

HAVE YOU GOODS TO SELL?
EVERYTHING IN
THE PRESS GOES.

THE DAILY PRESS.

PLAINFIELD'S ONLY NEWSPAPER

ESTABLISHED MAY 10, 1887.

SHERWIN'S ANNUAL BARGAIN SALE OF BOOTS, SHOES & RUBBERS. THIS MONTH ONLY!

This is no little sale of odds and ends of unsaleable sizes, but a genuine mark-down sale of all our goods.

Prices Cut on the Entire Stock!

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Rubbers, 19c.

Store closes 7 P.M.

STRICTLY CASH! 11 24 f

Canned Fruits Were Never Lower!

I am selling California Standard Canned Fruits at exceptionally LOW PRICES! Call and get prices at the up-town Grocer's.

J. F. MacDONALD,
Telephone No. 155.

1-18-1f

REGULAR ANNUAL SALE AT VAN EMBURGH & WHITE'S.

Muslin, Sheetin, Table Linen, Toweling, &c.

Commencing MONDAY, we will offer our entire stock of the above goods at lower prices than they have ever sold before in Plainfield. We will sell

4-4 Fruit-of-the-Loom, 8c; 4-4 Dwight Anchor, 8c; 4-4 Lonsdale, 8c; 4-4 Atlantic A., 7c; 4-4 Continental, 7c; 4-4 Extra Heavy Brown, 6c; 9-4 Bleached Sheetin, 23c; 10-4 Bleached Sheetin, 25c; 9-4 Unbleached Sheetin, 21c; 10-4 Unbleached Sheetin, 23c.

We sell Kid Cambric, 5c per yard. In connection with this sale we offer Special Inducements in Hosiery, Wash Goods, &c., and, in fact, every department has something to offer at exceptionally Low Prices.

VAN EMBURGH & WHITE.

FEBRUARY, ONLY!

We have some SHOES that we will NOT size up this Spring. You can buy them for less than cost. Come early while we have your size.

DOANE & VAN ARSDALE,
(The One Price Boot and Shoe House.)

22 W. Front Street.

FREE SAMPLES

CUPID ALMOND CREAM

For the complexion and softening the skin, GIVEN AWAY! at
THE CRESCENT PHARMACY
GEORGE E. WILLIAMS, Prop'r,
N. E. Cor. Park Ave. & 4th St., PLAINFIELD, N. J.

10 20 y

LADIES' GLOVES,

MOUSQUETAIRE, (8 button length) for

90 Cents.

Madame E. CETTI, 65 Park Avenue,

Importer in Silks, Velvets, Millinery, Etc.

8 25 f

Hallock & Davis,

(Vermeil's Old Stand)

5 WEST FRONT STREET.

Hats, Caps, and Men's Furnishing Goods.

GEO. A. HALLOCK.

JAMES W. DAVIS.

LAUNDRY WORK A SPECIALTY.

12 13 y

GO TO

THE EMPORIUM!

73 PARK AVENUE,

If you wish to make yourself or any one else a PRESENT. You will find both the useful and ornamental at prices that cannot fail to please all RE-

DUCTION in every line of goods.

Trust only to a personal inspection of these facts.

All Millinery orders attended to by Miss C. D. SQUIER.

SHERMAN & BECKER.

10 15 f

DROWNED LIKE RATS

Two More Horrible Disasters
In Pennsylvania.

MINERS CAUGHT IN A FLOOD

Seventeen Perish at Jeanesville and Three
Near Nanticoke.

Some-body to Blame for Both Accidents
Narrow Escape of a Large Number of
Men—More Heartrending Scenes by
Wives and Children—Wicks Will Fail
Before the Bodies are Recovered.

WHITE HAVEN, Pa., Feb. 5.—At 11 o'clock in the morning, while Charles Boyle and Patrick Coll of Leviston were engaged in drilling a hole in the chamber in No. 10 slope of J. C. Haydon & Co.'s mine at Jeanesville, they broke into the old No. 8 slope, which had been idle for five years and which had been flooded to the mouth with water.

William Brislin, a driver, was close by and he cried out: "Boys, for God's sake, run for your lives or you will be drowned!" In a moment later the water came and Brislin barely escaped with his life. Besides him, six others escaped. They are: Henry Gibson, John Neline, John and Charles Boyle, William Coll and Patrick Coll. The water rose rapidly, and before any attempt could be made to rescue the other workmen the slope, which is 634 feet deep, was flooded to the mouth and they were caught and drowned.

The Death Roll.

The following is a list of those who lost their lives:

Edward Gallagher, Henry Ball, married; James Griffith, married; Joseph Matuscwitz, Lawrence Reed, Wasil Fliko, Joseph Orsok, Bernard Moclosky, John Tomaszki, Patrick Kelly, Thomas Jake, John Barnes, James Balack, Michael Smith, Joseph Ward, Samuel Porter, and Mike Polock.

Mothers and Children Crying.

The news of the disaster caused great excitement, and the mouth of the slope was soon thronged with the families and relatives of the workmen and others. The scenes, when it was positively known who were lost, were heartrending.

Wives implored pitifully of the miners standing by, who knew only too well the fatal result, to save their husbands from the terrors of a watery grave, little children crying for their papas, and relatives praying for the safety of their loved ones. The sorrowing wives, relatives and friends were heartbroken that there was no hope of rescuing any of the men, and were led away from the scene of this new mining horror by sympathetic hands to their homes.

TRYING TO RECOVER THE BODIES.

A large force of men was immediately put to work pumping out the water. How long it will take is a question, since no definite idea of the volume of water can be ascertained. Some of the miners say it will take four weeks before the bodies can be recovered, but others incline to the opinion that it will take much longer.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

Brislin, one of the men who escaped, said to a reporter: "I was climbing at the bottom of the slope for a trip to come out. Then a frightful blast of wind came and knocked me down the gangway. The wind blew my lamp out. I tried to run for the slope, but stumbled and fell. Then John Boyle and John Neims came running out. Neims' lamp was burning and by the aid of this we got to the slope. The water came pouring after us as we ran. When we got to the slope the light went out. We clambered up as fast as we could and the water came rushing after us, rising very quickly. In five minutes the water raised 203 yards to the mouth of the slope, the pitch of which is 85 degrees."

Possible Cause of Neglect.

Many reasons are advanced as to the cause of the great disaster. Some charge it to neglect to notify the workmen of the dangerous proximity of the water, as only a few of the old miners knew of the presence of the great body of water in the old slope. Even those that knew of it had no idea that the workmen were driven as near to the water as they were.

The civil engineer in charge of the Jeanesville mines was a man from Pottsville named La Ferre Womelsdorf.

AND STILL ANOTHER.

Three Men Lose Their Lives in a Mine
Near Nanticoke.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Feb. 5.—A cave-in occurred on No. 8 slope at Grand Tunnel, opposite Nanticoke, and three men are shut up in the mine.

An abandoned part of the mine, which was dry, was a great body of water. In the adjoining chamber a number of miners were at work blasting, and so thinned the wall that the heavy volume of water burst its way through.

Some of the miners were given warning, and they ran for their lives ahead of the rushing flood. Three miners, John Riner, Mike Shlaub and William Craigie did not hear the warning in time, and were closed in their chambers. The men were all married and leave large families.

The subterranean workings, covering scores of acres, are rapidly filling with water.

THE BRITISH MINISTER SURPRISED.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 5.—The attention of Sir Julian Pauncefote was called to the interview with him on the Supreme Court decision published in London papers. Sir Julian was greatly surprised and at once indignantly exclaimed that had not been interviewed by anybody on the subject.

HELD ON THREE CHARGES.

A Mother and Daughter & Victims of
Religious Bigotry.

UNIONTOWN, Pa., Feb. 5.—David M. Daniels is in jail here, the two chief witnesses against him being the woman who was supposed to be his wife and her 17-year-old daughter, Joseph Evans, a well known Welsh citizen here, who is the prosecutor, charging that Daniels has a wife and family in Wales.

In the hearing the woman testified that she was the wife of Charles Evans, of Pittsburg, Pa., and that Daniels, who boarded with them, had induced her to slope and come to Uniontown. Some time ago she discovered that Daniels was having improper relations with her daughter, and the latter confessed to this at the hearing.

Daniels was remanded to jail to await trial on three charges: Since being in Uniontown he has been an exhorter at the church services. He got behind in his accounts with the Metropolitan Insurance Company and his brethren in the church endorsed a note for him for \$50, which, when due, they had to pay.

WORLD'S FAIR TROUBLES.

Director-General Davis Threatens to Resign Unless Congress Pays His Salary.

CHICAGO, Feb. 5.—Director-General Davis, of the World's Fair, has given it plainly that if no appropriation for his salary is made by Congress he will resign, as he does not propose to be simply a salaried officer of the local directorate.

He says he is an officer of the National Commission, and, should Mr. Candler's attempt to denationalize his position be successful, he will retire.

About the reduction of the appropriation no one is worrying greatly. The commission already has money enough to hold the session it has contemplated.

It should be passed by the Senate (and there is every reason to believe it will be), the amendment, as part of the Pension bill, will be sent to the House, and there it can be called up and voted on as a part of the Pension bill. Jurisdiction can in this way be taken from the Coinage Committee.

IN SENATE AND HOUSE.

The Fortifications and Military Academy Appropriations Bills Passed.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Feb. 5.—A romantic eloquence at Sewickley has just come to light. The principals are Walter Eaton, a young New York merchant, and Miss Mand Lillian, of Newark.

The men declare they will tolerate no further delay, and that parleying of officials must cease. It was hoped that the meetings of the Superintendents of the Northwest and Southwest systems would be held in somewhat secret, but when the Superintendents adjourned to a crisis, and if the matter is not settled by next Monday the men will strike—if their threats mean anything.

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THE DAILY PRESS.

W. L. & A. L. FORBES, Publishers and Proprietors.

J. A. DEMAREST, Managing Editor.

BY THE WAY.

—W. H. Smith of Martinville has leased the Washingtonville stone quarry, back of North Plainfield.

—Don't miss attending the Crescent League fair that opens in the new club-house this evening.

—The reception and membership committee of the Young Men's Christian Association will meet at the room to-night.

—Councilman Roberts kindly lent his twenty-four dollar flag to some organization, a few weeks ago, to decorate with. He would like them to bring it back now.

—Pups are received at any time at Miss Fawcett's Kindergarten and school, 48 Craig place, near Grove street. Thorough instruction is given at reasonable rates.

—This was probably the coldest morning of the season. The thermometer was within ten degrees of zero, and would have reached that depth if there had been snow on the ground.

—Quantities of pretty things at reasonable prices, many novel features, a change of entertainment each evening and other attractions will well repay a visit to the Crescent League fair.

—Young men are invited to hear Dr. Tomlinson's talk on "Physical Degeneracy" at the Young Men's Christian Association rooms this evening at eight o'clock. Admission will be free.

—The regular sewing meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society will be held to-morrow afternoon, at 2 o'clock, in the parlors of the Crescent Avenue church. All the ladies of the congregation are cordially invited.

—The Elizabeth Herald, as a result of its first glimpse of the home of Plainfield's Union County Club, remarks that "The Casino is one of the prettiest halls in the State, and from an aesthetic point of criticism is almost perfect."

—At the Warren Union Mission to-night, the Y. P. S. of C. E. will hold a "Dime Sociable," the proceeds of which will be devoted to the purchase of a new organ. The committee in charge have arranged a very pleasing programme, consisting of music, dialogues and readings, assisted by John Carney. A general invitation is extended to all who wish to spend a pleasant evening.

PARTICULAR MENTION.

Miss Day is acting principal of Franklin school during Miss Bullock's absence because of sickness.

Miss Sarah Murphy, of New York, is visiting her cousin, Miss Anna Buckley of West Fourth street.

Mrs. J. J. H. Polton is so very ill that a consultation was held at her home on Putnam avenue, yesterday, at which were present some of the most celebrated specialists of New York.

S. A. Haines of the city spoke in the Second Presbyterian church, Indianapolis, Sunday morning, Feb. 1. His subject was, "Tears, or Stop Crying." The Indianapolis Sentinel of the next morning, devoted a half column to the talk.

The New York Committee for the Prevention of State Regulation of Vice and the Promotion of Social Purity will hold its fifteenth annual meeting and subscription anniversary in the parlors of the Isaac T. Hopper Home, No. 110 Second avenue, New York city, Tuesday evening, February 17, at eight o'clock. Among the speakers for the evening will be the Rev. Dr. A. H. Lewis, pastor of the Plainfield Seventh-Day Baptist church, and editor Aaron M. Powell of East Sixth street.

Senator Keys Will Keep His Seat.
(From The Newark Evening News.)

Fortunately for the dignity of the Senate, Mr. Keys, of Somerset county, does not share the fine sense of humor which prompted the President of the Senate to put him on the Elections Committee. Mr. Keys has refused to act on the contest for his own seat, and a special committee has been appointed to go through the formality of keeping out the ambitious Republican who wants the place. Of course Mr. Keys will keep his seat, but he will do so with more decorum than he would if he were capable of carrying on such a "joke" as Senator Adrian perpetrated in putting Keys and McDonald, of all men in the Senate, on the Elections Committee.

The Papers All Oppose the Evil.
(From The Elizabethtown Journal.)

Just now the whole cry is against winter racing as if that was the great evil. It isn't. It is no greater evil than summer racing, except that there is a little more cruelty about it, and not so much more either. The whole business is wrong.

Judge Van Syckel was right when he said that the whole influence of the race tracks was "for evil and for evil only" and Judge Dixon was right in saying that they are "peep holes." Not one honest New Jersey newspaper is in favor of silencing this giant evil a foothold anywhere in this State.

HOW SHE WAS FOUND.

Lelia Highsmith had been working as a domestic in the Van Court Inn.

The whereabouts of Lelia Highsmith, the young girl who has been missing from Plainfield, was discovered at 1 o'clock yesterday, and published in THE PRESS of the same date.

Harry W. Pope, proprietor of the Van Court Inn in Roselle, came to the County Clerk's office in Elizabeth and informed Assistant County Clerk Moffett, with whose family the girl had lived, that Miss Highsmith was at his place working as a domestic.

She reached the hotel on last Friday soaking wet and said she had tramped all the way from Plainfield in the storm.

She was rather excited and said she could no longer live at home doing nothing, but wanted to earn her own living. She declined to say who her relatives were, but asked for employment in the hotel.

Mr. Pope put her to work on trial, and was highly satisfied at the way she performed her duties. When he heard yesterday through THE PRESS story about Miss Highsmith's disappearance he at once identified his servant as the missing girl. He questioned her and she admitted that she was Miss Highsmith.

When Mr. Moffett called at the hotel last evening to take Lelia home with him, the girl positively refused to see him, and told Mr. Pope very emphatically that she would rather go anywhere than back to Plainfield.

After arguing for a long time, however, Mr. Pope managed to induce her to come down to the dining room to listen to what Mr. Moffett had to say. Mr. Pope left her in the dining room while he went to the parlor to call Mr. Moffett. When Mr. Moffett reached the dining room, however, the girl had disappeared. This somewhat disgusted him, and he left the hotel. Mr. Pope promised before he left, however, not to let the girl leave the house until somebody calls for her. After telephoning to Mr. Blazier, the girl's stepfather, of his daughter's safety, Mr. Moffett went home. Mr. Blazier called at the hotel to take her home last night, but after a talk with Mr. Pope he decided to leave her there for the present.

Just after the departure of Mr. Moffett, Mr. Pope went in search of the girl. He found her in her room, weeping. In her hand she had a letter from Mrs. Moffett, which a messenger had just given to her. The letter contained a great deal of motherly advice and ended with a rebuke to the girl for the anxiety she had caused her friends by her sudden departure. Mr. Pope talked with the girl for nearly an hour, trying to induce her to return home, but it was of no avail. She positively refused to go and begged to be allowed to stay and earn her living.

After Mr. Moffett left the hotel last evening the girl told Mr. Pope that her reason for leaving Plainfield was that she could no longer stand Mrs. Moffett's reprimands for mistakes made.

"I know she has been kind to me"—he said—"and I appreciate everything that has been done for me, but I would rather work in your kitchen than to return to Mrs. Moffett's house. I know that when she scolded me she did it in a motherly way and for my own good, but somehow other words would always sting me."

"I walked all the way from Plainfield to Roselle in the rain. At the different villages I tried to get work, but nobody would have anything to do with me. I was beginning to get discouraged, when a lady told me that I might get work with you, and accordingly I came here."

Mrs. Moffett was very glad when she heard of the girl's safety. "I was afraid she was dead or had been lost"—she said—"If she chooses to stay away she may, but if she decides to come back she will be welcomed. It was very foolish of her to go away without telling me, as she well knew that I would not have stopped her had she done so."

The girl's mother and stepfather live at Chatham, Morris county, as has already been stated in THE PRESS. The stepfather, Mr. Blazier, is a carpenter. Lelia is her mother's only child by her first husband; Mrs. Blazier has seven children by her second husband. Mr. Blazier is poor and hardly able to support such a large family. That is why for this reason Lelia left home to live with Mrs. Moffett.

Eager to Sing at Plainfield Again.
(From The Elizabeth Glee Club concert at The Casino Wednesday night, the Elizabeth Journal says:

"The singing of the club was even better than at the concert at Elizabeth on Monday night, and was received by the large audience present with much warmth and applause. Already it is suggested that the club repeat its next concert at Plainfield also."

"It is rumored that the soloists at the next concert will be the Philharmonic Club of New York, who have not yet been heard in this city."

The Songs Were Low, and Her Delivery Was Admirable.

The same "critic," probably, who wrote of how beautifully a violinist at The Casino, recently, played Paginini's weird and witching "Witch's Dance," when he did not play it at all, has now been writing of the Glee Club concert of Tuesday evening.

He, she or it, says: "The programme was followed without a break." How fortunate! Then again, "The songs were low enough to allow the hearers to distinguish the various parts blending." And Miss Parslow, the violinist, "delivery," we are told, was admirable.

Ladies, clean your kid gloves with Mother's glove cleaner; for sale only by Mrs. J. C. Dyer, 38 West Front street. All the latest novelties of the season is fine Millinery. Correct styles.

BLESSING THROATS AGAINST DISEASE.

Interesting Celebration of the Festival of St. Blase in Plainfield.

The festival of St. Blase, which was celebrated at St. Mary's Roman Catholic church in this city Tuesday, is one of the most interesting in the long list observed during the year. It was the occasion on which the throats of the faithful throughout the world are especially blessed. Many devout followers of the faith filled the church during the day.

Very interesting services were held. The Rev. P. E. Smyth celebrated the mass. The music was under the direction of the organist, Mrs. Ronan. After mass the officiating priest gave the benediction. Then nearly every person in the church approached the altar rails, where the pastor, wearing red stole and alb, blessed their throats. The priest carried a wax candle shaped like the letter X, the upper ends of which were lighted. Placing the fork of the Y thus formed on the neck of the person, the priest made the sign of the cross, repeating the words of blessing at the same time. There were many children among the applicants for blessing, the ceremony being intended to protect them against diphtheria and kindred diseases.

This custom of blessing throats originated in Armenia many centuries ago. During the persecution of Christians under Emperor Licinius, Bishop Blasius fled from his home and sought refuge in a neighboring cavern, where he was eventually discovered and brought before Agrius, the Judge, who sentenced him to be beheaded. While in prison a woman came to him with her child, who had swallowed a fish bone that stuck in his throat. She implored St. Blase to use his miraculous power, and he blessed the child, giving him instant relief. Several days afterward the Bishop was martyred. His memory is always venerated on the third of February.

St. Blase was born at Sebasti, in Armenia. In his youth he studied philosophy and medicine. He lived a virtuous life, and finally became Bishop of Sebasti. At that time the Christians, especially the Bishops and priests, suffered many persecutions from the pagans. The Bishop, that his life might be saved for his flock, withdrew to a grotto in Mount Araxus. The animals of the forest were more humane than his persecutors; they became his friends and served him, brought him food. He, in return, cared for them and healed their wounds. A hunter one day met him in the midst of these animals and reported him to the Governor, who sent his officers to arrest him. The Saint went cordially to meet them, and when they reached his cave he said: "You are welcome, for now I see that God has not forgotten me." When they were returning with him, the animals followed, and the officers, becoming terrified, were about to run for their lives when they were reassured by the holy man, who said: "Be not afraid; they will do you no harm." He then ordered the animals to go back. They obeyed, but for a long time looked sadly after him. He performed many miracles on the way to the city. Upon his arrival he was taken before the Governor, who ordered him to worship the gods. Refusing to obey, he was struck with clubs, tied to a pillar and torn with iron claws. In the midst of these tortures he said to the Governor: "If you fancy that by torture you can make me forsake my Lord and my God, you are indeed wrong." He was afterward taken to prison, where, upon again refusing to offer sacrifice to idols, he was beheaded.

Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, February 4, 5 and 6.

THOSE HAVING DEFECTIVE VISION ARE INVITED TO CALL AT THAT TIME.

NO CHARGE FOR EXAMINATIONS.

CALEB DICKINSON,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
13 Park Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.
1316

-- FAIR --

OF THE
Plainfield Crescent League!

Will be held in their New Club House, Second St., East of Park Ave.

THURSDAY EVENING, FRIDAY & SATURDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING.

Feb. 5th, 6th & 7th.

PUNCH and JUDY For the Children, EVERY AFTERNOON, Without Extra Charge.

AN EXCELLENT ENTERTAINMENT WILL BE OFFERED EVERY EVENING.

ADMISSION, 15¢ CHILDREN, 10¢. Tickets at the Door, or from Members.

2-4-4

Harvest Day in the City Year.

City Judge Coddington this morning disposed of the following case: Hackman Patrick Lynch, for violation of hawk ordinances, fined \$1; Dennis McBride, same offense, fined \$1; Jas. McCormick, same offense, sentence suspended; John Kiley, same offense, fined \$2; Maurice Fitzgerald, fighting with James Burgh on West Second street, fined \$7; Jas. Burgh took 20 days in jail in preference to paying a fine of \$5.

Lodge and Society Meetings.

1872. Fraternity and Protection. 1890. Membership, 150,000. Death benefits paid since organization, over \$20,000.

Wetmore Lodge, No. 401 Knights of Honor.—Meets First and Third Thursdays, at 8 P. M. in Hand's Building, West Second street, Plainfield.

W. A. Thorne, Reporter.

Plainfield Council, No. 711 Royal Arch.—The regular meetings of this Council are held on the Second and Fourth Monday evenings of each month in the Hand Building, No. 10 West Second street at 8 P. M.

Louis M. Stover, Regent.

H. A. Thorne, Secretary.

Plainfield Crescent League—Regular meetings, first Wednesday of each month at Club House, Second street, near Park Avenue.

Charles A. Reed, President.

Charles Lyman, Secretary.

Anchor Lodge, No. 149, F. & A. M.—Meets second and fourth Tuesdays at Masonic Hall, Music Hall Building, West Front street.

Frank O. Herring, W. M.

J. A. Demarest, Secretary.

Iron Hall.

1851—\$4,000,000.00 have been paid men—members of the Iron Hall, Branch 119, of Plainfield, meets on the 2d and 4th Tuesdays of each month at Amphiion Hall, N. G. Morse, Chief Justice.

T. P. Horr, Accountant.

Knight's Lodge, No. 8,542, Knights of Honor.—The regular meetings of this Lodge are held on the First and Third Monday evenings of each month, at No. 10 West Second street, "Hand's Building."

H. A. Bartindale, Director.

Friendship Lodge, No. 4, Daughters of Rebekah, I. O. O. F., meets First and Third Tuesday evenings of each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Second street.

John Bodine, N. G.

Lizzie Kingston, Secretary.

America for Americans—Franklin Council, No. 41, Jr. O. U. A. M., meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock, in Jr. O. U. A. M. Hall, corner Front street and Park Avenue.

L. M. Dunavan, Councillor.

W. H. Martin, Secretary.

Amusements.

GRAND BALL!

ON THE

Exempt Firemen's Association

OF Plainfield, N. J., for the benefit of the Exempt Firemen's Association Fund.

Thursday, February 5, 1891, in

The Crescent Rink.

TICKETS, Admitting Gentleman & Lady, 50¢.

GRAND MARSHAL AT 9 O'CLOCK.

Officer of Arrangements—A. Saltzman, Chairman; A. A. Hobson, Treasurer; J. B. Galvin, Garry A. D. Jennings, J. E. Flannery, D. V. Littell.

1-2-3-4

WATERS & COOK, STREETS.

Sold on Installments.

COLLIER, Jeweler, 3 Park Avenue.

ESTABLISHED 1869.

1-2-3-4

MUSIC HALL.

MONDAY, FEB. 9th, 1891.

Special Engagement.

RICE'S Surprise Party.

Under the Management of Mr.

Edward

PLAINFIELD'S GOOD AND BAD JEWS.

some United in the Path of Their Fathers, but Others Shun Their Religion in the Paths of the Fathers of Gentiles.

In the current number of the *Hebrew Standard*, issued in New York, appears the following dated from this city:

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE HEBREW STANDARD:

"Many of your readers are unaware that we have a Jewish congregation under the name of 'Beth Tefillah Isha Yedel,' in Plainfield. We have had our ups and downs, our strife and contentions, oppositions and antagonisms; but now we are on a solid basis. You will doubtless be surprised to learn that most of the trouble that we have encountered is due to the indiscretions of those who call themselves 'high-toned' and who are not infatuated with Judaism. We engaged last week a Chazan and Shochet, adopted a resolution to join the United Hebrew Orthodox Congregations of New York, and have arranged for a Hebrew School to be held three times a week. Although, comparatively speaking, Plainfield is a small place, still there are thirty Jewish families residing here, and if all were unanimous and took the interest in Jewish affairs which they should, we would have many salaried officers. Our aristocratic members have withdrawn from us, because, as in all other localities, there are a few who have lived beyond religious times, who derive our customs and do not wish to belong to a congregation for fear that the public might know that they are Jews, which would hurt them in their business.

"As an evidence of the style of Yeshua, dim referred to, let me name one, who last summer went to Europe to visit his father, who was a pious Israelite and very wealthy, and who was not expected to live. The son left Germany to escape military duty, and therefore did not dare to cross the line, but remained on the side until he received word of his father's death. When he had collected his share of the estate he returned to Plainfield, invested his money in property, and sent a letter of resignation to the congregation, not even saying Kaddish. On Yom Kippur he had his opening day, for he keeps a prominent store in Plainfield, and I cite him as an illustration to the text: 'Judaean waxed fat and kicked,' for, after entering into the fortune of his father, who was known for his exemplary piety, he did not think it even worth while to say a single Kaddish for him."

IN DARKEST PLAINFIELD.

Mrs. Kimball Finds New Evidence That something should be done for the suppression of Drunks.

There is no doubt in anybody's mind that it is the drinking of rum to excess that causes so much misery; and nothing will remedy the evil except the suppression of the drunks. If they can't buy the rum, they will steal it or make it. Mrs. N. E. Kimball, President of the Children's Home, finds new evidence every day of the misery wrought by these habitual drunkards. She told a Press representative that during the past year the number of destitute cases brought to the notice of the "Home" has been trebled by drunkenness. She said further:

"How the other half lives" in Plainfield is an object lesson for all persons who think another liquor saloon or hotel with open bar is needed. A large audience were much interested and their hearts deeply stirred at the Casino, Saturday evening, by Mr. Bill's talk on the Dangerous Classes of New York city. Perhaps very few people in the audience realized that during the very hour of the lecture Plainfield might have given its full quota of General Booth's 'Submerged tenth, to a person visiting any one of several well-known localities in our city.'

"Within ten days there have been reported to me as an executive officer of the 'Home' the cases of four families in most pitiable condition. The poverty and wretchedness of three out of four of these families is due solely to beer and whiskey drinking. In the first family there is a mother with four children by her first marriage, a baby a few months old, and a step-father. The man can earn from eight to ten dollars a week, but both he and the woman drink habitually. He often loses his place through his bad habits. Last week the woman was sick and sent for her neighbor to come and see her. The kind-hearted woman found desolation itself. The woman was in bed. Not a stick of wood or a load of coal in the house. The two little girls were shoeless and stockingless, and there was not one particle of food in the house. A week ago one of the two boys who had been out all day, came home at night. Afraid of his step-father, he dared not go into the house. He crept through the broken lattice under the stoop, and hid there until the man and woman were supposed to be asleep, and then crawled into the cellar and spent the night there! In a fit of drunken frenzy a few days before, the man had broken up and burned the bedstead on which the children slept, and now a heap of filthy rags on the floor serve these four children for a bed. In the second family there are four children, and a drunken father and mother, in circumstances almost equally distressing. In family number three, there are five children. When found there was neither fire nor food of any kind in the house. A fourth family consists of a young mother and a child two years old. The miserable husband and father has deserted them, and the poor woman, being little able to work, is trying to earn a scanty living. Here are thirteen little children for somebody to care for now, take nearly all the earnings of these and scores of other equally wretched families. Surely every one must see that we do not need another saloon added to the number that now infect so thickly that part of the town."

DISGUSTED WITH BOROUGH METHODS.

Sixty Critics Made Against North Plainfield and Dunellen Government.

Mayor Place of North Plainfield and Dr. Brakeley of Dunellen have stirred up a sarcastic opponent by their praises of the borough system of government, as witness the following letter from a correspondent of the *Somerville Messenger*:

"There seems to be a pressure brought to bear on this question that would indicate that there was something lurking under the surface and yet ready for the light. The Chronicle, generally meaning well, seems to be carried away on this borough bubble. On Dec. 28 it gave space to a lengthy article from the pen of the Hon. Charles Place, President of the North Plainfield Borough Commissioners, whom comes out dressed in the costume of a real live mayor. Mayor Place has given us a vast amount of instruction, and told us that things were so and so, then they would be so and so."

"We ought not to doubt Mr. Place, for in his opening he says: 'Your request, that I set forth some of the advantages of a borough corporation, was received and I cheerfully comply.' He is frank to own that he was requested to write that letter, but he has not given us a hint as to

what his motive was. All wholesome laws are supposed to be the 'soul of reason,' and the code comprising the borough laws generally are just the reverse of that. They are crude, inapplicable and oppressive, arbitrary to the last degree, and totally devoid of clear legislative wisdom."

"A borough government is a strong government, as Mr. Place justly says, so far as it is arbitrary, unjust and oppressive on the poor man who owns a home that is not fully paid for. He can be compelled to do anything that may strike the insane hallucinations of a few men who want their own property improved at the expense of some one else."

"It is no wonder that Senator Winton is himself disgusted with the laws as they stand, and is doing his best to procure a set of laws modeled after the village acts in New York."

"Dr. Brakeley of Dunellen has also placed himself on record through an interview in *The Chronicle*. The doctor means well, if he would only throw some light where it was intended it should be thrown by the street lamps, and tell us how much they cost, and that only about four out of the forty are now to be found, he would give us a sound and plausible excuse for the need of that lock-up of which he speaks. This should have been done before the money for lamps was thrown away. Then the first one who smashed a lamp could have been properly punished and the remainder of them saved. As it is they present a sorry sight. Bare posts and here and there a lamp frame with no glass in, are all that can be seen. They do not shine like Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty lighting the world. But the posts remaining are a sad reminder of the spared monuments of the enduring mercy of the disgraced tax-payers of the place."

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"Getting Ready to Build the Hall.

The building on the Young Men's Christian Association lots at 55 and 57 East Front street, opposite Peace street, is for sale, the purchaser to remove it from the premises. Further information will be furnished at the Y. M. C. A. rooms.

A CHINESE NEWGATE.

Oriental Victims of the Axe Go to the Scene in Baskets All Labeled.

We are now on our way to the much-dreaded execution ground, which I approach most reluctantly, for visions of glittering swords and headless bodies dance before my eyes, says a visitor to Canton, China. Have I not read that 'principals of the worst kind are strangled and cut to pieces on the crosses, several of which may be seen leaning against the wall?' With a final pull and a gathering of my shattered nerves we pass through Ah Cum through a little gate and see a long, narrow strip of ground—a kind of alley about 75x25 feet—filled with rows and rows of big earthenware pots, each one covered with an immense dried palm leaf.

—And I gaze at each other puzzled, doubtful, yet indefinitely relieved. Is it the execution ground or only a potters' yard? Almost immediately Ah Cum ends our suspense by breaking off in his usual rattling way and introduces us to Executioner Number Three—a dried-up, wizened, little old man, dressed in tatters, with a grin so fiendish and diabolical that it turns me cold with fear and horror. Nothing but a head dripping with blood will satisfy C.—The wretched little man quickly interprets his questioning look, grins again, steps tragically off to a far corner, dips down and drags out—a skull! The traditional skull, kept always on hand for the blood-seeking tourist—a dry, bleached bone, to compensate him for the agonies of mind he has gone through.

Still appreciating our disappointment, Executioner Number One appears brandishing a sword; he goes through a sort of a pantomime—an imaginary execution—and expresses to our interpreter his regret that we are not more fortunate in our selection of time, for tomorrow seven men are to be put to death! The place is always open to foreigners who sometimes witness the most bloodcurdling scenes. I believe the average number executed is 300 per annum.

The condemned are brought to the ground in baskets, with strips of paper fastened to their backs stating name, nature of crime and punishment deserved. The ling chee, or 1,000 cuts, is the most terrible of all punishments. The criminal is tied, hand and foot, to the cross, the stabs follow in rapid succession, but never striking a vital part till finally the presiding mandarin gives the sign to the executioner for the fatal stroke. Ah Cum tells us that the execution-ground, when not used, is taken as a drying-ground by the neighboring potters.—N. Y. Journal.

PARIS FLOWER VENDERS.

The Different Types of Women Engaged in the Business.

They are an interesting set, these flower venders of Paris. There are as many kinds of them as there are different kinds of people in the gay metropolis.

Let me begin with the most serious type—the flower fancier.

She deals exclusively in the triumphs of horticulture, and carries on her business more for the love of it than because she needs to. Still she knows the value of money and gives nothing away.

Here is the type of another class:

Her home is the boulevard, her customers the gilded youth of every age; her stock in sight consists of buttonhole bouquets. She is neither young nor old, neither pretty nor ugly, but she is "chic" and clever.

She knows her customers' little secrets and executes orders for cut-flowers or bouquets to be sent to the ladies of the world, with the most minute attention to the receiver's expectations, without ever asking a question of the customer. She never grows gray in the business, but hardly ever dies poor.

The home of the queen of florists is in the grand boulevard bazaars. She is the artist who directs the execution of the wonderful floral pieces and her taste is trusted implicitly by her customers.

There is nothing cheap, nothing plebeian about her. She lives in a world consisting entirely of titled or moneyed aristocracy, and her manners no less than her conversation would grace the finest salon. She may not own a husband, but she can outshine many a prima donna with her diamonds and other treasures, and is frequently seen as a rich heiress at the watering places.

Her counterpart in the other half of the world is more picturesque than attractive. She deals in flowers in sponges and sells fish at other seasons. She is robust, pale and heavy, not always very clean, but always good-natured when selling flowers from her handcart.

She does not shrink as a conversationist, but has a knack of letting her words speak for themselves in their tasteful arrangement.

Sweet flower, herself, the flower girl of the tenement courts! Young and lively, simple-minded and light-hearted, she trots from court to court, up-stairs and down-stairs, listening to tales of woe and of scandal, retelling gossip she has heard or invented.

Does she make a living? Yes, for a time. But she does not get rich as a florist, and her fate is generally recorded upon the saddest leaves of the book of life. You see that ragged old hag picking over the garbage! Ten to one she was once just such a sweet flower as the gay girl you thought more fragrant than the flowers she sells.

Always haggard and careworn, clad poorly and without taste, surrounded by a lot of dirty, ragged children, all her own, she sits in her little booth near the entrance to the cemetery.

The flowers she sells are not likely to fade very soon, nor does the sun, in other respects, to have any thing in common with the rest of the Paris sisterhood of flower sellers. But she, like all the others, plays an important part in the life of gay Paris; and behind her apparently harmless trade lurks but too often the worst of all occupations—the traffic in human life.

Results of Thawing Dynamite.

NORTHRIDGE, Pa., Feb. 5.—While thawing a large quantity of dynamite on Trenton Cut-off Branch, John Devanny, aged 16 years, and a Hungarian, were fatally injured by the explosion that followed.

Larg. at the World.

GREENVILLE, Pa., Feb. 5.—Elder John Peat is just completing the largest telescope glass in the world. The disc was procured in Paris, and weighs 300 pounds.

Rich Find of Gold in Texas.

CORPUS CHRISTI, Tex., Feb. 5.—A rich find of gold is reported from the Northern part of Dewell county. A North Texas syndicate purchased the land before the secret was known. A car load of ore has been shipped to New Jersey.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

WATERLOO, N. Y., Feb. 5.—Michael Rooney went to the postoffice here and telegraphed a large portion of the glass strips and main colors at 25¢; blue plates 25¢.

The London Metropolitan Gardens Association has offered \$100 apiece to twenty metropolitan vestries and distinct boards to be expended in planting plane trees in suitable thoroughfares in each district, on condition that the local authorities agree to maintain the trees when planted, replacing such as may die.

—The order of the French Minister of War that no French soldier should frequent saloons, restaurants, or hotels kept by foreigners has been so generally violated by officers and privates alike, that he has felt obliged to repeat it, with the added threat that all offenders against it will now be punished with the extreme penalty of the law.

Vivandieres may occasionally be seen marching at the head of some French regiments of the line on review days, attired in gay and diabolical costumes, and carrying a small parcel painted in the national colors slung over their shoulders. The race, however, is fast dying out, although women still assist as auxiliaries in regimental refreshment departments.

—The French corps of infantry officers for 1891 will number 12,278 men. There are 190 Colonels, 199 Lieutenant-Colonels, 1,047 Majors, 4,100 Captains, 3,661 Lieutenants, and 8,031 Second Lieutenants. There are five foreigners among the Captains, 14 among the Lieutenants, and 27 among the Second Lieutenants. The 27 Second Lieutenants are men who have distinguished themselves in regiments abroad, and have been rewarded, after having enjoyed their rank two years, by being promoted to a corresponding rank in the reserves. The French army has the largest corps of infantry officers of all the armies in the world.

—A quaint custom, dating back to Anglo-Saxon times, known as payment of "wrath silver," was recently observed at Knighton Hill, a township between Rugby and Coventry, England. It consists of tribute payable by certain parishes in Warwickshire to the Duke of Buccleuch. The silver has to be deposited at daybreak in a hollow stone by representatives of the parishes, the penalty for default being forfeiture of a white bull with a red nose and ears. The representatives afterwards dined together at the Duke's expense.

—Arrival and Despatch of Mails.

NEW YORK MAIL.

Office open from 9:30 to 10:30 A. M.

Mail closes at 9:30 P. M.

R. H. POPE, P. M.

H. H. H. REVENGE.

WATERLOO, N. Y., Feb. 5.—Michael Rooney went to the postoffice here and telegraphed a large portion of the glass

strips and main colors at 25¢; blue plates 25¢.

Chalk Napkins, 7, 9, 10 and 12¢.

Dishcloth Linen, 2, 3, 5 and 8¢.

Handkerchief Towels, 17, 25 and 30¢.

Woolen Towels, 7, 10 and 12¢.

Woolen Sheets, 25¢.

The U. S. Stamp Form at 25¢ regular price to

"Domestic Sewing Machine," with 25¢ attached.

I. M. BOEHM, 7 West Front St.

1891.

MARSHALI DIAMONDS GROW.
It's Not Very Difficult If You Turn These
Over Often Enough.

"Look at this stone," said a young journeyman jeweler in a street car the other day, removing a tissue paper wrapping from a piece of white wax in the center of which a beautiful diamond blazed. "That is worth at least \$100."

"How is it that you can afford to buy such a valuable stone as that?" asked one of his friends who knew his circumstances.

"I will put you onto the snap," said the jeweler. "That stone has been growing for a year, and I think it has got its growth."

"What do you mean by a diamond growing?" asked the friend.

"I will tell you. You remember the little spark I had in my scarfpin last Christmas. Well, this is what it has grown to in less than a year. The little stone cost me a dollar and the pin cost me \$2.80. I sold the pin for \$8, and bought an eight-carat stone, a little off shape, for a trifle over \$5. I bought a stud setting. You know you can get those things quite low now. They are made up by the thousands by firms which do not make finished goods."

Well, I put the stone in the setting on a spiral and sold it the same week for \$18. Then I went to the office and bought the best stone I could get for \$18 and mounted that in the same manner. I wore it a month and then sold it for \$30 to a bartender, and I put \$24 into another stone. It was a little beauty, and I traded it for another one of about the same size, and got \$5 to boot. That put the stone down to \$20, and I put it into a setting which cost me \$8, and sold it a few days later for \$35. I got another stone for \$30, and had it two months before I made a turn with it; then I cleared \$12, and put the money into a beautiful stone, which brought me up to \$60, when I sold it in a hand-some stud setting.

"Then I got a chance to sell a ring for \$75, and I made it to order, putting in a stone which cost me \$42.50. I put the whole \$75 into another stone, which I carried around for awhile, and had fully made up my mind to keep, but a butcher offered me \$100 for it and I sold it to him. It was in a crown setting, which cost me \$25. For the hundred I got a dandy stone, and I was sure I could keep that one, but I have had four better ones since, and have got up to \$180. I can't go much higher than that, I guess, for there are few men among my acquaintances who can afford to tempt me with a profitable offer for it. I wouldn't sell it to-night for \$200, because I know that I have got a bargain. I'm a pretty good judge of diamonds, and when I put that stone into a nice ring I will make it look like \$250 worth; and I don't think that any body can persuade me to sell it for anything less. In all the changes I don't think that I have put in more than \$15 or \$18 of my pocket money. The rest has all been profit on the stones and settings."

N. Y. Sun.

ARIZONA RUINS.
The Casa-Grandes or "Big Houses" of the Montezumas.

The casa is entered at a projecting angle, through a window of sub-Gothic form, measuring three feet and three inches in height by two feet and four inches in width at the bottom. This small apartment is smoothly plastered within, and blackened by fire. The plastering bears finger-marks and impressions of the thumb and hand, showing that it was laid on and smoothed by the hands. The roof is formed by willows laid horizontally across eleven rafters of ash and black alder, upon this a thick layer of reeds is placed transversely, and the whole plastered on top with mortar, forming a floor to the chamber above it. The rafters are peeled, except one or two that were evidently taken dry. They average about fifteen inches in circumference, and were set into the walls at the time the latter were built. They were burned off flush with the wall outside. Some of them show hatchet marks, where branches were lopped off. From this room—the only means of exit, except the window by which it was entered, is a small hole in the ceiling, just within the entrance, measuring thirteen by eighteen inches, and bordered by flat stones laid upon the reed layer of the roof. These stones are smoothly polished by the hands of the dividers in passing back and forth, as this was apparently the only means of entering the seventeen apartments above it. The traveler in this section is quite certain of being entertained by exaggerated stories about gigantic human skeletons having been discovered in the ruined casa-grandes; but if he be a good-tempered man, and possessed of the usual amount of adipose tissue appertaining to the age of three-score years, he will become skeptical thereof when he comes to squeeze himself through the narrow portals of the ancient halls of Montezuma's castle.—Edgar A. Mearns, in Popular Science Monthly.

With His Teeth.

Captain L. B. Cousins recently received a letter from his old army comrade, E. P. Latham, of Barton, O. The letter itself would not seem remarkable to any one not conversant with the facts as it appeared to be simply a chatty, friendly letter, written in a bold, plain, business-like hand. The remarkable feature of the letter is that Mr. Latham carries on his correspondence with his teeth. During the war he had both arms shot off and his right eye shot out. Although a man with habits matured, he has since lost his arms, learned to write by holding his pen in his teeth. He is a good penman, and does the office work for the firm of which he is the senior partner, and which does a very extensive business. He keeps the accounts, and no one would suspect by a glance at his books that his mouth, instead of his hand, is his penholder.—Omaha Bee.

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"I'll see you in the morning," gasped the mortified politician.

"Morning don't go," replied the creditor, doggedly. "You can't play the morning dodge on me; I'm dead to you, fellows, I am. You've got to put up or shut up. Pungle out that \$12 right here, or marry an orate."

"How about that little amount?" The orator coughed, colored, looked fixedly at the gallery, and strove to continue.

"I say," continued the interrupter, more loudly, "you know what I told you—swear down or no sale."

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"I haven't got that amount with me," murmured the distinguished speaker, fumbling in his clothes. "Just—just sit down, and I'll see you later."

"Later be blown," growled the pen-pusher, and reaching up he transferred the manuscript to his coat-tail pocket and walked out. The crushed

TRADESMAN:
THIS NEWSPAPER
CIRCULATES IN THE HOMES
OF PEOPLE BUYING THE
KIND OF GOODS YOU MAY
HAVE TO SELL.
MORAL:
INVITE THEM TO YOUR STORE

ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY PRESS.

PITH AND POINT.

"Driven Out by Rudeness."—"Why did the soprano leave?" "She said the preaching interrupted her conversation with the tenor."—N. Y. Sun.

Dick—"What on earth have you been doing, Jack—shoveling coal?" Jack—"No, I've been taking notes with a fountain pen."—Harvard Lampoon.

Judging from Results.—"Does your daughter play on the piano?" "Wasal, she says she does; but I kinder thinks she works on it."—Fort Worth Gazette.

"Well, good-bye, dear nephew! If you should happen to be in want of money you can write to me." "Here is the letter now, uncle, if you will be so kind."—Flagstaff Blatter.

You say that all dreams are due to something influencing the sleeper at that particular moment. How do you account for my dreaming the other night that I was dead? "Probably the room was too hot."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Have you noticed what a vast quantity of information old Simple has acquired during the last several days?" "Yes. It is easily accounted for. His fifteen-year-old son returned from boarding school last week for a short visit."—Norristown Herald.

Ethel—"I am so anxious about my new dress! I shall insist on having my dress-maker make it fit me. It will then be sure to look well." Maud—"Yes; but wouldn't it look better if you insisted on having the dress-maker make you fit it instead?"—Harper's Bazaar.

Time's Changes—Brown—"So you could never understand a woman?" Cobbigger—"No. Before marriage I occupied my time in making myself out worse than I was; now it takes me every minute of my time to make myself out better than I am."—Epoch.

Medical science threatens to circumvent all the ills that flesh is heir to, and as in time there will be no such thing as death the earth will soon become crowded. Therefore hold on to your real estate. It can not help giving up several hundred per cent.—Boston Transcript.

By Proxy—"John," said Rev. Mr. Goodman to the hired man, "are you a Christian?" "Why—no, sir," replied John. "Do you ever swear?"

"I—I'm sometimes a little keeless like in my talk." "I am sorry, John," rejoined Mr. Goodman. "But we will converse about this some other time. I wish you would take this money and settle this bill of \$4 for thawing out a waterpipe, and talk to the man in a careless kind of way, if it were your own bill."—Chicago Tribune.

CAMPAIGN THUNDER.

How a Candidate was Crushed by a Pen-and-A-Line.

As about eight out of ten men one meets nowadays are up for the Legislature, county sheriff or some thing, it is not surprising that a large proportion of these politicians are of the self-made variety that could not deliver an intelligible speech if they were to be hanged.

The result is that the hard-up penny-a-liners are turning an honest penny by supplying these tongue-tied statesmen with ready-made campaign thunder.

The other night there was a most enthusiastic primary meeting at Petaluma, during which an aspirant for county clerk was introduced.

The gentleman laid a voluminously-written speech on the desk and started in. He had only got as far as "Fellow citizens," when a hungry-looking party in a week-before-last shirt, and whose whole appearance denoted destitution, stood up in the front row and whispered:

"How about that little amount?"

The orator coughed, colored, looked fixedly at the gallery, and strove to continue.

"I say," continued the interrupter, more loudly, "you know what I told you—swear down or no sale."

"I'll see you in the morning," gasped the mortified politician.

"Morning don't go," replied the creditor, doggedly. "You can't play the morning dodge on me; I'm dead to you, fellows, I am. You've got to put up or shut up. Pungle out that \$12 right here, or marry an orate."

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"I haven't got that amount with me," murmured the distinguished speaker, fumbling in his clothes. "Just—just sit down, and I'll see you later."

"Later be blown," growled the pen-pusher, and reaching up he transferred the manuscript to his coat-tail pocket and walked out. The crushed

A GLASS OF CIDER.
Suggette's Patent Concentrating Saccharine Apple Juice.

The sight of a log of sweet cider on the counter is more frequent in city restaurants nowadays than it was a dozen years ago. A piece of pumpkin pie and a glass of saccharine apple juice doubtless appeal to the country-bred taste of many a grieved merchant and busy clerk, and call up recollections of rude old country cider-mills and the great vats of amber liquor into which they once inserted the potent rye straw. Or possibly the pretty girl washing glasses at the counter reminds them of some country Pomona such as John Keats drew in his poem of "Autumn," who loved to sit beside a cider-press "and watch the last slow oozings, hour by hour."

The cider business has got to be an extensive one, and grows larger every year, providing there is a good crop of apples. This year, however, there is only about one-third of a yield from the cider-mills, owing to the light apple crop. The price of cider does not seem to fluctuate with the supply. It is always served out by the retailer at five cents a glass, and may be bought by the keg at thirty cents to forty cents a gallon.

As a rule, the dullest year of the apple orchards furnishes a vinegar supply for two years. Good cider is worth more than vinegar this year, so that the prop will mostly be used in its fresh state. Not many are sent free to my patients, as they can easily obtain this medicine at the druggist.

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Hypochondria, Melancholia, Insanity,

Silence, Sleeplessness, Dizziness,

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