a rich, luxuriant yield. Yet they be few who ken his honest worth.

And some do deem him narrow; but of Forest and field, his lore they little dream: For Nature teaches him her mystic ways. Throughout each changing season's passing days.

Far from good haunts that tempt men's souls, His burnished share the fallow furrow rolls Along the fertile field; and later, there The merry harvest song lifts on the air.

Content to labor in his humble place, Content to fill his small, allotted space, He quaffs the glowing sunshine's mellow wine, And dwells beneath his own fig tree and vine.

—Angus Ingram, in Minneapolis House-keeper.

A Mystery of the Desert.

By Neville Cain

"DURING my sojourn in Egypt," said Walton, removing his hookah from his burnt black beard. "I became interested in the horse; and, desirous of possessing an Arabian of high quality, sought guidance of our local consul as to the best way of going about obtaining one. He gave me a letter to a certain camel and horse breeder of renown, located near Samanna, a Bedouin sheik, Hassam Moakbar by name. The sheik, he informed me, had reason to feel under obligations to him, which would insure me a pleasant reception. I took with me only a small escort—the consul's letter, in the Arabian tongue, being a sort of passport and affording me immunity from the toll gathering customary among the desert tribes. Arriving at the encampment at twilight, a scene of great beauty burst upon me. The stars were beginning to blaze forth with unusual size and brilliancy through the wonderfully rare atmosphere. Threads of smoke rose perpendicularly from fires, sparkled among the long, low, wide tents, where preparations for the evening meal were going on.

"Negro slaves were roasting coffee, which gave forth a perfume only 'Arab' the 'Blest' could yield. 'Round about parties of Arabs were exercising the horses—such creatures!—with manes flowing like the tresses of Princess Badroulbadeur."

"Sheik Hassam," a man of noble appearance, met me, and after reading the letter, at once relaxed the stern dignity of his countenance, and the supper being now ready, bade me partake of the same tray with himself. The meal consisted of a kid's flesh roasted delicately with certain condiments, of the nature of eau de Cologne, and washed down with mare's milk. A noble cup of coffee, however, atoned for the singularity of this repast, and lighting cheroots of a strong, sweet flavor, we strolled among the horses, much of whose beauty and fine points were observable in the moonlight, for that luminary had now risen above the horizon. For reasons of his own, the sheik certainly did his best to get me what I wanted, and out of 50, every one of which seemed to possess some different charm, I chose one, and regretted that I had not chosen all the others. I was loath to leave so romantic a spot, and, though duty called, lingered some days, the guest of the sheik, who seemed equally unwilling to have me go, and pledged me with rare tobacco and still rarer legends, dusky happenings of desert land, which had come within his ken, and revealed to few. I began to feel as if I had chewed the lotus bud, and did not care greatly whether I returned to my native land or not.

"One evening (that before thy day set for my departure) while strolling and smoking, as usual, in the moonlight, at some distance from the encampment, our footsteps, whether by accident or the sheik's design, were directed toward a dark ridge of rocks which crested a great rise of sand on the horizon and shone jagged against the rising moon.

"That forbidding pile," said Sheik Hassam, with a wave of his long arm, causing a meteoric effect with the glowing end of his cheroot, "formed once the center of an oasis, discovered by myself and tribe while seeking an unfrequented portion of the desert for the purpose of establishing ourselves for the favorable pursuit of our business."

"This oasis seemed the portal of paradise when, in the splendor of the noontide, we halted, after days of travel beneath a copper sky, before its waving palms and luxuriant shade, among which gurgled hidden springs of water, blessed water, and the songs of birds echoed among the foliage."

"Allah be praised! We shall prosper here!" I cried aloud, and bade them set up the tents, which were not few, and dig a cistern, which was filled from the springs amid the groves. The heat diminished not, but rather intensified from day to day, so that the outer springs became dry, and we had to force our way inward (for the oasis was wide and of densest growth) to obtain supplies of water.

"Here and there we encountered beaten paths, which struck us as being rather singular, as we had seen no living thing save birds. Possibly, we argued, they were made by the jackals, which howled about in the daytime and went there for water after dark; although on one occasion I could have sworn that a vague imprint in the sandy pathway was that of a beast of prey."

"I kept a sharp lookout and sentinels ever on watch about the horses, camels and goats tethered at short distance from the camp beneath leafy shade. Nothing of note transpired for some days, except slight additional proofs from time to time that some living creature inhabited the place. The heat seemed to increase

daily, and the skies assumed the reddish tinge which bodes no good to the dweller in the desert. At rare intervals across the yellow hills would come pirouetting diabolical little spirals of sand, moved by puffs of wind, like breaths from a furnace.

"On the morning of the fifth day I lamed, my Circassian slave, a man of rare courage and singular personal beauty, disappeared into the depths of the oasis in quest of fresh water, that in the cistern being used for the beasts only, and, from the length of time elapsing, must have penetrated further than usual. Suddenly we perceived him at the edge of the jungle wildly gesticulating. The Arabs' rifles were at their shoulders in an instant, but there was a mingled scream and roar; a flash of tawny flanks, and I lamed, dragged down from behind, disappeared in the wood."

"The riflemen who had been nearest to him fell upon their faces, paralyzed with some awful fear, and could not be induced to stir. What they had seen I knew not. Drawing my scimitar and grasping my pistol I bade a huge black, under threat of instant death, follow with a lance, and plunged into the tangled wood at the spot where I lamed had disappeared. White fragments of cloth upon the broken twigs, borne down by what must have been a creature of unusual size and ponderous strength, guided us onward. Panting with the heat, bruised with falling, and now feeling giddy with a strange odor which began to pervade the air, we proceeded with the utmost caution along a path grown steep and rocky."

"The terrible odor had grown almost stifling, and mingling with it came a low, whining purr, apparently at no great distance now."

"Crouching behind a ragged mass of rock which seemed to have been split by the heat (the black calling incessantly upon Allah with clattering teeth) I peered through the crevice into the space beyond. Soul of Mohammed! What a sight met my gaze! "Sprawling upon its belly at the entrance to a cavern, the lithe tail beating the ground, was a creature, the sight of which caused my scimitar to fall from my nerveless grasp. Out of a tangled red mane, rose a white neck of columnar strength, surmounted by a countenance of awful beauty. Beneath netted eyebrows glowed eyes like burnished brass, human in all save the slit like pupils. The lips were a venomous red arch, through which flashed long canine teeth."

"Before her, slightly propped against a boulder, lay I lamed, white and limp, but conscious and fascinated. Ever and anon the great furry paw was thrust forward caressingly, the claws sheathed, and the eyes of the dread creature became narrow and tender, and the purring sound was repeated."

"Streaming with sweat, I had managed to level my pistol across a projection, when a shadow fell over us which deepened, and a murmur broke upon our ears, increasing to a roar, springing to its feet, its eyes blazing greenly in the gathering gloom, the Thing seized the shoulder of I lamed's garments in its teeth, and with a horrid screaming snarl leaped past us, as the simoon in all its fury burst upon us."

"The black had already clambered to the highest rock and lay clasping the base of a large palm, face down, enveloped in his burnous. I did likewise, and after a period of unconsciousness, awoke, and painfully drawing myself up to a sitting posture against what remained of the palm tree, gazed about me. The black lay right at my side, stifled."

"Around about among the rocks and trees and across the plain were great drifts and billows of sand, but of all my faithful people and valuable beasts there was no trace. A tent pole, with a fragment of canvas here and there, marked their graves."

"I was rescued in a delirious condition by my partner, who came weekly to visit the encampment."

"That I am stopping in this vicinity is owing to an irresistible fascination the spot has for me, and to its being in the direct road to the market town, whither I go at intervals to trade. The mystery that yonder sand heaps envelop will never be revealed until the desert and the sea give up their dead." —N. Y. Herald.

Polly's Burial.

Their parrot had died, and young Master Tommy, with his little sister Jennie, had just concluded the funeral services over the grave of their feathered pet.

"I s'pose Polly is in heaven now," remarked Jennie, tearfully.

"Yes," remarked Master Tommy, "I s'pose he is."

"He—he's got wings, but he wouldn't be an angel up there, would he?" inquired the little maid, anxious about his present status.

"Oh!" cried Tommy; "he wouldn't be an angel; only people is that."

"Then what do you s'pose he is now?" persisted his sister.

Tommy thought for a moment. Then the light of inspiration dawned on his beaming countenance.

"I guess Polly is a bird of paradise now," he announced, joyfully.—N. Y. Herald.

Wanted Something Better.

"Is there is any place in this town where they telegraph without wires?" he asked of the policeman on the corner.

"That discovery is too new and we haven't got it yet," replied the officer. "What's the matter with the old way?"

"No good. I've kept five or six wires red hot for half a day trying to get my brother-in-law to send me money to get home on, but I can't even raise him."—Philadelphia Press.

Comfort and Appearance.

We wonder why it is that new-looking clothes are rarely ever comfortable. —Washington Democrat.

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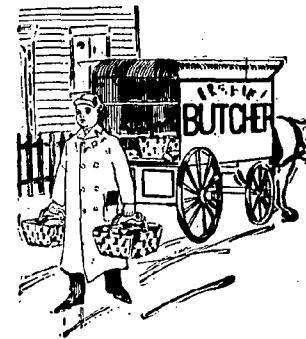
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WHO OF US KNOW?

Who of us know the heartache of the man we meet Each day in passing on the busy street, The woes and cares that press them, Forebodings that distress them— Who of us know?

Who of us think Of how hot tears have chased the smiling cheek Of some we meet who would not dare to speak The pangs they feel, the burdens that they bear, Each hour that passes through the solemn year—

Who of us think? To try and think and know their pain and grief, And help to bring to breaking hearts relief, To help to bear the burdens of their care By tender word and loving look and prayer—

Who of us care? —C. Allen, in N. W. Christian Advocate.

To What Base Uses

BEYOND Dieppe is a fair country skirting a blue sea, and the popples grove and tall in the rustling wheat. The hedges are starred with blossoms and powdered with dust, for the highways are the roads of many.

Half way down the steep hill is a little hostel, a roadside inn. It has a face of flowers and is pleasant; it smiles with the welcome of a courteous native to the casual stranger; it invites inspection; it suggests refreshment, and it disguises the materialistic form of its refreshment with the glamour of roses and a rustic porch.

The day was hot and I hesitated at the porch. The room inside looked cool; it had a stone floor and a latticed window, which was thrust open. Then I saw the flutter of a pink gown and a silvery laugh came to me. I had a married sister waiting for me at Pourville, and I was all ready; but then, I argued, I always had a married sister, and she was generally waiting for me somewhere, for I am invariably late; and a pink gown, in conjunction with so silvery a laugh, was alluring. I went in. The sunlight outside was very bright, the half-light in the room was dim, and I stepped upon a dog—a pug dog, I afterward discovered—which resented my familiarity with his teeth. That destroyed the effect of my entrance. It produced a hurried exclamation and a half-laugh translated into a cough. The exclamation came from me. I apologized profusely to the lady who had been indelicate as to laugh or cough. She was a small, dark, cool, sweet, innocent face, with mischief, however, lurking in the eyes; a figure slight, willowy; an air of command and a dress inconceivable to an insular understanding—a mere dream of light frills, soft silks and color.

She drew herself up with some hauteur to the full extent of her five feet four inches, from which I deducted two inches in consequence of a glance at her shoes. In the labor of buttoning a long glove she spoke.

"Monsieur, I too must apologize. It was ill of me. It is pardonable that, in the heat of self a surprise, a man should say—should say what you said."

"Yet to me it is a grief," I protested. "I, she went on, buttoning her glove, with her eyes fixed on me under the curtain of their long lashes, 'I thought you were some one else.'"

I hate to be taken for anybody else but myself—I like to keep the fluttering hope that I am unique. I was piqued.

"Madame," I answered, "I am sorry that I was not the other person."

She looked at me for quite awhile, which made me feel uncomfortable. At such moments I have always a misgiving that my tie has wriggled. Then she smiled. The smile began in her eyes, spread to her lips, and finally took refuge in her teeth. I smiled too—from sympathy partly, and partly to show her that I bore her no ill will for her mistake.

"Does monsieur generally enter an inn to tread upon little dogs?" I became aware that I had not summoned the landlord. I was also aware that I did not wish to summon the landlord.

"I heard you laugh," I said. The fact seemed all eloquent to me, it appeared so to her.

"I was expecting some one. We had quarreled," she made reply.

"He was to blame."

"I have not said that it was a man."

"It was unnecessary. You were good enough not to think me devoid of common sense."

"He departed in anger."

"A most ill-tempered man."

"If I were in the wrong—"

"Which is a supposition very much strained."

"I should be miserable, but as it is I laugh."

"And when you laugh the world stops at your window."

"Monsieur is pleased to regard himself in a very flattering light."

"And I, as the only tangible object of the world, entered."

"Ah!"

She played a short solo upon the stone floor with the tip of her shoe. It was crescendo. Her brow—it was as marble for whiteness and as soft as rose leaves—wrinkled in thought, her lips—I hardly know whether to bless the gods for permitting me a sight, or curse them for the hot temptation—puckered. She was evidently pondering.

"It is," she said at length, "an unreasonable entrance."

"It is an unreasonable introduction," I corrected; "the entrance was not unreasonable."

"Unless to die," she laughed a little, and I began to find her laugh rather irritating—at times. "But the worst of it is there has been no introduction."

"Does that matter?" I asked. For my part I was willing to forego such trivialities.

"I do not know your name."

"Nor I yours, so that is a bond of sympathy. Let us. I went on in a glow of inspiration, 'imagine that we have been introduced at a dance. One never knows the names in such cases.'"

"It was certainly to blame."

"Certainly. If a man willingly walks one of paradise he must be either a fool or—"

"He will come back."

"In that case—" I began, rising and taking my hat from the chair.

"Really," she answered, "a man who willingly walks off—"

"But I don't," I objected. "I go with the greatest reluctance."

"It is very warm in the sun, monsieur."

"Madame, I greatly fear sunstroke. It is a disease which has had remarkable fatality for our family."

I replaced my hat upon the chair on which I had previously seated myself, and seated myself upon the chair on which I had previously placed my hat. That chair was nearer to madame, by over a foot.

"Monsieur is prudent," she said, and smiled. I should have been perfectly happy if her gaze did not so often wander through the window frame and seek the sunshine outside.

"Nay, I fear," I murmured, looking at her ardently, "imprudent."

"That is hardly in the nature of a compliment."

"Because," I went on boldly, "in the joy of a moment, a minute, an hour, I peril my future peace."

She beat another solo upon the floor, and again looked into the sunshine. My eyes followed the direction of hers, and I thought I saw a hat. The hat was severe, may rigid, it was a masculine hat.

"Is the peril so great?" she asked. She spoke so softly that I pushed my chair a little nearer to her and leant forward.

"The answer is entirely in your hands, madame," I said.

"There may be no peril," she pouted, "for who knows what tree of love may spring from this mere grain of barely ten minutes?"

She glanced at me sideways.

"Have you noticed the roses at the window?"

"No," I answered. "They are there, no doubt—roses are often at windows—but I have eyes for you only."

"There is one, almost a bud. I covet it. I must have it."

She rose and passed swiftly to the window. Again I thought I saw the hat. I rose. I followed her. I stood behind her as she raised her ungloved hand—a dainty, slender, white hand; a hand that any man might not tire of kissing easily. She caught the bud, broke its stem and gave a faint cry.

"You have hurt yourself," I said.

"It has pricked me—it is still in, I fear."

I took her hand in mine. I have had some experience with thorns in connection with little hands, and I did not look for any deep wound, yet I must confess to some considerable surprise when I found none at all, and even after minute search no visible impression upon the satin of her skin.

"Madam," I said, falteringly, "I can see nothing."

"Stupid," she cried pettishly, yet not loudly. "Look again—I tell you I have hurt my hand badly. You cannot see well. Hold it to the light."

I held it to the light. I looked at it very carefully—the hand was really worth looking at—I bent lower over it—lower still. Then suddenly I glanced upward. She was smiling. I saw a challenge in her eyes. I kissed her hand.

"Clotilde," said a voice over my head. It was a strange voice, and it seemed out in the garden a little above me. I looked up and recognized the rigid, severe hat. He looked bad-tempered when he observed me; he looked penitent when he gazed upon madame.

"Henri," she cried, "I have a thorn in my finger. This gentleman is clumsy—he cannot discover it."

She glanced at me scornfully, and stretched out her perfectly healthy hand to the owner of the rigid hat, who took it. Then, in that hand, innocent of a scratch or mark, he found a thorn, plucked it out, and kissed the place where it had been. I think, though, the wound was after all not in her hand and if I did not find it I was not useless in the healing.

Then suddenly I remembered that I had not summoned the landlord, and rectified my forgetfulness in a violent manner. When mine host entered he was in time to see the rigid hat bending under a parasol somewhat down the road.

"Ah, they have made it up again," he cried, with evident satisfaction. "I am glad of that, for the wedding is to be in the early part of next week, and I am to supply the wine for the ceremony."

Everyone seemed satisfied but myself. I continued my walk to Pourville, having remembered my sister who was waiting.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Nerve of a Sparrow.

My informant was feeding with bread crumbs in St. James' park a wood pigeon at his feet. One of the bird's feathers, an under tail-covert, which was ruffled and out of place, caught the eye of a sparrow. The sparrow flew down, seized it in its beak and pulled it out. The feather did not yield at once, and the pigeon walked off with offended dignity. The sparrow followed, still holding on, and, in the end, flew off triumphantly with the trophy to its nest. "Well, if that don't take the cock for cheek," was the comment of a passing laborer, "I'm"—London Times.

Pence a Minor Consideration.

No hero expects people to put him on the back for his acts. Herodion is spontaneous, and he who stops to count the reward loses both the opportunity and the glory.—St. Louis Star.

HOLDING HER OWN.

She Liked to Meet Men Occasionally Who Could Talk Intelligently.

She was a winsome creature, with large, eloquent eyes and a gown of fluffy material. Willie Washington was irresistibly attracted to her. She talked a great deal about authors and was familiar with those, at least, who are being currently advertised, for she said she just dotted on any he happened to mention. He chanced to quote a little poetry and remarked:

"That is by Campbell. Of course, you recognize it?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, "I recognize it. But, to tell you the truth, I never cared so much for Campbell's poetry. I thought his plays were fine. When I was a little girl I used to beg father to let me go to the theater every time I saw 'Bartley Campbell's White Slave' on the bill boards."

He looked uneasy, but merely remarked:

"You like plays?"

"Yes, indeed."

"So do I. By the way, that reminds me of something. You know Sheridan's 'Rivals'?"

"Not personally," she replied. "You see, I was not born until after that war, and I never took much interest in military affairs until recently. But I have no doubt that Fighting Phil had a great many of them."

"A great many what?"

"Oh, rivals, of course."

"Did you admire Stevenson?" he inquired, apprehensively.

"Stephenson? Oh, yes, indeed. I think the way he discovered the locomotive was too cute for anything. Don't you think so?"

"Yes," was the melancholy reply, "it was pretty cute. But I wasn't referring to that—"

"Oh! How stupid of me. You mean Adlai. I never saw a man in my life who wouldn't get to talking about political people sooner or later. He was a very good vice president," she added, confidently, "very good, indeed. By the way, you were speaking of the stage. Do you like Jefferson?"

Willie looked up and wearily asked:

"Which one—Tom or Joe?"

But she was perfectly willing to talk about either, and as he took his leave she cast upon him a glance of bewitching sweetness and said it was such a pleasure to meet a man once in awhile who could converse intelligently.—Washington Star.

HIGH-HEELED SHOES.

Women Should Enjoy Their Broad-Toed Shoes While They May.

Since women have been wearing sensible, broad-toed, flat-heeled boots most of the chiropodists have found business slack. But if Dame Rumor foretells correctly they'll soon be brushing up their signs and working overtime to meet demands.

Our British cousins say that women's feet should look small. A lean girl always had their own ideas about this matter, and crammed their toes into narrow shoes until they hobbled like the dainty little almond-eyed ladies of China, but, since the golf girl came and the bicycle girl, too, there has been a change. Louis XV. shoes are all right to dance in, but they don't amount to a row of pins when one is boating or wheeling or fishing or climbing hills, and that's what the summer girl of to-day is doing most of the time. She doesn't want to be pinched up or helpless, and enjoys the fresh air of heaven and the sunshine and nature.

The broad, comfortable shoe was a godsend after years of misery with the sharp-pointed footgear that kept her toes twisted together and her instep raised like a flagpole. And now, just after salvation has come, must she once more don the painful horrors from which she has been but recently unshackled?

Every woman will declare that she will never again be a victim of short, narrow shoes, whatever the fashion may be. That's all right to say, but how many will have the courage to wear one sort of a shoe when all the rest of besetted humanity is wearing some other style? Not many, it is to be feared. The physical culture advocates will be among the minority and possibly the girls who go in for outdoor sports to an unusual extent. But no matter how advanced women may become, or how strong-minded, it takes the nerve and energy and courage of a Julius Caesar or an Alexander to war against the decrees of fashion—and Julius Caesars and Alexanders are rather rare in femininity's ranks these days.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Tomato Jelly Salad.

In a saucepan put one-half a can of tomatoes, one small bay leaf, four cloves, one blade of mace, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of paprika and ten drops of onion juice. Simmer 15 minutes. Add one-third of a box of gelatin which has been soaked in one-third of a cupful of cold water, stir until dissolved and press through a fine sieve. Add two tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar and pour into wetted molds. When firm turn out on lettuce leaves and garnish with mayonnaise. For a change the jelly may be put into a border mold and when turned out the center is filled with chicken, meat or celery salad.—Boston Budget.

A Hint.

After all, it's a bit cruel to take flowers from their cool resting place in a vase of water, and choke them to sudden death by wearing them in the hot streets. A good deal more enjoyment can be had out of them by letting them live in peace, and in looking at them comfortably enclosed in a vase of water.—Detroit Free Press.

TRAIL OF THE GUM CHEWERS.

It Represents \$500,000 a Year as This Fault-Finding Janitor Figures It.

The janitor raised himself to a half-standing posture and waved his brush with an air of command.

"Look out," he said; "don't step on them things. They'll stick."

The young woman jumped backward in dismay. She lifted her buffed skirts daintily and tiptoed around on her pointed French shoes in her effort to avoid the things of which she had been warned. She looked about, but nowhere did she see evidences of the danger points referred to.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "I don't see anything. It can't be these?" and she pointed with the tip of her parasol to the unsightly black splotches that freckled the marble floor.

The janitor nodded.

"But what are they?" she asked.

"Them?" said the janitor, with another wave of his brush. "Them's gum."

"Gum?" repeated the young woman. There was another nod.

"But you don't mean to say—" began the young woman.

The janitor interrupted her with a haughty gesture.

"Yes," he said, "I do. And I mean to say in addition that if there is any one thing more than another that is the plague of a janitor's life, it is gum. Our floor is carpeted with it. If us scrubbers could have our way there would be a big sign put up in every room and hall in every building in this town: 'No gum chewed here.' Did you?"

—and the janitor looked up anxiously—"did you ever stop to figure out how much money you walk on in the shape of gum every time you take a turn down any of these business streets or through half a dozen big office buildings?"

The young woman regarded the janitor with increased respect.

ABOUT THE
COUNTY

CRANFORD.

The Standard is on sale Tuesday and Friday at the Union News Co.'s stand.

Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Cox are spending a vacation at Lake Hopatcong.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Sperry are spending a vacation at Long Branch.

Mrs. H. M. Jackson is spending several weeks at Long Branch and Asbury Park.

Mrs. Nellie Brennan will shortly start the new house on Retford avenue. John Watterson is drawing the plans.

Henry B. Miller, of Westfield, has the contract to wire the house of A. B. Bigelow, on Holly street, for electric lights.

The base ball game between the home team and the Johnston Field Club, of Jersey City, had to be postponed on Saturday afternoon on account of the heavy thunder storm which visited this section. The game will be played later in the season.

BRANCH MILLS

Mrs. M. Richard has been entertaining her niece, Miss Effie Murray, of Long Island.

Mr. and Miss Russell, of New York, spent Sunday at the home of Mrs. C. Pierson.

R. A. Fowler was the leader of the Christian Endeavor meeting Sunday evening.

Miss Lizzie Ludlow, of Plainfield, has been spending several days with her sister, Miss C. Ludlow.

A Pathetic Portrait.

There is a peculiar portrait in Washington which has created much interest among those who know of its existence. Its peculiarity is that every year it has been changed to show the changes which time would have made in the original. The portrait is by a Washington artist and is that of his wife and was painted many years ago when she was a young bride. A few years after the portrait was painted the young wife died, and so great was the grief of the artist that he determined to keep her likeness with him all the time, and to do so he decided that year by year he would change the portrait so as to make it grow old with him.

Every year, on the anniversary of his wedding day, the artist looked himself in his studio and changed the lines of the face of the portrait, adding what he thought would make the difference of one year. There have been many anniversaries of that marriage day and consequently many changes in the portrait. Today the picture is that of an old woman, the hair turned gray, the face wrinkled and pale, but still beneath the marks of time, as made by the brush of the artist, can be seen the early beauty of the bride and the attractiveness of the young woman.—Washington Letter.

"A word to the wise is sufficient." Wise people keep their blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla and make sure of health.

Its Disadvantage.
"I don't value success in life as highly as I used to."
"Why not?"
"After people have won fame they have nothing to look forward to."—Chicago Record.

The Tibetan highlands of Asia have an area of 770,000 square miles, and range from 13,000 to 15,000 above sea level.

Remark's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c at the Bayard drug store.

Haunted.

Little Virginia—My mamma says you live in a haunted house.
Little Winnie—The Ideal! We don't either. Nobody ever heard of a ghost being inside of our house.
Little Virginia—Yes, but it's always haunted by a crowd of collectors.—Chicago News.

Convexity of the Game.

"To what may I attribute the honor of this call?"
"A pair of aces."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"He Laughs Best
Who Laughs Last."

A hearty laugh indicates a degree of good health obtainable through pure blood. As but one person in ten has pure blood, the other nine should purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then they can laugh first, last and all the time, for

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Purifies the Blood

RAHWAY.

Miss Sarah Esterbrook is at Asbury Park for a vacation trip.

James Moore, of Jersey City, is spending a few days with Rahway friends.

Mrs. Thomas Ainsworth is entertaining Mrs. William White, of Jersey City.

Mrs. Elizabeth Burnett and Mrs. Clara Fisher are spending two weeks at the Delaware Water Gap.

Mrs. H. L. Lounphear, Mrs. Michael Hermes, Mrs. F. L. Graves and Miss Marie Graves are spending a few weeks at Asbury Park.

ROSELLE.

The Misses Houston have returned from a visit with friends at Lancaster, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Mattoon, of Westfield avenue, are spending a few days with friends at Lebanon.

The Rev. B. W. Burrows, of Brooklyn, preached at the Baptist church both morning and evening on Sunday.

At a meeting of the borough council held Friday evening the application of the Westfield & Elizabeth Street Railroad company for a franchise through town was again laid over, this time until August 10.

What Not to Say.

Do not say, "I can't eat." Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and say, "I am hungry all the time, and food never hurts me."

Never say to your friends that you are as tired in the morning as at night. If they happen to be sharp they will tell you Hood's Sarsaparilla cures that tired feeling. Do not say, "My face is full of pimples." You are quite likely to be told by some one, "There's no need of that, for Hood's Sarsaparilla cures pimples."

It is improper and unnecessary to say, "My health is poor and my blood is bad." Hood's Sarsaparilla will give you blood, and good health will follow as a consequence.

A Simple Fire Extinguisher.

In German varnish factories an easy way to extinguish a burning pan of oil has been found in the use of a fine meshed wire net. As soon as this covers the burning surface the iron wires conduct off the heat so rapidly that the gases can no longer flame. It is the principle of the Davy safety lamp and might be employed in various ways to extinguish burning gases.

There is Biblical proof of the fact that gloves have been worn 3,000 years. The first mention of them is made in the book of Ruth.

The finest, purest and most nutritious animal jelly known is that made from elephants' tusks.

Volcanic Eruptions

Are grand, but skin eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, cures them; also old running and fever sores, ulcers, boils, fells, corns, warts, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, chapped hands, chilblains. Best pile cure on earth. Drives out pains and aches. Only 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold at the Bayard drug store.

No Birthplace.

A remark made by a 6-year-old boy on a certain occasion was the natural result of confusion in his small mind, but it caused amusement to the bystanders.

"The house in which he had first seen the light of day had been torn down to make room for a wider street, and the little boy, holding fast to his father's hand, viewed the ruins with grief and amazement.

"Why, papa," he cried sorrowfully, "Why, papa, I wasn't born anywhere now, was I?"—Youths' Companion.

His Life was Saved.

J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with typhoid fever, that ran into pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise. This marvelous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all throat and lung trouble. Regular sizes 50 cents and \$1. Trial bottles free at the Bayard drug store; every bottle guaranteed.

Walking Correctly.

Many children are taught at home and at school to walk on their toes. This will do in a sick room when one has squeaking shoes, but it is not natural or elegant. Put the heels down lightly at first and the toes last; this keeps the body erect, instead of bending the body forward, as a person must who walks on his toes. Walking should be more thoroughly taught in our gymnastic schools. It costs little to learn to walk correctly, and it is well worth while to spend a little time to acquire the art.—New York Telegram.

That's the Way It Works.

A wee midget had the misfortune to fall down under the other day, and that part of the anatomy commonly denominated the "funny bone" came in contact with the wall. On being picked up and asked if he was hurt, he rubbed his arm for a moment and said, "No, but my elbow is awful dizzy."—Union Democrat.

FANWOOD.

William Stanbury has been visiting friends at Lake Hopatcong.

Miss Minnie Hossinger has been entertaining Miss Zangle, of Brooklyn.

Charles Grant has been spending several days as the guest of Thomas Puff, Sr.

Miss James Wilcox, of Brooklyn, is spending a few days with friends at Fanwood.

Mr. and Mrs. William Brown, of New York, were visitors in town part of last week.

CLARK TOWNSHIP.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Vorhees, of Philadelphia, are visitors here.

Fully five hundred wheelmen went through here on Sunday.

Miss Carrie Phillips, of Brooklyn, has been visiting here for a short time.

Miss Ella C. Gibson, a graduate of the State Normal School of Trenton, has been engaged as teacher at the Scudder school the coming term.

AT THE THEATRE.

AT PROCTOR'S.

There are no better patronized theatres in Greater New York than Proctor's and the Pleasure Palace. All the little comforts and conveniences are to be found here; telephone service, messenger call, railroad timetables, lounging rooms, ample dressing room accommodations, and above all in the hot weather plenty of cooled air by electric fans, iced water passed continually by ushers, and large palm fans to every auditor. All there are to be had free, once you pass within the Proctor theatres. For shoppers, it is a delightful boon to drop into Proctor's for a rest and the pleasure of enjoying always a capital show as well. The attractions, week of August 14 at the Pleasure Palace, where the summer price is still 10 cents in the afternoon to the ladies, are: Chas. T. Ellis & Co., Canfield and Carleton, Kingsley Sisters, Falke and Lillian, Earl and Wilson, and 20 others. At the Twenty-third Street Theatre, Aug. 14 and week, an excellent program is being arranged. Some of these are Frederic Bond, the favorite New York comedian, who will appear in the bright comedietta, "My Awful Dad," and he will have the support of Dallas Tyler, Eva Vincent, and others; Patterson Bros., gymnasts; Silvern and Emerie, on the aerial rings; Wesson, Walters and Simon, Gracey and Barnett, and others.

No Right to Ugliness.

The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good looking, charming woman of a run down invalid. Only 50 cents at the Bayard drug store.

Eugene Field's Arithmetic.

The first book which Eugene Field had printed was "The Tribune Primer," published in Denver in 1882. It was composed of short lessons in different lines of study. As there are said to be not more than seven or eight copies of the book now in existence readers may be glad to see two specimen paragraphs from the lesson in "mental arithmetic":

"If you have Five Cucumbers and eat Three, what will you have left? Two. No; you are wrong. You will have more than that. You will have Colic enough to double you up in a Bow Knot for Six Hours. You may go to the foot of the Class.

"If a Horse weighing 1,000 pounds can haul four tons of Pig Iron, how many seasons will a Front Gate painted Blue carry a young Woman on One Side and a young Man on the Other?"

Balloons in a Storm.

Mr. Carl E. Myers, the aeronaut, in discussing the question of aerial navigation, points out one great advantage of the balloon over the aeroplane. The latter cannot stop or hover in the air and if caught in a storm may become helpless.

The balloon, on the other hand, while it cannot go against the wind, is safe, even in a tempest, provided no effort is made to drive it in opposition to the air currents. Even in a high wind the balloon seems to the aeronaut to be becalmed.

DeBach's Knowledge.

"I suppose you get a great deal of pleasure out of scientific pursuits," said the young woman.
"I do," was the grave rejoinder. When a man is a scientist he can go about the country as much as he pleases shaking hands with people and reading papers before societies without being accused of having ambitions to be a presidential candidate."—Washington Star.

A Box in the Bed.

A Russian remedy for insomnia is to have a dog sleep in the room, and preferably in the same bed. It may be through a sense of companionship, or one of security, or it may act suggestively; at any rate it is said at times to prove of value when other means fail.—Public Health Journal.

FALL STYLES IN HATS.

Brilliant Colors and Strong Contrasts in Leaf, Flower and Plume Will Be Popular.

About the most elegant hat at the present date is the small Rembrandt almost entirely concealed beneath a wealth of ostrich plumes. These—which are chosen of different lengths, from the tip to the amazon, as occasion serves—are so arranged as to cover the crown and the brim and to leave hardly any of the foundation visible. Palest sky and turquoise blue and clematis-mauve feathers are most in vogue, either mounted on straw shapes to match or on white. Some equally elegant toques are decorated with two amazons fastened at the back so as to pass around each side, the curly tips meeting in front in a light puff. A toque so trimmed with two pale-blue feathers is made of haircloth woven of white and blue. It is turned up on the left side, where it rests on a half coronet of yellow roses. The same arrangement in mauve, with a coronet of forget-me-nots, is equally admirable.

Black-plumed hats are also beginning to put in an appearance, and bid fair to be very fashionable this autumn. Their elegance and novelty chiefly depend on the way in which the feathers are set in. Very autumnal looking also are the hats in deep yellow straws, trimmed with late fruits and berries. Different forms may be trimmed in this way, the director's capeline and the wide sailor being most suitable. The crowns are often bound around with narrow ribbon velvet, black, claret, maroon or green, and if the straw is an openwork, one of still narrower velvet will be threaded in and out of its meshes. The bunches of fruit—grapes, blackberries, medlars, elderberries or nuts—arranged with their own foliage, rest on the brim. A puff of some contrasting color is generally added. This is sometimes made in the form of a circular rosette, with a bunch of poppy stems in the middle.

Toques, whether of tulle or straw, are now turned up in front or more decidedly so on the left side, the latter arrangement being almost invariably chosen when flowers are used for trimming. These are arranged in a large cluster covering the whole of the portion of the turned-up brim, which rises rather higher than the crown. Medium-sized blossoms—half-open roses, ox-eyed daisies, poppies, corn flowers, and for the early autumn asters and small dahlias—are most appropriate to the purpose.

For trimming hats, on the contrary, large blossoms are preferred. A sudden furor for the grandiflora clematis has been evoked. The particular shades of mauve and lilac natural to it are the favorites in these colors, and have helped to bring them into fashion. It is considered extravagant to decorate a hat with five or six clematis blooms, each measuring four inches or more across. Sometimes they are chosen all of one shade, but the most effective arrangements are in graduated shades of mauve and lilac, or mauve, lilac and white. Other goodly sized blossoms that some milliners are affecting are the arum and Japanese lilies. The first is shown in white and yellow, sometimes with a black pistil, or in black and a yellow pistil; the second is white only. The most approved method of arranging them is to lay them along the edge of the brim.

None of these flowers is mounted with its own foliage. Iris leaves knotted into bows or otherwise, after the manner of ribbons or else in the form of couteaux, come in nicely as an addition to such decoration. If these leaves are considered too dark, ribbons are substituted.—Millinery Trade Review.

Wants and Needs.

A "need is one thing; a 'want' is another thing. We want a great many more things than we need. A good parent wants the child to have whatever he needs, and is ready to secure such things for him if within his power. He would be a culpable parent who would give his child whatever things he wanted, whether he needed them or not. A parent is, in fact, set to the duty of keeping his child from having many a thing that he wants, as well as securing for the child whatever he needs. Our Heavenly Father is truest and best of parents in this same discrimination of gifts to His children. He knoweth what things we have need of before we ask Him. We tell Him the things that we want. We ought to be grateful that God will not give us the things that we want unless He knows that we also have need of them.—Detroit Free Press.

Caravan Parties.

Caravan holidays are in England replacing the house boat fad. A caravan, be it understood, is a gypsy cart, got up in the style of comfort one can afford, and driven from place to place with its occupants and accessories. All that you want is a nice, roomy caravan, with good, strong horses and a dining tent, curled on the roof, to put up when a halt is made. Two vans are needed—one for the kitchen and servants and the other for the rest of the party. Bedroom space is, of course, limited, and, therefore, the number of guests must be small. But if there is an inn in the near neighborhood your surplus friends can sleep there and spend the rest of the day with the caravan. This kind of gypsy life is a pretty part of the country presents endless opportunities for amusement.—N. Y. World.

Jellied Sweetbreads.

Parboil a pair of fresh sweetbreads. Put them between two plates to cool. When cold cut them in slices. Have some apple jelly melted, dip each slice in it. Cut some apple jelly in small squares, form in a circle in a dish, arrange the slices of sweetbreads on this, fill the center with chopped celery, pour mayonnaise round and garnish with caper jelly.—Housewife.

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