

# THE DAILY PRESS.

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## THE DAILY PRESS

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.

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J. A. DEMAREST, MANAGING EDITOR.

### BY THE WAY.

Easter cards in choicest and newest styles at Allen's the stationer, 23 East Front street.

According to the almanac, yesterday was the first day of Spring, and a very unpleasant one it was, too.

\$56 extra copies of THE DAILY PRESS were sold on the streets yesterday; and it was a cold and stormy day, too.

High water is reported in the Passaic river and its tributaries, and fears of a serious freshet are entertained.

All of the low lands between this city and Netherwood were inundated yesterday, and traveling in that neighborhood was therefore difficult.

Unity Lodge, No. 102, K. of P., will hold its anniversary exercises in Reform Hall, on Tuesday evening next. Exercises of an interesting nature will be held in the Hall.

Notwithstanding the inclement weather last evening the attendance at Warren Mission chapel was fair, and the service, conducted by Mrs. J. T. Ellis, was thoroughly enjoyed by those present.

Among the latest laws approved by the Governor is one which gives to collectors of taxes whose terms have expired a compensation of ten per cent. of the amount collected of taxes in arrears.

All of the weekly papers published in various parts of the State, which have been received this week, announce the fact that a blizzard occurred on the 12th instant. This will be news to some people, perhaps.

All cuts on the Lehigh Valley Railroad in New Jersey, the banks of which are still lined with deep snow, are filling up with water, and all engineers have been notified to pass through them at a speed not to exceed fifteen miles an hour. The rain has made matters worse.

The State Board of Assessors has sent out blanks to the miscellaneous corporations of the State for the purpose of learning the amount of capital stock of each in order to impose the tax of one-tenth of one per cent. on the same, provided by the act of April 18, 1884.

The New Jersey Methodist Episcopal Conference has adopted resolutions condemning the purchasing of milk or newspapers on Sunday, or traveling in cars on that day; and against the passage of a bill now before the Legislature sanctioning the sale of newspapers, and excursions on Sunday.

The little folks of the "Primary Class" of the Park Avenue Baptist church will give an entertainment in the chapel, tomorrow evening at eight o'clock and Saturday afternoon at three. The Peak Sisters of far away Alaska, will take part and add to the novelty and pleasantness of the programme.

The high winds last week shattered several of the large windows in the chapel at the Bryant school building. Janitor Hope boarded up the windows, but the wind tore away the wood-work. Mr. Hope was obliged to remain in the school building all of one night, to protect the school property.

The Fifteenth Anniversary of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the First Baptist church will be held Friday afternoon, the 23d inst., at half-past two o'clock in the church. Mrs. J. Packer, a missionary from Rangoon, Burmah, will address the meeting. A full attendance of women and children is desired.

Three arrests were made by Officer Lynch on Tuesday afternoon and evening, all for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. John McIlroy was the first arraigned at the station house yesterday morning. He was fined five dollars. Charles Searns and Thomas McGrath, the other two, were allowed to go with a suspended sentence. The former was given one hour to leave the city, and the latter was given twenty minutes to make himself scarce.

## A MAN WITHOUT AN ENEMY.

Further Circumstances Surrounding the Death of Ex-Sheriff Stiles.

The suspicion thrown about the melancholy death of ex-Sheriff Stiles, by the New York Telegram of last evening, was most cruel. That paper with its customary carelessness and absence of consistency, asserts in bold head lines that the public accounts of the deceased while Sheriff, are all wrong; and in the report that follows merely implies that such suspicion is not generally believed.

Such a report is entirely unfounded, as the slightest suspicion of the kind has never arisen. In this relation a PRESS reporter called upon Frederick Glasby, Esq., the present Sheriff and the deceased's successor. The reporter found that gentleman much broken down by the sudden loss of his life-long friend and by the shock of the nature of his death. Mr. Glasby was most emphatic in his belief that the suicide's act was entirely without cause and committed during a temporary aberration of mind. Like every one of the hundreds of acquaintances possessed by the dead man, Mr. Glasby could not say enough in praise of his genial fellowship, uprightness, and true friendship. The high honor of the deceased is as unquestioned. Union County was, during Sheriff Stiles' term—and is now—especially favored with the occupancy of the Sheriff's office by public servants of thorough honesty and true gentlemen.

The deceased's pastor, the Rev. Mr. Richards, did not learn of the death until last evening, and then in a most pathetic and impressive way. At the regular Wednesday evening prayer meeting in the Crescent Avenue church, Capt. Wm. B. Ostrom alluded to the deceased's death with sincere tenderness, and in speaking of his life read the poem quoted in these columns of yesterday. Mr. Richards was greatly shocked by the news. He had not been outside of his house since the day before, and in the excitement of the event Mrs. Stiles' friends had neglected to send for her pastor. At the close of the meeting Mr. Richards sought Capt. Ostrom for particulars. The latter handed him a copy of THE PRESS, and as the minister intently read the story through, he was deeply and visibly impressed.

Mrs. J. T. Ellis at the evangelistic meeting in Warren Mission chapel, last evening, spoke very feelingly in praise of the undoubted Christian character of the deceased. She remembered his attendance at the Chapel as spoken of in yesterday's PRESS, and told just where he sat and how attentive and sympathetic a listener he was throughout the meeting.

Ex-Sheriff Stiles was a man who wanted the friendship of all. There was no sacrifice he would not make for one he esteemed, and consequently he was morbidly sensitive at the least real or fancied slight that was shown him. This trait in his character was such a passion and part of his life, that if it should be discovered that the deceased thought his fraternal and political friends were drawing away from him, the mystery of the suicide might be solved.

Following up such a hypothesis it was learned by PRESS reporters that the ex-Sheriff has been disconsolate for some such reasons; and morbid over many real or fancied slights of the sort, for many weeks past. Seldom, if ever, during the present session of the Legislature, has he been in Trenton where he was every year such a prominent figure, and one whose advice was so eagerly sought and followed. It is known that he felt bitterly his apparent loss of political prestige and power—which thought, however, was only the creation of his morbid imagination.

It is said that when Senator Miller of Westfield was dined in New York, ex-Sheriff Stiles was omitted from the list of invited guests, most of whom had done less for the Senator's election than he who was slighted. The deceased brooded over this to such an extent that it changed his kindly nature in that case, at least. The story is told that when some days ago Senator Miller wrote to the ex-Sheriff asking him to come and see him, that he would like to consult his experience and ask his advice, the deceased replied, "Senator Miller knows where I live; let him come and see me." This was not a bit like the George Stiles of a few months ago.

The fact that the recent funeral of a member of his own lodge was given to another undertaking establishment, also effected him with the belief that his friends were all deserting him.

### Home Missions and High Tea.

The Ladies' Home Missionary Society of Crescent Avenue church, hold their annual meeting, Friday afternoon at 3.30, in the church parlors. Mrs. Finks, of New York, will address the meeting. Those who have heard this bright speaker anticipate a treat.

The members of the Society will serve a high tea in the parlors at six, after the meeting, at which their husbands, brothers, etc., anticipate their treat.

## PARTICULAR MENTION.

Dr. Geo. W. Endicott has so far recovered from his recent serious illness, as to be able to ride out.

Councilman G. W. Watson is again able to leave home, after a confinement to the house of several days with quinsy sore throat.

Mr. Charles Wann of Willow avenue, North Plainfield, has returned from a successful business trip through the South, covering a period of several weeks.

Sheriff Glasby and Warden Dodd of Elizabeth came to Plainfield yesterday, when they learned of the tragic death of Plainfield's popular citizen, Geo. M. Stiles.

Mrs. Tallmage of Ninth street and First place, has returned to the city, after a few weeks' sojourn at Atlantic City. Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Egee will remain at the sea shore for several weeks to come.

Mr. W. Gloak, of Scott's Press Works, left yesterday for Toronto to put up a press, and expects to be away two weeks. His wife leaves Plainfield on Saturday for New York, to stay with friends during the absence of her husband.

At his home in Newark, on Tuesday, occurred the death of Mr. Oliver Martin, brother of Messrs. Augustus H. and Jas. A. Martin, the grocers of this city. The deceased had been an invalid for a long time. The funeral took place from his late residence today.

Twenty-one years ago today Mr. and Mrs. Paul Symons of East Third street, were united in marriage, and they are now looking forward to the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding—four years hence. Mr. Symons will remove with his family to Belleville on April 1, where he will be employed by the Edison Electric Light Company.

The funeral of the late George M. Stiles will take place at the Crescent Avenue church on Saturday at 1.30 p. m., and will be conducted with Masonic honors by Anchor Lodge, No. 149, F. and A. M., of which the deceased was a member, other lodges with which he was identified participating in the service. The remains will be taken to Elizabeth and interred in Evergreen cemetery.

Rev. Anthony V. Dimock, a prominent Baptist minister of Elizabeth, and formerly a resident of Dunellen, died last night at his home in Elizabeth. He was the father of Anthony W. Dimock, the well-known Wall street broker and ex-President of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. Rev. Mr. Dimock was a noted temperance advocate. For several years he had retired from active work in the ministry owing to his age and physical infirmity.

### He Got His Wife All The Same.

John E. Naylor of Lake street, and Miss Abbie H. Kiely of Central avenue, have been cooing of late, and last week their affections ripened into love. John concluded that it would be better to take unto himself a life partner, and Abbie signified her willingness to become his wife. Friday last was the time set for the wedding, but the young woman's father had a voice in the matter, and declared the ceremony "indefinitely postponed." The young lovers, it is said, met clandestinely afterward, and on Sunday afternoon, Miss Abbie came to town, after being warned by her father to return home by nine o'clock in the evening, before the house was locked up for the night. John espied the object of his affection, and straightway led her to Justice Austin's office in North Plainfield, where, in the presence of several witnesses, the knot was tied. The happy couple went on their way rejoicing, and are now domiciled with the groom's parents on Lake street.

### Fell Down a Flight of Stairs.

James Cannon, an aged tailor residing on East Third street, was making his usual rounds about town yesterday afternoon, and dropped into Tracy's shoe-making shop on Park avenue. After conversing awhile with "Mister" Tracy, he started to descend the flight of stairs leading from the second story, when he fell headlong to the landing below, and sustained a severe wound on his forehead, rendering him unconscious. He was carried to an upper room, and Dr. Long dressed the wounds. Later he was taken home in a carriage.

### He Lost a Digit.

Philip Jackson, of Fifth and Liberty streets, an employee of the Potter Press Works, was sent to New York yesterday to make some repairs to a printing machine in the office of THE PRESS. While working around the heavy machinery the second finger on the left hand was so badly crushed that amputation became necessary. He was taken to a hospital where the operation was performed, and this morning returned home.

The condition of James McGinley, the lad who was seriously injured by attempting to board a passing coal train near the church street crossing, yesterday, is today reported as somewhat improved.

## TRAMP BURGLARS IN WESTFIELD.

They Are Wearing Mr. Irving's Clothes. But They Are Not Smoking Mr. Heinzer's Cigars.

Shortly after midnight this morning, the coal office of John S. Irving on Central avenue, Westfield, was entered by thieves. A small hole was broken in the window pane, and the catch thrown back. The lids and drawers of two desks were pried up and open, and the papers they contained were scattered promiscuously about. Burnt matches on the floor in front of both safes, showed that some effort had been made to overcome the combination. Nothing was taken, however, except two well-worn overcoats and a new silk umbrella.

No clue to the identity of the burglars was discovered, but suspicion points towards the vanished figures of two tramps that beat like one about the town, yesterday, abusing everybody who refused their demands. Chief Carey of this city, and other guardians of the peace along the line, have been notified but no special effort is making to follow up the suspects.

The same pair also attempted to enter the cigar store of Frederick Heinzer, also of Westfield, during last night. The outside blinds were opened and the window pane broken over the catch. Mr. Heinzer, however, had been robbed before, and since then had furnished his store with inside shutters. The latter the burglars could not force open, and they therefore departed without a smoke at the proprietor's expense.

### He Did Not Attempt Suicide.

A report was current on the streets yesterday that a prominent business man of this city had attempted to hang himself in his barn during the afternoon. The report spread rapidly and by night the matter was the subject of general discussion. Members of the family of the man who is alleged to have made an attempt to end his life, denied the report in toto, while gossip declared it to be a fact. It is said that a workman employed about the place entered the stable yesterday afternoon for a bundle of straw, and discovered his employer hanging by the neck from a rafter. Some of the family are very indignant on the subject, and the most emphatic denials were gained from several of them whom a PRESS reporter interviewed. Mrs. Ellis at Warren Mission chapel last evening, alluded to the matter, and the general opinion prevailed that there was some truth in the report.

The equinoctial storm was short, but severe, while it lasted.

The city has been overrun with tramps during the past few days.

Rev. Sam Small delivered his lecture "From Bar room to Pulpit," in Library Hall, Elizabeth, last evening.

The roof on the Cadmus Mill, near Grant avenue, which was blown off by the blizzard last week, is being repaired.

Extensive arrangements are being made for the third annual ball of the Park Avenue Social Club, which is to take place in The Crescent, on Monday, April 23.

On April 3, the first reunion of the old Second N. J. Brigade, War of 1861, comprising the 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 11th Regiments, N. J. Vols., will be held at Trenton.

The inquiry into the death of Farmer Price, who was brutally murdered at Belle Mead, Somerset county, on Saturday, was begun yesterday. No important evidence was brought out, and the inquest was adjourned over until Saturday.

The H. B. Smith & Co., steam heating apparatus which for the past three years has comfortably heated the class room at the Bryant school building was examined by an agent of the company on Tuesday and is in thorough working order. Janitor Hope was commended for the care he has taken of the apparatus.

At Reform Hall this evening beginning at 7.45 o'clock, will be given a grand literary and musical entertainment, under the auspices of the Reform Club. The entertainment will be composed exclusively of home talent, and will include instrumental music by members of the Plainfield Cornet Band. Admission is free and all are invited.

A boy named John Hasting, living near the round house at Roselle, while playing about the track on Tuesday afternoon lost a marble under one of the locomotives of the Central Railroad Company. In attempting to recover it he crawled under the engine which started before he could escape. The little fellow's foot was run over and badly crushed.

One of the saddest (!) bits of intelligence in relation to the great snow blockade of last week says the Somerset Messenger, we clip from a New Brunswick exchange: "Many of the saloons have run out of lager and the owners tried to borrow of their neighbors, but only a few succeeded." The milk famine in New York is thus thrown into the shade.

## THE LADIES' CHOICE.

How the Fair Sex Over-the-Mountain Held the Balance of Power and Elected Their Man.

An election for one Trustee to serve three years was held at District School House No. 32, South Sterling, Tuesday afternoon. The contest was between Mr. Israel Coon, the present incumbent, and Mr. John Wendel. The elections in this district are usually very close, both candidates trying to get the necessary number of voters to the polls before five o'clock, at which time the polls close.

Mr. Wendel kept his horse and wagon going after voters who lived at a great distance, the last one sent for by wagon not arriving until after five o'clock, as he was working in Sterling, nearly three miles away. About 4.45 o'clock it was evident that of the 32 votes cast Mr. Wendel would have 16. Mr. Coon, being Chairman, was not allowed to vote unless in case of a tie, but he was prepared for just such an emergency. He sent a trusted friend to a neighbor's where three ladies were in waiting. They were brought to the polls, arriving about 4.55 o'clock, when they demanded to be allowed to vote.

Had a thunderbolt fallen in the midst of the politicians who had been working for the success of Mr. Wendel, they would not have been more surprised. The ladies were allowed to vote, after a protest from Mr. Wendel. The latter gentleman hurried one of his men to some neighbors to induce the female members of the families to come to the school house. In the meantime, however, five o'clock had arrived, and the polls were declared closed just as two ladies came into the school house to vote for Mr. Wendel. When the votes were counted Mr. Coon was found to have 19 votes to his opponent's 16.

### The Fanwood Bowlers Lose Again.

The third game of the series between the Westfield Clubs and the Fanwood Club, was bowled last evening. The Monday-Nights of Westfield went to Fanwood to bowl on the latter's alleys, but owing to the gas machine at the Club house being out of order, the Clubs returned to Westfield and bowled the game on Gale's alleys. The Monday-Night Club won by the following score:

MONDAY-NIGHTS.		FANWOODS.	
Dillz.....	162	Stoddart.....	178
Osborn.....	126	H. Kye.....	111
Harbison.....	92	Smith.....	155
D. Pierson.....	123	Davis.....	99
G. Young.....	138	Downer.....	163
Dallas.....	120	Kleb.....	106
Echman.....	124	Oliver.....	102
W. Pierson.....	103	Force.....	123
Seelye.....	149	Kline.....	156
Moore.....	165	Fancher.....	115
Total.....	1,302	Total.....	1,248

The tournament now stands:

	WON.	LOST
Westfield—Thursday-Nights.....	2	0
—Monday-Nights.....	1	1
Fanwoods.....	0	2

### WASHINGTONVILLE.

An election for a trustee to serve three years was held at the Washingtonville School House, Tuesday evening. Mr. Truman Bilyeu was elected, there being no opposition to him.

Messrs. David Allen and Robt. Brawner of Delavan, Ill., are visiting relatives in this vicinity, before starting for France to purchase horses, which they intend using for breeding purposes on their large farms in Illinois.

Mrs. Albert Field, sister-in-law of Dr. Field of Plainfield, expects to return North soon for the benefit of her health. Her husband is in partnership with Dr. Field, his brother, in a large orange grove in Florida, but the climate does not agree with Mrs. Field. Her mother, Mrs. Miles, will accompany her.

### MAY HAPPEN PLAINFIELD SOME DAY.

Another Break in the Dam of New Brunswick's Water Works.

### [SPECIAL TO THE PRESS.]

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., March 22.—At midnight the temporary dam at the City Water Works gave way, letting the city's supply of drinking water flow into the ruins of the permanent dam.

It is four weeks since the dam at this works broke, and a water famine was only averted by the use of a centrifugal pump, which will be again put into operation, as there is very little water in the reservoir. The breaking of the original dam entailed a loss of \$150,000 upon the city, and the wreck of the temporary one will cause the loss of several thousand more.

Judge Dupue, of the New Jersey Supreme Court, granted an order and judgment on Saturday, fixing the valuation of New Jersey Central Railroad property for purposes of taxation at \$23,603,007. In collecting the arrearages of taxes since 1876 this will make a balance of \$80,000 in favor of the State, as the company began in 1877 to pay taxes only on the amount stipulated in its charter.

## Resolutions of Respect.

The published reports of the funeral and burial services of the late M. W. Schenck, omitted any mention of the attendance in a body of fifty members of Carpenters Union, No. 155, of this city, of which the deceased was President. The following resolutions were unanimously passed at the last regular meeting of the Union, held on Tuesday evening.

WHEREAS, By the dispensation of Divine Providence, our late President and brother, Martin W. Schenck has been removed from our midst by death it is Resolved, That by his death we have lost a valuable member and a faithful officer whose wise counsels, extensive information, and courteous manner had won our esteem and admiration.

Resolved, That the sympathy of this body be conveyed to the widow and family of our deceased fellow member, committing them in this hour of their bereavement to the kindly consolations of Him who doeth all things well, also Resolved, That these resolutions be published in THE DAILY PRESS.

CHARLES SHEPHERD,  
LEWIS R. BLACKFORD,  
TIMOTHY S. THORNE,  
SWAN S. SMALLLEY,  
WILLIAM J. DODDS,  
Committee.

At a special meeting of Plainfield Lodge No. 44, I. O. O. F., held on Monday March 19th, 1888, the undersigned committee was appointed to draft suitable resolutions out of respect to the memory of Brother Martin W. Schenck, P. G. The following preamble and resolutions were adopted: WHEREAS, The all seeing eye of God who is ever watching over our destinies has in his great wisdom directed the arrow of death again in our fraternity, and removed from our number a well beloved and faithful brother, Martin W. Schenck, P. G., to that bourne from whence no traveler returns.

Resolved, That in life Bro. Schenck was faithful in the discharge of his duties as a member of our fraternity and his family has met a sad and irreparable loss and we deeply sympathize with his family in the sad shock and heavy sorrow that has fallen upon them. And be it further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the city papers and a copy be sent to his afflicted family.

JOHN BODINE,  
THOMAS J. YOUNG,  
JAS. B. CLARKSON,  
Committee.

### WESTFIELD.

[THE DAILY PRESS is for sale by French & Dougherty.]

James Dunham intends building a new house on South avenue, as soon as Spring opens.

Fred Decker's new house on the Boulevard will be ready for occupancy about April 1.

The "Dixie Dudes" Minstrel Co., will give an entertainment at Arcanum Hall, Saturday evening, March 24.

Robert Woodruff, Jr., is turning the building recently purchased by him into a dwelling, and intends to occupy it soon.

One of our gallant young hackmen, familiarly known as "Chub," was recently reported to have died, but upon investigation by his friends, it was found to their great relief, to be his budding moustache that was dyed instead of "Chub" himself.

Those in attendance at the temperance rooms last Monday evening, were favored with some good recitations by Mr. George Todd, Miss Minnie McMurray, and Miss Lulu Fleming, and some vocal and instrumental music by Mrs. Dunn. The election of officers for the ensuing quarter takes place next meeting. Nominations are: For Worthy Patriarch—George Todd, and Wallace Kaylor; Recording Scribe—Fred Burdick; Financial Scribe—A. N. Pierson, and C. P. Wilcox; Treas.—Albert Wilcox; Conductor—Mrs. Dunn; Ass't Conductor—Miss Andrews; Inside Sentinel—G. Sorter; Outside Sentinel—Miss Bennett.

### Europe Can't Appreciate Donnelly.

Ignatius Donnelly's cryptogram, by which he sought to demonstrate that Bacon wrote the plays of Shakespeare, has been described by the Professor of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh as a "miserable drivell and a tissue of arithmetical puzzles which would be hissed even in bodlam." We fear that the scholarly minds of the effete monarchies of Europe fail to realize and appreciate that grasp of intellect and freedom of thought with which the ozone of the prairies has imbued Mr. Donnelly and his admirers. The bending deference to precedents and the unstinted admiration for established institutions hamper the British mind, and dwarf those germs of thought which in our own Donnelly have evolved light from darkness and laid bare a mystery of years.

At Asbury Park, yesterday, Joseph Walnright ran against Mrs. A. C. Dunham for school trustee. The latter was nominated by Mrs. S. J. C. Downs, President of the State W. C. T. U., and was elected by one majority.











## GYMNASTICS FOR GIRLS.

### DAINTY MUSCLES IN TRAINING.

Their Costumes and Stockings—The Girls to be Found Working at Pallets.

Alice and I have been very dull of late. I suppose there never were two girls who found it so hard to amuse themselves. Half the time the toboggan slides are as dry as a bone, and then we have almost nothing amusing except Dante. We are studying Dante. We picked up Italian ourselves. One day, however, when things were especially slow, we stumbled on something which we have been wild over ever since.

We were passing the Casino roller-skating rink and saw a sign out advertising a gymnasium, and Alice said she believed a little exercise was just what we needed, so we went in and made application.

It took us several days to get our costumes done, but when we did they were just too sweet for anything, and we had a tintype taken together. Mine was in brown and golden stripes, and Alice's was striped in two shades of blue of the nicest flannel we could get. They had blouse waists, with loose sleeves gathered into a broad cuff, skirts reaching to the knee, and full trousers fastened just above the knee. We made some short lace-trimmed petticoats to wear with them, and I wore blue stockings and Alice red. The costume was so largely stockings that we put a good deal of thought on them. Then we had gym-



**THE TINTYPE.**  
nasium shoes without heels and with rubber soles. We got some lovely ones of red kid, with French heels, but the teachers wouldn't let us wear them.

We found an awfully stylish lot of girls there, and the way they went to work was simply astonishing. What was still more astonishing was the way they looked in their gymnasium suits. They were simply charming. No one could have believed it without seeing it. A very fashionable but withal commonplace-looking lady would enter, muffled in furs, and disappear in the dressing-room in a dignified manner. A few minutes later she would come bounding out, looking like a girl of 16. A lot of South Side young ladies whose names you would know perfectly well if I were to tell them to you came together. There were fifteen of them. They are awfully proper, and I said to Alice that we might as well make up our minds to be stupid, when they astonished us by suddenly bolting out of the dressing-room and racing around the running track like mad. No two of them had on a dress of the same color, and as they flew around the track they looked like a company of Dresden shepherdesses out on a lark.

Alice and I thought we had better begin right away, so were instructed to stand side by side and teeter up and down on our toes, as one sometimes sees a ballet dancer doing in the wings. The



**LIKE SHEPHERDESSES ON A LARK.**  
others saw us and followed our example. They were evidently used to it, for they did it a great deal faster than we did. There were 20 of us in a row at that time, and we all teetered up and down as fast as we could. It seemed to be proper to take the matter seriously, so Alice and I looked as if we were at a funeral. After you once get started at this it is hard to leave off, and you feel that you would have been much happier if you had been born a jumping jack.

But after a time the professor in blue—there were numerous professors in various colors—insisted on our stopping and going to the pulleys. I wanted to fill them up with weights, but the professor said he thought I had better wait, so I began pulling up an amount that a baby ought to have handled. Then we put our feet in affairs like skates fastened on to pulleys and kicked and kicked till you might have imagined us to be prima donnas. Then we had straps put about our heads, much to the detriment of our bangs, and pulled away till we were stiff-necked as any Philistine. We were taught to paddle like canoeists, to row in pneumatic boats; we were put back downward on a quarter-circle, as unfortunate maidens used to be, strapped to the wheel, and were taught to fling our arms this way and that like amateur windmills. We were put on an inclined board, back downward, and taught to pull ourselves up to the top. But, as Alice remarked, all this was somewhat tediously safe. From childhood's earliest hour I had a secret and very plebeian hankering after the circus, and it seemed to me that at last I might have found a means for gratifying this ambition, which, strange to say, my family has never encouraged. I used to fervently wish when I was young

that my mother would treat me with injustice so that I could be justified in running away with a circus, but she was naturally an obstinate woman, and reared me with such uniform kindness that I could find no apology for leaving home.

You can, therefore, imagine how disappointed I was at finding that the proprietors would not allow the trapeze to be used, or only very sparingly, and then by people who had been in practice for years. So I had to content myself by exercising with the German horse, which at least remotely suggested the beloved saw-lust ring and the ladders of the admiring multitude. It is a good animal with a tough hide, as the German horse, it never bolts, kicks, or bites, yet it takes a person of spirit to vault on its polished leather back—for if it has hair it wears it inside its coat—and requires a master to skillfully ride it. I soon found upon experiment that the animal was not so insignificant as it looked.

The professors, however, seemed to be very obtuse. One would think that they could recognize a person of natural bravery and strength when they saw one. I felt that I could only be allowed to get at one of those horizontal bars I could perform on them with credit to myself and the institution, but the professor positively forbade it, and as a compromise let me swing up and down on a sort of a seesaw which they said was made of purpose for ladies—and that in itself was enough to make me indifferent to it. I wanted to come every day, but was informed that I should only be allowed to come two days a week—at least for a long time to come—and that if I came again I must use greater caution in what I undertake. To hear them one would have thought I was a porcelain vase.

My ambition was checked in every way. For instance, when I went to exercise with the dumb-bells, I chose a good, hearty-looking pair which weighed about ten pounds.

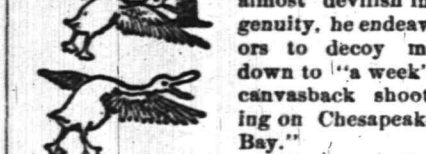
These were taken away from me. I was given a pair weighing three-quarters of a pound. Then the professor delivered a lecture on muscle and how to manage it. I kept on swinging the dumb-bells while he talked, and I confess I was pretty tired when he got through. There is nothing tires me like hearing a man talk.

Alice and I now have become regular attendants at the gymnasium and have succeeded in working off some extra flesh, for which we are very glad. I don't think either of us would have the courage to try Banting.—Chicago News.

### PLEASURES OF THE HUNT

COLBY'S PUP AND ITS INSTINCTS.

Why It Is Unhealthy to Go Duck-Shooting in Winter—California Ducks That Fly Low on Cloudy Nights.



**HAVE** received from an old and once valued friend a letter, apparently sincere and kind, but in which, with almost devilish ingenuity, he endeavors to decoy me down to "a week's canvas-back shooting on Chesapeake Bay."

I have baffled this fiend in human shape by not only declining to go to Chesapeake Bay myself, but also, by a fine stroke of repartee, giving my cordial consent to his own emigration to a bourne whence no traveler returns.

I went up last year for a few days' shooting in the Berkshires with George Colby and his snuff-colored setter. George told me that a thorough sportsman could shoot ten hours a day in the neighborhood of Pittsfield, and I found that part of the statement to be strictly true; but if the sportsman expected to get anything in return for his ammunition he was going to be left.

George's dog was named Whiskey, and was christened after the Pittsfield species of that deadly drug. He was a well-meaning animal, but his notions as to what might reasonably be expected of a dog by a sportsman were as crude as though he had come from Cochon China. His idea of what was the correct thing on a hunt was to race around us at a distance of half a mile, and scare every rabbit and partridge out of the county; and from time to time, when we neared a farm-house, Whiskey would dash in, root the tail feathers out of a dozen hens, kill a duck or two and get us into a heated discussion with their owner.

**A HEATED DISCUSSION.**  
George always relieved his feelings on these occasions by artfully coaxing Whiskey within grabbing distance and then softening up his ignorance with a club. But beyond a few patches of feather-strewn and gore-stained snow in the farmyards, and a good deal of hard feeling and cuss words expressed to us by the residents, the results of our shooting could have been carried out of Berkshire county in a tin cup.

paid 49 cents too much for the dog, he said that Whiskey only needed to be broken to become of great value, but one day Whiskey broke into a poultry-yard, was caught in the act, and got about as well broken with an ax handle as a dog might wish, but beyond a general lameness and a disposition to howl all day long, I could not see any material change for the better.

We shot around Pittsfield four days and got one cotton-tail rabbit and a case of rheumatism, and the entire trip did not cost more than \$84.

I once went duck-shooting by moonlight on the marshes near Santa Clara, Cal. An old sportsman had told me that if I went out on a cloudy moonlit night and kept still I would hear the ducks coming, their wings producing a sound like this:

"swss—swss—swss—swss—swss," very clear, loud and rapid. Ducks fly low on cloudy nights, he said, and all the sportsman has to do is to wait until he hears a flock coming, then look up and see them flying close overhead like swift silhouettes against the cloud-curtained sky. He told me all this with the air of a man who is conferring a great personal favor, and then rooted out the almanac and ascertained that the moon would be just about right the following evening.

I asked him to join me in the noble sport, but he coughed in a doubtful manner and said that nothing would give him greater pleasure, but that his wife's grandmother was lying mortally ill in San Jose, and he thought he'd go down with the rest of the family next day and give the old lady a good send off. He added that if I got more ducks than I wanted, I might send him over six or eight teal, a couple of mallard and a canvas-back or two. I said I would do this as a trivial return for his kindness, and we parted. I haven't seen him since. I did not send him any ducks. His sick grandmother was a clear fake, for I



**AFTER THE HUNT.**  
learned, on the third week of my subsequent double pneumonia, that on that night he had an uproarious carouse at his house and amused the ribald company by hideous mockery of me out there in the marshes at 10 p. m., standing up to my waist in cold mud, listening and watching for ducks. Next time he and I meet in this world of trouble, one of us will go to the morgue.

I have heard a good deal about the royal sport on the Chesapeake Bay. A Baltimore young man, whose forefathers took no stock in the B. & O., and who are now in consequence rolling in wealth, told me that every winter he goes down the bay in his yacht shooting canvas-backs. His favorite method is to linger in the cabin and toy with a jack-pot while the steward and four assistants do the gunning. He gets a new steward every winter and the assistants are changed as often as the weather permits. He says he enjoys the pastime very much, except now and then when a grasping widow sues him for the damage done her frozen spouse and some heartless newspaper abets her in the persecution.

I repeat that I will not go duck-shooting until the marguerites blow, the song of the bulbul is heard in the blossoming copse, and some other song in the municipal cops. By that time the ducks will be in Alaska or the Fiji Islands, but I have a reckless nature and do not care. Men who carry a heavy insurance and are otherwise weary of life may find relaxation in pampering a young and industrious case of chilblains, rheumatism and galloping consumption, but as long as this present weather lingers I prefer hunting my canvas backs at home with a gold certificate and a bill of fare.—Henry Gay Carleton.

### A Satisfactory Elopement.

"Ah, my dear Stubbins, I'm so sorry for you and your family. I only heard of your daughter's elopement this morning."

"Oh, that little matter. Well, you see, it was going to cost me \$10,000 to do the handsome at the wedding, so I told George where he could find a ladder."

"Then you will be reconciled?"

"Why, certainly, and my bank account will remain intact."—Harford Post.

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