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THE DAILY PRESS.

PLAINFIELD'S ONLY NEWSPAPER

ESTABLISHED MAY 10, 1887.

PLAINFIELD, N. J., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1891.

PRICE TWO CENTS.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

Having purchased the entire stock and fixtures of the **STELLE PHARMACY**, corner of Front street and Park avenue, I would announce to the public that the drug business will be continued at the same place under the name and style of

"The Central Pharmacy,"

And will be in charge of Mr. J. H. Leggett, a graduate of the New York College of Pharmacy, who has been several years in my employ.

My old business at the corner of North and Park avenues, will remain in charge of Mr. T. S. Armstrong, a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, who has conducted it for so many years, and who is so favorably known to the physicians and citizens of Plainfield and vicinity.

H. P. REYNOLDS.

WHAT!!

Elgin Creamery Butter Only

30c. Pound?

Yes, that's all, at the Uptown Grocer's, and GUARANTEED the BEST!

J. F. MacDONALD,

Telephone No. 155.

1-18-11

REGULAR ANNUAL SALE AT VAN EMBURGH & WHITE'S.

Muslin, Sheet, 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, 5c; 4-4 Dwight Anchor, 5c; 4-4 Lonsdale, 5c; 4-4 Atlantic A, 7c; 4-4 Continental, 7c; 4-4 Extra Heavy Brown, 8c; 3-4 Bleached Sheet, 25c; 10-4 Bleached Sheet, 25c; 2-4 Unbleached Sheet, 25c; 10-4 Unbleached Sheet, 25c.

We sell Kid Cambric, 5c per yard. In connection with this sale we offer Special Inducements in Hosiery, Wash Goods—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

OF

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 30

LADIES' GLOVES,

MOUSQUETAIRE, (8 button length) for

90 Cents.

Madame E. GETTI, 65 Park Avenue,

Importer in Silks, Velvets, Millinery, Etc.

8 25 11

Hallock & Davis,

(Vermorel'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 12

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. REDUCTION in every line of goods. Trust only to a personal inspection of these facts. All Millinery orders attended to by Miss C. D. Squire.

SHERMAN & BECKER.

10 15 11

DEAD TO THE WORLD

Kate Drexel Takes Her Final Vows as a Nun To-Day.

A VERY IMPOSING CEREMONY.

She Becomes Superior of a New Order Which Her Money Has Founded.

Archbishop Ryan Recites Her Vows. Cardinal Gibbons Present—The Home of the New Order Will be at Andalusia, Pa.—Teaching the Indian and Negro Will be the Work of the Sisters.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 12.—Only a few intimate friends and several Bishops, priests and sisters were present at the convent of Mercy in this city this morning when the wealthy Miss Kate Drexel, in religion Sister Katherine, took her final vows.

To-day's ceremony was of double interest, inasmuch as it was the profession of the first sister of the new order, "The Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament," and one who in future will be its Mother Superior, and will devote her life and immense fortune of over \$7,000,000 to the moral and intellectual elevation of the Indian and colored races.

The ceremony was a very imposing affair. Archbishop Ryan recited her vows, after which Cardinal Gibbons preached a powerful sermon, dwelling on the sacrifices made by the new sister.

Miss Drexel is the daughter of the late Francis A. Drexel of Drexel & Co., the well known bankers of Philadelphia. About two years ago she entered the convent at Pittsburg, and after a year's probation received the white veil and the religious name of Sister Katherine. According to the rules of the order she was placed on probation for another year, leaving her the privilege of returning to the world if she did not feel happy and think herself able to undergo the hardships and mortifications of a religious life.

During her trial Miss Drexel has felt perfectly happy, and has been most exact in the observance of all the rules of the order. About six months ago she conceived the idea of founding an order whose sole work should be the teaching of the Indian and negro. Recently she wrote the rules of the new order and forwarded a copy of the same to Rome, where they will be approved by the Pope and the College of Cardinals. The mother-house of the new order will be at Andalusia, a few miles outside of Philadelphia. Attached to it will be the Novitiate where the young sisters will be trained for their future duties in teaching and administering to negroes and Indians. The institution will be called the Elizabeth House, and work will be begun on it next month.

Sister Katherine is now ready to receive a number of young ladies into her new order, and rumor has it that several society belles in this city and Philadelphia will soon renounce the world.

NEW YORKERS PROTEST.

Ex-President Cleveland Strongly Opposed to the Free Coinage of Silver.

New York, Feb. 12.—A mass meeting under the auspices of the Reform Club held at Cooper Union tonight to protest against the free coinage of silver drew quite a large attendance. Ex-Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild called the meeting to order and introduced E. Ellery Anderson as the chairman of the evening.

It was moved and carried that a committee of 10 be appointed to go to Washington and oppose the measure. Among the letters of regret read was one from ex-President Cleveland, in which he takes a decided stand against the Free Coinage bill. The letter is as follows:

"I have your note inviting me to attend to-morrow evening the meeting called for the purpose of voicing the position of the business community of New York as to the free coinage of silver in the United States.

"I shall not be able to attend and address the meeting as you request, but I am glad that the business community of New York are at last to be heard on this subject. It surely cannot be necessary for me to make a formal expression of my agreement with those that believe that the greatest peril would be invited by the adoption of the scheme of silver in the measure now pending in Congress for the unlimited coinage of silver at our mints.

"If we have developed an unexpected capacity for the assimilation of a large increased volume of this currency, and even if we have demonstrated the usefulness of such an increase, other conditions fall far short of insuring us against disaster. In the present situation we enter upon the dangerous, the reckless experiment of free, unlimited and independent silver coinage."

Ex-Secretary Fairchild, ex-Comptroller Treasurer, Professor Laughlin, of Cornell University, and other speakers against free coinage, and resolutions denouncing the system were passed.

The Great Strike in the Ohio Region.

SCOTTSVILLE, Pa., Feb. 12.—All the mines throughout the coal region, save idle, except at W. B. Baines works, where work is progressing as usual. Labor leaders claim that the men at these works will join the strikers within 24 hours. At Hoggett, Ferguson & Trone's works the strikers are at work, but will quit as soon as the owners are cooled.

A Large Offer to Mr. Bonner.

Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 12.—J. S. Corry, of Kentucky, owner of the Dixiana stud, has decided to make Robert Bonner an offer of \$12,000 for the privilege of breeding Maud S. to Acelyte, Mr. Corry to have the foal. Acelyte was bought for \$40,000, and is the sire of the yearling filly, who showed a 2.20 gait, and whose owner, Col. R. B. Pepper, would not sell him for \$30,000.

STARTLING STATEMENT.

The Secretary of a Whisky Trust.

Arrested on a \$10,000 Charge.

CHICAGO, Feb. 12.—Secretary Gibson, of the whisky trust, was arrested at the Grand Pacific Hotel at noon. He is charged with conspiracy to blow up all the distilleries of the country not members of the trust. Federal government officials are said to be pushing the case. He was held in \$20,000 bail.

Solicitor-General A. Hart makes the following startling statement: "A short time ago we learned that Mr. Gibson was in correspondence with our gauger, O. S. DeWear. I came on here and DeWear revealed to me the propositions made to him by Gibson. Gibson told him that the trust could not get a foothold in Chicago so long as the Shufeldts were located here. The obnoxious distillery must be removed."

"Gibson had a perfectly safe plan, he said. DeWear was to get \$10,000 cash and \$15,000 later, to introduce into the big spirit tank of the distillery, containing thousands of gallons of high spirits, an infernal machine that was fixed to explode at a certain time. The explosion would fire the spirit and throw the distillery into a mass of flames. DeWear was led to believe that the machine would give him time to get out of the place alive, but it would not do to let him live."

"DeWear was to be killed by the explosion, which was to occur one second after he dropped the machine into the vat. One hundred and fifty people were working in the place day and night would have been killed. The trap was to be sprung before Sunday. Gibson had the infernal machine here. We have it now in our possession."

RIOT AT CLARK'S MILLS.

Exciting Encounter Between Friends of the Striking Spinners and Officers.

HARRISON, N. J., Feb. 12.—The first violent demonstration since the beginning of the strike of the Clark's Mill factory spinners occurred last night in Passaic avenue.

For several days the imported spinners have been working in the Newark mill and banking in the Harrison factory, being ferried across the Passaic river every night.

Last evening, when they walked up to the gate, nearly 3,000 persons, mostly women, had assembled and formed a double line across Passaic avenue, through which Walmsley, the detected superintendent, and his following of 20 non-union spinners and a crowd of special officers under Detective Gregory had to pass.

The women, many of whom had babies in their arms, and the non-union men, began to throw missiles of various kinds. Two of these struck the special officers, and when the party reached the mill gate the specials suddenly turned and threw a crowd of onlookers and uplifted clubs made an onslaught on the crowd, which had closed up.

Blows fell right and left, and several women were struck on the head with clubs. One woman carrying a baby was knocked down, and the crowd fell back, and after a scene resembling a riot, quiet was restored.

Feeling is running high, and the women say they will assemble again tonight, and if they do so more serious trouble may result.

Leaves His Bride to Go to Jail.

NORRISTOWN, Pa., Feb. 12.—Hugh Stephenson, Jr., aged 19 years, bookkeeper at Rambo & Regan's Knitting Mills, was arrested upon returning from his wedding tour at 10 o'clock, charged with the theft of \$1,000 from his employer, accomplished by altering the payroll. On Sunday last Stephenson and Miss Kate Stafford were married at New Brunswick, N. J. Stafford received a week salary and regular pay for a week for livery hire and dissipation. He confessed and was held in default of \$1,000 bail.

Fighting the Amalgamated Association.

SCOTTSVILLE, Pa., Feb. 12.—The officials of the Pennsylvania Steel Works have declared war upon employees who have any interest in the Amalgamated Steel Association. Eight employees have been notified by the company that their services are no longer needed, because, it is said, of their allegiance to the Amalgamated Association. More dismissals will follow as soon as proof can be obtained against the men.

Must Stand Trial.

NEW YORK, Feb. 12.—The General Term of the Supreme Court has decided that John Daly, Lucius Appleby and other alleged proprietors of gambling resorts, where the recent riot of the Glamorgan Iron Works of Philadelphia lost \$30,000, must submit to examination before trial in the action brought by the receiver of the iron company to recover the money lost. This reverses the decision of the lower court.

An Attempt to Bail Out Young.

SCOTTSVILLE, L. I., Feb. 12.—John D. Young, who shot and killed his coachman, Carl Carlsen, last week, is trying to get out on bail. His counsel, T. M. Griffin, has applied to Judge Bartlett, in Brooklyn, for an order to that effect, and the hearing comes off next Saturday. Young is in the custody of the sheriff.

THE WARRIOR DYING

General Sherman Growing Weaker Every Hour.

PHYSICIANS GIVE UP ALL HOPE.

Fears Expressed that He Will Not Live Through the Day.

It is Simply a Question of How Long the General's Strength Will Hold Out to Continue the Struggle—The President Anxious—Sherman Watching as the Old Soldier's Bedside.

New York, Feb. 12.—Gen. William T. Sherman is close to death's door. For a time after midnight it was feared that he would not live to see the light of to-day.

The gallant old soldier is heroically battling with the grim warrior who knows not defeat, at times retreating, then advancing with the sublime courage of the leader who went to conquer, but gradually and inevitably yielding to his enemy's superior prowess. The coils of vintage is never regained. Slowly but surely the victor of many a well fought field is driven back to the last trench. His base of supplies, strength and vitality is fast off, and annihilation is but a matter of time.

"Those who love him, his brother, the Senator from Ohio, John Sherman, his daughters, Miss Rachel Sherman, Mrs. A. M. Thacker, of Rosemont, Pa., and Mrs. T. W. Fitch, of Pittsburg, his son, P. T. Sherman, and his brother-in-law, Gen. Thomas Ewing, of Cincinnati, are at his bedside, watching the struggle.

Three prominent physicians, Drs. A. G. Alexander, Edward G. Janeway and R. H. Green are constantly on hand to extend what aid and comfort they can to the old hero in his last battle.

The Old Death Watch.

The old death watch, which stood guard so long and faithfully at General Grant's door was formed again last night. The General is now in the city, and until the General is pronounced out of danger, thousands all over the country will pray for the latter event, but there appears to be very little hope that the hero who saved Shiloh, and the gains which will remain on duty till the end of the world, will do little more than linger for a few hours before he lays down his colors to the enemy who is unconquerable.

Nearly Half a Million.

During the early morning hours the house was besieged with messengers bearing letters of inquiry as to the General's condition. These were answered by his son, P. T. Sherman. From this room hourly bulletins were issued. Senator Sherman, at 10 o'clock in the morning, reported his brother as growing gradually weaker but not unconscious. He lay quietly, but did not speak. This fact led the family to expect death at any moment.

Drs. Janeway and Alexander held a consultation shortly after 10, but did not express any hope as to their patient's ultimate recovery. Dr. Alexander said that while no immediate crisis could be feared, he was afraid that the end was near. The sick man's face was said to be swollen from the effects of the erysipelas. Nourishment in the shape of milk and whisky was administered every hour.

The President is Anxious.

There were a number of callers at the house throughout the forenoon, and many messages of condolence and inquiry were received. President Harrison and Secretary Blaine were among those who sent their sympathy. The President sent three telegrams at different times during the day asking for the latest news of the General's condition. To the last of them Mr. P. T. Sherman replied that his father was in a very critical condition. A telegram was also sent to Gen. Schofield in Washington, asking him to send the Secretary of State two years ago, and further than that I have written no letter on the subject of reciprocity with Canada beyond the note to Mr. Baker.

In a Semi-Comatose State.

All the forenoon the General was in a semi-comatose state. Only the immediate members of the family, the physicians and one or two old friends were admitted to his room. It required effort to arouse him, but when he opened his eyes he appeared to recognize those about him. Once or twice he spoke, and his utterances, though mumbled, were intelligent. He realized his critical condition and seemed to be in his right mind.

His Brilliant Career.

General Sherman celebrated his 70th birthday on the 10th inst. He is the distinguished soldier of the late war now living. His brilliant career from the time he took charge of the Department of the Cumberland down to the time of his triumphal march to the sea is familiar to all.

No Connection With Molly Maguires.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Feb. 12.—The Ancient Order of Hibernians at the anthracite coal regions met here to take action on the contemplated effort to remove the order with the Molly Maguires of old, through the death notices which were recently received by prominent citizens of Girardville. Resolutions were adopted calling upon the Pennsylvania General Wasmuth to challenge the Pennsylvania Coal Company to furnish the names of the persons who furnished the correspondence, and offering a reward of \$500 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the guilty party.

Tried for Selling Quack to Boys.

CARLEIGH, Pa., Feb. 12.—George Farris, a Hungarian, on trial at Hannanville, this county, for furnishing liquor to five boys, one of whom died from the effects of the liquor, was being despised of, was acquitted.

Host party, but to all such propositions the grim old warrior has given prompt and emphatic refusal.

Sympathy from the Grand Army.

Boston, Feb. 12.—The State Department, Grand Army of the Republic, in annual session here, sent the following dispatch to the daughter of Gen. Sherman:

"The Massachusetts department of the Grand Army of the Republic, in convention assembled, wishes with solicitude the condition of the last of the three great leaders of the Union army, and that he may speedily be restored to health is the earnest desire of his comrades."

The Behring Sea Question.

LONDON, Feb. 12.—Robert T. Lincoln, the United States Minister, had his first interview with Lord Salisbury since the former's return to this country. The interview lasted a long time, and naturally gave rise to the rumor that the main subjects discussed were those bearing on the Behring Sea question.

Death of Ex-Chief Justice Morton.

LAWRENCE, Mass., Feb. 12.—Marion Morton, ex-Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, died last evening in Andover of heart failure. He was born in Taunton in April, 1818.

CAUGHT IN SPECULATION.

Bank Cashier Spaulding, Dismissed and Also Considerable Cash.

Boston, Feb. 12.—Harold E. Spaulding, cashier of the First National Bank and treasurer of the North Middlesex Institution for Savings, at Ayer, has disappeared and with him has gone about \$20,000 in cash. The story is the old one of a prominent citizen, an active church worker and a trusted official, caught in speculation, and then turning to thievery to retrieve himself.

The developments, however, have caused the greatest excitement among the residents of Ayer, many of whom are financially interested in one or both of these institutions.

Spaulding was last at the bank Monday night. He remarked that to one of the directors that he understood that they had ordered an investigation. Upon receiving then an affirmative answer he said he had no objection. That same night he wrote a letter to his wife stating that he would not be home that night, and added: "Will explain to you tomorrow."

Spaulding's flight aroused suspicion and yesterday the doors of the bank were closed and Col. Daniel Needham, formerly national bank examiner, was given charge of the bank. The cash on hand of the bank was \$25,000. Securities and negotiable bonds to the amount of \$100,000 were found in the safe, as were also the securities of the savings bank and no loss is sustained by that institution, unless the backs of the depositors have been falsified.

Spaulding's theft, it seems, has been going on for about a year, and his practice has been to take out small sums of cash from time to time. This he covered by a forced balance. Spaulding, it appears, has been dabbling in stock speculations. A letter came to him since his flight from the bank, asking him to "pussy up" on a \$1,000 loan and baiting him on to another investment.

The national bank will not suffer seriously from the affair if \$18,000 or \$20,000 is the extent of the theft. Spaulding's bond was for \$30,000, and the bank has a surplus of \$11,000. It will be a serious blow to his bondsmen, however.

DECEASED BY MR. BLAINE.

He Was Written No Letter to Canada Since He Became Secretary.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 12.—Secretary of State Blaine positively denies the truth of the statement telegraphed from Canada to the effect that he had written a letter to the Hon. Wilfrid Laurier, saying he would negotiate for reciprocity with Canada. Blaine said that Laurier is the leader. Mr. Blaine said:

"It is without the slightest foundation. I have written no such letter. Indeed, I have not written a letter to anyone in Canada since I became Secretary of State two years ago, and further than that I have written no letter on the subject of reciprocity with Canada beyond the note to Mr. Baker."

BREAD OR WORK.

The Unemployed of Toronto Call on the Mayor to Relieve Their Distress.

Toronto, Ont., Feb. 12.—The unemployed of this city, to the number of 2,500, headed by a drummer and a man bearing a flag on which was the motto "Bread or Work," marched to the City Hall and asked the mayor what the city would do to relieve their distress.

The mayor replied that all the work authorized by the council was being given to the unemployed, and that he would be glad to make any further arrangements to relieve their distress, to remove the demonstration to-morrow.

No Connection With Molly Maguires.

POTTSVILLE, Pa., Feb. 12.—The Ancient Order of Hibernians at the anthracite coal regions met here to take action on the contemplated effort to remove the order with the Molly Maguires of old, through the death notices which were recently received by prominent citizens of Girardville. Resolutions were adopted calling upon the Pennsylvania General Wasmuth to challenge the Pennsylvania Coal Company to furnish the names of the persons who furnished the correspondence, and offering a reward of \$500 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the guilty party.

Sullivan Waiting for a Big Fight.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Feb. 12.—John L. Sullivan was shown the dispatch to the effect that James Jackson, the colored pugilist, had been defeated by the white Sullivan. The latter said he did not believe Jackson would stand up before him in the ring, and that it was doubtful if Jackson could get many backers. Sullivan said that he would not strip to enter the ring until he had seen the money consideration every large.

Tricked for Selling Quack to Boys.

CARLEIGH, Pa., Feb. 12.—George Farris, a Hungarian, on trial at Hannanville, this county, for furnishing liquor to five boys, one of whom died from the effects of the liquor, was being despised of, was acquitted.

PARNELL IS MASTER

Another Rupture Between the Irish Factions.

THERE CAN BE NO COMPROMISE.

McCarthy is Disgusted and May Retire in Favor of Healy.

Parnell Writes to O'Brien Expressing the Futility of All Attempts at Reconciliation—He Says He Will Not Be Dictated to by Gladstone or the Priests—O'Brien and Dillon to Surrender to Dar.

LONDON, Feb. 12.—Mr. Parnell this afternoon makes public the following letter written by him to William O'Brien:

"The last information conveyed to me on our negotiations being of a final character, I conclude that nothing is left to be done by my part but to let our endeavor be at once. I am sure that it has not been considered possible for me to consider national interests as safeguarded that I could feel that there would be no danger to the country in my now surrendering the responsibility which has been placed upon me and which I have accepted from the nation and race. I have been ready to set up to the spirit of the nation, and I regret that no course is left but to withdraw from the negotiations. The seal of confidence which covers what has passed between us is thus being broken. I am confident that it will be held that I have done everything in my power consistent with national interests to promote peace and reunion. Although these negotiations have failed, yet they have been entirely unsuccessful toward advancing it.

"On this at least you may congratulate yourself. The country has recovered considerably from its painful distraction and panic and its controversy has been raised to a plane where, unless it is again, it can be conducted without national humiliation and discredit, although I regret to have perceived in the last few days a decided change in the tone of the negotiations. I have been expecting to see a spirit breathing the readiest hostility to peace. But whatever side true Irishmen take they owe thanks for your benevolent efforts. I am sure that the country will agree that you have carried through out in the spirit of a true patriot."

O'Brien and Dillon Will Surrender.

BOSTON, Feb. 12.—Dillon says that he and O'Brien go to England to-day to begin their fight for six months' imprisonment.

NO IRISH COMPROMISE.

Parnell Says He Will Not Be Dictated to by Gladstone or the Priests.

LONDON, Feb. 12.—Mr. McCarthy has been notified that Mr. Parnell and his supporters have abandoned all present hope of coming to a satisfactory and honorable understanding with the anti-Parnellites. Therefore nothing is expected to come from the meeting of the McCarthyites today.

Mr. McCarthy is disgusted with the situation and it is anticipated that he will virtually, if not nominally, abandon the leadership to Timothy Healy.

While the English Liberals have urged him and his associates to ignore Parnell, they have failed to give any support more tangible than advice, while Parnell appears to have anticipated mass command.

Mr. Parnell, in an interview, says that he will not waste from his position, which has been consistent throughout, and that he will not submit to the dictation of Mr. Gladstone and of the priests. He adds that he does not believe a general election will take place until Parliament has completed its legal existence two years hence.

Passes the Bill Again.

LONDON, Feb. 12.—The House of Commons passed to a second reading, by a vote of 207 to 165, the bill permitting a man to marry the sister of his deceased wife. The bill has been passed several times before by the Commons and defeated, through the ecclesiastical opposition, in the Upper House.

Protests Against Blumharts' Attacks.

DUBLIN, Feb. 12.—The Dublin Independent contains an inspired article supposed to represent the views of the leaders of the Conservative party. The article vehemently protests against the attacks in the newspaper press, inspired or dictated by Prince Bismarck, on Chancellor von Caprivi.

The Latest from the Continent.

LONDON, Feb. 12.—The stocks at Carlsbad continue to show a decided advance. The docks are partly in operation, and are able to obtain crews for working. The menacing attitude of the strikers, however, deter non-union labor from offering their services.

Kittibeth's Will Probed.

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GONE WITH HER PIOUS FRIEND

HOME HAPPINESS OF A TRUSTING HUSBAND WRECKED FOREVER.

Wilson's First Partner Was Anonymous "White Cape". But Now He's Bought by a Flesh-and-Blood Man With a Gun—A Wife's Affections Alienated by a Man With a Big Mustache, Smooth Tongue, and Suave Manners, Who Has Already Blighted Another Woman's Life.

The wife whom Abram Staats has cherished these twenty years has forsaken him for another; the home which the sacred ties of family once made dear to both the husband and his consort has been laid waste by the treachery and wickedness of a pretended friend. An idler has slipped from the honest workingman his dearest treasure—wife affection, home happiness, peace of mind. From a life which though never so homely or humdrum still held these joys just as dear as does many a more favored man, all the sunshine has vanished. Another heart-ache is devastated; another paradise blighted. The blow is as heavy to the man, the offense is as gross against society, as though one in loftier station were the sufferer. The joys which have been shattered were those which come not alone with the luxuries of wealth and social position. With them, Staats was happy as a king; to fully benefit of them, he is most miserable.

The beginning of the married life of Staats was not without that

DELIGHTFUL TINGE OF ROMANCE which makes every courtship so charming, every honeymoon so rosy.

Score of summers ago, in the full pride and stalwart vigor of early manhood, he was a merry-hearted lover.

His parents had been well-to-do people, but through unfortunate indorsements of worthless notes his father lost all his property. After his father's failure and death he made his home in New Brunswick, where he opened an ice route. He was his own driver, his business was comparatively a small one, but he was sufficiently prosperous, and the future was possessed of enough golden brightness, to warrant his

TAKING A WIFE.

Mary Trainor was one of the hundreds who earned their daily bread amid the incessant hum of machinery in New Brunswick's great manufacturing. The young ice dealer first saw her as one of the dense throng of operatives pouring forth from the gates of the factory yard, at sound of the deep-voiced gong announcing the end of another day of toil. Her looks pleased him.

She had a bright face, a trim girlish figure. She glanced at him demurely, and he cast a broad and honest smile at her in return. She blushed with pleasure, and in the confusion of an excess of maidenly reserve darted around a corner and out of sight.

After that young Staats used to drive his wagon more frequently past the mill, and soon sped out the window where stood Mary's loom, and his manly heart beat stronger and more violently day by day with the gladness that sight of her face and smile brought. From distant nods to familiar greetings was not a long step, and ere the summer was spent

MARY HAD PROMISED

to renounce her old life and to begin a new one with Abram.

The wedding was not long in coming. Young hearts were too eager to submit to needless delay. Then came the stern reality. Unforeseen reverses compelled Abram to give up his ice business. Casting about for something to do, he found in Plainfield his opportunity, and in that city began work. But fortune was fickle to the young husband. In a few months he was out of work again, and with

NO MONEY IN THE TREASURY,

and the outlook drear, he took to drink. His wife, heart sore over her troubles, took up the search for work that her dispirited husband had abandoned, and went back to her loom in the mill at New Brunswick. Here she toiled away till Abram found work and stopped drinking again, and then the tide of fortune seemed to change.

A HAPPY HOME

was established in Plainfield by the two, and as the years passed, and children grew up around them, they seemed to grow constantly more secure in their possession of a model abode of domestic tranquility.

In the course of time, however, appeared the serpent. The name of one Edward Wilson, a neighbor, began to be connected with that of the woman. The breath of scandal was aloft. Gossip at first enlarged the tale, but it presently seemed as though everything that was said must be true.

At first Staats was unconscious of it all. He was

THE SPIRIT OF DEVOTION

to his family, and his days he spent in tireless industry in order that his home might be filled with comforts. Week days he drove a coal delivery wagon for Loomis & Rice, where he is considered a most faithful employee; Sundays he inflated the big organ bellows at the First Baptist church.

But whether the husband was driving his wagon, exposed to all sorts of weather, or whether he was keeping the church organ supplied with power, the despoiler was sure to take advantage of his absence from home, and to proceed craftily in the steady alienation of

THE WIFE'S AFFECTIONS.

Wilson became acquainted with Mrs. Staats at a series of religious meetings conducted by J. B. Cleaver. Wilson had professed a change of heart, and had been dipped in Green brook on a cold day, and was considered to be striving earnestly to lead an upright life. He visited the Staats dwelling several times when Abram was at home, and pretended a warm friendship for the husband, and talked religion to Mrs. Staats, and in every way conducted himself seemingly in a very exemplary manner—for a time.

One day—not many months ago—Wilson received a letter signed

"THE WHITE CAPE",

warning him that the evil of his inner life was being discovered, and that he would better reform while yet there was time, ere the wrath of vengeance should be visited upon him. The publication of the letter in THE PRESS prompted an investigation of Wilson's doings, and some confiding hearts began to find out that there were such things as

WOLVES IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

But neither Mr. nor Mrs. Staats took warning. Though others reprimanded Wilson for apparent misconduct, and spoke sharply to him of alleged wrong-doing that was hidden, and the whole community began to open its eyes to the matter, Mrs. Staats

CONTINUED TO RECEIVE HIM

at her home, and to repose fullest confidence in him, while Mr. Staats remained stolidly blind to all that was going on.

Day after day, night after night—Staats says—he would reach home just in time to find Wilson leaving. To these visits he did not at first attach any undue importance, as he believed Wilson's assurances that he was his friend.

But presently

WILSON'S CONDUCT

became so openly flagrant that even the unassuming husband was forced to see things in somewhat their true light, and henceforth he recognized Wilson as something different than merely a seeker after the spiritual light and the friendly counsel, guidance and assistance that he had claimed to be seeking from his constant association with his fellow-member of the religious flock.

Staats found that Wilson had already

WRECKED HIS OWN HOME.

and with discovery of this fact he came to the knowledge that the professed friend was striving to wreck his also.

The discord existing between Wilson and his own wife was considerably ventilated in the city courts at intervals after Wilson received the "White Cape" letter. Mrs. Wilson had her recent lord

REPEATEDLY ARRESTED,

for drunkenness and abuse. She was a hard-working woman; and he—she said—was shiftless and drunken. He would not work, but she would not ask him to do that. He could work or not, just as he liked; and he was always welcome to a home with her as long as he had strength to work. But he must keep his hands off her. He must keep sober. She could stand his idleness, but she

COULD NOT STAND HIS ABUSE

of her and the children.

Several times Wilson was punished by the court for his short-comings in this respect. Each time sentence was pronounced Mrs. Wilson's tender heart would melt, and she would weep, and in the depth of her womanly forgiveness would try to scrape together enough of her hard-earned money to pay the fine, and save from imprisonment the husband who had

TREATED HER SO CRUELLY

but for whom she still cherished the affection which he at the altar had promised to reciprocate forever. Pathetic were these incidents, and possessed of dramatic force; and even the stern judge had to sigh in telling Mrs. Wilson that such kindness, such overflowing generosity, was far too good for such a

WORTHLESS, SHIFTLESS HUSBAND.

The more Wilson neglected his own family, the more persistent he seemed to be at the home of Mrs. Staats. So matters progressed till four weeks ago, when the climax came.

It was a very stormy Sunday night, and the attendance at the Baptist church was so small that services were held in the Sunday-school rooms in the basement. Thereby freed from service, Staats

HURRIED HOMEWARD,

to his dwelling in "Church row", New street, and found his wife entertaining Edward Wilson, of Hethfield's row, Arlington avenue.

There burst on him in that moment a full realization of what had been going on all these months when he had heard his name so much whispered about, and when he had had a vague idea that some sort of wrong was being inflicted on him. The revelation of the duplicity that had been practiced sickened him for the instant, made him faint at heart; then

IN A TERRIBLE FURY

he turned on the fellow cringing before him and told him to the floor. As Wilson lay there groveling at his feet he delivered a speech that which no oratorical effort of Demosthenes was ever more forcible or effective. As he recited his wrongs to the guilty man his rage increased, and he acted as though

HE WOULD HAVE STRANGLED HIM.

But the wife—says Staats—still infuriated with her paramour, interfered in his behalf, and struck her husband, and fought to keep him away from her lover. Thus Wilson slunk out of the house.

Next morning Staats went sadly to his daily toil. His heart was heavy, but instead of heaping reproach upon his wife he

ignored the past, and bade her good-bye in his accustomed cheery manner. When he returned for his noon-day meal

SHE WAS GONE.

The neighbors told him that Wilson had helped her to pack up and to carry to the train the boxes and bundles of clothing and other necessities she had taken with her; and both Mrs. Staats and Wilson—says the injured husband—have been missing ever since.

"I have had

NO TIDINGS

since she went away"—said Staats last night—"I should like to find out where they are stopping, and should like to be able to meet them there"—and his eyes glittered ominously—"I have always given her a good home, and have been a faithful husband to her in every way. She had no cause to leave me—no cause for her infatuation with that fellow. He had a suave tongue and a big mustache, and

FASCINATED HER

first with his smooth talk on religion, but his piety seems to have been more theoretical than practical. He has shamefully violated the hospitality I accorded him as a supposed friend. He has sullied my honor, robbed me of the holy joys of home. Oh, if I had only been less blind I would have discovered him in time, and if I had been half a man I would have

SMITTEN HIM TO THE EARTH

before he brought down such disgrace, dishonor, sorrow, upon me. But alas! I was always too easy! And now my own life is blackened, and my daughter, who was married happily, is heart-broken over her mother's faithlessness."

Yesterday a friend of the family hinted to Mr. Staats that a letter postmarked Brooklyn had been received in this city from Mrs. Staats, and suggested in a roundabout way that the alleged elopers had professed repentance and wanted to return.

"Are her joys with him so fleeting?" said Mr. Staats—"And does she suppose that

"AFTER ALL THAT HAS HAPPENED

I can restore her to her former place! But if she is without money, in a friendly city, with even him forsaking her, as is by this time likely, what am I to do?—I at this promised to love, cherish and protect her till death!"

But later he was told that the story about the letter was not true, and the renewed belief that the missing woman was with her missing lover hardened the lines of sorrow and anger in his face.

"My home is wrecked forever!" he said—"And I'm not sure that I wouldn't shoot the betrayer on sight."

A Peddler Speaks His Protest.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS:—Will you please allow me a small space in your worthy paper. The Common Council is about to raise the license on the few peddlers that live in Plainfield, from \$5.50 to \$25.50, at the request of a few local grocers, when those very men that ask for "protection" are defrauding the city by peddling without a license. You can see them any morning in the season start out from their place of business with their wagon loaded up with fruits and vegetables and measure—a complete peddler's outfit—and retail more vegetables than all the peddlers combined. Why are those men permitted to defraud the city thus?

Now, Mr. Editor—being one of those peddlers myself—I do ask, is it right to tax us and let the grocer go, simply because he is fortunate enough to have a store or a pull with the local authorities? If the grocer wants to protect the poor peddler, why doesn't he have the license \$25 for non-resident's only? But we don't want the grocers' protection—we can protect ourselves. All we want is license for all and room to sell our goods. If we are to have a high license, let the city ordinance compel all grocers who peddle vegetables from their wagons to take out a license. Why make fish of one and flesh of another? A PEDDLER.

He Got His When the Owner Wasn't Looking.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE PRESS:—I wish to attest to the truthfulness of the remarks in Tuesday's issue, in relation to the delicious fruit from the orange grove of Messrs. Campbell and Kelly, in Florida.

As I was fortunate enough to obtain a large sample (through the kindness of "Mr. Physical Force") of this delicious and honey-flavored fruit; but not from the same box that you speak of, as mine was packed full when it reached No. 141 Central avenue.

The presentation was procured on North avenue, on the morning of Feb. 10, and carefully stored away in T Hall, where of course it was safe when I called for it in the evening.

I would advise Mr. K. in the future to have a higher tail-board to his cart, or another set of eyes, so that he can watch his load, while soliciting customers from his seat in front.

S. G. S.

Morgan-Keeper Casey Re-Appointed.

The Union County Court of Common pleas yesterday appointed Morgan-Keeper Casey for the county for a term of three years. Patrick Casey was re-appointed for Plainfield.

There can be no reasonable excuse for neglecting a cough or cold, when one bottle of Little's Cough Cure is used, to be had anywhere, does the work. Be sure to get what you ask for—Little's Cough Cure.

CHANGING MEXICAN COINS.

Talano and Deane Will Probably Be Slightly Altered by the Legislature. General Pacheco, the Mexican Minister of Public Works, has recently submitted to the Mexican Congress a report on the proposed changes in the coinage with a bill to carry them into effect. The report, says the Chicago Herald, says that the design on the Mexican dollar should be much better as a presentation against counterfeiting. The present design was adopted in 1824, and an unsuccessful attempt was made to improve it in 1897. That failure and the report that Asiatic countries would not accept the new coin impelled Congress to re-establish the old design, which was done so completely that the substitute bore the words "ciento [eight] reales" instead of a decimal subdivision, while the design of the silver was expressed in "dineros" and "grammes."

In order to improve the current silver dollar "un peso" (one dollar) is to take the place of "ciento reales." Instead of indicating the fineness in "dineros" and "grammes," it will be expressed by a simple decimal number. To do so, a slight change will be made in the fineness, which will be 0.903 instead of 0.927. The present design will be better accepted and rendered more artistic.

General Pacheco says that he would like to reform the monetary system of the Republic and put it on a more scientific basis, but he has decided to make only these changes, because the Mexican dollar is not only the basis of the National coinage, but it is also quoted in the principal markets of the world and is current in Asiatic countries and even in some of the Antilles. As a result of small currency, it is proposed to coin a new piece of 50 cents. The design of the 50, 10 and 5-cent pieces will be similar to that on the dollar. The coinage of 50-cent and 25-cent pieces is to be discontinued, as they do not harmonize with the decimal system.

In respect to gold it has been deemed expedient to make some important changes. General Pacheco says: "In the first place it is proposed to raise the fineness from 975 to 900, the former grade being an exception for which there is no warrant. In the next place this would place the two metals in the ratio of 1 to 15 1/2, which is the legal ratio in several nations. Besides, this would lessen the depreciation of silver, which now stands in the ratio of 1 to 16 1/2."

In the interest of silver no smaller gold piece than \$5 is to be coined. The design of the gold coin is to be improved and altered. On the obverse it will resemble the silver coin, but on the reverse will be the bust of Hidalgo, in order that no one may mistake a gold coin for a silver one.

Copper coins will bear on the obverse the National arms, as on the silver dollar. The executive is to be empowered to use bronze instead of pure copper, as it wears better and is not likely to be melted down for use in the arts.

The bill which General Pacheco has prepared declares that the monetary unit shall be the silver dollar, .900 fine and 77.075 grammes in weight—that is, as at present. The executive is given ample authority to carry the bill into effect.

HOW TALLEYRAND WAS LAMED.

The Yezed Question Settled by Talleyrand Himself.

The cause of Talleyrand's lameness has long been a matter of dispute. During the fifty-two years which have elapsed since his death, his deformity has been accounted for in all manner of ways. Some stories have it that the defect was congenital; others that it was occasioned by an accident which befell him in his infancy. The most curious explanation of all is that offered by a writer in the Quarterly Review. "To quote the very words of our informant, an eminently distinguished diplomat," says this writer, "Talleyrand's lameness, Baron Wessenberg told me years ago that his lameness was owing to the carelessness of his nurse, who laid him down in a field while she flirted with her sweetheart, and on coming back to her charge found some pigs dining on the infant's legs. I am sure that Wessenberg told me this as an established fact, and I am all but sure that his authority was Talleyrand himself. In the extracts from his memoirs, published in the Century, Talleyrand himself settles the controversy. "At the age of four," says he, "I accidentally fell from the top of a cupboard and dislocated my foot. The woman to whose care I was intrusted only informed my family of this several months afterward. The dislocation of my foot had been neglected too long to be remedied even by other means, having been left alone the whole weight of my body had grown weaker, and thus I remained lame for life. That accident, however, had a great influence on my whole life."

One would suppose that a consciousness of his own deformity would have made him more reluctant to the defects of others. That this was not the case is illustrated in his reply to a questioner whose misfortune it was to be crippled.

Meeting Talleyrand as the great statesman was leaving a council where there had been great wrangling and confusion, this person called out to him: "Well, M. de Talleyrand, how are things looking?"

"Like your eyes," was the cutting reply.

Society Out West.

"There are," said the drummer, "some persons who seem to think that the people of the far West, however enterprising and hospitable they may be, live in a rough-and-ready sort of style. Of course, the fact is that people of refined tastes like to be civilized wherever they are, and in these days of quick communication the people at all established centers of population live in about the same manner throughout the country. One would be likely to find as many men in dress suits at an evening social entertainment in a saloon at a Texas city as he would at any similar entertainment in a saloon at a Texas city."

THE REINA VICTORIA SEGAR

Is an ELEGANT 100 ROOM

AT 1 BELL ST FOR 5 CENTS.

At the Crescent Parlor,

25 NORTH AVENUE.

Notary Public for New Jersey.

TRY OUR

QUEEN AND NEW ENGLAND BREAD.

HENRY LIEFKE!

50, 37 WEST FRONT STREET.

Valuable Building Lots for Sale.

On Grove street and Craig place, North Plainfield. This plot is one of the most desirable in the Borough, and is offered for sale at a reasonable price and on easy terms. Will be sold in quantities to suit. Apply to Owner, at 50 Craig place.

E. H. HOLMES,

DEALER IN

COAL AND WOOD.

Best quality Lehigh coal, well screened. Dry kindling wood constantly on hand.

OFFICE—With Wootton & Duglio, 37 North Avenue.

YARD—Madison Avenue, opp. Electric Light Station.

Sale of the Senny Pictures.

New York, Feb. 12.—The first evening sale of the Senny collection of pictures held at the Madison Square Garden last night brought \$118,074. Ninety-nine pictures were sold and brought \$44,000 were considered but moderate prices. The purchasers were from various parts of the country and one or two from abroad.

A Belle Accused of Stealing.

NEWARK, N. J., Feb. 12.—The trial of Miss Lou E. Gardner, the Orange belle, who is charged with the larceny of goods from Stern Bros. of New York, taken place in this city this afternoon. The case is watched with interest by society circles in New York, Brooklyn and Orange, in which Miss Gardner was well acquainted.

Redpath's Body to be Cremated.

New York, Feb. 12.—James Redpath's body was removed at 12 o'clock to-day from his late residence at Fresh Pond Crematory, where it will be incinerated. Dr. McGinn conducted religious services at the house before the removal of the body.

Gov. Hill Says the Letter is a Forgery.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 11.—Gov. Hill, when shown the published letter purporting to be from Henry Waterson, said: "I never received any such letter. It is the first I have heard of any such thing. It must be a forgery."

Royal Templars of Temperance.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Feb. 12.—The New York State Grand Council, Royal Templars of Temperance, is holding its annual convention here. The 245 delegates represent 248 Councils. The State membership is 13,421. Twenty-nine new Councils were admitted during the year. The annual reports indicate prosperity and growth.

Dixon and McCarthy Will Fight.

BOSTON, Feb. 12.—Jere Dunn telegraphs that the fight between McCarthy and Dixon will come off at the Hudson County Athletic Club's quarters in Jersey City on Feb. 20. McCarthy, his manager says, has agreed to fight under the same conditions as previously arranged. Dixon has again gone into training.

A Wealthy Butcher Murdered.

DOVER, N. J., Feb. 12.—Henry M. Hadden, a wealthy butcher, was found murdered early in the morning on the Middle Valley road, two miles from here. He was known to have had a large amount of money on his person.

Montreal Currier Dies A Day.

MONTREAL, Feb. 12.—Albany and Montreal curriers played an international match here for the first time at the Cal-edonia rink. Montreal won by 15 points.

A Distressing Year Among Miners.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Feb. 12.—The official statistics of last year's life and limb in the third anthracite coal mining district for the year 1902 show that this was the most disastrous in the history of the region. One hundred men were killed, fifty-five of whom left widows, with a total of seven hundred orphans.

The Acker Bill Passed.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 12.—The Acker bill appropriating \$454,000 to carry out the provisions of the State Care of Insane passed the Assembly by a vote of 50 to 25.

ELLY'S

CATARRH

ELLY'S

CREAM BALM

Glances the

Neural Pains,

Alleviates Pain and

Inflammation,

Heals the Sores,

Restores the

Senses of Taste

and Smell.

HAY-FEVER TRY THE CURE.

A particle is applied to each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, enclosed, \$1.00. ELLY BROTHERS, 123 1/2 Warren street, New York.

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B. J. Barnes

FLAXSEED AND LEMON

COUGH DROPS.

Opposite Postoffice.

12-15-11

WATCHES & CLOCKS

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COLLIER, Jeweler, 3 Park Avenue.

ESTABLISHED 1869.

EDWARD C. MULFORD.

45 North Avenue.

Opposite Station.

REAL ESTATE

INSURANCE.

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The Reina Victoria Segar

Is an ELEGANT 100 ROOM

AT 1 BELL ST FOR 5 CENTS.

At the Crescent Parlor,

25 NORTH AVENUE.

Notary Public for New Jersey.

TRY OUR

QUEEN AND NEW ENGLAND BREAD.

HENRY LIEFKE!

50, 37 WEST FRONT STREET.

Valuable Building Lots for Sale.

On Grove street and Craig place, North Plainfield. This plot is one of the most desirable in the Borough, and is offered for

MARION'S MONEY.

Furnish the Parlor or Help Dave Was the Question.



ALL, I dunno, Silas.

"Nuther do I, Lizzy."

Silas Barney, or Uncle Sil, as he was commonly known, spread out on his checkered overalls knee a pair of knotted hands, and though fully contemplated them, while a couple of half grown chickens ventured to creep on their little feet over the yellow dog-stool in vain quest of stray crumbs. Crumbs were unknown to Mrs. Barney's floors, and so were, usually, chickens; but for once something lay so heavy on her mind that she quite forgot to meet them with the broom.

"I'm sure I dunno, Silas."

"Dave was always a good boy to us, mother," Uncle Sil offered this suggestion rather timidly, with an upward glance at his wife.

"Do he was, Silas, so he was," answered Mrs. Barney. "I don't find no fault with him's fur's that's concerned, but—"

Uncle Silas did not urge her to complete the sentence. He knew what she meant, and knew that it was Gospel truth, too; Dave was too happy-go-lucky, too careless, too confidential in other people's plans to ever succeed; but still, Uncle Silas sighed heavily as he smoothed the calico band around the crown of his palm leaf hat, with a hand that slightly trembled. Dave had always been his favorite in spite of his free, easy-temperament, and he knew the boy was good-hearted; too good-hearted in fact, for his own good.

"Don't do it, Silas," said "Lizzy," he said, tremulously. "Poor Dave, who knows but this scheme may turn out well? I'm sure we ought to help him. I don't know why we ought," answered Mrs. Barney, rather sharply. "He's never done nuthin' for us, and he's twenty-four now. 'Twixt us all we managed to educate him, hopin' he might earn his own livin' after we'd got him all we could. But after he's been an' got married, we've had to send him money an' keep sendin' him, an' always shall's fur's I can see."

"I'm sure I hate to say it's bad as you do, Silas," she said, in a softer tone, "but we can't do it. We ain't got no money of our own. It's all Marion's, and it's a shame for her to have to put it all out for him, when she works so hard for every cent."

"That's fact, Lizzy," answered poor Uncle Sil. "But jest think of Dave, mother. I don't s'pose I oughter, but I can't help thinkin' of how he looked that mornin' ten year ago, when he went out inter the barnyard where I was workin' afore goin' to school, all dressed up so neat and his blue eyes shinin' an' the sun a glidin' his yeller curls into gold."

"Father," says he, "jest you wait till I get growed up, an' you shan't work the way you have to now," said he. "I'll pay the mortgage off'n the farm, an' dress mother like a queen! Jest you wait," said he.

"I know it, Silas," said Mrs. Barney. "Dear little feller, he was awful good hearted, but Marion paid the mortgage after all, an' she's the one, instead of Dave, that supports us. The fact is, Dave ain't got the stick to him. But he used to be a sweet child, with the best heart in the world."

"An' I guess he ain't lost any of it yet, either," said Uncle Sil. "His letter sounds jest like him, jest so hopeful and chipper; but as you say, he ain't got the stick to him—still."

"Well," said she.

"Well," echoed Uncle Sil, with a pitiful look of anxiety in his eyes. He always left every thing for mother to decide, and her word was law, so he listened eagerly for a verdict. Dave did not take out of him for his weak temperament.

"Marion's coming," Mrs. Barney said. "Suppose we leave it to her, Silas."

"'Posen we do, Lizzy," Uncle Sil answered, a ring of pleasure in his voice. There was a foot-fall on the plank walk leading to the kitchen door, and soon a tall, rather slender woman darkened the sunny entrance. She was a woman of perhaps thirty, with a kind, pleasant, if rather plain face, with dark hair and eyes.

"Well, thank goodness school is done," she said, hanging her shade hat over the door. "Mr. Brockton was in here this afternoon, and says we are to have two months' vacation on account of repairs. I am to call around to-morrow for my pay; and can't we go to the village to order the furniture, Monday, pa?"

Uncle Sil looked up appealingly into Mrs. Barney's face, but he caught not a ray of hope there, so he said, in a hopeless kind of way, with a deep sigh:

"I dunno, Marion. I guess not."

Do Your Employes Work 24 Hours A Day? A Regular Advertisement Works While You Sleep.

ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY PRESS.

Dolly's lame, an' hayin', an' other things kind of prevent—I got a letter from Dave, Marion."

"From Dave?" Marion queried.

"And what did he write?"

Uncle Silas sighed again and began to nervously plait the table-cloth.

"He—he said," faltered Uncle Sil, in his usual weak way, "he said he's engaged in a lawsuit agin some of his wife's folks, tryin' to establish a claim to a fortune that's hers by rights. You know he spoke about it in his last letter, an' he says that if he succeeds he will be independently rich, and the law is in his favor now; an' all he wants is—"

"Money, as usual," said Marion with a bitter laugh. "How much?"

"Fifty dollars."

There was an ominous pause, during which poor Uncle Sil dared not look up; finally he timidly ventured:

"'Tis hard, Marion, but he seems to think this scheme is sure to turn out well."

"Poor Dave," sighed Mrs. Barney. "Hadin' you better read the letter, Marion?"

"Yes, yes, read it and judge for yourself," urged Uncle Sil, getting up and fumbling about the tall eight-day clock in the corner.

"Lemme see, yes, that's it," and after adjusting his specks and spelling out the address he handed the letter to



"JUST READ THAT, MARION."

Marion. She took it without a word and read it to the end. It was frankly written in Dave's honest way, clearly stating the case and asking for fifty dollars.

"I hate mortally to ask you," he wrote in one place, "and I wouldn't if I thought there was no chance of my ever paying you, but I assure you, father, that the plan can not fail to turn out in our favor if I have the funds to carry me through. It promises ten thousand dollars to me, and then, father, I'll pay it back with the twenty-five dollars beside, and princely interest on both. I know you won't refuse me, father, so send as soon as possible. Your loving son, 'Dave'."

There was a look of mute questioning in poor Uncle Sil's eyes as she returned the epistle, but she did not answer it, only took down a pile of feed for the hens, and, tying on her sun-hat, went out, and the subject was dropped until after supper, when she herself revived it.

"What do you think about it, mother," she asked. "Ought I to give the money to Dave? You know how shabby the parlor is."

Mrs. Barney was deep in the china closet and did not answer at first, but when she did, her voice was rather shaky.

"I dunno, Marion," she said. "Do jest as you like; the money is yours an' Dave ain't got no right to it beyond the claim of flesh and blood. You've worked hard for it, an' the parlor's shabby, I know. Poor Dave!"

Marion knew just what her mother thought. The claim of his sunny blue eyes and frank nature was more to them all than the claim of justice. Uncle Sil was looking at her, and she heard him murmur, as he took a pine stick from the wood-box and went out doors to whistle.

"Poor Dave, he's a good boy."

"I'll decide to-morrow," she said, shortly, thinking of the long cherished parlor suite, then of her brother, with his inability to "stick," but love conquered. "I'll do without for another year," she whispered to herself, brushing away a tear. "Dave shall have it this time as he did before, and may he succeed."

She said nothing, however, until she came back next day from her journey after her school money, just fifty-four dollars, then she placed a letter in Uncle Sil's hand.

"Read it," she said, quietly. "And if you can, take it to town this afternoon."

Uncle Sil laboriously spelled out the few lines, while his hand trembled so he could hardly hold the paper.

"Dear Mother, Dave—Marion are the fifty dollars desired. I know it is much. Love, Dave."

Uncle Sil looked up appealingly into Mrs. Barney's face, but he caught not a ray of hope there, so he said, in a hopeless kind of way, with a deep sigh:

"I dunno, Marion. I guess not."

as know how the case terminated.

"God bless you, Marion," ejaculated Uncle Sil, letting the paper flutter to the floor, while he clasped her hand.

"It's a great sacrifice to you, child, but the good Lord will reward you, and Dave will not be ungrateful. Yes, I'll go to the village this very afternoon, never mind Dolly's lameness, nor the hayin' either."

The old claw-legged parlor furniture, with its hair-cloth upholstery, was refurbished and the worn carpet and green window shades mended, while the picture of Dave, in a new frame, smiled serenely down from the mantel, entirely unconscious of the darning and patching furniture.

One day Uncle Sil came down from the village, his face all aglow with pleasure, and his eyes shining as if youth had been renewed.

"Read that," he cried, tossing a letter into Marion's lap. "Just read that, Marion."

Dave's plan had succeeded, strange to tell, and inclosed was a check for one hundred dollars, "principal and compound interest, with a little besides."

"There's Marion, there," cried Uncle Sil, fairly dancing in his glee. "What'd I say? An' now ain't you glad you sent the money to Dave? The parlor can be furnished now, an' you won't have to teach school no longer. Oh, Marion, ain't the Lord good?"

But Marion only smiled. It was all the answer she could make just then—Mittie R. Towle, in The Home.

CONTAGIOUS ELEGANCE.



"JUST READ THAT, MARION."

Mrs. Garrity—Pshaw! devil's machine have ye on th' table, Dinna! Mr. Garrity—I'm affther radin' that it's all shirk now fer th' upper tin' 'bur-r-th' candle at both ends av it—Judge.

Came in Handy for the Boy.

The shapely arm of a lady in very humble circumstances, in daylight, Mike made her long to display them in a pair of 33-button gloves. She squeezed the price of them, after weeks of saving, from the money given by her husband for household expenses. Two days after she purchased them she saw her little boy wearing them on his legs, out in the street, and they came above his knees—Toledo Blade.

Editor—Why isn't Kipling's latest story in on time?

Assistant—Just got it through the custom-house. They wanted me to pay duty.

Editor—The idea!

Assistant—Yes, that's it; they said it was far fetched—Munsey's Weekly.

Vend of Cutting a Swell.

Dashley—Have you heard of the adventure of Hroiler at Monte Carlo?

Cashley—No; what was it?

Dashley—Why, he stabb'd a lord there.

Cashley—You don't say so? Well, he was always a great fellow for "cutting a swell"—America.

Her Irish Was Up.

"What did the lawyer say to you, Bridget?"

"He axed me did I know there was brass enuf in me face to make a good-sized little, an' I told him eben, thin there was sauce enuf in his tongue to fill it, the ould haythen."

Economy Didn't Pay.

Borrower—That'rather as well boardin'-house you are shopping at, Gazelleton.

Gazelleton—Why, yes. I tried a cheaper one, but I couldn't afford it. I fell away so that I had to buy a new suit in six weeks—Harper's Bazar.

The Restaurant Didn't Work.

Uncle Sawback (entering lamp-store)—Thar, I've brung this instrument back—Dealer—What's the matter with it?

Uncle Sawback—You said it was a plunger lamp, but Sairy Ann can't git a blame note out of it now—Harper's.

SKILLFUL CHICKEN STEALING.

A Special of Robbery Quite Prevalent at the Pasture Grounds.

"Yes, that's a good specimen of the year for chicken thieves," echoed Detective Brock the other day, when a Washington Star reporter spoke to him about this class of criminals. "But," he added, "there haven't been so many cases of chicken stealing lately as there used to be. Reports of that particular sort of stealing are few and far between."

Now and then, however, three or four jobs are done in as many nights, and nothing is heard from the chicken thief for a long time. This is just the time of the year for them to operate, but this year there seems to be a scarcity of such thieves or else chickens are not so plentiful. Those who are called chicken thieves do not confine their activities to robbing chicken houses, but they steal all sorts of fowls, turkeys, ducks or chickens. And, to confine their stealing chiefly to fowls, against their hand so that the fumes of sulphur that arise from the lungs of the fowls and prevent them from crowing or cackling or giving any alarm whatever. Then the burglar stretches in his arm and collects his fowls one by one.

"Everybody," said the detective, "can't steal chickens. There seems to be some peculiar qualifications necessary to make a man an expert at this business. An expert thief knows well the necessity of always keeping a pot of scalding water on the stove at home, so that when he returns with the plunder he can get the feathers off of them and prepare them for market as soon as possible. Then he knows that the means of identification have been destroyed. Often when such a robbery has been committed early in the morning the chickens are on a bench in the market before they are cold."

"That's right on my tour through the city," I have smelled smoke from burning feathers and been satisfied the feathers were picked from stolen fowls and were being burned to destroy their value as evidence."

A BORN COURTIER.

Royal compliment to the Late Emperor William by a Tiny Subject.

During a stay of Emperor William I. of Germany, at a fashionable watering place at Ems, that monarch paid a visit to the large orphan asylum and school that was under Government patronage.

In the presence of so distinguished a personage created quite a sensation in the establishment, says the Chicago Herald.

After listening with much interest to the recitations of several of the pupils, His Majesty called to him a bright, flaxen-haired little girl of five or six years of age, and lifting her into his lap, said:

"Now, my little fraulein, let me see how well you have been taught. To what kingdom does this belong?" And he drew from his pocket a gold piece and placed it on the table.

Against the little girl hesitated, but soon replied:

"To the mineral kingdom."

"Better and better," said the Emperor.

"Now look at me and say to me to what kingdom I belong."

At this question there was an ominous silence among the teachers and visitors, who were listening with much interest to the royal catechism. Could she make any other reply than "To the animal kingdom?"

The little girl hesitated long, as if perplexed as to what answer she would give. Was the Emperor an animal? Her eyes sought those of her teacher and her schoolmates. Then she looked up into the eyes of the aged Emperor, and with a half-startled, frightened look, as if she were evading the question, replied: "To the Kingdom of Heaven."

A Lunge-Headed King.

The complimentary terms applied to journalists recently by Emperor William would by contrast the words used by King Humbert of Italy, in speaking of the members of that profession.

At one of the court balls in the palace at Rome the King summoned a number of editors to his side. After referring with expressions of admiration to the important work done by the press, and to the difficult and powerful work of the editors, he added: "Gentlemen, I have often said that I should wish to be a journalist were I not a King."

The Machinery in Man.

A man has with him a working pump called his heart, a working bellows called his lungs, a working compass called his brain, and a working evaporator called his skin, all of which must be at work whether he will or not. The heart is expending over his body day by day one hundred and twenty-two foot-pounds of work. He will go on lifting as many millions of tons in so many years if he meet with no accident, the time will come when his last stroke will be finished and he will die.



Two Bottles Cured Her.

CARROLL, La., July, 1890.

I was suffering 10 years from shocks in my head, so much so that at times I didn't expect to recover. I took medicines from many doctors, but didn't get any relief until I took Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic. The second dose relieved me and 2 bottles cured me. R. W. FEKE.

Spent a Small Fortune.

184 Mahony City, Schuylkill Co., Pa., May 20.

My son who is now sixteen years old, had epilepsy for about four years. I spent a small fortune for doctors and medicine to get him cured, but to no avail until he took Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic. It is a year now, since he is perfectly cured, has not had the symptoms of a spell since. I can therefore give credit for this medicine, and recommend it to all sufferers.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge and by mail.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koening, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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