

THE DAILY PRESS.

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THE DAILY PRESS

IS AN EVENING EDITION OF THE WEEKLY CONSTITUTIONALIST AND IS ISSUED EVERY DAY—EXCEPT SUNDAYS AND HOLIDAYS—AT FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE AFTERNOON; SENT THROUGH THE POST OFFICE AT \$5.00 A YEAR, OR DELIVERED BY CARRIER AT 10 CENTS A WEEK. SINGLE COPIES 2 CENTS.

IT IS DEVOTED, LOCALLY, TO THE INTERESTS OF THE CITY OF PLAINFIELD, ITS SUBURBS AND ITS NEIGHBORING TOWNS; AND, POLITICALLY, TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE PRINCIPLES OF THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY—"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED ON ALL MATTERS OF PUBLIC CONCERN, BUT PUBLISHED ONLY WHEN ACCOMPANIED BY THE NAME OF THE WRITER, IN CONFIDENCE, AS ENDORSING THE TRUTH AND HONEST INTENT OF THE COMMUNICATION.

ADVERTISING RATES MADE KNOWN ON APPLICATION AT THIS OFFICE. NOTES OF CHURCH ENTERTAINMENTS, FAIRS, SOCIABLES, LECTURES, CARDS OF THANKS, LODGE RESOLUTIONS, ETC., INSERTED FREE.

W. L. AND A. L. FORCE, - PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

S. A. DEMAREST, - MANAGING EDITOR.

BY THE WAY.

A local sheet comes out this morning with fifteen thousand majority for Martin, Senator, from Newark.

The members of the Exempt Fireman's Association of the city met in Gazette Engine house on Monday evening, but transacted no business. Adjournment was made for one week.

To-morrow is the time set for sentencing John M. Jackson, the Plainfield firebug, but it is quite likely that Judge McCormick will defer sentencing the prisoner until after the other cases are disposed of.

The Plainfield Social Circle will give their first grand ball in French's Hall on Somerset street, to-morrow evening. The price of admission is but twenty-five cents, and a good time is predicted for those who attend.

All graduates of Yale University who are residents in Plainfield, are requested to meet Thursday evening, Nov. 10, at the house of Dr. J. H. Vincent, 10 West Fifth street at 8 o'clock. The organization of a Yale Alumni Association in Plainfield will be discussed.

On November 4th inst., Mrs. Mary O. Casey, through her counsel, Messrs. Jackson & Codrington, recovered an absolute decree of divorce from Frank Mortimer Reddington Casey, whose figured so conspicuously in the New York papers a little over three years ago.

Gov. Green has issued a proclamation appointing the 24th instant as Thanksgiving Day, recommending that on that day the people abstain from all unnecessary secular employment, and meet in their usual places of worship to praise God for his mercy and goodness.

Charles J. Noel, the builder, left a wallet containing some papers and a large amount of money lying in a conspicuous place Monday afternoon, and when he went to look for it, the wallet was missing. It was returned to him, however, yesterday morning.

On Monday next the Ladies Christian Work Society of the German Reformed church will open the fair given under their auspices, in the new German Reformed church on Craig Place, North Plainfield. The fair will continue for one week and the proceeds will be devoted to the furnishing fund.

Tonight a number of those desiring to test Prof. Reynolds' power of mesmerism are expected to occupy the platform at Reform Hall. Last evening, although other entertainments interfered with a full house, yet quite an audience was present, and all enjoyed the wonder and the merriment of the mysterious exhibition.

The regular monthly meeting of the Board of Fire Commissioners was to have been held last evening, but the recent decision of the Supreme Court with reference to the fire tax case, or the excitement occasioned by the election, served to keep the commissioners away from the meeting place, and consequently no meeting was held.

Mr. Ernest R. Ackersaen will deliver an address in the Y. M. C. A. rooms on Friday evening, Nov. 11. Subject—"Reminiscences of a Trip Across the Continent." As many are deprived of taking this trip, this will give an opportunity of hearing a description of what one sees upon the journey. Tickets of admission may be obtained without charge, upon application at the association rooms.

It is to be hoped that the appeal of the Board of Education to the Council on Monday evening will be heeded, and that the citizens of Plainfield will, by their vote at the Charter Election, appropriate a sufficient sum for the maintenance of another public school. There is no doubt that the present school accommodations are inadequate, and some action should be taken at once to provide proper accommodation for the school children.

The Y. M. C. A. Seniors met in the Association rooms last evening, and went through their usual form of business.

The Union County Freeholders will meet in adjourned session to-morrow, when it is desired that all the election bills be handed in.

In spite of the demands made upon our columns by politics, we make room today on our last page for the Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermon of Sunday last on the World's discord.

A meeting of the Young Men's Educational Class of the Y. M. C. A. was held last evening. Young men wishing to avail themselves of this opportunity, should apply at once at the Association rooms on East Front street.

Complaint is made of the heaps of gravel which are allowed to remain in the roadway on East Fifth street, between Washington and Richmond streets. Councilman Dunham, it is said, nearly wrecked his wagon on Sunday evening, by colliding with one of them.

No report was presented at the Council meeting on Monday evening, with reference to improving the City Park. The Park is becoming more dilapidated every day, and it is thought to be only a matter of time, before the trees will be carted off and used for kindling wood.

Winfield Scott Post No. 73, G. A. R., held a meeting last evening, and at its conclusion, the joint detail from the Post and the Woman's Relief Corps met and completed the arrangements for the W. R. C. Bazaar. At the next meeting of the Post, new candidates for office will be nominated.

The tansorial parlors of Messrs. Maynard & Hill on Park avenue will hereafter be open every Sunday morning from seven until half-past eleven o'clock. Such a large number of New York business men are the patrons of this shop, it has become necessary to open Sundays for their accommodation.

William Rogers and John MacGeechie, two employes in the Potter Press Works, collided on the ball grounds, opposite the factory, while engaged in a friendly practice game at noon hour on Monday. The result was that Rogers now carries two less teeth to work with him, and MacGeechie suffers from a wound on his forehead.

Collector Johnson informs us that his percentage for collecting taxes heretofore has been but two per cent., and not three per cent. as erroneously stated by a local sheet yesterday. Mr. Johnson says no rate has as yet been established for the collection of taxes, and he naturally supposed that his compensation would be the same as heretofore, which accounts for his sending in his bill at the rate of two per cent.

Engine Co., No. 2, was called out on Monday evening to extinguish a conflagration that had gained considerable headway in the city park. The burning of leaves and brush on the Eighth street side of the park early in the evening, caused some people to suppose that a building was on fire in that locality. No. 2 Engine and hose cart went to the place, but performed no service, as no serious results were anticipated.

Jacob Decker, the German, who attempted to take his life at the farm house of John Boppe, at Westfield, on Tuesday, November 1st, was taken to St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, on Sunday. Dr. Cooper and Kinch examined the man and declared him to be insane. During the night previous to his removal the wound in his throat opened and bled freely, and it was feared that inflammation would set in. Overseer of the Poor Cox accompanied the patient in a hack.

Patrick Dunham, better known as "Cockney," an employee of Mr. I. W. Pangborn, of North Plainfield, fell from the new M. E. church at Hackettstown, on Monday, a distance of about forty feet, and received slight injuries. He left Plainfield Monday morning for Hackettstown to work on the church, and soon after he arrived there met with an accident. The injuries consisted principally of cuts on the head and bruises about the body. After the wounds were dressed "Cockney" returned to work.

Col. Tyler on "The Constitution." At Music Hall, last evening, Colonel M. W. Tyler gave a very able and interesting lecture upon "The Constitution of the United States," for the benefit of the book fund of the Public Library. Mayor Male presided, and other members of the Board of Directors sat upon the platform. The speaker began with a brief sketch of the wonderful genius made in invention, discovery and governmental progress during the 350 years from the invention of printing to the adoption of our Constitution. He rapidly delineated the great difficulties overcome by its framers, and the marvellous results that have been achieved by the Nation founded upon it. The address abounded in facts, figures and comparisons, and was enthusiastically received and highly enjoyed by those present; whose only regret was that a larger audience was not gathered to hear it.

THE RESULT.



RETURNS COLLECTED BY "THE PRESS" REPORTERS.

Only Republican County Officers Elected, So Far As Heard From.

THE RESULT IN THE COUNTY.

The returns that could be obtained up to the time of our going to press early this morning, are of course very unsatisfactory in particular, but in general they are most gratifying to all interested in the success of the Republican ticket. Samuel M. Oliver for County Clerk is the lowest of the Republican nominees, but it is possible that even he is elected, and the success seems assured of Messrs. Miller, Glasby and Parrot, the candidates respectively for the offices of Senator, Sheriff and Surrogate. Until this afternoon complete returns from the City of Elizabeth cannot be procured, and the second, third and eighth wards of that place gave Cleveland for President in 1864, over a thousand majority. In Elizabeth the ticket includes a long list with candidates for Mayor, Councilmen, Freeholders, etc., which takes time to count; and, in the struggle, so much is often sacrificed to secure the victory of some local candidate, an estimate cannot be made of the condition of a County officer's vote until the total is reached.

IN THIS CITY.

As in other parts of the county, the election yesterday was unattended by any great excitement. The city was thoroughly canvassed and out of the 1,942 names registered, over 1,500 deposited their ballots. Carriages were in waiting at the several polling places to convey the aged and infirm up to vote, and nearly all the voters in the city who were tardy in presenting themselves at the polls were waited upon and prevailed upon to vote. In the 1st and 3d wards the ballot boxes did not work satisfactorily, and when the hour arrived for closing the polls, the ballot box in the Third ward registered 379, although but 301 votes were polled. At the noon hour of adjournment the number of votes cast in each ward was as follows: First, 169; Second, 211; Third, 184; Fourth, 198. In North Plainfield the vote at one p. m. was: First District, 145; Second District 118.

In this city the total number of names registered was 1,942.

The total number of votes cast in the four wards was 1,558, divided up as follows:

First Ward—Whole vote, 385; Republican, 204; Democrat, 169; Prohibition, 12.

Second Ward—Whole vote, 385; Republican, 239; Democrat, 107; Prohibition, 11.

Third Ward—Whole vote, 301; Republican, 224; Democrat, 58; Prohibition 19.

Fourth Ward—Whole vote, 514; Republican, 246; Democratic, 245; Prohibition, 22.

PLAINFIELD.

	1	2	3	4	Tot.
SENATOR.					
Miller, R.	197	226	223	221	867
Livingston, D.	172	119	60	271	622
Bigelow, P.	13	11	17	21	62

	1	2	3	4	Tot.
SHERIFF.					
Glasby, R.	207	246	226	246	925
Forsyth, D.	164	100	57	245	566
McLeod, P.	12	12	19	20	63

	1	2	3	4	Tot.
COUNTY CLERK.					
Oliver, R.	197	230	218	224	869
Crowell, D.	173	117	66	272	628
Ryno, P.	12	11	18	16	57

	1	2	3	4	Tot.
SURROGATE.					
Parrot, R.	202	243	224	236	905
Gerber, D.	170	103	59	252	584
Woodruff, P.	12	12	18	21	63

	1	2	3	4	Tot.
ASSEMBLY.					
Ulrich, R.	209	251	228	261	949
Miller, D.	159	92	58	232	541
Kelly, P.	12	9	15	19	55

	1	2	3	4	Tot.
CORONERS.					
Miller, R.	203	246	224	246	919
Long, R.	204	247	224	245	920
Donovan, D.	166	99	58	245	568
Cladek, D.	166	101	58	245	570
MacConnell, P.	12	11	19	20	62
Bleeker, P.	12	11	19	21	63

MAJORITIES.

The pluralities in this city on the total vote, are as follows: For Senator, Miller over Livingston, 245; for Sheriff, Glasby over Forsyth, 359; for County Clerk, Oliver over Crowell, 241; for Surrogate, Parrot over Gerber, 321; for Assembly, Ulrich over Miller, 408.

FANWOOD.

FOR SENATOR: Miller, R. 147; Livingston, D. 87.

FOR SHERIFF:

Glasby, R. 154; Forsyth, D. 81.

FOR COUNTY CLERK:

Oliver, R. 119; Crowell, D. 118.

FOR SURROGATE:

Parrott, R. 148; Gerber, D. 85.

FOR ASSEMBLY:

Ulrich, R. 145; Miller, D. 92.

RAHWAY.

At a late hour last evening the following pluralities were telephoned over from Rahway: Miller, R., over Livingston, D., for Senator, 104; Glasby, R., over Forsyth, D., for Sheriff, 178; Oliver, R., over Crowell, D., for County Clerk, 207; Parrott, R., over Gerber, D., for Surrogate, 110; Ulrich, R., over Miller, D., for Assembly, 147.

SUMMIT.

In the Township of Summit the result is as follows: Majorities—Livingston, 88; Forsyth, 84; Crowell, 41; Gerber, 23.

UNION.

In Union Township the majorities are: Livingston, 12; Crowell, 20; Glasby, 41; Parrott, 23.

ELIZABETH.

A light vote was polled yesterday especially in the strongest Democratic wards. In the Second ward, particularly, the Democrats were the absentees. In the Third the Germans cut Mulhearn the Democrat, but he may pull through. Joseph H. Grier (Dem) is re-elected Mayor, but three out of the four freeholders will be Republicans.

NORTH PLAINFIELD TOWNSHIP.

The election in North Plainfield Township passed off very quietly, and but little excitement prevailed during the day. The total number of votes cast was 631 out of a total poll of 828 in the Township last year. Following is the vote in detail.

SENATOR.	1st Dist.	2d Dist.	Total.	Plu.
Thompson, R.	192	164	356	117
Berger, D.	111	128	239	
Bergen, P.	15	16	31	

ASSEMBLY.

	1st Dist.	2d Dist.	Total.	Plu.
Conkling, R.	190	165	355	118
Pace, D.	114	123	237	
Winans, P.	15	19	34	

SURROGATE.

	1st Dist.	2d Dist.	Total.	Plu.
Long, R.	196	168	364	138
Huff, D.	104	122	226	
Sutphen, P.	16	17	33	

CORONERS.

	1st Dist.	2d Dist.	Total.	Plu.
Jones, R.	191	168	359	124
Van Neste, R.	191	169	360	125
Fisher, R.	187	169	356	121
Brady, D.	113	122	235	
Compton, D.	113	123	236	
Taylor, D.	114	122	236	
Beekman, P.	14	16	30	
Boice, P.	17	16	33	
Belding, P.	16	16	32	

In the Second district one Labor ticket was voted with the name of Geo. P. Norton for Assembly and J. O. Taylor for Coroner.

Somerset county has probably elected Thompson to the Senate for a second term by about 350 plurality. Gloucester, Essex and maybe Monmouth have also elected Republican Senators.

NEW MARKET.

FOR SHERIFF. Howell, R. 159; Fisher, D. 63.

FOR SURROGATE.

Fick, R. 166; Kempson, D. 71.

FOR ASSEMBLY.

Ten Broeck, R. 153; Cutter, D. 72.

DUNELLEN.

FOR SHERIFF. Howell, R. 133; Fisher, D. 87.

SURROGATE.

Fick, R. 137; Kempson, D. 90.

ASSEMBLY.

Ten Broeck, R. 129; Cutter, D. 90.

MIDDLESEX COUNTY.

For Assembly, First District, Ephraim Cutter (Dem.) is elected by 70 majority; Second District, C. B. Herbert (Rep.) by 1,900 majority; no opposition. Peter Fick (Rep.) is elected Sheriff by 365 majority. B. F. Howell (Rep.) is elected Surrogate by 400 majority.

IN THE STATE.

A despatch from Trenton says that State Comptroller Anderson claims the election by the Republicans of 38 out of 60 Assemblymen, and that 12 out of the 21 Senators will be Republicans.

Returns up to 1 o'clock make it certain that the Republicans have elected at least four Senators, thus holding control of the Senate, and have also made large gains in the Assembly, which will put that body in their hands. This insures the election of Republican successors to State Comptroller Anderson and State Treasurer Toffey, both Republicans.

The Republicans have undoubtedly gained a Senator in this county, electing James L. Miller, Rep., by 200 maj. over Robert L. Livingston, Democrat. In the Assembly Matthews, Democrat, has 800 plurality in the First District; Foster M. Voorhees, Republican, 300 in the Second, and John Ulrich, Republican, over 500 in the Third.

PARTICULAR MENTION.

Miss Lizzie Paff of Scotch Plains, will spend the Winter in Canada, having left for Montreal on Thursday last.

Ex-Mayor L. V. F. Randolph will leave in a day or two for the West, expecting to be absent for a month or more.

Mr. W. J. Roome and family, who have been Summering in this city, have taken up their residence for the Winter at No. 16 West Seventeenth street, New York city.

Mr. Joseph A. Blatz, the proprietor of Blatz's Hotel, on Somerset street, North Plainfield, will invite his patrons to a grand "opening" on Thursday evening, November 17.

Mr. J. E. White, the prosperous dry-goods merchant of West Front street, has disposed of the property where he has been located in business, and will take a long and well-earned vacation.

Mr. Edward Campbell arrived in town Saturday from Washington, D. C., where he is employed in the office of the Public Printer, and today will remove his wife and child to Washington, occupying a house at No. 126 F. street, N. E.

Captain F. L. C. Martin of the Plainfield Bicycle Club successfully piloted about a dozen of the members of the club on a "run" to "Glenside" and return yesterday morning. The trip was made through Washington Valley, returning via Scotch Plains.

Harry Warnock, a young son of Mr. Alex. Warnock, was knocked down by a horse on West Front street, Monday evening, and seriously injured. His collar bone was broken and he received a severe scalp wound. Dr. Long dressed the wounds.

The Annual Parlor Sale by the ladies of the Church of the Holy Cross, North Plainfield, will be held shortly after Thanksgiving, in the school building adjoining the church. So many loving hands are at work for the occasion that it is expected this year's sale will eclipse all others.

Mrs. Alexander Jeffers, died suddenly at her home on Sherman avenue, Monday morning, from heart disease. The deceased had been ailing for some time, although her death was not expected so soon. She arose as usual on Monday but soon after expired. The funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon.

Fire in the Third Ward.

The Third Ward voters came near being minus a polling place yesterday. On Monday night, Mr. J. J. Sharp, the proprietor of the carriage factory wherein is held the Third ward election, was working in the upper story of the building when he accidentally knocked over a kerosene lamp. The lamp exploded, and the burning fluid ignited with the wood-work. Despite Mr. Sharp's efforts to check the progress of the fire, the flames spread with alarming rapidity, and only by his heroic efforts was the fire subdued before doing much damage, and before an alarm was sounded.

The Ladies' Mission Band.

The Mission Band composed of the ladies of the Presbyterian churches of the city, met Monday afternoon in the First Presbyterian church. The President, Mrs. S. R. Struthers, presided. Papers on mission work in Brazil were read by the Misses Eleanor Demarest, Julia Scribner, Mary Patton and Mary Mather, besides poems by the Misses Anna Bininger and Anna W. Miller. The next meeting will be held in the Crescent Avenue church, in December. Miss Nellie Shepard and Miss Sadie Hayes have been appointed a Committee in charge. The talk will be on the work in Syria.

Week of Prayer.

The week commencing Nov. 13 and continuing until the 19th, is observed as a week of prayer for young men in all lands. The association in this city will observe the season by young men's meetings on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings at 8 o'clock. The first meeting will be a consecration service on the day of prayer, Sunday, the 13th, at 9 a. m., and will be led by Mr. C. T. Kinsam. Active members of the association and all christian young men are especially urged to be present at this time.

City Council Meeting.

The November meeting of the City Council was held Monday evening with the following members present: President Marsh and Councilmen Bowers, Carey, Dumont, Dunham, Simpson, Taylor, Waring and Wilbur. The minutes of the two previous meetings, regular and special, were read and approved. The Board of Education communicated with the Council in effect that the present school accommodations were inadequate to meet the increasing demand, and stated that necessity compelled the erection and maintenance of another school building in the neighborhood of Evona. The paper petitioned the Council for an extra appropriation for said purpose. Mr. Dumont's motion to receive the communication and file the same, prevailed, as did also his resolution authorizing the City Clerk to advertise an election for the raising of more money to be used for school purposes, the same to be voted upon at the coming charter election in December, and that the form of notice as well as the ballot be prepared by the President of the Council and the City Clerk.

A communication from Mr. H. H. Baker, agreeing to furnish suitable material for street naming within a certain limit for \$80 was tabled, and later called up by Mr. Dumont with a motion to accept. The motion was carried with the understanding that the City could increase the number of signs at the same rate.

Claims were presented and referred as follows:

STREETS.

Geo. M. Angleman, per itemized bill, \$456.75; J. H. Wilson, stone, \$59.35; Jones & Co., cleaning sewer basins, \$41; F. A. Dunham, surveying and staking, \$61.50; P. M. French, watering, \$11; French Bros., carting stone, \$30.30.

LIGHTS.

Plainfield Electric Light Co., (two months) \$665; Plainfield Gas Light Co., \$21; N. Y. and N. J. Globe Gas Light Co., \$169.04.

SALARIES.

John Johnson, \$119.94; John Johnson, \$28.90; F. A. Dunham, \$41.30; F. A. Dunham, \$11.85; J. H. Platt, \$25; George M. Angleman, \$41.66; O. B. Leonard, \$130.50; C. A. Marsh, \$125.

POLICE.

C. W. Dodd, \$75; Geo. W. Grant, \$80; Thos. McCue, \$80; Patrick Lynch, \$60; S. R. Hope, \$3.

POOR BILLS.

A. Manning, \$62.50; J. O. Nodyne, \$83.50; G. W. Moore

money paid to the city by the Comptroller for railroad taxes. The opinion was a lengthy one, in which the Counsel concluded that the Common Council are not required to appropriate any part of the tax in question to the use of the Board of Education. The report was received and filed, and the Clerk was requested, by resolution, to notify the Board to that effect.

Messrs. Bowers, from the Fire, Water and Lamps Committee; Carey, from the Police Committee; Waring, from the Printing, and Salaries, Officers and Elections, and Dumont from the Street Committee returned as correct the bills referred to them, and they passed into the hands of the Auditing Committee.

Mr. Wilbur reported back a communication from Oscar S. Teale, with a recommendation to lay the same on the table. It was so ordered.

Mr. Dunham, in reporting back the poor claims, said that the Alms Committee had overruled their account, in spite of the economy exercised; two-thirds of the appropriation had already been expended.

Mr. Dumont reported back the petition for crosswalk at the intersection of Prospect avenue and Ninth street, and asked for instruction. Upon motion of Mr. Waring the Street Commissioner was authorized to lay the walk from the easterly side of Prospect avenue to the northerly side of Ninth street.

NEW BUSINESS.
Mr. Wilbur from the License Committee submitted "An Ordinance to amend an ordinance entitled an Ordinance to license inns and taverns and to regulate and prohibit the sale of spirituous and fermented liquors." The ordinance is designed to substitute in section 16 the word "March" instead of "February" as the time when all licenses shall expire and no sooner, including those granted during 1887, and all persons who are convicted of keeping their places open after midnight are subject to a fine of \$100 or 60 days imprisonment. Mr. Taylor's amendment to tax the proportion of the license fee for the extra month was lost by a vote of six to three. The ordinance was put on its second reading and adopted.

Mr. Dumont offered a resolution that the Street Commissioner proceed to spread crushed stone on Second street, between Peace and Washington streets, provided the cost does not exceed \$300, and the property owners subscribe one-half of that amount for the proposed work. The resolution was adopted.

Sundry petitions for hack, cartmen and peddler's licenses were read and subsequently granted.

The quarterly report of the City Physician was received and filed.

Mr. Dumont called to its third reading "An Ordinance to establish a Board of Health." It was adopted on the third reading. The ordinance to change the names of certain streets was also adopted on the third reading.

Mr. Taylor offered a resolution that the treasurer borrow \$3,000 for 60 days in anticipation of taxes, the same to be deposited in the First National Bank to the credit of the general fund. It was adopted.

Mr. Bowers took the chair to allow the President to report on the matter of purchasing the new ballot boxes. He made a motion that the City Clerk be directed to accept on behalf of the city, the new boxes, at a cost not to exceed \$100. The motion was carried.

Mr. Simpson, from the Alms Committee returned all the claims transferred to him, and they were ordered paid by warrants on the treasury.

Council then adjourned.

Jess So!
A Westfield correspondent to the *National Democrat* of Rahway says of a well-known Plainfielder: "Mr. Green, Secretary of the Home Insurance Company of New York, resided at Laing's Hotel, in Plainfield for ten years. For several years past he has resided at the Park Hotel, in that place. He drives his fine team to the Westfield station often, to take the train, and thus Mrs. Green is given a morning ride over the fine Westfield roads. Mr. Green says that seventeen years ago he came to Westfield with a view of boarding, but found no suitable hotel in the place and looked for a private boarding house. Some one told him to go to Plainfield, which he did, found two good hotels and has been there ever since. Otherwise he would have been in Westfield during these seventeen years. Does not this show that a hotel is needed in Westfield? Mr. Green says, as many others have said: 'My case is the case of nearly half of the guests at Plainfield hotels. They come to stay. Most of them build, buy or rent houses.'"

Elisha Scarborough at Ne'hrwood.
Bishop Scarborough will make his first official visit to the Church of Our Saviour, next Sunday morning. He will administer the rite of confirmation. During his visit to the city he will be entertained by Mr. and Mrs. J. J. H. Poillon at their residence, corner of Putnam and Kensington avenues, where the Bishop will be given a public reception on Saturday evening between the hours of 8.30 and 10.30 o'clock, to which all his friends are invited.

Our Prophecy.

Monday's Press said: "Every true Republican and every true Democrat in the city of New York, will assist in tomorrow's defeat of a candidate willing to run on any ticket, and adopt any political principles, for the sake of getting there." And Nicolai was yesterday defeated by many thousand votes.

The pew committee of the Trinity Reformed Church met in the church building on Monday evening, and offered for sale, pews and sittings in the church.

WASHINGTON LIFE.

Professional Chaperons Who Coach New-comers in Its Ways.

I don't know just what to call her, writes the Washington correspondent of the *Philadelphia Telegraph*. She belongs peculiarly to Washington and is born of the necessities of the place. She is several—or rather there are several—of her kind, and she happens to be elected to Washington society thought having your husband chosen to sit in the legislative halls or to hold other place of honor under the Federal Government you may find her useful. She teaches how to entertain, and clears away the thorns from your path on your entrance to Washington society.

The wives and daughters of new Congressmen and officials are frequently thrown into society without previous preparation. From the quiet of a country home this is a terrible transition. There are ladies here in Washington whose husbands have been army or navy officers. They have spent years in society, and have held and still hold high rank. The mysteries of form and usage are familiar to them, but the death or retirement of their husbands have reduced their finances below the figures of their extravagant tastes. These ladies now sustain their position in society by leading the uninitiated through the mysterious mazes. They teach the wives of new Senators and Members from the back districts the polite forms, and pilot them safely through a winter in Washington. The relation of the hold to a novice is that of a superior, who condescends to take the part of a friendly adviser or chaperon. These are courted, followed and paid! They are women who have been belles in society in the past, and who dictate its forms now. They now make a business of pleasure. They advise their patrons what to wear, how to furnish their houses, how to talk and act, how to set their tables, how to receive callers and who to receive; when to call, how to call, and who to call on. They tell them the difference between an ordinary tea and a high tea; between a dinner party and a luncheon. They rub the dust off their dialect and teach the wives of new Senators and Members what to talk about. They lead them around the circle and teach by example. These chaperons are not known as such except to those who employ them, and they are the most courted of all society. They are experts in Washington life.

In the morning, when they are not circling the rounds of society, they act the part of private conversationalists. There are always a number of wealthy ladies who, on account of not yet knowing the ways of society, or of ill-health, or perhaps because they are in mourning are not in the social swim.

As conversationalists these queens and factotums of society bring all the gossip and goings on in society in a morning call upon those wealthy victims of seclusion. They tell them who held receptions last night, and who was there; what they wore, what they said, and what was said about them. They relate the latest private scandal; tell what different people think of each other, and how each is measured up by the whole of society. They report how long Mr. X. called with Mr. Y. Millions, and repeat what "society" thought of it. They discuss the engagements made, to be made, and broken off. All the little bits of gossip, small talk and scandal, they carry with exact memory as to all the interesting details, and keep their secluded patrons as well posted as if they were among the most gay. They lighten up a melancholy morning.

Some of the most fashionable women who have long been the "leaders" of society have in this way, means to keep up their establishments and to maintain themselves in fashionable luxury. The wives and daughters of some famous men now dead are professional leaders of society, and live by their profession.

AN AFRICAN HOLIDAY.

Decapitating Offensive Political Partisans in Dahomey.

The day came off, writes an interviewer of the King of Dahomey in the *North American Review*. Evans, with a shudder, declined to attend. He had seen it the year before. In the center of the courtyard a platform was erected, hung with silks, velvets and flags, including that of Dahomey—a white ground, with a figure holding aloft a decapitated head in one hand and a cimeter in the other. On this platform stood the King, surrounded by his nobles, among whom I had a promised seat, while below, straggled a mass of fifty thousand or more people, kept in some order by the woman guard.

The affair began by the King personally throwing into a sliding trench various packages of goods, consisting of cottons, cloths and cloths, knives, muskets, pipes and tobacco, all of which were fought fiercely for by the crowd below. Then came the grand point, the slaughter. The victims were brought forth lashed into boat-shaped baskets, in a sitting position, with their knees drawn up to the chin, and lifted into the air, from which they went down to the crowd below. Then there came a horrible scramble. Thousands with long and bright knives, threw themselves on the victim, and in a moment he was hacked to pieces, as well as were some of his backers, the victor being the one who came off with the head.

This was kept up for three hours, the number killed amounting to about 250, until the crowd below were reeking and smeared with blood. A more horrible sight was never witnessed, and it did not lessen the horror with me to be told that this is not a mere useless slaughter, as civilized nations suppose, but a day of execution, the decapitated being criminals, traitors, and prisoners of war who have been "offensive political partisans." It is the highest holiday in the year, and the only one where much slaughtering is done; and there is no doubt according to Mr. Evans—that the King himself wishes to abolish that part of it, but dares not.

Funeral of a Chinese Sailor.

A sailor belonging to a Chinese vessel lying at Spithhead, England, died recently, and was buried in the cemetery there. After the coffin had been lowered, four sailors, who occupied a position at the foot of the grave, produced in succession a tin pail, a parcel of matches, a number of faggots and various pieces of brown paper. A fire having been kindled, out of the pail were brought forth several plates, which were disposed round the fire, a lump of pork, various pieces of meat, a few eggs and a quantity of salt and sand. These, having been divided into five, were cooked and placed on the plates, and on the consumption of the sacrifice they were all gathered together and returned to the pail. A sailor now partly filled in the grave, after which the captain of the ship and a couple of subordinate officers came forward and prostrated themselves three times, uttering prayer at each genuflection. This completed the ceremony.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

Words of Wisdom and Caution for Fond But Thoughtless Parents.

Yes, it was cheap—fur-trimmed, silk-lined, evidently a bargain, and a garment well worth the money you paid for it; but you, a mother of moderate means, had better not have purchased it for your daughter, writes Belle Kellogg Towne in the *Christian Union*. Why? For various reasons, some of which may be as far-reaching as the circles of the ocean when the pebble is dropped within it.

First, no mother can wrap the form of her young daughter in sateen while she herself wears wool, without jeopardizing interests that center around her child's future. But this may be better understood further on. As soon as the possession becomes really an established fact, you will doubtless find, what many have found out before you, that sateen never walks alone; nor will it walk in mean company; nor will it help. Silk, velvet-trimmed, will be necessary for its comfort in place of the soft-clinging cashmere you are wearing, and which have satisfied heretofore the tastes of your daughter. Plush and plumes will crowd off the stage felt and pigeon-wings; undressed gloves will be slipped aside for long-wristed, close-fitting, extensive kids, and even kid-covered wrist will need pendent gold, and the exposed throat a plain gold necklace or a filigree. Work the problem as many times as you please—add from the bottom up, and from the top down, and you will find it coming out with nearly the same result every time. Now, to return to the first: dressed as your daughter will dress now that her attention has been turned that way—that is, if there are dollars forthcoming—and besides you, who have doubtless not noticed as she increased expenses, she still head and shoulders above you, overtops you completely—why, you are a brown chip-bird by the side of the gray-plumaged bird of paradise!

But she will not stand beside you for long, but will pass on as in front of you; of your own free will she is first, why should she not walk first? She will soon receive recognition. First will talk first, and in more spaces of time be first. Then, when a trifle dissatisfied, you look round for the check-rain with which in former times you have guided her so easily, and find that it is nowhere in existence, but that, for all her inexperience and light-headedness and lack of knowledge, she knows more than you can tell her, and that she is actually taking her own gait down through life, do not go far from your own door seeking the why and wherefore. But back of this, who gave you the privilege of changing the God-ordained notation of stepping back to a second place, yielding the first to her, as a mother was assigned to you? Who freed you thus from responsibility? You can not fill a secondary place in some things, and then reach and claim those of the first in others. A mother who dresses in an inferior way to the daughter who is under her home control lowers her dignity; if we cease to honor ourselves we must not expect but that others will in a measure cease to render us honor. "But every where we see the daughters dressing as the mothers can not?" Yes, and everywhere we see the daughters, in spite of all the aids and helps for character-rearing of the present age, developing into small-statured women. But, again, you had better not have been tempted into purchasing the garment, even when it was offered at such a great discount, inasmuch as it forces a discount upon the pure aims you have instilled into the mind of your child for ever.

You passed through streets teeming with things that would have proven accessories to rich knowledge, aids to growth of mind and soul, and which had been pointed to by you as being of priceless value, yet, with money in your possession, you pass them by, ignored their presence, balanced the coin lightly while the years and days were disputing within you, and tossed it down by the side of expensive indulgence, and what, in your case and with your means, was over-dressed. In so doing you lowered the high standard you have been bearing for the eyes of your child to turn to. You swept aside the bulwark of pure example you had so carefully kept firm, and trailed in the dust true things of light and weight. Who dare say that for all time this may not rebound with telling influence upon the pure character of your child? She glories in the possession of a luxury but a short time back dreamed of, and which floated her way by a wave of chance; she realizes it to be a luxury really unaffordable; but if this be right, why not others? Perhaps Battersell—a child of your own rearing—rises up within her in protest: she can silence it with one wave of—"Mother thinks it is all right." The silken train can be adjusted; the worldly garb doctored, the burden of keeping in fashion assumed, and she has "mother" for authority. She may pass through the ordeal unscathed—some do—but it is not possible that, with the gold carelessly spent, a grave was dug for virtues you had planted with fondest care?

NEW ANESTHETIC.

A Horse-Doctor's Valuable Medical Discovery in Louisiana.

"Any thing new in medical circles" repeated a gentleman of the profession, in response to the question of an Indianapolis *Journal* reporter. "Of course there is. The most important new thing just at present is a new anesthetic. It will probably be as interesting to patients as to physicians."

"And what is it?"
"Well, sir, a few weeks ago a horse-doctor down in Louisiana wanted a soothing posset for a sore leg. He went out and gathered some leaves from the tree, and applied them to the sore. Under a relieved the pain so much that he went back to see what the tree was, and learned that it was a common honey-locust. The circumstance was communicated to pharmacists and physicians, and a number of experiments were made by them, the result of which was that within the past two months a new anesthetic, twice as powerful as cocaine has been derived from the leaves of the common honey-locust."

"Do you think it will take the place of cocaine?"
"That is hard to tell, as yet, but very probably it will. Cocaine has been reduced greatly in price as it has come into general use, but it is still costly. In 1883 it was quoted at fifty cents per grain; now its five cents per grain, but that means three hundred and fifty dollars per pound avoirdupois. I presume the new anesthetic can be put on the market at a much lower figure, and if it can, unless it should be found to have some objectionable quality which is yet unknown, it will, of course, take the place of cocaine."

COUNSEL.—Had the accused any distinguishing features by which you recognize him?" Witness—"Yes, sir; he was bow-legged in both eyes."

LIST OF ADVERTISED LETTERS REMAINING IN PLAINFIELD POST OFFICE FOR WEEK ENDING NOV. 4, 1887.

Britton, W. C. Green, Mr. T. B. Geyson, Mrs. Anna G. Compton, Miss Mary D. Hammer, Mrs. Wm. Colman, Miss Mary D. Miller, Mr. J. W. Curdie, G. B. MacHinnery, Alice Cuda Mangano, Co. Olmstead, Miss Lulle Close, Miss A. B. (2) Polk, Mrs. Lizzie E. Clancy, Mrs. Annie Patterson, Mrs. Amelia Doty, Mrs. John R. Sutton, Wm. L. Dwyer, Mr. Jas. Sheehan, Mrs. Anna Smith, Mrs. Ann Persons calling for above please say advertised.

W. L. FORCE, Postmaster.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAIL.

NEW YORK MAIL.
CLOSE—8.00 and 10.00 a. m.; 2.00 and 5.30 p. m.
ARRIVE—7.30, 9.30, 11.45 a. m.; 2.30, 5.30 p. m.
SOMERVILLE, EASTON, ETC., MAIL.
CLOSE—8.00 a. m. and 4.30 p. m.
ARRIVE—9.20 a. m. and 6.10 p. m.
SUNDAY MAIL.
Arrive at 5.10 a. m. Office open from 9.00 a. m. to 10.40 a. m. Mail closes at 7 p. m.
Mail for Warrenville closes Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 12 m.
Post Office opens at 7 a. m. and closes at 7.30 p. m. Saturdays closes at 8.00 p. m. Open every evening until 8.30 p. m., to owners of lock boxes.
Money order office open from 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Saturdays to 4 p. m.

W. L. FORCE, Postmaster.

WANTS AND OFFERS.

Advertisements under this heading, one cent for each word, each insertion.

HORSES AND COWS WINTERED. GOOD CARE taken of them. C. BOICE, New Brooklyn, N. J.

TO LET—Four nice rooms, 2d floor, new, between Grant Avenue and Evans Stations. Water on Floor, Inquire on premises. MRS. L. VAN NEST. n3w1

ANY ONE DESIROUS OF MAKING ARRANGEMENTS for the Winter, can meet with large, handsomely furnished front rooms, at Mrs. LANSING, cor. Park ave. and 6th st. 10-23-11

A LARGE, DESIRABLE DWELLING ON GROVE Street, near of First Baptist Church, to let, suitable as a first-class boarding house; rent low. All improvements. Apply to E. C. MULLER, Broker, Nos. 35 and 37, opp. depot. 10-23-11

FURNISHED ROOMS, FOR GENTLEMEN only, over the Post Office. ELIZABETH SCHUBB. 9-22-11

FOR SALE—MY PROPERTY ON WEST SEC- ond Street, Price Moderate. Terms easy. T. H. COLLINS, M. D. 20-6-11

FOR SALE—A SECOND-HAND, TWO HORSE "Perfection" power. In good order. Sold cheap, for want of use. Apply S. B. WHEELER, Sutherland Farm, Plainfield, N. J. 6-22-11

BOARDING—NEWLY FURNISHED HOUSE, pleasant rooms, central location, home comforts. Table d'hôte also accommodated. Mrs. L. PERCOTT, 31 W. Second street, between Park and Madison avenues. 9-20-11

FOR SALE—THE LOT SOUTH-EAST CORNER of Jackson avenue and Somerset street, about 160 feet square. For price and terms apply to O'REILLY BROS., Arch's and Storage Warehouse, from 109 to 123 E. 44th street N. Y. city.—my2011

GRAND FAIR!

Under the auspices of the "Ladies' Christian Work Society," in aid of the Furnishing Fund of the

New German Reformed Church, To be held in the Church, on Craig Place, North Plainfield, commencing

Monday Evening, Nov. 14th, 1887, And Continuing for ONE WEEK.

ADMISSION, - 10 CENTS. 11-9-11

TEARS.

STOOD IN THE EYES OF THOSE WHO SAW PROFESSOR REYNOLDS' EXPERIMENTS IN MEMORISM AT REFORM HALL LAST EVENING. BUT SADNESS DID NOT CAUSE IT. OH, NO! IN FACT, EVERY ONE LAUGHED UNTIL THEY CRIED! IT IS WITHOUT QUESTION THE FUNNIEST ENTERTAINMENT EVER SEEN IN PLAINFIELD. GO SEE HIM TO-NIGHT.

P. P. P. POPULAR PRICES PREVAIL. SEATS AT REYNOLDS' PHARMACY. 10-31-11

First Grand Ball

—OF THE—**PLAINFIELD SOCIAL CIRCLE,** At French's Hall,

SOMERSET ST., CORNER SOMERSET PLACE, Thursday Evening, Nov. 10th, 1887.

TICKETS, 25 CENTS. 25 CENTS. Music by PROF. FRAZER. n3w1

Jas. Dwyer, W. Marsh, Jas. Loughlin, Charles Ekason, Fred Moore, Committee of Arrangements. 11-7-11

A PIANO.

FOR SALE, an almost new, square Piano, built by one of the most celebrated makers.

Will Sell at a very Low Figure, Because too large for the owner's room.

Address, Box 286, Plainfield, N. J.

-MUSIC HALL,-

Thursday Evening, Nov. 10th. The Romantic Emotional Actor,

ROBERT B. MANTILL.

Supported by a strong Dramatic Company, under the management of AUGUSTUS PITOU, in the great Elv Act Play.

MONBARS!

Scene laid in France under Napoleon I. Seats on Sale Monday, Nov. 7. Prices, 35c., 50c., 75c. and \$1.00.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Having purchased the business of Mr. John Shroppe at No. 31 W. Front street, I will entirely renovate the place and supply the best fruits in the New York market, fresh penne to every day, all kinds of nuts and confectionery. Will buy the BEST of everything.

10-28-11

A. GRANELL.

PECK Leads them All!

LOOK AT THE QUALITY of his GOODS!

Look at his Prices!

AND THEN COMPARE.

GREEN'S Furniture Warerooms

EVERYTHING AT NEW YORK PRICES.

All Goods Marked in Plain Figures.

REPAIRING AND UPHOLSTERING IN ALL ITS BRANCHES.

GOODS TAKEN ON STORAGE.

10-29-11

THE ONLY LARGE

House in Central New Jersey that keeps a

And well selected stock of

Boots, Shoes and Rubbers.

Remember, OUR GOODS are of the BEST MANUFACTURE, and our prices the LOWEST.

DOANE & VANARSDALE, 22 WEST FRONT STREET. 10m1

W. MESSERSCHMIDT, Hats, Caps and Gent's Furnishing Goods,

23 1/2 West Front Street, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

CLOTHING CLEANED AND REPAIRED. 10-4-11

THE Annual Stockholders' Meeting of the Sea- board Sanitary Garbage Cremating and Refuse Utilizing Co., will be held at the Office of the Company, 133 Central Avenue, Plainfield, on Friday, Nov. 11th, 1887.

SEYMOUR G. SMITH, Sec. n3t011

A. WILLETT,

No. 6 Park Avenue,

Has in store a large and well-selected stock of

MEN'S, BOYS' AND YOUTH'S, LADIES', MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S

SHOES, From the BEST MANUFACTURERS,

To which he calls the attention of all Shoe Buyers, fully confident of being able to please, both in QUALITY AND PRICE. my1011

CHINA, GLASS, LAMPS. Latest Novelties in

Royal Worcester and Carlsbad Ware. FRENCH AND ENGLISH

DINNER SETS.

GAVETT'S, 15 E. FRONT STREET. 10-1-11

TO THE LADIES!

Examine our

ALL-WOOL

STRIPED WOVEN SKIRTS

MADE AND UNMADE.

A Full Line of

LADIES', CHILDREN'S

AND MISSES' NEW-

MARKETS, CLOAKS

AND JACKETS,

AT

POPE'S! my1011

..No. 8..

PARK AVENUE.

Fancy Goods,

Worsted,

Notions,

STAMPING!

THE DRESS OF WOMEN.

How It Is Affected by the Taste of the Opposite Sex.

The Way Gentle Creatures Should Attire Themselves So as to Meet with the Approval of the "Lords of Creation."

Every woman ought to dress in a manner pleasing to the eyes of the man she loves, writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox in the *Philadelphia Press*. Next to the saving of her own soul it is the most imperative duty of her life. If she loves no man then she should endeavor to be comely in the sight of her friends and associates. Whenever a woman is dainty and careful in her dress she helps to refine the tastes of those about her.

A wife ought to make a careful study of her husband's tastes in dress and appear herself accordingly. In order to do this, would advise her to keep a tabular statement on which to jot down his flattering comments on other ladies' costumes, or to make a memorandum of the toilets which won his admiring glances. In this way many a wife would gain a fairer estimate of her husband's tastes than by trusting to his comments on her own dress. If a woman knows that she can not afford to wear as rich clothing as some of her friends, or that she overdoes and embarrasses her husband in the effort, she is guilty of an inexcusable folly, almost crime, if she insists upon it.

I think as a rule, however, it does not require extravagant expenditure to produce pleasing effects for the opposite sex. Modesty, a well-fitted garment, in the prevailing fashion and in becoming colors. Only the dukes and salesmen are experts in judging of expensive material and elaborate finish.

America women dress in far better and more distinctive taste than they did a decade of years ago. Individuality in dress is becoming more potent than fashion. Few of us realize to what thanks are due for this welcome innovation. We made sport of Oscar Wilde, yet we owe him almost as great a debt of gratitude as we owe to the Centennial celebration of 1876. He told the American woman to study her *person*, and to adapt her garments to her "own particular style." He told her to dare to be artistic; and the effect of his words increases with each passing year.

No woman ever ought to make a purchase of even a prettily or comely morning dress without pausing to think whether it suits her style. If she is tall and slender she does not need to increase her height and her slowness by a pale blue stripe! Leave that for the short blonde, and purchase a crimson check or a plain daisies blue.

It is useless to deny the fact, and we may as well be frank about it—our garments for the street are uncomfortable and inconvenient. But what are we going to do about it? Only the fortunate possessors of perfect forms and faces can look well in unfashionable attire. Perfect beauties are few, and even they prefer to increase their charms by attractive costumes. I believe the correct is ruinous to the real beauty of the female figure and to the health of women. All the long defenses of the "waist" it gives the wearer, all the certainties of "perfectly healthy and long-lived" women who have been brought up from the cradle in stays will never convince any sensible human being. Any thing which compresses the waist in the least degree, any thing which prevents deep respiration, any thing which does not permit us to leap, run, fence, swim or practice gymnastics without extra fatigue must be injurious.

To be absolutely comfortably attired for walking, climbing stairs and riding, the waist ought not to have even the restriction of a waistbone, there ought to be no awkward *corset* to lean back against, and the skirt should reach only to the tops of the boots. Yet we would sooner venture into the jungles of Africa than walk down Broadway attired in this manner.

We all desire to be pleasing in the eyes of the lords of creation; we are all wounded if we receive neglect or ridicule from them, and we have all noticed that whatever our fathers, husbands, lovers or brothers may say theoretically on the subject, that they invariably show their admiration for a handsomely dressed woman who combines good taste with fashion.

It is a painful truth that the woman who ignores fashion for comfort impairs her usefulness, and brings upon herself annoyance.

A fashionable costume, on the other hand, is an open letter of credit.

The conductor looks after you, the "sales-lady" is attentive, the banker obsequious and the usher of the club finds the best pew for you. It is pitiful, but it is true.

And so we prefer to bear physical suffering to mental and spiritual distress.

A great deal has been said of late concerning the décolleté dress for ladies. I have seen immodest dressing which shocked and disgusted me, but it seems to me the rule that American women know where to draw the line. I could never understand why the uncovering of pretty arms and shoulders was any more immodest than the uncovering of

KING GEORGE OF TONGA.

Visit to One of the Royalties of the Pacific Isles.

The Two-story Wooden Structure Which Goes by the Name of Palace—A Potentate Who Does Not Seem to Care Much for Dress.

Some years ago we called at Tongatapu, the principal island of the Friendly, or Tonga group, and learning that the King was then in residence, determined to pay our respects to the celebrated old man, of whom we had heard so many and such strange stories during our rambles through his capital, says a writer in the *London Globe*. His house, we found, was a very nice-looking two-story wooden building, close to the sea, and stood in a good-sized compound, fenced in on all sides. Passing through a handsome pair of cast-iron gates we arrived at the mansion itself, the veranda of which appeared to be used as a coach-house, for there was plenty of space and a carriage for an equipage of State. It was a Palace of the Sappinga, or, at any rate, of sleep. There were no signs of life about the place, and, failing to wake any one by repeated knockings at the front door, we decided to circumnavigate the establishment, and did so, finding it still and lifeless everywhere till we came to a row of cool-houses and upon a curious sight. There in the veranda of one of them squatted an ancient and dusky person, perfectly naked with the exception of a scanty cloth fastened about his waist, and bending his head obediently before an old woman, who was literally plastering it with lime. As soon as the curious process in operation was arrested, and, perceiving this, we were about to address them, to explain our presence and ask a few questions, when the gentleman of the limo head roared out something in a truly terrible voice, and at the same time a fine young Tongan, very old and three-quarters nude, came rushing out from the interior toward us. With much politeness and evident agitation he conducted us away from the veranda and back to the big house, where, in broken English, backed up by much gesticulation, he revealed to us the appalling fact that we had trespassed upon the privacy of no less a person than His Majesty the King. This was bad news indeed. For the old gentleman, in the plasterer's hands, had presented by no means a dignified appearance, and we knew that to approach him without notice and in a state of undress was a serious breach of Tongan court etiquette. However, we consoled ourselves with the reflection that our sin was one very easy to commit.

Having humbly apologized for our innocent intrusion and received a reassuring answer, we were ushered through the window into a sort of drawing-room, a well-furnished apartment, with a number of red velvet chairs set around a long mahogany table, one chair a little higher than the rest, acting, no doubt, as a throne. Here we waited for about half an hour, when his Majesty entered, accompanied by an interpreter, and was graciously pleased to accord us a formal interview. He shook hands very pleasantly with our party, and we all sat down on red velvet chairs, the interpreter squatted on the floor between. The King, seen at closer quarters, was really a noble specimen of a semi-savage, standing quite six feet four inches, of wonderfully well proportioned and athletic build, upright as a dart and moving grandly in spite of his very advanced age. The ravages of time, however, were visible in the sunken eye and half-open, nervously twitching mouth, which indicated a sufficient reason for his being a mere puppet in the hands of a single man—King George Tubon's name, with its halo of ancient lineage and splendid warrior fame, ruling the people, and Mr. Shirley Baker ruling the King. The dark face, contrasting so strangely and strongly with the snow-white hair, presented a curious study. Wrinkled with age and inane in expression now, it still bore unmistakable signs of what it had been in the days gone by. It was easy to conceive the look of cruel, unflinching, indomitable will that face had worn in the old monarch's unregenerate days—when he held his own by the right of might, and, club in hand, ever foremost in the fray, wrote in fire and blood the terrible name his people still admire and fear. The sunken eyes still shot forth at times the same fierce, strong glare that must have lighted them when in the bloody days of yore he, then a victorious savage, disdaining to club an enemy who had spoken of him in slighting terms, tore with his own hands the offender's tongue from between his living jaws and contemptuously swallowed it before the wretched victim's face. The garb of this curious specimen of royalty, though more elaborate than that in which we had seen him first, was of an extreme simplicity, still consisting merely of a white linen shirt girt in round the waist with a thin cloth of gaudy-colored calico, reaching to just below the knees; and he went barefoot.

For a time, in accordance with native etiquette, strict silence was observed, the King looking straight before him, without moving a muscle or seeming aware of our scrutiny; but, at last, in a questioning tone, he demanded our business there. We answered politely that passing through the group we had called to pay our respects. He grunted at this, and, after a little thought, inquired if there was any thing we wanted or any thing else we wished to say. On our replying that we would like very much to inspect his house, if he had no objection, we received a hasty "Yes" of permission, and there our interview ended. His Majesty rose and haughtily strode off through the window to his beloved cool-house, where, no doubt, he tore off his society shirt with all speed and settled happily down to finger his fish again. Meanwhile, being left quite alone, we availed ourselves of the permission we had obtained to view the Tongan Palace, and, passing through an inner door, found ourselves in a spacious, entirely unfurnished hall, from which a broad staircase rose to the region above. Half way up on the landing, covering the entire fall of the wall, was an enormous oil-painting of the Emperor William in full military uniform, mounted on a white charger, and surrounded by brilliant staff. This together with the Order of the Red Eagle, was a present from the German Emperor to the Tonga potentate some time after the Tonga Parliament had proclaimed that the Nation would observe a strict neutrality throughout the Franco-German war. At the top of the staircase we found the royal bed-room, all but one dirty, unused and full of lumber; the furnished or State apartment containing an enormous gird bedstead, quite large enough to accommodate four people. The bed had never been slept in, or apparently touched, since it was placed in its present position years before, and there it stood, and probably still stands, all dusty, tarnished and dim, the mattresses decaying, the delicate and costly lace curtains dropping piece by piece to the dirty floor. In fact, the only habitable room in the whole place was that in which the King received us.

CREDULOUS CHINESE.

How They Are Deluded by Tricksters of Their Own Race.

Strangers passing the corner of Washington and Dupont streets, in the very heart of Chinatown, says the *San Francisco Chronicle*, have invariably been attracted to the southwest corner, where a solemn-looking Chinese of mature years sits at a small table industriously marking a book covered with strange hieroglyphics and a tangle of rattling a number of bamboo sticks enclosed in a small tin box. This operation is usually accompanied by a shrill cry of something like "Woolia," the sound of which arrests the curious Chinese who are constantly passing, and causes them to critically examine a punk stick, which is smoldering away in a brass receptacle. This securing attention the brawny Chinese clairvoyant or fortune teller takes something in an unreluctant fashion and passes on the bamboo sticks into the hand of a willing inspector. The latter, with no little display of excitement, furtively takes the pointed bamboo and invites good or bad fortune by thrusting it into a cigar box containing a number of papers rolled up so as to resemble a cigarette in appearance. One of these tubes is then brought out on the point of the stick and nonchalantly grasped by the artist who presides over the seance. The paper is then lightly passed over the burning punk and, becoming impregnated with the odoriferous smoke, strange characters slowly appear as by magic upon the scroll. These are closely scanned by the ponorus fortune-teller and compared with the hieroglyphics on his book of fate, which at this interesting stage of the proceedings is an object of great solicitude to the temple of fate.

The magician, seemingly oblivious of the eyes that furtively scan every feature of his face, casts his dark optics on such as if to invoke the aid of the gods of Confucius, and mumbles to himself. He then grasps his magic wand, which in fact is a great dexterity his supple fingers trace a few figures on a shining piece of silver, which he holds aloft. This operation completed, one wave of his hand commands silence and he reads in his own language the following: "Know ye that Yang Hui, descended from the gods, before whom men tremble, causing them to bow down before their beneficent aspects, in the sanctuaries of Dow and Chanti, loves a beautiful maid, whose form enraptures his soul. Find and whose eyes charm men's souls. Yang Hui loves and would be adored, but she will not, preferring the solitude of her chamber and the companionship of her god, Lee, whom she alone would worship. Now comes Yang Hui in suppliant mood and seeks relief on fortune's scroll. The written here—the gods have willed—let Yang Hui will success—find the maid and with her heart for him entire. He needs not gold nor dress to gain his end, but patience that works marvels. Let him be merry and rejoice, for the song of his happiness is but begun—the yields, the gods have softened her heart to his approach." The effect of this magical and impressive harangue upon the supposed lover is magical. His face brightens with a new expression of exultation and gratified pride, and he hastily produces a quarter, and, throwing it into the willing hand of the magician, departs with a dignified tread. Fortune has favored him, and the crowd, always superstitious, envies his lot in life.

Another customer advances as the interpreter of fate rattles his box and pronounced in a more joyful and buoyant tone his exhilarating "Woolia!" The performance is repeated, but as this applicant had paid his fee in advance, and moreover, belonged to a company which the magician despised with all his heart, fortune had no joys in store for him. The gods proclaimed disaster in business and sickness at his heart-tune. After struggling vainly against stern fate the disappointed mortal was to render up his existence beneath the wheel of a San Francisco cable car.

What the effect of this prognostication was can be better imagined than described. While the unucky Mongolian was cursing his ill luck the wily tormentor stowed away the coin and indifferently rattled his box of sticks and merrily chirped "Woolia!" Wondering how the gods would interpret the future in store for a reporter, the fortune-teller was approached and asked to reveal the intricacies of a reporter's fate. The inevitable quarter was produced and promptly accepted. The original formula was again gone through, and when the silver plate bearing the intelligence which the reporter dreaded to hear was raised on high, his heart thumped his ribs with a look-out-old-boy-you'll-get-em sort of manner that was most painful. Visions of a wife and child, living in life of regal luxury in furnished boudoir passed through his feverish, expectant brain. Would the Chinese gods demand their sacrifice and plunge them into penury and want because of the animosity they bear to the "white devils?" Would they draw in the strings that encircled their fair destiny and wretchedly snap those that held them suspended over a hideous gulf of misery and despair? The thought was horrible, but before the enfeebled frame of the dullest yenchobite of the press could succumb to its influence, the cheerful voice of the magician awoke him to a full realization of the scene.

"Mellican man," said he, in a conciliating tone, "I love beautiful Mellican gal and she love him alike same. He have money money, she much more dan she can count alike same. Mellican man have good business time by, and getty married to Mellican gal who love him. You an fine looker, she alike same like a queen. She have hair like gold and eyes like diamonds. She daughter of a banker, who give much to do poor. Mellican man go in business wid father-in-law and have heap success. Have tree, four, five children time by alike same, and live long wid Mellican gal, his wife. Woolia!"

The fortune-teller's cry of "Woolia!" attracted numerous Chinese, who in turn paid their money and heard their fate expounded with every demonstration of interest, not unmixed with fear. During a slight cessation of business the fortune-teller explained the *modus operandi* of his craft. "Chinese man," said he with a scornful air, as he regarded his countrymen flitting by, "believe any thing I say. I fool dem, but alike same day no sabe. I telle dem how make money, how love, and all such things. Dey swallow every thing alike same like fishes. Mellican man no fooler so easy; got more sense. Sabe? Woolia!"

A Ghostly Drinking Cup.
Only a few years since the skull of a suicide was used in Calhoun as a drinking cup for the cure of epilepsy. Dr. Arthur Mitchell knows of a case in which the body of such a one was disinterred in order to obtain her skull for this purpose.

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Central Railroad of New Jersey

Station in New York—Foot of Liberty Street.

Time Table in Effect October 11, 1937.

PLAINFIELD AND NEW YORK.	
Leave Plainfield 3.27, 5.43, 6.32, 7.02, 7.30, 7.50, 8.02, 8.23, 8.40, 9.52, 10.37, 11.08, 11.42, a. m. 12.33, 1.21, 2.25, 2.57, 3.51, 5.25, 5.30, 5.54, 6.32, 6.55, 7.02, 8.45, 9.15, 11.12, p. m. Sunday—2.27, 3.01, 5.27, 10.33, 11.32 a. m., 1.27, 3.30, 5.16, 7.20, 7.35, 9.23 p. m.	
Leave New York from foot of Liberty Street, 4.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.30, 9.00, 10.15, 11.00 a. m., 1.00, 1.30, 2.30, 3.30, 3.45, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.15, 5.30, 5.45, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.15, 9.30, 10.30, 12.00 p. m. Sunday—4.00, 6.45, 9.00, a. m., 12.00, m., 1.30, 4.00, 5.30, 6.30, 9.30, 12.00, p. m.	
PLAINFIELD AND NEWARK.	
Leave Plainfield 5.43, 6.32, 7.02, 7.30, 8.02, 8.40, 9.52, 10.37, 11.08, 11.42, a. m. 12.33, 1.21, 2.25, 2.57, 3.51, 5.25, 5.30, 5.54, 6.32, 6.55, 7.02, 8.45, 9.15, 11.12, p. m. Sunday—2.27, 3.01, 5.27, 10.33, 11.32 a. m., 1.27, 3.30, 5.16, 7.20, 7.35, 9.23 p. m.	
Leave Newark—6.20, 7.34, 8.35, 9.05, 10.35, 11.00, a. m., 1.03, 1.35, 2.40, 3.40, 4.00, 4.35, 5.05, 5.35, 5.50, 6.20, 7.10, 7.35, 8.20, 9.50, p. m., 12.00 night. Sunday—8.50, a. m., 12.20, 1.45, 4.10, 5.35, 9.15, p. m.	
PLAINFIELD AND EASTON.	
Leave Plainfield 5.10, 7.14, 8.32, 9.21, 11.30, a. m., 2.08, 2.16, 3.35, 4.34, 5.16, 5.31, 6.02, 6.38, 7.01, 7.39, 8.08, 8.17, 9.22, 11.45, p. m. Sunday—5.10, 10.14, a. m., 2.45, 3.51, 6.45, 10.45, p. m.	
Leave Easton 6.05, 6.35, 7.00, 7.30, 7.55, 8.15, 9.25, 10.15, 11.15, a. m. 12.55, 2.00, 3.25, 5.01, 5.32, 8.15, 8.40, p. m. Sunday—8.30, 11.05, a. m., 1.00, 4.50, 7.00, 8.50, p. m.	
WESTWARD CONNECTIONS.	
Leave Plainfield 5.10 a. m.—For Easton, Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg and Mauch Chunk, connecting at High Bridge for Schooley's Mountain, Lake Hopatcong, etc. Sundays, to Easton.	
7.14 a. m.—For Flemington.	
8.32 a. m.—For High Bridge Branch, Schooley's Mountain, Lake Hopatcong, Easton, Wind Gap, and Mauch Chunk.	
9.21 a. m.—For Flemington, Easton, Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg, Mauch Chunk, Williamsport, Tammany, Nanticoke, Upper Lehigh, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, &c.	
2.08 p. m.—For Flemington, Easton, Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg, Mauch Chunk, &c.	
4.34 p. m.—For Easton, Wind Gap, Mauch Chunk, Tammany, Shamokin, Drifton, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, &c.	
5.16 p. m.—For Flemington, High Bridge Branch, Schooley's Mountain, Lake Hopatcong, Easton, &c.	
6.02 p. m.—For Flemington.	
6.38 p. m.—For Easton, Allentown, Reading, Harrisburg, Mauch Chunk, &c.	

Long Branch, Ocean Grove, &c.
Leave Plainfield 3.27, 8.02, 11.08, a. m., 12.33, 1.21, 2.25, 3.51, p. m. Sundays (except Ocean Grove) 8.57, a. m.
For Perth Amboy—3.27, 5.43, 8.02, 11.08, 11.42 a. m. 12.33, 1.21, 2.25, 3.51 p. m. Sunday—8.57 a. m.
For Matawan—3.27, 5.43, 8.02, 11.08, a. m., 12.33, 1.21, 2.25, 3.51 p. m. Sunday—8.57 a. m.

BOUND BROOK ROUTE.
Leave Plainfield for Philadelphia and Trenton, 1.22, 8.10, 8.14, 9.45, 11.44, a. m., 2.16, 3.35, 6.02, 8.17, p. m. Sunday—1.22, 5.10, 9.35, a. m., 6.20, p. m.

RETURNING—LEAVE PHILADELPHIA
Ninth and Green streets, 8.30, 9.30, 11.00, a. m., 1.15, 3.45, 5.15, 7.00, 12.00, p. m. Sunday—8.30, a. m., 5.30, 12.00, p. m.
From Third and Berks streets, 8.30, 9.05, 10.30, a. m., 1.00, 5.30, 5.00, 6.00, p. m. Sunday—8.15, a. m., 4.30, p. m.
Leave Trenton, Warren and Tucker streets, 1.25, 9.10, 10.10, 11.35, a. m., 1.54, 4.15, 5.50, 7.40, p. m. Sunday—1.25, 9.15, 9.40, a. m., 6.15, p. m.

Plainfield passengers by trains marked * change cars at Bound Brook.
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Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam, for Coughs and Colds, does it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes E. J. Shaw to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The Large Bottles are 50c. and 1.00. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

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Cor. Park and North Avenues, near R. R. Station. (Established 1868.)
Only the highest grades of Drugs and Chemicals obtainable are used in this Pharmacy. I neither buy nor sell "CHEAP DRUGS."
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39 NORTH AVENUE.
Hard Lehigh Coal from the Lehigh region. Free burning Coal from the Wyoming region. All well screened and prepared. 8-30-11

MECHANICAL MENTION.

"Crushed bamboo" is coming into use as a paper-making material, and is stated to be already employed with the most satisfactory results in the paper supplied to several London dailies.

A recent specimen of the high degree of skill in the working of iron is a steel goblet, entirely forged by hand from a solid piece of one and a half inch round steel without the aid of boring tools.

A Dresden mechanic has succeeded in casting glass in the shape of a steel rod, cast, and of an equal density with the metal. Experiments are being prosecuted with the purpose of employing the material as rails on railways.

A steam horse-power is equal to three actual horses' power; a living horse is equal to seven men. The steam-engines to day represent in the world approximately the work of a thousand millions of men, or more than double the working population of the earth.

A novelty in silver is the discovery of a process of electro-plating with silver upon wood, and its adaptation to handles of all kinds, including umbrellas, pens, carvers' knives, etc. The silver is thrown upon the wood by a process which has proved extremely difficult in practice.

It is now possible to construct a complete sewing machine in a minute, or sixty in one hour; a reaper every fifteen minutes, or less; 300 watches in a day, complete in all their appointments. More important than this even, is the fact that it is possible to construct a locomotive in a day.

To black or polish and make Russia stove-pipe look like new, take of asphaltum two pounds, boiled linseed oil one pint, oil of turpentine two quarts. Fuse the asphaltum in an iron pot, boil the linseed oil, and add while hot. Stir well and remove from the fire. When partially cooled add oil of turpentine.

An inventor has completed experiments which, he says, show the practicability of making stone type. They are, of course, of large size, to substitute wood letters. The material is an artificial stone, pressed into molds, and then hardened, afterwards being polished on the surface. There will be no warping and no expansion or contraction, and each font will be exactly the same as that preceding.

A very good way to anneal a small piece of tool steel is to heat it up in a forge as slowly as possible, and then take two fire boards and lay the hot steel between them and screw them up in a vice. As the steel is hot it sinks into the pieces of wood and is firmly imbedded in an almost air-tight charcoal bed, and when taken out cold will be found to be nice and soft. To repeat this will make it as soft as could be wished.

In order to make an alloy which gives great hardness and ductility to red brass without having recourse to phosphorus, a mixture of green bottle glass is recommended to be added to the other metals. To this end a pound of finely-pounded glass is to be added, say to a fifty-pound crucible charge, or two per cent., care being exercised to place the whole quantity of the glass at the bottom of the crucible, while the other metals are on the top.

In the manufacture of corks a thorough knowledge of the various qualities and growths is necessary, in order to fit one for cutting them. It is essential, in order to obtain a good solid cork, to take care that its axis, as it is cut from the bark, be parallel with the axis of the tree on which the bark grew; but the broad, flat corks have to be cut perpendicular to the axis of the tree. Only the finest corks are now made by hand. A good workman can turn out, in the method described, about one thousand corks a day.

According to a German paper, iron may be freed from ingrained rust in this manner: Immerse the article in a nearly saturated solution of chloride of tin, even if much eaten into. The duration of the immersion will depend upon the thicker or thinner film of rust; in most cases, however, twelve to twenty-four hours will suffice. The solution of chloride of tin must not contain too great an excess of acid, otherwise it will attack the iron itself. After the articles have been removed from the bath they should first be washed in water and then with ammonia, and be dried as quickly as possible.

FROM DISTANT CLIMES.
According to a recent inland revenue report the annual tobacco consumption of the United Kingdom is fifty-three million pounds.

The paper money of Germany is printed in the Imperial printing office, Berlin, which has a force of nine hundred employees and forty printing presses.

The Hollanders are said to be the greatest coffee-drinkers in the world, their annual consumption being about eighteen pounds per head of the whole population.

The Ameer

CONCORD AND DISCORD.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Thinks the World
Sadly Out of Tune.

It is Discord, but Righteousness is Harmony—The Music Heard at the Laying of the World's Corner-Stone to be Repeated.

"Concord and Discord" was the subject of Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermon last Sunday, and the text was from Job, chapter xxxviii, v. 6 and 7: "Who laid the corner-stone thereof; when the morning stars sang together?" Dr. Talmage said:

We have all seen the ceremony at the laying of the corner-stone of church, academy or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scrolls of history and important documents to be suggestive of the two hundred years after, the building destroyed by fire or torn down. We remember the silver trowel or iron hammer that smote the square piece of granite into sanctity. We remember some venerable man who presided, wielding the trowel or hammer. We remember also the music as the choir stood on the scattered stones and timber of the building about to be constructed. The leaves of the notebooks fluttered in the wind, and were turned over with a great rattling, and we remember how the bass, baritone, tenor, contralto and soprano voices mingled. They had for many days been rehearsing the special programme, that it might be worthy of the corner-stone laying.

In my text the poet of Uz calls us to a grander ceremony—the laying of the foundation of this great temple of the world. The corner-stone was a block of light and the trowel was of celestial crystal. All about and on the embankments of cloud stood the angelic chorists, unrolling their librettos of overture, and other worlds clapped shining cymbals while the ceremony went on, and God, the architect, by stroke of light after stroke of light, dedicated this great cathedral of the world, with mountains for pillars, and sky for frescoed ceiling, and flowering fields for floor, and sunrise and midnight aurora for upholstery. "Who laid the corner-stone thereof; when the morning stars sang together?"

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence, an unbroken dithyramb, a musical portfolio. The great sheet of immensity had been spread out, and written on it were the stars, the smaller of them minims, the larger of them sustained notes. The meteors marked the staccato passages, the whole heavens and gamut, with all sounds, intonations and modulations, the space between the worlds a musical interval, trembling of stellar light a quaver, the thunder a bass clef, the wind among trees a treble clef. That is the way God made all things, a perfect harmony.

But one day a sharp string snapped in the great orchestra. One day a voice sounded out of tune. One day a discord, harsh and terrific, grated upon the glorious antiphony. It was sin that made the dissonance, and that harsh discord has been sounding through the centuries. All the work of Christians and philanthropists, and reformers of all ages is to stop that discord and get all things back into the perfect harmony which was heard at the laying of the corner-stone, when the morning stars sang together. Before I got through, if I am divinely helped, I will make it plain that sin is discord and righteousness is harmony.

That things in general are out of tune is as plain as to a musician's ear is the unhappy clash of clarinet and bassoon in an orchestral rendering.

The world's health out of tune; weak lungs and the atmosphere in collision, disordered eye and noontide light, in quaver, rheumatic limb and damp weather in struggle, neuralgia, and pneumonia, and consumptions, and epilepsies in flocks sweep upon neighborhoods and cities. Where you find one person with sound throat, and keen eyesight, and alert ear, and easy respiration, and regular pulsation, and supple limb, and prime digestion, and steady nerves, you find a hundred who have to be very careful because this, or that, or the other physical function is disordered.

The human intellect out of tune: The judgment wrongly swayed, or the memory leaky, or the will weak, or the temper inflammable, and the well balanced mind exceptional. Domestic life out of tune: Only here and there a conjugal outbreak of incompatibility of temper through the divorce courts, or a filial outbreak about a father's will through the surrogate's court, or a case of wife beating, or husband poisoning through the criminal courts, but thousands of families with June outside and January within.

Society out of tune: Labor and capital, their hands on each other's throat. Spirit of caste keeping those down in the social scale in a struggle to get up, and putting those who are up in anxiety lest they have to come down. No wonder the old piano-forte of society is all out of tune, when hypocrisy, and lying, and snobbery, and double dealing, and chicanery, and charlatanry, and revenge have for six thousand years been banging away at the keys and stamping the pedals.

On all sides there is a perpetual shipwreck of harmonies. Nations in discord. Without realizing it, so wrong is the feeling of nation for nation, that the symbols chosen are fierce and destructive. In this country, where our skies are full of robins and doves, and moving larks, we have our national symbols, the fierce and filthy eagle, as immoral a bird as can be found in all the ornithological catalogues. In Great Britain, where they have lambs and fallow deer, their symbol is the merciless lion. In Russia, where from between her frozen north and blooming south all kindly beasts dwell, they choose the growling bear; and in the world's heraldry a favorite figure is the dragon, which is a winged serpent, ferocious and dreadful. And so fond is the world of contention that we climb out through the heavens and baptize one of the other planets with the spirit of battle, and call it Mars, after the god of war, and we give to the eighth sign of the zodiac the name of the scorpion, a creature which is chiefly celebrated for its deadly sting. But, after all, these symbols are expressive of the way nation feels toward nation. Discord wide as the continent and bridging the seas. I suppose you have noticed how warm in love dry roads are when it is with other dry roads, and how cold with other dry roads, and how the highly groceryman on the same block. And in what a eulogistic way allopathic and homeopathic doctors speak of each other, and how ministers will sometimes put ministers on that beautiful cooking instrument which the English call a spit, an iron roller with spikes on it, and turned by a crank before a hot fire, and then if the minister being roasted cries out against it, the minister who is turning him says: "Hush, brother, we are turning this spit for the glory of God and the good of your soul, and you must be quiet while we close the service with—"

"[Best be the tie that binds,
Our hearts in Christian love.]"

The earth is diametered and circumfenced with discord, and the music that was rendered at the laying of the world's corner-stone when the morning stars sang

together, is not heard now, and though here and there, from this and that part of the earth, there comes up a thrilling solo of love, or a warble of worship, or a sweet diet of patience, they are drowned out by a discord that shakes the earth.

Paul says: "The whole creation groaneth," and while the nightingale, and the woodlark, and the canary and the plover sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes have been written out in musical notation, and it is found that the cuckoo sings in the key of D, and that the cormorant is a basso in the winged choir, yet sportsman's gun and the autumnal blast often leave them ruffled and bleeding, or dead in meadow or forest. Paul was right, for the groan in nature drowns out the prima-donnas of the sky.

Tartini, the great musical composer, dreamed one night that he made a contract with Satan, the latter to be ever in the composer's service. But one night he handed Satan a violin, on which Diabolus played such sweet music that the composer was awakened by the emotion, and tried to reproduce the sounds, and therefrom was written Tartini's most famous piece, entitled the "Devil's Sonata," a dream ingenious but faulty, for all melody descends from heaven and only discords ascend from hell. All hatreds, feuds, controversies, backbitings, and revenges are the devil's sonata, are diabolic fugues, are demonic phantasies, are grand marches of doom, are a march of perdition.

Let it in this world things in general are out of tune to our frail ear, how much more so to ears angelic and divine. It takes a skilled artist fully to appreciate a disagreement of sound. Many have no capacity to detect a defect of musical education, and though there were in one bar so many offenses against harmony as could crowd in between the lower F of the bass and the higher G of the soprano, it would give them no discomfort, while on the forehead of the educated artist beads of perspiration would stand out as a result of the harrowing dissonance. While an amateur was performing on a piano and had just struck the wrong chord, John Sebastian Bach, the immortal composer, entered the room, and the amateur rose in embarrassment, and Bach rushed past the host, who stepped forward to greet him, and before the keyboard had stopped vibrating, put his adroit hand upon the keys and charged the painful inharmony into glorious cadence. Then Bach turned and gave salutation to the host who had invited him.

But the worst of all discords is moral discord. If society and the world are painfully discordant to imperfect men, what must they be to a perfect God. People try to define what sin is. It seems to me that sin is getting out of harmony with God, a disagreement with His Holiness, with His purity, with His love, with His commands, our will clashing with His will, the finite dashing against the infinite, the frail against the puissant, the created against the creator. If a thousand musicians, with flute, cornet, violin, and trumpet, and violoncello, and hautbois, and trombone, and all the wind and stringed instruments that ever gathered in a Dusseldorf jubilee, should resolve that they should play out of tune and put concord to the rack, and make the place wild with shrieking and grating, and rasping sounds, they could not make such a pandemonium as that which rages in a sinful soul when God listens to the play of its thoughts, passions and emotions, discord, life long discord, maddening discord. The world pays more for discord than it does for consonance. High prices have been paid for music. One man gave \$225 to hear the Swedish songstress in New York, and another \$625 to hear her in Boston, and another \$650 to hear her in Providence.

Fabulous prices have been paid for sweet sounds, but far more has been paid for discord. The Crimean war cost one billion seven hundred million dollars, and our American civil war over nine and a half billion dollars, and the war debts of professed Christian nations are about fifteen billion dollars. The world pays for this red ticket, which admits it to the saturnalia of broken bones, and death agonies, and destroyed cities, and plowed graves, and crushed hearts, any amount of money Satan asks. Discord! Discord!

But I have told you that the song that the morning stars sang together, at the laying of the world's corner-stone, is to be resumed again. The work of all good men and women, and of all good churches, and all reform associations is to bring the race back to the original harmony. The rebellious heart to be attuned, social life to be attuned, commercial ethics to be attuned, internationality to be attuned, hemispheres to be attuned. But by what force and in what way?

In olden time the choristers had a tuning fork with two prongs, and they would strike it on the back of pew or music rack, and put it to the ear, and then start the tune, and all the other voices would join.

In the modern orchestra the leader has a complete instrument, rightly attuned, and he sounds that, and all the other performers turn the keys of their instruments to make them correspond, and sound the bow over the string, and listen, and sound out over again, until all the keys are screwed to a concert pitch, and the discords melt into one great symphony, and the curtain hoists, and the baton taps, and the audiences are raptured with Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," or Rossini's "Stabat Mater," or Bach's "Magnificat" in D, or Gounod's "Redemption."

Now, our world can never be attuned by an imperfect instrument. Even a Cremona would not do. Heaven has ordained the only instrument, and it is made out of the only material, and the voices that accompany it are imperishable voices, canticles of the first Christmas night when Heaven serenaded the earth with: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will to men." Let us start too far off and get lost in the generalities, we had better begin with ourselves, get our own hearts and lives in harmony with the eternal Christ. O, for His almighty spirit to attune us, to chord our will with His will, to modulate our life into union with all that is pure and self-sacrificing and heavenly. The strings of our nature are all broken and twisted, and the bow is so slack it can not evoke anything melodious. The instrument made for Heaven to play on has been roughly twanged and struck by influences worldly and demonic. O master hand of Christ, restore this split, and fractured, and bespelled, and unstrung nature until first it shall wait out for our sin and then trill with divine pardon!

The whole world must also be attuned by the same power. A few days ago I was in the Fairbanks Weighing Scale Manufacturing of Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they never had a strike. Complete harmony between labor and capital, the operatives of scores of years in their beautiful homes near by the mansions of the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So all the world over labor and capital will be brought into euphony. You may have heard what is called the Anvil Chorus, composed by Verdi, a tune played by hammers, great and small, now with mighty stroke, and now with heavy strokes, beating a great iron anvil. This is what the world has got to come to—anvil chorus, yard-stick chorus, shuttle chorus, trowel

chorus, crowbar chorus, pick-axe chorus, gold mine chorus, rail-track chorus, locomotive chorus. It can be done, and it will be done. So all social life will be attuned by the gospel harp. There will be as many classes in society as now, but the classes will not be regulated by birth, or wealth, or accident, but by the scale of virtue and benevolence, and people will be assigned to their places as good, or very good, or most excellent. So, also, commercial life will be attuned, and there will be twelve in every dozen, and sixteen ounces in every pound, and apples at the bottom of the barrel will be as sound as those on the top, and silk goods will not be cotton, and sellers will not have to charge honest people more than the right price because others will not pay, and goods will come to you corresponding with the sample which you purchased them, and coffee will not be chicory, and sugar will not be sand, and milk will not be chalked, and adulteration of food will be a State's prison offense. Aye, all things shall be attuned. Elections in England and the United States will no more be a grand carnival of defamation and scurrility, but the elevation of righteous men in a righteous way.

In the sixteenth century the singers called the Fischer Brothers reached the lowest bass ever recorded, and the highest note ever trilled was by La Bastardella, and Catalini's voice had a compass of three and a half octaves; but Christianity is more wonderful; for it runs all up and down the greatest heights and the deepest depths of the world's necessity, and it will compass everything and bring it in accord with the song which the morning stars sang at the laying of the world's corner-stone. All the sacred music in homes, and concert halls and churches tends toward this consummation. Make it more and more hearty. Sing in your families. Sing in your places of business. If we with proper spirit use these faculties, we are rehearsing for the skies.

Heaven is to have a new song, an entirely new song, but I should not wonder if, as some time on earth a tune is fashioned out of many tunes, or it is one tune with the variations, so some of the songs of the redeemed may have been playing through them the songs of earth, and how thrilling as coming through the great anthem of the saved, accompanied by harpers with their harps, and trumpeters with their trumpets, we should hear some of the strains of Antioch, and Mount Pisgah, and Coronation, and Lenox, and St. Martin's, and Painesville, and Ariel, and Old Hundred. How they would bring to mind the praying circles, and communion days, and the Christmas festivals, and the church worship, in which on earth we mingled! I have no idea that when we bid farewell to earth we are to bid farewell to all these grand old gospel hymns, which melted and raptured our souls for so many years. Now, my friends, if sin is discord and righteousness is harmony, let us get out of the one and enter the other. After our dreadful civil war was over, and in the summer of 1869 a great national peace jubilee was held in Boston, and as an elder of this church had been honored by the selection of some of his music, to be rendered on that occasion, I accompanied him to the jubilee. Forty thousand people sat and stood in the great coliseum erected for that purpose. Thousands of wind and stringed instruments. Twelve thousand trained voices.

The masterpieces of all ages rendered, hour after hour, and day after day—Handel's "Judas Maccabeus," Spohr's "Last Judgment," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Haydn's "Creation," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Meyerbeer's "Coronation March," rolling on and up in surges that billowed against the heavens. The mighty cadence within were accompanied on the outside by the ringing of the bells of the city and cannon, and in the summer of 1869 the music, discharged by electricity, thundering their awful bars of a harmony that astounded all nations. Sometimes I bowed my head and wept. Sometimes I stood up in the enchantment, and sometimes the effect was so overpowering I felt I could not endure it. When all the voices were in full chorus, and all the batons in full wave, and all the orchestra in full triumph, and a hundred and eighty-eight mighty cannons were firing, and all the towers of the city rolled in their majestic swiftness, and the whole building quaked with the boom of thirty cannon, Parpa Rosa, with a voice that will never again be equaled on earth until the archangelic voice proclaims that time shall be no longer, rose above all other sounds in her rendering of our National air, the Star Spangled Banner. It was too much for a mortal, and quite enough for an immortal to hear, and while some fainted, one womanly spirit, released under its power, sped away to be with God.

O Lord, our God, quickly usher in the whole world's peace jubilee, and all islands of the sea join the five continents, and all the voices and musical instruments of all nations combined, and all the organs that ever sounded requiem of sorrow sound only a grand march of joy, and all the bells that tolled for burial ring for resurrection, and all the organs that ever hurried death across the nations sound to eternal victory, and over all acclaim of earth and minstrelsy of heaven there will be heard one voice sweeter and mightier than any human or angelic voice, a voice once full of tears, but then full of triumph, the voice of Christ saying: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Then, at the laying of the top-stone of the world's history, the same voice shall be heard as when at the laying of the world's corner-stone, "the morning stars sang together."

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