

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD.

TUESDAY

FRIDAY

VOL. XVI. NO.

WESTFIELD, UNION COUNTY, N. J., FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1899.

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TO COVER UP BONES.

How the Thin Girl May Make Her-
self Plump and Pretty.

There is absolutely no beauty in
bones. Skeletons are very disagree-
able things. Wired up for the benefit
of medical classes, they may be con-
sidered to the privacy of such institu-
tions. But there are others.

The living, moving ones are about
us, hung with every fabric of the
loom, fashioned by hands skilled in
the art of padding and plumping. But
the bony framework shows through it
all.

Bony women are called "distinguish-
ed looking" in polite society. With
bravery born of desperation, they give
their doorknob shoulders, spike-like el-
bows and audacious collar bones to the
world at every opportunity. Mat-
ter of fact people refute the idea of
bones as a sign of the thoroughbred.

Emaciated matrons and fleshless
maidens, remember the Venuses for



WHAT A DIET OF OLIVE OIL MIGHT DO.

the fullness of your mistake. Venus
de Medici doesn't show a bone. Venus
de the apple fame is plump all over,
with ribs so well covered you couldn't
count them.

Venus rising from the sea is dimpled
and dotted with the beauties of health.
Venus de Milo is perfectly immense.
How she would sigh through her mar-
ble image if she could see French staves
and the various distenders and make-
shifts of the nineteenth century bony
woman!

Ah, ye bony maidens, if you would
be sweet and fair to look upon, begin
at once to put flesh on your bones.

"And how, pray?" inquires a tiny
bit of a skeleton, large eyed and decid-
edly unwholesome because of her
scrawny frame.

My dear corrugated, cross-boned little
girl, olive oil is the thing for you. Be-
gin it at once. It is salvation to thin
women. Buy the very best grade of
salad oil. Insist on the best. It sells
for 80 cents per pint, but half a pint
will do to begin on.

Rickety babies get it three times a
day and manage to get fond of it. Bet-
ter still, they grow strong and plump,
pretty and lovable.

This is what you want. Begin with
two teaspoonfuls at mealtimes and
gradually increase the dose to a table-
spoonful each time. The oil isn't half
bad. Take a bit of wine or coffee after,
and the thing is done. Each time it
tastes a little nicer until a day comes
when you discover you like it. It may
be eaten on salad, which is really as
good a way.

Then you must eat, but do not over-
eat. Digested food makes good blood
and fine tissue. Surplus food makes
trouble.

Any creature that can eat can get
plump and good to look at. But the
kind and quantity of the fat depend
largely upon the character of the food
eaten. Unwholesome food does the
system more harm than good.

If the process of evolution is to be
hastened in every possible way, it is
well to remember that five or six little
meals are better than three square
ones. Let the articles of diet be dainty
and partaken of in small portions.

Those foods eliminated from the list
prescribed for obesity diet are about
right for the thin, skinnny woman. Wa-
ter is fattening, and it is a wise habit
to take a glass before retiring and up-
on arising. Cornmeal mush is the
very best food for tissue building.

Of course the little thin girl is in a
hurry, especially for her neck and
arms, so she might spend 15 minutes
each day rubbing in some olive oil af-
ter a hot bath. The cheaper grade of
oil will answer for this purpose.

And something else besides all this—
time and patience! Here is the rock
upon which beauty with other things
worthily is oftentimes wrecked in fam-
ine lives. Nature is not art. You
cannot pump out your anatomy with
beautiful firm flesh in an instant.

Except in sneezing, nature is never
abrupt. Time is her handmaid, pa-
tience her servant. Time must be al-
lowed for firm, healthful flesh to grow
upon the bones, rounding out the hol-
lows into curves of beauty.

You must wait, wait, wait. The
change is gradual, and no one should

expect to be metamorphosed into one
of the Venuses of old in a few weeks.
But wait. After awhile will come a
change.

And then! Talk about complexion
remedies! Throw skin whiteners and
eye brighteners to the four winds.
Why, the olive oil cure will beautify
any girl in half a year, for it does what
cosmetics cannot do—builds up the sys-
tem, strengthens the interior and gives
the vital organs a new lease of life.
GERTRAUDE WILLETZ.

THE DOOR THAT OPENS.

Times When It Sends the Cold Shiver
Down Your Back.

"Ever sit," said Mr. Gobblinton, "late
at night alone in a room, reading or
studying, everybody gone to bed long
ago, the house, the whole city, quiet,
and see presently across the table on
the other side of the room a door open-
ing slowly? That's a hair-raising ex-
perience. You don't know by what
means the knowledge that it was open-
ing was that conveyed to you, but you
see it now, opening slowly and steady-
ly and silently, and you get up and
sneak the chair up which you have
been sitting and stand up, with the
table between you and him for fur-
ther protection, and wait for him, but
he doesn't come.

"Then you go around to the door. It
has stopped now and is standing dead.
It yields with no resistance except that
of its own weight when you open it
wider, and, holding to it, you look
around the door jamb into the hall.
Silence there, perfect and complete;
nobody there; those were ghostly in-
gers, if any, that turned the knob.
And so you shut the door securely and
go back to your reading.

"Presently you find the door open
again, but this time there is an air of
vacancy about it, and now you realize
what it all means. The back of the
catch bolt that you turn with a knob
is worn off a little, rounded, or the
metal frame around the socket into
which the bolt enters may be worn, or
both. Or it may be the door has
shrunk or the jamb has drawn away
from it, so that only the tip end of the
bolt catches in the socket and has a
constant tendency to work free. The
slightest shaking or jarring starts it,
and gradually it works itself clear of
the socket, and then, if it happens to
be hung just so, the door slowly opens.

"And there you are, and it is all very
simple when you come to know about
it, but it's never altogether agreeable.
You never really get used to the door
that opens."—New York Sun.

THE HEATHEN CAN WAIT.

A Squatter's Idea of Where Charity
Should Begin.

The other day an old squatter came
to the city and attended divine services
at a fashionable church. The old fel-
low listened with rapt attention to the
sermon, occasionally nodding in ap-
proval or shaking his head in uncer-
tainty. When a man with the contri-
bution box approached, the squatter
asked:

"What's up?"
"We are taking up a collection for
the heathen, and as you seemed to be
so much interested in the sermon I
didn't know but you would like to give
a few dimes."

"What's the matter with the
heathen?"

"Why, he doesn't know anything
about the gospel, and we want to raise
money enough to send it to him."

"Well, I tell yer, I don't think he'll
spile afore mornin'. I've got a hoss
swap on han, an ef I ken get 'nuff boot
come aroun an we'll sorter look inter
the matter."

"But, my friend, the heathen chil-
dren need clothes."

"So does mine, hy jingo. Bill ain't
worn nuthin but a shirt for six months
an haster stay outen perille society.
Ike's got a vacancy in his britches big-
ger yer hat, an Jack haster stay un-
der the house when a stranger comes,
'cause he got his clothes scorched durin
hog killin. Come aroun arter the swap,
fur I don't think the heathen will spile
afore mornin'."—Arkansas Traveler.

Fishing For a Drink.

A guide who has done more or less
plug fishing on Moosehookingquid-
lake says he can get a drink of nice,
cold water when he is anchored on a
lake, provided the water is deep
enough. For deep fishing it is custom-
ary to sound for a clay bottom before
casting anchor, and our informant
claims that he can sound to secure a
cool drink. He ties a weight to the
bottom of his cork bottle, and with
the string tied also to the cork he
drops it to the bottom; then by a quick
jerk pulls the cork, the bottle fills with
cold, clear water, and he has only to
pull it in.—Phillips Photograph.

The Wise Man.

The wise man will not expect too
much from those about him. He will
bear and forbear. Even the best have
foibles and weaknesses which have to
be endured, sympathized with and per-
haps pitied. Who is perfect? Who
does not need forbearance and forgive-
ness?—Samuel Smiles.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

THE GOWNS AT BIARRITZ.

Henriette Rousseau Tells What Is
Worn at the Famous Resort.

If there is a more delightful spot
than this old and fashionable watering
place, I have yet to find it. The breeze
blows refreshingly all day and all
night, sweeping down part of the time
from the Pyrenees, pungent with the
breath of the pines, and the rest blow-
ing in from the sea, laden with the life
giving salt spray. The place itself is
quiet and old in some parts and pain-
fully modern in others. The most pain-
ful parts of the modern portion are the
astounding prices put upon everything,
especially if the visitors are suspected
of being Americans.

The Frenchwomen who come to
Biarritz are usually of the wealthiest
class, for poor ones or even those of
moderate circumstances cannot afford
to throw away their money, and the
Frenchwoman is thrifty. The most of
the nobility have their country seats
and there pass the summer, but they
try to pass at least a couple of weeks
at this delightful spot.

As to the bathing costumes, I will
dismiss them at once, saying only that



COSTUMES AT BIARRITZ.

they are so very scanty in material
that it is useless to waste time upon
them. The Frenchwoman likes an oc-
casional like this and seizes it. Even
in Newport no such bathing suits were
ever dreamed of.

But, bathing suits aside, there can
be no place where there is a more lav-
ish display of fine costumes. Even on
the day of the Grand Prix and Ver-
saille the dresses are not so fine. And
here we have variety. There are de-
licious morning dresses of cashmere,
velvet, and black and white. There are
these are half smothered in lace, with
just a few satin ribbons to lighten
them up.

The gowns for the early promenade
are apt to be of mohair. While mo-
hairs, made as the Parisian modistes
only know how to treat this stuff, is a
wonderfully attractive gown. It is
tailor finished and has no trimming
but very narrow white soutache.
White braid on the white mohair does
not sound much, but it is very char-
acteristic when seen. The new delicate
lavender, the violet and several shades
of gray and two or three of pink are all
seen in these tailor gowns of mohair.

Perhaps one reason of the popularity
of mohair here is that the sea air does
not cockle or shrink it, a fault often
found with almost every kind of wool-
en goods otherwise suitable for sea-
side wear. Gray is and always was a
favorite with Frenchwomen. And I
think they are the only ones who can
seize upon all its possibilities.

Traveling dresses are always worn
rather ostentatiously for the first two
days, and every lady has at least two.
This is done perhaps to impress the
people with the fact that the new-
comer has not quite decided to remain
and does not choose to compromise
her position as a traveler until further
acquaintance.

These traveling suits are elegance it-
self. The colors are light and the skirts
are close and rather long, but quite
simple. The corsets are almost all in
a short bolero shaped jacket which
can be closed or left open. This al-
ways matches the skirt. Some of
these boleros are quite plain, but oth-
ers are very ornate. A regular shirt
waist is worn beneath them. Route is
a new weave of wool for tailor and
traveling costumes. It is light and
springy and does not crush.

For carriages, for afternoons about
the parlors and porches and the de-
lightful gardens there is no limit to the
beautiful gowns. Silks, crapes, green-
dines, muslins, organdies and no end
of lace and chiffons are seen.

White jackets made of a fine felted
flannel with a close twill are carried
ready to slip on if the sea air grows
cool. These dainty little jackets are
lined with bright colored taffeta lace.

The dinner dresses are marvels of

lightness and elegance and all have
that quality described by no other
word than chic. Voiles, or veillings
with satin stripes, are very beautiful.
They are made with tunics, the edges
of the tunic and that of the skirt richly
trimmed with lace, ribbon and all sorts
of frivolity in the shape of ruffles,
puffs, ruches and gauferins.

One elegant gown of pure white
satin's veiling had a scalloped tunic, all
the scallops outlined with rennaissance
lace in ivory color, the edges being fin-
ished with a silk fringe. Imagine lace
with a silk fringe! It is too rich for
common folks.

Grenadine and the delicate fine wool
barrage are both used to make exquise
creations for evening. These are nearly
always all in one solid color or rather
tint, for as a rule they are light in
color. They are trimmed so elaborately
with lace that it is hopeless to try to
describe them. Much fringe is used
also, and it is always graceful.

White, cream ivory and black lace
gowns over slips of colored silk or satin
are very fashionable here for evening
dress. Also, there is a new shade of
lace called ocher, a sort of rich yet dull
yellow. This comes in skirt widths,
also as drapings and other widths. It
is made up over black taffeta or satin,
and thus treated it is of indescribable
richness. —HENRIETTE ROUSSEAU.

Biarritz, France.

It Was In His Head.

Balzac once promised Lireux, the
manager of the Odéon theater in Paris,
a five act drama, "The Springs of
Quinola." He was so busy with other
work, however, that not till he had
been long and urgently importuned did
he promise to read his piece to the
company the next week. The com-
pany gathered about him on the day
appointed, and he read his five act
play fluently through to the end.
Lireux was enthusiastic, ran up to
shake hands with the great writer and
turned over the pages of the manu-
script whose contents had pleased him
mightily.

But what was this? There were only
four acts. The last pages of the man-
uscript were blank. In surprise the
manager asked what it all meant.

Balzac smiled and admitted that he
had not yet written out the fifth act,
but declared that he had it as clearly
in his head as if it already stood on
paper. "And," continued the poet
merrily, "I have in the same head two
more outcomes of the plot in case the
one I just read don't please you."—San
Francisco Argonaut.

Not So Very Old After All.

In a little village churchyard at
Bickenhill, in Warwickshire, is a
tombstone upon which is inscribed the
age of a dear old maiden lady who de-
parted this life in the year 1701. Her
age, as testified by the engraver's art,
was 708. Born before the Conquest
and dying under Queen Anne. Again
at Chave Priory, Worcestershire, the
age of a "rude forefather" is similarly
inscribed as 309. Not to harrow the read-
er, we may say that these portentous
figures are strictly the product of the
engraver's art. The monumental ma-
son of those days was nothing if not
ignorant, and his idea of writing 78 or
80 was to write 70 or 80 first and 8 or
9 afterward, meaning 70 plus 8 or 80
plus 9, etc., as the case might be.

Quint Dr. Colles.

Dr. Colles, an eminent surgeon of
Dublin, who died in 1843, was remark-
able for his plain dealing with him-
self. In his fee book he had many
such candid entries as the following:

"For giving ineffectual advice for
deafness, 1 guinea."

"For attempting to draw out the
stump of a tooth, 1 guinea."

"For telling him that he was no
more ill than I was, 1 guinea."

"For nothing that I know of, except
that he probably thought he did not
pay me enough last time, 1 guinea."

Japanese Dentists.

The Japanese dentists perform all
their operations in tooth drawing with
the thumb and the forefinger of one
hand. The skill necessary to do this
is acquired only after long practice,
but when once it is obtained the opera-
tor is able to extract half a dozen teeth
in about 30 seconds without once re-
moving his fingers from the patient's
mouth.

No Disturbance.

Mrs. Goffrequent — Your husband
goes out a good deal, doesn't he?

Mrs. Seldom Home—Yes, but we at-
ways have seats next to the central
able, and it never disturbs anybody...

WESTFIELD PHARMACY.

TRY
Trenchard's SODA WATER.
EVERY DROP DELICIOUS.



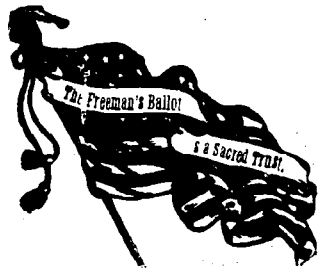
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WESTFIELD, N. J., AUG. 4 1899.



That is a good piece of road work the town committee is having done on the Boulevard, west of Ross place.

Let us tell you:—It requires one more fearful struggle and as a Republic we are born to eternal life.

That struggle is with the Money Power. It is coming and nothing can head it off.

Chauncey M. Depew says that the tariff wall must soon fall. His recent European trip convinced him that protection is overdue. He believes that we can compete with the world. Well, that's just what we've been telling you.

Civilization received a blow in the face Wednesday when two human beings were deliberately electrocuted at Sing Sing in the name of the law of heathenism and barbarity: "A life for a life." But the race is shuddering at all of this and capital punishment will yet be a thing of the past.

Now that Prest. McKinley and Genl. Alger have swapped personal credentials of a very high order the plain country Americans may rest assured that the serious mistakes of the War Department, including the pest ships, the lack of medicines, nurses, medical and surgical treatment and Armon's rotten beef were all due to the soldiers themselves. They had no business to be soldiers. Is that the idea? It is understood that a few buckets of whitewash have been shipped to Michigan.

George Miller Bookhoven, a man with a family to support, died last Thursday from rabies, having been bitten by a dog a month previously. During his piteous intervals of sanity which made him conscious of his sufferings, and aware of this terrible death that awaited him he would call to his wife and children, urging them not to worry. The time for worry was the time before the dog bit the man. The object to worry over was the dog. Still, we are sorry for the Bookhoven family.

The Plainfield Press says:—Station Agent Joseph A. Haynes, of the North Avenue station, has arranged to have portable steps used at all the principal trains so that the women will not experience any difficulty in getting on and off the trains. Mr. Haynes always has the interests of the travelling public at heart, and he is always striving to give as many comforts as possible, especially to Plainfielders.

Can't Station Agent C. A. Brown do the same for Westfield? Some of our fair travellers have hard work in getting on and off the trains.

"Why should I arbitrate?" inquires the monopolist after he has "fixed" the laws, by "fixing" the lawmakers. Has he not everything his own way excepting the courts—and is he not fast fixing them [God forbid!] by the appointment system when the people should elect their own judges?

"Why should I arbitrate?" inquires the monopolist. "Am I not witnessing the increasing power of money, every day?"

The trusts cannot exist in harmony with our republican form of

government: one must overthrow the other.

Which must it be?

Twenty-six powers were present at the end of the Peace Conference. They all signed at least one of the several forms presented; all looking towards international amity and concord by means of arbitration instead of by means of war. There were necessarily some hitches, pending the adjustment of constitutional obstacles in the case of individual nations. Baron de Sual, who delivered the valedictory, said:—

"The good seed is sown. Let us wait the harvest. As for me, who have reached the end of my career, I consider it a supreme it a consolation to see new prospects opening for the good of humanity and to be able to look far ahead into the bright light of the future."

Let all the world sing the doxology!

The Filipino question is the most serious of any that we have had to solve since the foundation of our government. The slogan of the American Republic has been, "No taxation without representation." Yet here is a class, according to newspaper reports, that in some of the islands are semi-barbaric. They have come to us as the results of war; what shall we do with them? In a monarchy the laws come from the throne to the people. In a republic the laws spring from the people and the executors can do nothing except what the people first order. If, therefore, we control them permanently without their consent we are going contrary to the spirit of our institutions and the obstacle to a representative government is their ignorance.

We know of no form of government except states and territories. It is contended that to make states of them would make full fledged Americans of a class who are not capable of self government, and to make territories of them would be creating states in embryo. What shall we do with them? What?

Imperialism must not be introduced!

But how to deal with the Filipino question remains to be settled.

Is it to be settled at the dictation and in the interest of Wall street stock jobbers and their class who have settled too many questions already for the administration's good name, without reference to party, and notably the bond question under Grover Cleveland?

The lesson of the strikes, briefly told, is this: Labor has the majority at the polls if united. Capital (monopoly, the money power—call it what you will) knows this to be the truth. Capital is more worldly wise than Labor. Therefore, capital, recognizing the power of labor [the producers, the great middle classes] "divides to conquer." Capital raises "issues" between the people—gets them to quarrelling between themselves; every campaign it is so. Just now we do not foresee what the "issues" are to be in the next campaign; but they will be raised—make no mistake about that. And the "plain people"—all wanting the self same thing, will be adroitly set to work following different brass bands, and applauding the hired speakers of the capitalists; either of this party or that. Little reckons the capitalist which party wins. Their business is with the machine runners, at the top. But it would never do to let the people get together in one party. The people then would have the power. They have it now but don't know how to make use of it. The Hanians, Platts, Quays, Crokers and other political sharps, wire pullers and liars—in set up monkeys for the people to look at and—they do the rest.

When labor gets its forces together at the polls it will be striking at the right place, in the right way.

Strikes, as now conducted, generally mean inconvenience and annoyance to the public; but the same public always sympathizes with the strikers and puts up with it all. Still, we say, the place to strike is at the ballot box, and the time to strike is just whenever the ballot box is open.

FREE DELIVERY FOR CRANFORD. TO BE ESTABLISHED OCTOBER FIRST.

TWO CARRIERS WILL BE REQUIRED TO DELIVER THE MAIL.

POSTMASTER JOHN L. DERBY WILL LOCATE THE SIXTEEN LETTER BOXES AT ONCE.

Cranford is to have free delivery. Postmaster John L. Derby was so informed this morning in a communication from Perry S. Heath, First Assistant Post Master General. The free delivery system will be established on October First and the houses must be numbered by that time.

The communication states that the Civil Service Commission has been requested to take the necessary steps to organize a civil service board at the Cranford office for the examination of applicants for carriers. When these examinations are completed the Post Master General will select the men wanted. There will be two carriers and they will be required to furnish a bond of \$1,000. They will work 8 hours a day. They sixteen letter boxes will be placed in position a day or two before the system goes into effect.

MRS. WEBB TELLS A STORY.

Thinks The Westfield & Elizabeth Street Railroad Company is "Up a Tree."

72 Dudley avenue, Westfield, N. J.
To the Editor of the Standard:
DEAR SIR:—An expression of my opinions on the trolley question having, through a chain of unforeseen circumstances, become of more or less importance to parties interested and the community at large, I have been requested to make a statement through the press. The present situation can best be illustrated by the story, not new, of a very ferocious dog that was in a baggage car, en route for some distant point.

The owner failing to claim his property, the dog went past his station and proceeded to make it most uncomfortable for all with whom he came in contact.

A disgusted trainhand when asked who owned that canine and where he was going replied savagely, "I don't know; he don't know; nobody don't know; he's at his tag."

Yours truly,

MARION AYRES WEBB.

Mrs. Webb evidently thinks that the Westfield & Elizabeth Street Railroad company has, like the dog, no destination, but we think that she will find that the officials of this company are very much awake and know just what they are about. As we said in an editorial on Tuesday, the company will, without a doubt, build, if they get a franchise, and there is no reason to think they will not, a road on Elm street and thence through the lot on Dudley avenue, recently purchased by A. A. Gaddis, of the company, to the property of Mr. French which they pass through to Prospect street and so on to Brightwood avenue.—[Editor.]

A LITTLE BASE BALL NEWS.

Westfield and Cranford "Old Men" May Meet on the Diamond.

There is considerable talk of arranging a series of base ball games between the "old men" of Cranford and Westfield. It is the intention to have the "Has Beens" play one game at Cranford and one at Westfield, and if the teams break even a third game will be played.

The base ball game scheduled for tomorrow afternoon on the Roosevelt Minor grounds at Cranford is between the Cranford nine and the Johnstown Field club, of Jersey City. The Jersey City nine are an aggregation of genuine "grass eaters," playing a swift article of base ball. They will give the Cranford boys a good rub for their money, hence the game should be very interesting. Taylor will be in the box for the Cranford nine and Hennessey will probably cover the position of shortstop.

Yachting on Salt.

Save during the rainy season Lake Lefroy, in western Australia, is quite dry. But as the water evaporates the hot weather approaches a smooth, glossy floor of crystalline salt is deposited. Those living on the shores have found a means of utilizing this. All boats which sail on the lake when possible are, during the rainy season, fitted with four wheels, and thus are enabled to continue their travels. As Lake Lefroy has an area of 100 miles, and the surrounding country is extremely rough, this means a great saving in expense, labor and time. The speed attained by these wheeled yachts is very considerable, though not quite equal to the pace of the ice yachts so popular in Canada.—Chinaman Enquirer.

Astronomical instruments of glass were used by the Chinese as early as 253 B. C.

COULDN'T FOOL THE PAYMASTER.

Italian Tried to Work a Game on the Westfield & Elizabeth Street Railroad Company.

When the paymaster of the Elizabeth and Westfield street railway was paying off the employees Saturday, one of the Italians presented a time check that did not look exactly right. The check had been originally stamped 308 or 309, but the last figure had been erased, leaving the figures "30". The fact that No. 30 had already been paid aroused suspicion, and the check was taken up, and the holder was told to call at the office for settlement.

When the card was examined it was found that of the eleven days' work marked on the slip by a ticket punch, only a day and a half had been regularly punched by the timekeeper. The other punch marks in the card had been cleverly cut with a penknife, in imitation of the timekeeper's punch. So expertly had the work been done that it was only by the closest examination that the fraud could be detected.

AT THE THEATRE.

AT TONY PASTOR'S.

Next week, commencing Monday, August 7, at Tony Pastor's will be found the famous 4 emperors of music, Howard, Russell, Edwards and Whiting. First introduction to New York of the western comedy acrobats, Scott & Wilson: Post & Clinton, Mulvey & Inman, Phillips & Naynon, Miss Ada Jones, the La Velles, Miss Annie Morris, Dick & Kittle Kommunis, Vernon, the ventriloquist and Miss Minnie Vernon, magician, Brooks & Brooks, Gilbert Girard, Gorman & Leonard and the American Vitagraph.

KEITH'S THEATRE.

There seems to be no end to the good bills at Keith's. The hot weather makes no difference at this house in the quality of the shows. Next week Tim Murphy, famous in Hoyt's "A Texas Steer," will give a monologue entertainment. Another big card is Henri French, the famous bicycle rider and juggler. Of course, he don't possess the mysterious art of the marvelous Ching Ling Foo, who is coming back to Keith's shortly; but Henri French is probably the most noted juggler in the world in his special line. Next week's bill will also present Howard & Bland in their highly amusing "rule" piano act; Amorita, the dancer; Mrs. Waterhouse, the Boston soprano; the La Moynie Bros., Francelli & Lewis, Anna Kenwick, etc.

AT PROCTOR'S.

Lovers of high-class refined vaudeville, which is now dominant in the theatrical world, find choicest enjoyment at F. F. Proctor's theatres in New York City, the 28th Street Theatre, just west of 6th Avenue, and the Pleasure Palace, at 58th St. and 3d Avenue. These houses are among the most comfortable in town; with their special cooling apparatus and fans indoor amusement is no longer a summer terror at the Proctor houses.

The stars at Proctor's Twenty-third Street Theatre for the week beginning Aug. 6 are McIntyre and Heath, Linn and Van, DeWitt and Tourje, Chevalier, and some twenty others including jugglers, song and dance artists, and the like. At the Pleasure Palace, August 7 and week are: Tony Farrell and Jennie Leland, Chas. Seay and Helen Wenthersby, Bennett and Rich, Anderson and Anderson and twenty other standard variety "turns." The special summer prices to the ladies and children of 10 cents to the orchestra in the afternoons is still proving a huge success and will be maintained throughout the balance of the summer.

BUSINESS NOTES.

Now that vacation time is about over, you will want good school shoes for the girls and boys. The place to get them is where you will be treated courteously and get the worth of your money and where your patronage will be appreciated, which is at John O'Brien's, 134 Broad street, Westfield.

Event of the Month.

A big week of special bargain selling follows the taking of a semi-annual inventory at L. S. Plum & Co., Newark Bee Hive. Many items of special interest in home furnishings and summer merchandise are put on daily sale. Bargain seekers are advised not to hesitate as lots are small and cannot be guaranteed to last any given time. Daily visitors are promised much bargain recompense.

Colleges Reorganized.

The New Gregg College, Babcock building, Plainfield, has been reorganized, and has added a complete commercial course more room, new furniture, able, experienced faculty, enables the college to give students the same treatment received in New York or Newark. Students entering now receive free instruction until Sept. 1st.

Oh say, have you seen
Where the eagle doth scream
In the drug store across from the bank,
And the girls all say,
"Let's have a few glances
From Condit's good soda water tank."

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Chamberlain's Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c.
If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

BAMBERGER'S

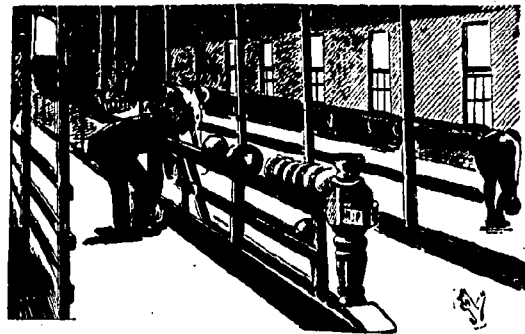
THE ALWAYS BUSY STORE
MARKET & HALSEY STS.
NEWARK, N. J.

The Largest and Most
Perfectly Equipped
Mail Order Service,
Presents Unequalled Shopping
Facilities to Thousands
of Out of Town
Patrons.

A thoroughly experienced staff of buyers in this department will make selections for you, and satisfaction is guaranteed or money will be refunded. We prepay mail or express charges to any part of the state on all paid purchases, and on C. O. D.s for amounts aggregating \$5.00 or more. Try our system and you'll not only save money but have the additional advantage of assortments not equalled in Newark or surpassed anywhere in the land. Samples sent postpaid to any address on receipt of a postal card.

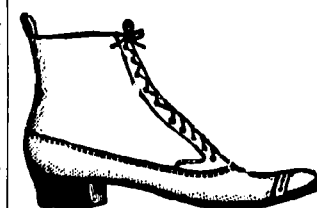
L. Bamberger & Co.
NEWARK, N. J.

BOYNTON BEACH



"It's easy to make high scores when you're bowling on an alley that has such a perfect equipment."

Leading Shoe Store of Westfield.



Before you go out of town shopping just run in and see how nicely we can fit you in Shoes or Oxfords. Black or Russet, they are right up to date, and we don't charge you anything for the name but we do warrant the goods.

JOHN O'BLENIS
Broad Street, Westfield.

How Are Your Kidneys?
Dr. Hodge's Kidney Pills cure all kidney troubles. And, Starling Kidney Pills, Chicago or N. Y.

HOW ABOUT THAT

WHIP?

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

R. F. HOHENSTEIN

DEALER IN
HORSE EQUIPMENTS,
FLOUR, FEED, HAY
AND GRAIN.

...PRATT'S FOOD...

PROSPECT STREET, WESTFIELD.

Big Borax Soap, 5c bar.
(1 lb. double cake)
Stanleys Berkley Oval Soap,
3 cakes 5c.

Love's Pure Borax Soap,
7 cakes for 25c.

C. E. LOVE, Grocer, Broad St.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

WESTFIELD, N. J., AUG. 4, 1899.

Wants and Offers

THE STANDARD Iron safe at Trenchard's drug store, on Broad and Prospect streets. Also at the drug store, Broad St., C. F. W. Witke's store, Elm and Broad Sts., Union News Co., at depot and from all news boys.

ALL IN FAVOR of Free Delivery in Westfield communicate with G. B. W., Box 633, Westfield.

FOR SALE—Barn, 20x26. T. Wheeler.

FOR SALE—At a bargain, the Stafford property on South avenue. Apply to C. E. Pearsall & Co.

FOR SALE—All my possessions in New Jersey, consisting of farms, building lots, etc., etc. Send card for particulars. Ira C. Lambert.

FOR SALE—House at 30 Summit avenue, all city improvements, perfect condition.

FOUND—On South avenue, lady's bag pin. Owner apply to A. C. Fitch, Westfield.

HELP WANTED—Machinist preferred. G. J. Beckley & Co., Garwood.

HARD WOOD—in lengths to suit your grate or stove. Ira C. Lambert.

TO LET—A large light office in the STANDARD Building. Inquire of C. E. Pearsall & Co.

TWO FLATS to let. One \$8.10, one \$16.00. Wm. S. Welch.

WANTED—On bond and mortgage, \$4000 to \$5000, part to life, present mortgage, balance to improve property. Located in center of Westfield. E. F. R., care STANDARD.

WANTED—By women, each with an infant or young child, situations in the country (general housework, plain cooking, etc.) Small wages expected. Apply State Charities Aid Association, 105 East Twenty-second street, New York city.

Legal Notices.

ESTATE of Martha Russell, deceased. Pursuant to the order of George T. Parro, Surrogate of the County of Union, made on the application of the undersigned, of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the undersigned under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within nine months from the date of this notice, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscribers.

LUCY M. DOW,
ALFRED LOVELL RUSSELL,
Executors.

PUBLIC NOTICE.

TOWNSHIP OF WESTFIELD, N. J.

Public notice is hereby given that application by petition has been made to the township committee of the Township of Westfield for the consent of said township committee to construct a street railway on Elm street, Dudley avenue, Prospect street, Bridge road, Main and Jerusalem roads; that said petition has been presented by the Westfield & Elizabeth Street Railway company, a corporation organized under the laws of this state; that said petition was filed with the Clerk of the Township of Westfield on the twenty-fifth day of July, 1899; that the road intended to be constructed, operated and maintained as a double track street railway, and the motive power to be used thereon is electricity to be supplied from overhead wires supported by poles and the streets through which the same shall extend are as above mentioned.

The township committee of the Township of Westfield has fixed Friday, the 11th day of August, 1899, at 8 o'clock in the evening, as the time, and the town rooms in said township as the place at which said township committee will consider said application and petition and will give a public hearing to all persons interested therein.

THE TOWNSHIP COMMITTEE OF THE TOWNSHIP OF WESTFIELD.

Chas. D. Reese,
Township Clerk.

Wellesley Robinson...

AGENT FOR

Stearns, Tribune, Bicycles

and Eagle...

Sundries, Repairing.

Wheels cleaned and stored, \$1.00 per month.

Wheels to rent.

Elm Street, near depot, Westfield, N. J.

—Louis Miller, of the drafting department at the C & C works, at Garwood, is enjoying a vacation this week.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Dennis, of Jersey City, are spending a month at the home of Mrs. Lynde, on Broad street.

—The Rev. Dr. Reverly Estill, of Louisville, will preach at the service in St. Paul's church this (Friday) evening.

Dr. Estill is visiting in Westfield as the guest of Edwin Shiel, of Broad street.

—A number of Westfielders who went on the excursion to Asbury Park and Ocean Grove yesterday enjoyed hearing an address given by Governor Roosevelt, of New York, at Ocean Grove last evening.

—Owing to heavy increase of business the Bayard Pharmacy has employed a registered drug clerk to assist Mr. Ollif on the prescription counter and are now prepared to deliver prescriptions very promptly.

The excursion of the Presbyterian and Baptist Sunday schools to Asbury Park and Ocean Grove yesterday was a big success; there were 20 cars well filled, it being estimated that fully one thousand people enjoyed the day's outing.

—No woman suffrage act will be needed to enable the new arrival at Bishop A. Chamberlain's home to vote when the age of 21 years is reached. "Bish" is very happy and Mrs. Chamberlain and son are both getting along nicely.

LOCAL PARAGRAPHS

—The township committee meets this evening at 8 o'clock.

—Miss Lizzie Whilloughby is riding a new DeDance wheel.

—The engines on the Central railroad are being renumbered.

—A large band of gypsies passed through town this noon.

—A praise service will be held at the Presbyterian church Sunday evening.

—There will be a prohibition rally held at Camp Tabor, August 7 and 8.

—A. D. Cook, president of the First National Bank, is enjoying a vacation.

—Miss Harriett Williams is spending a few days with friends at Avon-by-the-Sea.

—Miss Emma Starr is spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. Bowler at Belmar.

—Miss Catharine Foster has been visiting friends at Plainfield for a few days.

—Miss Ethel Pearsall returned yesterday from a two weeks' visit at Hightstown.

—Miss Martha D. Sanford is confined to her home on First street by a severe illness.

—The Board of Health meets this evening at 7.30 o'clock in the town rooms.

—Mr. and Mrs. John Platt returned Saturday from a four months' trip to Europe.

—Max O'Mick has left Westfield to go to St. Louis where he has accepted a position.

—Miss Burdick is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Thompson, at Duellen.

—Mrs. C. D. Reese and family leave next week for a two weeks' stay at Belle Mead.

—Mrs. Kate B. Moffett is spending a few days with friends and relatives in New York.

—Mr. and Mrs. John O'Brien have been entertaining Mrs. Kate Carrough, of Passaic.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Alpers are spending three weeks in the Adirondack Mountains.

—N. L. Newcomb, of Brooklyn, is occupying the L. F. Welch house on Prospect street.

—Limbs from several trees were blown off during the heavy storm Wednesday afternoon.

—Miss Williams, of New York, is the guest at the home of Mrs. Arthur Pieron, Broad street.

—Jesse King, of New York avenue, has been spending several days with relatives at Dover.

—Miss Mary Lee Cadwell and Paul Cadwell are visiting their grandfather at Lysander, N. Y.

—Mrs. Emily G. Becker has sold to Sarah A. Holmes a tract of 23 acres in Westfield for \$2,000.

—Misses Elizabeth and Carrie Hart have returned from a visit of several days at Bound Brook.

—Mrs. J. B. Harrison and Miss Sophia Condit will leave next Thursday for a visit at Asbury Park.

—The seven months' old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Theo. Pope, of Central avenue, is seriously ill.

—Mrs. James A. Simpson and daughter, Miss Marie Simpson, are spending a week at Asbury Park.

—Westfield will have a first-class baseball team next season, arrangements already being under way.

—L. Seaver, of Central avenue, has returned home after a business trip of several weeks at Chicago.

—The Rev. Charles Fiske conducted services at the Mountaineers school house on Tuesday evening.

—E. C. Winters and S. P. Polls, of First street, enjoyed a day's fishing at Boynton Beach yesterday.

—W. H. Grogan will give a crab supper at the North Avenue Hotel, Thursday evening of next week.

—Miss Blanche Wilson, of Atlantic City, is a guest at the home of C. G. Endicott on Broad street.

—Several would-be excursionists arrived at the depot a little too late to go to Asbury Park yesterday.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Conant, of Prospect street, have been entertaining Miss Effie Conant, of Brooklyn.

—Only routine business was transacted at the meeting of Empire Engine Company, held Tuesday evening.

—Mrs. S. K. Chamberlain, of Westfield avenue, is spending a few weeks with relatives at Clifton, Mass.

—The Republican County Executive Committee have decided to have no clam bake and outing this year.

—The coal dealers at Plainfield have raised the price of coal from \$1.50 a ton to \$2. They say that they have been paying more since July 1 but have lost money rather than raise the retail price thinking that the wholesale price would go down again.

—Miss Grace Crooby has resigned her position as typewriter and stenographer at Robert Clark's Plainfield law office.

—The Board of Education will hold a meeting in the Prospect street school building Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

—The New Jersey Woman's Christian Temperance Union School of Methods will be held at Mt. Tabor on August 9.

—Carle Whitehead will leave for Denver, Col., in the near future, having decided to practice law in that city.

—A large number of Westfield sports will go to Vailsburg on Sunday to see Charles Embleton win the quarter mile dash.

—The new house of T. J. Jones, on Broad street, is completed and will be occupied by Mr. Jones and family next week.

—Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Collins are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bronscholtz at their Newport cottage.

—Miss Lizzie Stamets will be the leader at the Epworth League meeting at the Methodist church on Sunday evening.

—Miss Ollie Thomas, of Bayonne, is spending a few days as the guest of Miss Mabel Dolber at her home on Central avenue.

—Captain George C. Benner, of the Ward line of steamers, left Wednesday for Cuba and Mexico, on his regular monthly trip.

—Albert Trenchard is to give up his position in W. H. Trenchard's drug store and will remove to his old home at South Orange.

—Messrs. Harry App and Harry Hazard, of Slatington, Pa., have returned home after a visit of several days with Edward App.

—The High Court, of New Jersey, I. O. F., will hold its annual session at Quartette Hall, Hoboken, on Tuesday, September 26.

—There will be services at 7.30, 10.30 and 7.45 at St. Paul's church Sunday, with an early and late celebration of the Holy Communion.

—The thirteenth annual convention of the New Jersey Christian Endeavor Union will be held at Camden on September 27 and 28.

—Mr. and Mrs. John C. Hall and daughter, Miss Elsie Hall, have returned from a two weeks' visit at North Germantown, N. Y.

—The township treasury could be replenished by arresting some of the young men and boys who ride on the sidewalk on Westfield avenue.

—The Johnstown Field Club baseball team will play the Cranford team at Cranford to-morrow afternoon. Game called at 3.30 o'clock.

—E. J. Wilcox is a very happy man these days, the reason being the arrival of a 10-pound girl at his home on Elmer street, Monday night.

—Carroll J. Swan, of Brooklyn, was a guest at the home of Mrs. James A. Simpson, of Ross Place, on Sunday. Mr. Swan is a Harvard student.

—Yesterday was a big day at the Westfield post office, more business being done on that day than any other day during the present year.

—Miss Kittle Buckley, of Scotch Plains, was a visitor in town on Tuesday evening and took part in the entertainment given in Arcanum hall.

—Mrs. Sharp Hemphill and daughter, Mrs. Meyers, of Cumberland Valley, Pa., are guests at the home of Col. and Mrs. Morrow, on Elmer street.

—Mrs. J. C. Henry, Mrs. George H. Starr, Miss Minnie Lynde, Miss Sadie Henry and Miss Sadie Starr are spending two weeks' at Point Pleasant.

—A sixteen-mile road race for wheelmen living within a radius of seven miles from Scotch Plains will be held at that place on Saturday, August 19.

—The men employed by the Westfield and Elizabeth Street Railroad company are now engaged in laying the second track on Grove street at Garwood.

—The bakery business recently purchased by W. H. Finger from George Sheelan has again changed hands, Mrs. J. J. Schlitt being the new owner.

—The Union County Central Democratic Committee will hold its annual clam bake and harmony dinner at Whitestone, L. I., Saturday, August 20.

—The contract suit of John G. Burdick against George Crichenberger will come up for settlement before Justice of the Peace Collins on Wednesday at 2 o'clock.

—Samuel W. Reese will give his revised lecture on "Gettysburg" before the members of Central Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., at their meeting next Friday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Anderson are entertaining Mrs. J. H. Sherwood, of Wansong, Ohio, and daughter, Mrs. R. V. Koor, of Bucyrus, Ohio, at their home on Elm street.

—The sale of lots on the Harrison property, advertised to take place on July 25, which was postponed on account of a heavy storm, will take place to-morrow at 4 o'clock.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Nothling have returned from Barnegat Bay where they have been enjoying a fishing trip as the guests of Charles Bronscholtz, of Summit avenue, on his yacht, Olive.

GILDERSLEEVE'S.

Summer days and idleness

are pleasantly associated in the popular mind, but we must take ours with the idleness left out.

We have hot work cut out for this present month of August. All our Summer goods to close out; prices reduced on all seasonable goods.

Come in our store and see how we are doing it. You will find bargains for immediate use.

M. J. GILDERSLEEVE
DRY GOODS,
FANCY GOODS.

BROAD ST., WESTFIELD.

In the case of Jacob Holmes against his brother, Henry Holmes, which was tried Thursday of last week Justice Collins has given a judgment for the plaintiff in the amount of \$75 and costs. The costs will amount to about \$5.

Letters remaining uncalled for at post office, Westfield. Persons calling for same please mention advertised. Miss Gertie Brown, P. Green, J. F. Euhardt, Miss Jennie Guterman, Mrs. E. H. Hall (4), Miss Rose Van Dahl.

Next Friday evening the township committee will hold a public meeting to consider the application of the Westfield & Elizabeth Street Railroad Company for a franchise to build a trolley road on Prospect street, Elm street and Dudley avenue.

The treasurer of the Children's Country Home acknowledges with thanks the receipt of the following contributions: Mrs. W. H. Morse \$2, Mrs. C. S. Wemyss 25c., Mrs. A. C. Blume 50c., Miss Alice Lee 25c., Mrs. James T. Pierson, \$2.00.

A progressive encire will be held at the Hotel Hunterston at Netherwood on Tuesday evening for the purpose of raising money with which to purchase reading matter to send to the soldiers doing duty at Manila. A number of Westfielders will attend.

E. L. Embree, of Buena Vista, Va., is making a brief visit at the home of A. C. Fitch, on Carleton place. He leaves this afternoon for Virginia in company with Mrs. C. A. Pearsall and Miss Pauline Embree, who have been staying here for several weeks.

Arcanum Hall was pretty well filled on Tuesday evening when the members of Pride of Central, Daughters of Liberty, assisted by the members of Central Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., gave a very interesting entertainment. At the close of the entertainment refreshments were served.

A party consisting of Rev. and Mrs. N. W. Cadwell, Mrs. V. O. Burtis, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pierson, Miss Carrie Fowler, Miss Estel Clark, Miss Jane Morrow and Miss Anna Littell will leave on Tuesday for Northfield, Conn., to attend the conference held by Mr. Moody. The party will remain there for two weeks, after which Rev. and Mrs. Cadwell will go to Lysander, N. Y., for a stay of several weeks.

The program for the meetings at the Fresh Air camp will be as follows: This evening, Christian Endeavor society of the Presbyterian church; Sunday, (afternoon) Dr. C. M. Anderson; Monday, Epworth League of the Methodist church of Cranford; Tuesday, Christian Endeavor society of the Park avenue Baptist church of Plainfield; Wednesday, East Third street Mission; Thursday, Christian Endeavor society of the Scotch Plains church.

The trial of John L. Titus, Fred. Ritter, Fred. Semler and John Semler, Jr., for alleged cock fighting at Linden will come up before Justice of the Peace Collins at the town rooms on Tuesday. The trial will be conducted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The complaining witness is Sebastian Petrus, a Spaniard living at Linden. Vorice Spice was named as the defendant in this case before and a jury disagreed at the trial held on June 10. The cock fight is alleged to have taken place in February at the home of Spice in Linden township.

Mrs. John T. Lawrence, a former resident of this town, is spending a few days with Mrs. G. B. Webb, Dudley avenue. Mrs. Webb and Mrs. Lawrence were near neighbors when the late John T. Lawrence lived at Lawville, and the last time the late Mr. Lawrence came to Westfield he was entertained by Mr. Webb. It is rumored that Mrs. Lawrence will return to Westfield to live among her old friends. We earnestly hope she will for Mr. Lawrence was one of Westfield's influential citizens and contributed liberally to the Presbyterian church of which he was a member, and in many ways helped build up the town. He donated land to the town to help open the avenue which bears his name.

Grand Mid-Summer
Clearing
Sale... Men's, Boy's
and Children's
CLOTHING.

EVERYTHING reduced to manufacturer's cost. Rather than carry them over we will sacrifice our entire stock of Summer Clothing and sell every garment at exactly the same price that it costs us to manufacture it.

DON'T MISS IT.

The opportunity of the season to buy CLOTHING.

2	Lots Men's Suits, well made, to go at	\$2.88, WORTH DOUBLE
4	" " " " " " " " " " " "	3.00, " "
4	" " " " " " " " " " " "	3.25, " "
5	" " " " " " " " " " " "	3.50, " "
6	" " " " " " " " " " " "	3.75, " "
3	" " " " " " " " " " " "	4.00, " "
2	" " " " " " " " " " " "	4.50, " "
2	" " " " " " " " " " " "	4.75, " "
6	" " " " " " " " " " " "	5.00, " "
1	" " " " " " " " " " " "	6.00, " "
3	" " " " " " " " " " " "	6.50, " "
Boy's Long Pants Suits 2.50, 2.88, 3.00, 3.13, 3.38, 3.75, 4.00, 4.50, 5.50, 5.75.		

This sale includes everything in Spring and Summer Goods in our store, nothing to be reserved, we insist on cleaning up every garment so as to make room for an enormous Fall stock, which we are now making at our factory.

Schepflin & Schultz,
Manufacturing Clothiers

M. J. CASHIN, MANAGER, RETAIL STORE.
322 WEST FRONT STREET, PLAINFIELD, N. J.

BAYARD PHARMACY.

EST. 1871

HENRY P. CONDIT, Prop.

J. LOUIS OLLIF, Manager.

Broad Street, Cor. Elm, Westfield, N. J.

Slug Shot, 5 lbs., 20c. Violet Talcum Powder, 10c box.

SODA WATER IN ALL FRUIT FLAVORS.

FRESH LOT OF EXTRA
FANCY ELGIN CREAMERY

...BUTTER...

AT

WALKER'S,

Broad Street.

A REDUCTION...

In the prices of all Summer Goods is being made at

L. A. PIKER'S.

AMONG THE LIST ARE:

Ladies' Wash Skirts,
Ladies' Wrappers,
Ladies' Kid Gloves,

Ladies' Shirt Waists,
Ladies' Ready Made Suits,
Ladies' Embroidered Handkerchiefs.

All of our summer stock will be closed out at bargain prices.
New Taylor Block..... BROAD STREET.

See Shore Goods

AT

Clark's.

Hats, Negligee Shirts, Wash
Pants for the youngsters, etc.

Horton's Ice Cream
IN BRICKS, ALSO LOOSE.

Orders taken for receptions and weddings.

J. B. MORENGHI,
BROAD STREET, WESTFIELD.

W. P. SCRIVEN,

PROSPECT STREET, WESTFIELD.

BICYCLE REPAIRING.

SUNDRIES, RENTALS.

"HYDRO-

LITHIA"

CURES ALL

HEADACHES

TRIAL SIZE, 10 CTS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

MADE EXCLUSIVELY BY

THE STONERAKER CHEMICAL CO.

BALTIMORE, MD.

UP HILLSIDE WAY.

Up hillside way a morn of May
Wears sheen of white and pomp of green,
And robs it on fence and spray,
And friendly catbirds flute and preen.

Up hillside way the brooks are brown,
And little ripples catch the light;
Beneath the uproar of the town
I hear the brooks from morn till night.

They chant a tender undersong,
Amid the furious strife of trade;
My heart goes back where I belong,
Where once, a heedless child, I played.

No golden gains up hillside way,
No stocks nor margins; Nature there
Keeps open house both night and day
And spreads her board with ample fare.

I knew the taste of manna when
I used to stroll up hillside way;
Each summer was like heaven then,
From springing grass to new mown hay.

To-day the ledger holds me fast
A captive dragging ball and chain;
But sweet from out a happy past
The old home woe my soul again,
—Margaret E. Sangster, in N. Y. Independent.

Wrote with His Toes

One Signature That There
Could Be No Mistaking.

WITH reference to the testimony of handwriting experts in the Mollan case the group of lawyers who were waiting for a jury to come in fell to talking of chirographical peculiarities, and one of them maintained in an elaborate argument that not even a man's signature could be beyond doubt, since no man could, with certainty, swear to his own signature at a period of several years after it was written. To this some of the others took exception, averring that a man could always tell his own signature by a sort of instinct, though he might be unable to offer a reasonable explanation of how he knew it to be his own and not a forgery. From this the discussion veered to the manner of holding and using a pen and its effect upon the character of the writing as shown by experts. One of the group, a middle-aged lawyer who had taken no active part in the discussion until it took this form, now produced a pocketbook and, taking from it a soiled and time-worn bit of paper, unfolded it and tossed it out on the table.

"There is a specimen of writing," said he, "that I have shown to a number of experts without ever having found one who could tell me correctly the peculiarity of its formation. Perhaps some of you gentlemen who are interested in that sort of thing would like to have a trial at it."

Gathering around, the lawyers looked at the bit of paper. It was inscribed: "Yours very truly, A. L. Mancher."

The writing was of an indescribably flashy, dashing style, the letters being long and narrow, with many flourishes, and the name ending in a pyrotechnic display of penmanship. One after another the men examined it, and all agreed that the writing was of a singular type and one that would be well-nigh impossible to imitate with even approximate accuracy.

"My opinion of that handwriting," said a lawyer who has had much to do with chirographical experts, "would be that it was written by a man who hadn't the full use of his fingers; perhaps one whose hand was deformed by rheumatism. There isn't any finger motion in those words."

"You're quite right," returned the owner of the paper. "The fact is, that isn't handwriting at all."

"What! Engraving?" cried the lawyer, catching it up and examining it closely. "Impossible! There's a spreading of the ink there and one catch of a pointed pen that shows it's pen work."

"Pen work it is," returned the other, "but not handwriting. There's a little story connected with that bit of paper that dates back several years, and contributes one of the most successful identifications I've ever known."

"Remembering that you are on oath," said an ex-judge in a professional accent, "please to relate all that you know about the writing, on the slip of paper I now hand you."

"Well, your honor," said the lawyer, "it goes back several years to the time when I was an express agent out in Montana. In those days we handled a good deal of money out there and all sorts of games were put up on us to get it, for the country was full of slick crooks. After the company had given up a few consignments of cash to the wrong persons, who seemed to have excellent identifications, we shut down pretty close, and unless a man had strawberry marks all over him as per diagram received we weren't giving up any packages of money that came on from the east to bring the prodigal son home again. As we found out afterward, there was a leak in the office that enabled the crooks to put up fake identifications on us. It was while we were going our slowest that there came into the place one day a man who looked like a sleeky gorilla just back from a two-weeks' jamboree. He was stout and nut-headed and he had big, long arms that swung loose from his shoulders and a shock of matted beard all over his face. With him was a tall thin party with a bandage over one eye and miscellaneous cuts all over his face. Take 'em together, they were as tough a looking pair as I'd seen, even out there, and I wondered if they had some little game, or were only on the touch."

"The gorilla came strutting up to the counter and asked if I was the express agent. I said I was and asked him what I could do for him. He seemed cool enough, but there was a little quiver in his throat as he said:

"Is there a package here for A. L. Mancher?"

"Maybe there is," I said. "What were you expecting if you're Mancher?"

"Which I didn't for a minute believe. 'You're Mancher,' he said, eagerly. 'I was expecting money. I might

be \$100 or it might be \$200. I sent for \$200."

"Then I remembered I'd had a letter along with a package for Mancher, saying that he could identify himself unmistakably by his handwriting. I made up my mind it would have to be all sorts of unmistakableness before I'd hand over that package to the slimy hobo in front, for in addition to my first suspicions I saw he was beginning to shake."

"You say you're Mancher," I said. "Got anybody to identify you?"

"I'll identify him," said the hobo with the bandage.

"Which bank are you president of?" I said. He moved up. "Hold on. Don't come too close," I told him, and I showed up a revolver.

"Jim is all right," said the gorilla, hastily. "We look pretty tough, Mr. Agent, but you'd look tough too if you'd been through the same. If I don't get that money," he broke off and I saw his throat working; then he looked up with a pitiful grin and added: "It took my last cent to telegraph for it, and I haven't eaten since yesterday morning."

"Come 30 miles on foot, both of us, on one slice of bread," added the rag bearer.

"They certainly looked the part, and I began to soften up a little, but I kept my gun ready."

"What's your lay, Mancher?" I said. "Give some account of yourself, and maybe we can fix this thing. Know any solid citizen here that can identify you?"

"Not a living soul," he said. "We've just tramped in, I tell you. We came out to this country prospecting with a gang, and we didn't strike it right. Then Jim and I bent back, doing odd turns around saloons. I'm a bit of a meamerist myself."

"He fumbled in his rags and handed out a card to me with 'Paul Leroy, meamerist and hypnotic specialist,' on it."

"That don't look much like Mancher, my friend," I said.

"That's my professional name," he answered, quietly. "My folks' name is Mancher. For the love of Heaven!" he broke out, sharply, "is there money to get me home waiting for me and I can't get it and the two of us starving to death?" and he laid his head down sideways on the counter like a sick monkey."

"Write your name," I said, pushing him a pad and pen and ink.

"With a gasp of hope he grabbed at the pen and scratched off his name in a shaking hand. I looked it over and there was nothing unmistakable about it. Anybody who was pretty nervous might have written the same way. I shook my head."

"It won't do, Mancher," I told him. "You'll have to get somebody to identify you. If you're hard up for a meal I'll stake you to a dollar to pass you along."

"Then what did you want me to write my name for?" he cried. "That's the name the money was sent to, if it's for me. It must be for me. Didn't they write you some description of me so I could get it?"

"Come on, Al," said his companion, with a furious look at me. "He's holding out on you. He won't give it up."

"That's enough from you," I said. "As for you who call yourself Mancher, I'll give you one chance. My advice is that the Mancher to whom this money is consigned is to prove his identity unmistakably by writing his name."

"The old game, Al," the man with the rag around his head cried out. "In a minute the gorilla was down on the floor tugging at his right shoe until he had it off and what was left of the sock under it. 'Now I'll show you' he said."

"Standing on his left foot, he lifted his right caught the ankle in his hand, swung it over his left shoulder, stooped and picked up the pen in his toes. Then he shifted it over his head, dipped it, drew the pad to him and dashed off his name with the pen held firmly in his toes. I've never seen a contortionist that had such limberness. He made me fairly dizzy, but my doubts were gone."

"Will that do?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes; if it's a million dollars," I said, and I handed him the packet, for the money came in a little box and not on an order.

"He ripped it open, and when he counted out \$200 I thought he was going to break down and leave tear-stains all over my floor. That signature I pasted in the book, and then I got him to write me his autograph on another piece of paper. Last I saw of Mancher he was leaving in the train with his friend Jim. He was on the luck platform, and when I shook my hat at him he chuckled his lip onto the top of his shoe and swung it around his head. That's the autograph there, gentlemen," concluded the lawyer, "and, as I told you, no expert has ever been able to analyze it yet. So far as I know, it's the only case where a signature for identification was not made in handwriting."—N. Y. Sun.

Why Tommy Became Gleeat.

"Mamma, what would you do if that big case in the parlor should get broken?" said Tommy.

"I should speak whoever did it," said Mrs. Binko, gazing severely at her little son.

"Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your morals," said Tommy, gleefully, "coz papa's broken it."—Hampden Bazar.

Warships of the Romans.

The men-of-war of the ancient Romans had a crew of about 225 men, of which 174 were oarsmen working on three decks. The speed of these vessels was about 4 knots an hour in fair weather.

Success comes partly in aiming high, but mostly in making as much noise as a 13-inch gun.—Detroit Journal.

Wants a Good Deal.

A gambler always wants a good deal for his money.—Chicago Daily News.

THE MOUTH OF THE HORSE.

One of the Most Sensitive Parts of the Equine Anatomy Often Neglected.

In a foreign journal a veterinarian writes as follows: During the many years in which I have been engaged in the practice of veterinary medicine, there is nothing that has been more forcibly brought to my attention than the indifference shown by most people to the condition of the horse's mouth. They seem to think the mouth never becomes deranged, when in fact it is one of the most sensitive organs of the equine economy. All young horses coming three and four years old should have their teeth and mouths carefully examined when any symptoms of tenderness are shown in the mouth, as it is at this age that some of the milk molars are replaced by the permanent ones.

In some cases the crown of the former is only partially displaced, and gives rise to much pain and annoyance to the horse. I have seen a young horse that had its throat blistered with liniment, and was treated for distemper, when the trouble was due to a displaced crown of a milk molar, which, upon removal, gave instant relief. Again, in some horses the structure of the teeth is of a comparatively soft nature, and wears rapidly on the grinding substances in a ragged and uneven manner, which severely cuts and lacerates the tongue and cheeks. This defect may be easily remedied by the use of a mouth rasp, an instrument that may now be found in nearly all hardware stores. To heal the raw surfaces, a little alum and borax dissolved in water will act effectually. This humane method, if pursued by people who own horses, will prevent much suffering to the horse, and at the same time amply repay the owner in the improved appearance of his animal, and in many cases prevent the loss of much food by quidding and slobbering.

A few words in regard to those bugbears of most horse owners—namely, lampas, so-called, and wolf teeth. Lampas is supposed by most people to possess some mysterious power over a horse, whereby his appetite becomes deranged. They, therefore, resort to cutting and burning the poor brute's mouth under a mistaken notion of curing the lampas. The writer has been engaged in the care of horses for 23 years, and has yet to see a horse that was affected physically in any way by lampas, except in the imagination of its owner. It is the same with the so-called "wolf teeth." These teeth are the vestigial remains of premolar teeth that in the remote ancestors of the horse were functional, and they have become, through disuse, mere rudiments, as it were, of their former selves. They do not, by some occult means, affect the eyes of horses and cause them to go blind, nor are they responsible, as some good people contend, for a horse being in poor condition.—San Francisco Chronicle.

MAGIC IN THE HORSESHOE.

This has been the Tradition from Time Immemorial in All Countries.

Horseshoe magic is a subject which seems to be of perennial interest, mainly because it touches that little substratum of superstitious beliefs which is inherent in most of us, though, being a materialistic people in a materialistic age, and having put away from ourselves childish things, we none of us confess to it. As a matter of fact, however, we are always, either literally or metaphorically, turning over our money when we see a new moon or picking up a rusty horseshoe as a harbinger of luck. But the point that never seems to be reached in these magazine discussions is the circumstance that, initially and intrinsically, horseshoe magic has nothing to do with horseshoes. It existed long before horseshoes were ever shod, and it has left traces of its presence in places where horses have never been known.

In comparatively modern times the horseshoe over the door—nailed to the lintel with the points uppermost, be it noted—has been chiefly regarded as a protection against witchcraft, a belief which has survived in its modified "luck-bringing" form to the present day. But the horseshoe-shaped mark has been a mystic symbol from immemorial days, and all the modern superstition has done has been to fit it to the horseshoe. I have seen the mark, sometimes paluted and sometimes cut, on ancient shrines and temples in the interior of China; it has been in use for many centuries in India; it is to be found in the Aztec ruins and on the stonework of buried cities discovered recently by Dr. Schlichter in the region now known as Rhodesia.

It has been found incised on the sacred Churinga stones of the tribes of central Australia and painted on the bodies of such of the tribesmen as have gone through the religious mysteries peculiar to these aboriginal survivors. Messrs. Spencer and Gillen tried last year to induce the tribal priests to expound the horseshoe mystery to them, but it was either too sacred or too obscure, and they learned nothing save that the mark was an indispensable part of their mystic rites. The horseshoe mark is found also in British Guiana, in the region of the Amazon, in Georgia and Illinois, in Zululand, in the temple of the Goddess Mut in upper Egypt and in innumerable dolmens, kists and bowlders in the British Isles, but always with the points uppermost. In so far, therefore, as antiquity confers respectability, horseshoe magic is preeminently respectable. The only awkward thing about it is that we do not know what terrible mysteries it may have originally signified, or to what pagan rites we may be unwittingly committing ourselves when we nail the rusty symbol over our lintels.—St. Paul's Magazine.

High Price for Straightness.

One of the difficult problems in practical mechanics is to make a "straight-edge." How difficult it is may be judged from an incident which occurred in the shops of J. A. Breshner, the astronomical instrument-maker. A customer asked Mr. Breshner what would be the price of "a perfect straight-edge of glass 36 inches long."

"It can't be made absolutely perfect," said Mr. Breshner, "but it could probably be made with a limit of error amounting to only a fraction of a wave-length of light."

"How much would that cost?" "About \$10,000!" It turned out that the customer wanted the straight-edge for a mirror, and that an error of one-sixty-fourth of an inch would have been inadmissible for his purpose.—Youth's Companion.

Two Monkeys.

"What a bird-like appetite she has," remarked an admirer to the crusty old bachelor who is helping the family entertain her while she is visiting.

"Bird-like? I should say so. Anything from turkey to feed birds."—Detroit Free Press.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

Italy has only a dozen commercial schools of all grades.

Kintichi Batsoka, president of the Diet at Japan, is a Presbyterian.

There are 1,293 more scholars on the rolls of the Sunday schools of Ireland than last year.

Charles Darwin's statue, the gift of Prof. Poulton, has been put up in the Oxford university museum next to the statue of Sir Isaac Newton.

It is said that every ton of coal mined in England pays 12 cents as royalty to support the Church of England, whether the owner of the mine or the workers in it ever enter a parish church or not.

Miss Catherine Tuttle, of Columbus, O., has given Hobart college, of Geneva, N. Y., \$20,000 for scholarships, and Miss Maria Joppar, of Philadelphia, \$10,000 to Bryn Mawr college for a scholarship foundation fund.

Mrs. Fannie Nast Gamble, daughter of the late William Nast, founder of the German Methodist Episcopal church in America, has endowed the "William Nast chair of theology" in the German Wallace college.

The London Y. W. C. A. has recently formed two new departments. These are for the help of blind and deaf girls, to whom the advantages of the association are now secured by means specially adapted to their needs.

The number of Sunday schools in the Reformed church is 932, with a total enrollment of 123,859. These schools during the past year contributed \$12,289.43 for foreign missions, \$3,135.17 for domestic missions and \$172.18 for education, an increase in the gifts of the Sunday schools over last year of \$719.12. Eighteen hundred and twenty scholars were received into the full communion of the church.

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Extension Table. Antique Oak finish, 5 nicely turned legs, strong and durable, \$2.69



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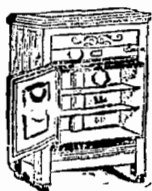
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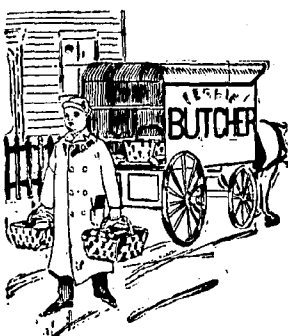
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68th Street, New York.
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12:30 to 11 p. m. South 20th and 30c. Program
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ey Sts., Newark.

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207—Summit avenue and Park street.
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After sending in an ad you stand near
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The Union Water Company supplies the inhabitants of the villages of Farwood, Westfield, Cranford and Roselle with water for domestic use.

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In June 1895 the water supplied by the Company was analyzed by Allen Hazen, Esq., a leading hydraulic expert of Boston and pronounced by him to be "water of great organic purity," and in a letter to one of the Company's patrons he says: "You are to be congratulated upon having so good a supply, and you need have no anxiety whatever as to its wholesomeness."

The interest of the Company is identified with the villages in which its plant is located, and it is the policy of the management to do its full share to promote their growth and prosperity.

The Company refers to all its Patrons.

A representative of the Company will be pleased to call on parties who do not at present use water from its mains, and explain rates, terms, method of service, etc.

Union Water Company,
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THE BLIND WEAVER.

The great wheel turns, and through my
hands
I feel the swift threads run;
My right eye can never see
In warp and woof of tapestry
The subtle Fate has spun;
I know not what I blindly weave,
And yet I dumbly pray
That when the shadows closer creep
Some bit of beauty I may keep
For all the tolling day.

Sometimes the thread is silken soft
As thistledown; and
I tremble—is it Love at last?
A light for vision overcast—
And has my heart a shield?
The wheel waits not, and I toil on
Along the vast design;
From coarse to fine the wool-threads
Range.

Ah, foolish one, they shall not change
For night nor prayer of thine!
The light draws near. My tired soul
Is rent with sudden fears:
The wheel is still—the broken thread
That through my weary fingers sped
Is rough, and stained with tears.
My bleeding hands, I know, have strayed
A web of tangled hues—
Pass not the slightest weaver by!
O Master, chide me not, for I
Have done as best I knew!
—Myrtle Reed, in Outlook.

The "Knocker"

By Kenneth Harris.

"THOSE people think they're all
three rings and the menagerie,"
said the soda-water clerk with the flat
black curl when the elderly man had
gone out after leaving a little pile of
hand-bills on the counter among the
patent-medicine advertisements.
The little druggist with the convex
spectacles looked around at his assist-
ant as he came from behind the pre-
scription case and took down a bottle
labeled "Iris Fl. P." but made no com-
ment. The two girls who were sitting
on the rotary stools consuming ice
cream giggled, however, and looked
at each other with admiration of the
soda-water clerk's biting wit plainly
expressed in their eyes.

"They're going to jump right in and
shake up the West side till its teeth
rattle loose," continued the soda-water
clerk, picking up a handbill and look-
ing at it. "Listen to this, will you:
'Mrs. Mary Bassmore Dugan and Rev. O.
B. Varney will address the meeting.'
Say! You don't want to miss that, girls.
What time shall I call around for you?"

"Why, Mr. Verboost!" said one of the
girls.

"I'd hate to have you get sarcastic
about me," said the other girl.

"I want to hear the chairman intro-
duce 'our dear and gifted sister, whose
eloquence has done so much for our
cause,'" pursued the soda-water clerk,
obviously gratified. "You never heard
Mary, did you? Well, she's great, they
tell me. She ain't quite got Rev. Oratorical
Blatherskite Varney's burning
flow, but it's pretty hot stuff, and it
runs easy. I wouldn't want to be around
her with any turpitude on me when she
turns herself loose."

The two girls giggled again and the
soda-water clerk rinsed out some
glasses and polished them with a
checked cloth, smiling complacently.
"Me and the rest of the Y. M. C. A. boys
are going to get up an auxiliary move-
ment," he observed, when the giggling
had subsided. "Can't you girls do any-
thing for the true and the beautiful?"

"We'll think about it and let you
know," said one of the young women
as she rose and smoothed down her
skirt.

"Well, O reservoir," said the soda-
water clerk.

"You ought to be easy on people," re-
monstrated the druggist, emerging
from behind the prescription case
again. "They can't all be like you."

"It's too bad," said the clerk. "I'm
sorry for people. That's no josh; I'm
sorry for 'em."

"You ought to be," said the druggist.
"But then we can't all sit on the fence
and hoot; some of us have got to do
something."

The soda-water clerk looked puzzled.
"I mean," explained his employer,
"that we've got to do something besides
turning on a tap of gas and water. You
never did anything else, did you?"

Somebody's got to play ball, don't you
understand. We can't all be among the
bleachers, criticizing the game. I'll tell
you about that, William. When I see a
boy who's a player himself and has got
two or three crippled fingers to show
for it make a few remarks."

"I suppose my experience is limited,"
interrupted the soda-water clerk, en-
gaging his curl, "but as far as it has
gone I never heard a player make a few
remarks that could be seen."

"Thanks," said the druggist. "I was
going to say that while I don't mind
listening to what a player has to shout
about his own merits, I don't mind
listening to what a player has to shout
about his own merits."

"There ain't nothing wrong with it as
I know of," replied the soda-water
clerk. "I understand they're going to
reform everything that is wrong. When
Mrs. Mary—wait a minute—yes, Mrs.
Mary Bassmore Dugan and Rev. O. B.
Varney get together in Luxembourg
hall there's not going to be much show
for anything wrong. I'm surprised at
your insinuation."

"Do you know anything about this
thing?" asked the druggist.

"Why, now you mention it and come
to think of it, I don't believe I ever
heard of them before. They're good
names, though. I don't think I ever
heard any better one."

"Well, you want to make allowances
for them," said the druggist. "They're
probably trying to do good in their
poor, weak way. Somebody thinks
enough of them to go to the expense of
having handbills printed. I don't sup-
pose they're bright intellectual people

like you. They probably wouldn't have
sufficient humor to see anything funny
in those obituary verses on 'Our Little
Pearl' that tickled you so yesterday,
and they don't know enough to get
their names changed to suit you, but
you don't need to knock them."

"I hope I haven't broke up their meet-
ing by what I said to them two girls,"
said the soda-water clerk.

"I don't believe you have," said the
druggist, "and it wouldn't make any
particular difference to you if you had,
so long as you thought you could say
something funny about it. An idiot like
you—I don't mean to intimate that
you're an idiot; I'm talking in an ab-
stract sense—an idiot like you doesn't
care what he knocks. He knock every-
thing and gets to be a little cheap
knocker if some good friend doesn't
give him some advice."

"It's all right as long as you don't
take anything out of my wages for it,"
said the soda-water clerk. "It's gratis,
ain't it?"

"It doesn't cost you a cent," said
the druggist, reassuringly. "I was just
going to remark that nobody ever says
or does anything that Mr. Knocker can't
play horse with. It's the easiest thing
in the world, and some people make a
living at it. You've got to get out of
the soda-water profession, though, if
you're going to follow it up. You don't
take this as anything personal, do you?"

"Certainly not," said the soda-water
clerk. "I haven't the least suspicion of
such a thing; but then I may be fooled.
A man has to kick me three or four
times good and hard before I find out
he doesn't like me."

"I'm glad you don't take it that way,"
said the druggist. "It would indicate
that you thought you were something
of a general all-round josh and catch-
as-catch-can cynic yourself. Once get
that idea into your head and I'll be
losing you. You'd either specialize your
knocking and point out Solomon's
errors of judgment on the lecture plat-
form, or you'd generalize and spend
your time taking airy swipes at every-
thing that came along. You'll never run
out of material, as I told you. There are
always subjects more or less snared and
people more or less ridiculous in spots.
I shouldn't wonder if you had a spot or
two about you yourself."

"You can't scare me; I've had the
measles," said the soda-water clerk.

"You don't really belong to the Y. M.
C. A., do you?" asked the druggist, tap-
ping his palm with his spatula.

"I haven't regularly joined yet," re-
plied the soda-water clerk. "I'm wait-
ing for a letter of introduction to the
president."

"I thought that was a sarcastic breeze
you were giving those ladies," said the
druggist. "I didn't really think you
were identified with that crowd. Why,
there's a lot of goo-gos among them
who wouldn't smoke a cigarette if you
stuck one in their face and lit it for
them. They're got boys 18 years old
that haven't a practical knowledge of
how to swear and that couldn't write
down the names of ten variety stars if
you gave them a pencil and a pad of pa-
per. They'd have to take you into the
gymnasium and beat the face off you
with gloves before you could respect
them. They're the kind that grow up
and organize reform meetings and all
that kind of idiotic thing."

A young man with a jagged straw hat
and a silk-bosomed shirt came in and
the druggist walked back to the pre-
scription case.

"Gimme a bromo seltzer, Billy," said
the young man. "What's eatin' the
boss?"

"Nothin's eatin' him," said the soda-
water clerk. "He's been eatin' cor-
rosive sublimate and caustic potash.
That's his steady diet. It doesn't hurt
him. He just gets hot and sweats it out
on me."—Chicago Daily Record.

Ghurkhas and Flying Fish.
Three men of the Fifth Gurkhas
were trained by experienced Swiss
guides—one with Lieut. Bruce in the
early '80s, and the others with Sir Mar-
tin Conway in 1894. Good-tempered,
cheerful, keen and full of fun, they be-
came general favorites wherever they
went. They, on their part, thoroughly
appreciated the kindness with which
they were treated, and their
wonderful and delightful experiences
in Europe still afford an endless topic
of conversation. The little Himalay-
ans were intensely interested in every-
thing they saw, the sea and the ships
proving a source of great delight. Fly-
ing fish, however, they could not at all
understand. To such great wielders of
the rod this mode of piscine locomotion
seemed most improper. One of these
fish having fallen on board the ship,
was immediately pounced upon by
Karbir and Amar Sing. Being asked
what their friends in the regiment
would think when told that fish could
fly, the Gurkhas naively replied that
they hadn't the slightest intention of
mentioning the fact, as their reputa-
tions for veracity were at present good,
and, should they try their comrades'
credulity with this travelers' tale, no
one would believe a word they might
say for the rest of their service.—
Blackwoods.

Attending the Operation.
A very short-sighted old gentleman
going into one of our large towns for
the first time, and coming from the
heart of the country, seeing a man dig-
ging went to him and said:

"My man, for whom diggest thou
this long and narrow grave?"

But the man took no notice. Going
closer, he remarked again:

"My man, for whom diggest thou
this long and narrow grave?"

The man looked up and said:

"Go on, you silly old fossil! I'm lay-
ing gas pipes!"—London Answers.

A Very Terrible Tale.
It doesn't always pay to try to dodge
the assessor, declares the Kansas City
Star. In Pike county a man hid a \$100
dog in an upstairs room the day the
assessor was there, and the dog jumped
out of the window and broke its neck.

NICE IN LAW.

The small rodents figured promi-
nently in a recent contest over
Land Ownership.

The land contest case in which a fam-
ily of mice played a prominent part
has been decided on the appeal to
Binger Hermann, commissioner of the
general land office at Washington. The
rodents are not mentioned in the de-
cision, but the man whom it was
claimed allowed the mice to establish
a residence in his bed is allowed to
retain possession of his homestead, the
ruling of the local land office being re-
versed and the contest dismissed. A
peculiar feature of the case is that when
the family of mice was first mentioned
it was contended that their presence
in the bed of the entryman argued an
abandonment of the homestead, and the
local land office apparently took the
same view of the matter. But when the
decision was appealed from it was set
up that the presence of the mice was
an argument in favor of the home-
steader.

Fred O. Grutt was the entryman, hav-
ing taken up a homestead near Daven-
port three years ago. Last August
John O'Neil instituted a contest to the
homestead entry, alleging that Grutt
had abandoned the claim, did not keep
up a continuous residence thereon and
that the only inhabitants of the shanty
on the ranch were a family of mice.
After hearing the case the registrar
and receiver decided that Grutt's entry
should be canceled. From this decision
Grutt had 60 days in which to file
an appeal to the commissioner at
Washington.

The appeal was filed by Leo Walton,
attorney for Grutt. In the appeal the
mice family was referred to as fol-
lows: "If there were any mice in this
entryman's bed during the early part
of September, 1898, it plainly shows
that the entryman did have a bed on
the land at the time."

"The house mouse is known to be a
domestic animal that multiplies in a
few weeks and which has been known
to have slept and given birth to its
young not only in the same room, but
actually in the undertaking of the
same bed with very respectable and
otherwise law-abiding citizens, who
were seldom absent from their homes
at night. Indeed, the house that is
free from this little pest is the excep-
tion, and, as a rule, would speak elo-
quently for the service rendered by
the feline members of the household.
The careful housewife who moves a
small piece of furniture or other article
in her rooms which has been permitted
to remain in that position for a few
days and who has not been compelled
to hastily mount a chair in the mid-
dle of the room and remain there un-
til rescued, by reason of the sudden
appearance, or, rather, disappearance,
of a mouse, must always have been a
resident of Mars—that being one of the
very few places which, the naturalist
tells us, is not adapted to mice or stray
beds."—Spokane Review.

GRAPPLING FOR A CABLE.
It Was Severed by a Swordfish and
Recovered with Much
Difficulty.

To find the broken ends of a North
Atlantic cable is by no means an easy
matter, according to the reports
brought to this city by the British
steamship Manhattan, from London,
and the Swiss steamship Switzerland,
from Antwerp. Both vessels recently
spoke the cable steamship Minia during
her long search for the broken ends.
The Minia has been able to locate the
break, although its approximate posi-
tion was known before she started on
her cruise.

The Switzerland sighted the Minia on
June 24 in latitude 32.11, longitude
51.48, and the Manhattan on May 28 in
latitude 48.04, longitude 35.50.

The electricians on the Minia reported
to the Manhattan that the break was
over 15,000 feet, or about three miles,
below the surface of the sea and that
they had not yet been able to pick up
the broken ends. The point at which
the cable parted was in mid-ocean and
at one of the deepest spots in the At-
lantic. The officers of the Minia
claimed that it was the greatest depth
at which the drags had ever been put
overboard from any vessel to grapple
the ends of a lost cable.

The break in the cable, which crosses
from New York to Kinsale, Ireland, oc-
curred last winter and it has been of no
use since that time. It was first
thought that the wreck of a sunken ves-
sel had dragged downward over the
cable, causing it to snap apart, but an
expert on deep-sea cables the other day
stated that it was more than likely the
work of swordfish.

Before the Minia started on her
cruise two months ago the location of
the break was approximately discov-
ered by the resistance of the electrical
current on the dip of the needle of a
galvanometer. To pick up these broken
ends and splice them together is a diffi-
cult if not an impossible undertaking,
and it may yet be necessary to go back
to shoulder water and run out new cable.
—Philadelphia Record.

They're Opponents Agreed.
Tommy (who has been entertaining
Mr. Jenkins in the parlor, to his sister's
eye enters)—Mr. Jenkins can talk
fine, Clara—just as you said he could.

Miss Clara (drilling pleasantly)—
Why, did I say so, Tommy?

"You didn't say 'fine' 'cause you girls
always talk so I can't understand; but
I heard you tell May Smith that Mr.
Jenkins was an alleged conversational-
ist and amused you very much, and I
think so, too."—N. Y. World



CRANFORD.

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

Herbert Ferguson is spending a few days with friends at Cairo, N. Y.

Mrs. Peter Dumont and Mrs. Henry A. Humphrey are visiting at Belmont.

Miss Minnie Vreeland is spending a vacation of several weeks at Littleton, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Rushmore have moved from Plainfield to their new house in this town.

Mrs. Charles L. Abry is entertaining her daughter, Mrs. Philip Reilly, at her home on North avenue.

There was a lawn festival for the benefit of the Baptist church on the grounds at the residence of Mrs. Maggie Bryant, Grove street, last evening.

Robert C. Plume and James E. W. rner will represent Court Cranford, I. O. F., at the session of the High Court which meets at Hoboken in September.

There promises to be a good game of base ball on the home grounds to-morrow afternoon when the Cranford team will meet the Johnstown Field Club, of Jersey City.

The funeral services of the late Dr. Robert Hunter, owner of the Hotel Hunter, son, at Netherwood, who died at Canaan, Canada, were held at the residence of his son, Frederick W. Hunter, Wednesday afternoon. The services were conducted by the Rev. John Edgcomb, of Trinity church.

RAHWAY.

Miss Grace Browne, of Newark, is the guest of Miss Josie Russ.

Mrs. F. W. Martin has been spending a few days at Asbury Park.

Miss L. Blanche Tucker is visiting friends at Eagle Mere, Pa.

Edwin C. Ross, of the post office, will spend his vacation of two weeks at Asbury Park.

Misses Charlotte and Ada Westervelt are summering with friends at Clinton Corners, New York.

Bismarck's Iron Nerve

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

An Eye Easily Blinded.

Here is a funny little story from far-away Ceylon. A tea planter who had a glass eye was desirous of going away with a friend, but he knew that as soon as the natives who were at work on the plantation heard that he had gone they would not do a stroke of work. How was he to get off? That was the question. After much thought an idea struck him. Going up to the men, he addressed them thus:

"Although I myself will be absent, yet I shall leave one of my eyes to see that you do your work."

And much to the surprise and bewilderment of the natives he took out the glass eye and placed it on the stump of a tree and left. For some time the men worked like beavers, now and then casting furtive glances at the eye to see if it was still watching, but at last one of them, seeing his tin, in which he carried his food, approached the tree and gently placed it over the eye. As soon as they were not being watched they all lay down and slept peacefully until sunset.

An Awful Ordeal.

Once in a year, and at one place in the world, there is a crush that surpasses anything else of its kind in the world. It is the great fair of Bawa Field, which is annually held in the town of Pak Pantan, in British India. It is held in honor of the famous St. Farid-ud-Din, surnamed Shaker Gani, or sugar store, from the fact that his body had become so pure by continual fasting that whatever was put into his mouth, even earth and stones, was instantly changed into sugar.

The principal ceremony consists of passing through an opening made in a wall adjoining the shrine, measuring 5 feet by 2 1/2 feet, and called "The Gates of Paradise."

Whoever between noon and night is able to pass through this opening is assured of paradise, and when there are 50,000 striving to pass through at the same time the crush is something terrific. Women faint, bones are broken, and the heat is stifling.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. We who undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

West & Triax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Walthing, Kiman & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

GARWOOD.

John Reed, of the C & C works is enjoying a vacation.

Joseph Hague and William Pine have left the C & C works.

Mr. and Mrs. James A. Beckley are visiting friends in Connecticut.

John Miller and family have moved from Elmer street, Westfield, to this place.

Frank Basills has given out the contract for a new \$1,000 house to be erected here.

Station Agent G. B. Sheldon has returned from a month's vacation spent at Albany, N. Y.

Rev. J. Herbert MacConnell will conduct the services at the Garwood chapel during the present month.

A GOOD CHANCE FOR GARWOOD.

A Connecticut Manufacturing Firm Wishes to Move its Plant to New Jersey.

The Westfield Board of Trade & Improvement Association of Westfield can now try their hand at doing real business, for here is a firm in Connecticut which wishes to move its large plant to New Jersey, and where could a better site be found than right at Garwood.

A daily paper says:

There is a probability that the Yale & Towne Manufacturing Company, lock manufacturers, will transfer its big plant at Stamford and Branford, Conn., to a place in New Jersey within easy reach of New York, in which the general offices are situated. A proposition to make the change was made by the owners of a large tract of land near New Orange, who are anxious to develop an industrial settlement upon it, and it is being seriously considered by President Henry R. Towne.

"The plan would be advantageous to us in more than one respect," said an official of the company yesterday. "In the first place, it would enable us to consolidate our plants into one factory. In addition, the proposed locality has obvious advantages in the way of transportation and the procuring of heavy materials. We also understand that working people can live there very comfortably at moderate cost."

If the officials of this company could be brought to Garwood they would no doubt drop New Orange for that place, which would be more desirable in every way.

FANWOOD.

John Boorman is now working in Westfield.

Mrs. Frederick Scheelen, Jr., is confined to her home by a severe illness.

Miss Minnie Hosinger has been entertaining Miss Francis Zangle, of Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dont have returned to their home at Brooklyn after a month's stay in town.

The special meeting of the Board of Education which was called for Tuesday evening was postponed for one week.

ROSELLE.

Miss Sadie Clarkson, of Brooklyn, is visiting Roselle friends.

J. James is spending a few days with friends at Stroudsburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Roeder are entertaining Miss Jessie Cathart, of Washington, D. C., at their home on North Chestnut street.

Frederick Vaughn, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. William Vaughn, died Wednesday morning. The funeral was held yesterday and interment took place at Fairview cemetery in Westfield.

Countess Ho's Bravery.

Many years ago, when quite a young man, during a rebellion, Count Ho was hiding from his enemies, who, having tracked him to his house, sent a band of "sohals" to assassinate him. On hearing his enemies approaching and trapped like a rat in its hole, the count drew his sword and prepared to die, but the countess whispered, "Do not die; there is hope still," and removing the "hiltahs," or firebox, and lifting up the mats and the plants beneath, she induced her husband to conceal himself in the hollow space which exists under the floors of all Japanese houses.

The murderers broke into the room just as the firebox had been replaced and demanded of the countess their victim. In vain they threatened and cruelly ill treated her, dragging her about the room by her long black hair. But it was of no avail. They could not shake her resolute fidelity. Thanks to her courage Count Ho escaped and has lived to give to his country a new constitution and become one of the greatest statesmen of modern Japan. I often wonder when I see the countess, now a delicate, gray haired, little lady, at the courage and presence of mind that she displayed at that critical moment of her life.—Cornhill Magazine.

No Right to Unladies.

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

TAINTED THE SPRING

HOW WHISKY GAP, WY., GOT ITS PECULIAR NAME.

The Frontiersmen's Fable That the Mountain Stream Was a Fountain of Youth Disputed by the True Story of the Bleeding Process.

One of the historic places in the west is Whisky Gap, WY. The old time dwellers of mountain and plain—the men who "fought Indians and hunted buffalo out west" during the overland train days of the early sixties—have shrugged their shoulders at the mention of Whisky Gap for nearly 40 years. This is the place, according to their belief, where real "dewwater" gushed out of the rocks in a beautiful mountain spring to quench the thirst of a whole company of Uncle Sam's trained Indian fighters. "It was nothing but pure spring water," they say; "a veritable fountain of youth."

Colonel C. C. Constant, the author of a history of Wyoming and the pioneer days of the west, has learned the true story of Whisky Gap to be somewhat different from the fountain of youth fable. According to historical record of the early days along the government overland trail, Whisky Gap received its name in 1862 during the building of the overland stage route from Denver to Salt Lake City and the Pacific coast.

The people of Denver had long been working to secure the regular overland stage route, then connecting the east and the west. In 1862 Ben Holliday, a veteran stage man, became proprietor of the great overland line, and he agreed upon a route running through Denver to the west. He decided to discontinue that part of the road running up the North Platte and the Sweetwater rivers and across South Pass, WY. The many Indian difficulties experienced on this route were the inducement to abandon it.

The new trail led by way of Julesburg, Colo., to Denver, and on over the established wagon road to Fort Lupton, and north across Laramie plains, then due west through Bridge Pass, WY., joining the old trail leading across the country to the Pacific coast. The change was made during the summer of 1862. All the rolling stock, horses and other property of the company were gathered at the station just above Devil's Gate, in central Wyoming. Company A of the Eleventh Ohio cavalry, with Major O'Farrell in command, was the detailed escort at the time.

During the first day the long line of coaches, wagons, horses and mules made 11 miles from the station where the property had been gathered. The route chosen was directly south from the Sweetwater river. The camp selected was in a gap in the mountains where there were a fine spring and plenty of wood for cooking purposes.

Shortly after going into camp the major discovered that quite a number of his soldiers were intoxicated, and he at once sent for Lieutenant W. H. Brown, who was officer of the day, and informed him of the condition of many of the men and gave it as his opinion that some one was selling whisky in the camp. The command was doing escort duty not only for stage stock and stores, but also for a number of emigrants who had availed themselves of the opportunity for safe conduct over the plains.

Lieutenant Brown received orders to search all wagons, and if he should discover whisky to destroy it. Taking a corporal and three or four men, he commenced the search for the contraband article and found at last a barrel of whisky in an emigrant wagon. The officer ordered his men to roll the barrel out of the wagon, knock in the head and empty the contents on the ground. This was done, but it chanced that the spot where the whisky was emptied was just above the spring, and the fiery liquid went pouring down into the water supply of the camp.

The soldiers saw what was going on, and they rushed forward with cups, canteens, buckets and camp kettles to save what they could of the coveted "spirits." Many a man stooped over the spring and drank almost without breathing until he was drunk. One soldier who had succeeded in getting a full canteen from the spring paid his respects to Major O'Farrell at the headquarters tent, assuring his commanding officer, with a mandarin accent and many a "hic," that that was the finest spring he had ever seen and the very best water he had ever tasted.

Major O'Farrell was apprehending an attack from the Indians that night, and the condition of his men fairly horrified him. He saw at a glance that even a small band of savages could make a successful raid on his camp, consequently the sober and less intoxicated men were kept on the alert all night. Fortunately, no Indians put in an appearance, and by morning the delirious men had slept off their intoxication.

Thus the gap in the mountains where the camp was made received the name of Whisky Gap. For many years it was the favorite camping place for the more credulous of the old frontiersmen and emigrants of the "trail days," but the little spring was never a "fountain of youth" as it had been in the old days, when "dewwater" gushed up out of the rocks to quench the thirst of a company of United States soldiers.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

An He Put It.

Mancho told this story of an Irishman who was driving a mail coach. He observed him to be fidgeting his neck up in the voluminous folds of his comforter and remarked, "You seem to be making very good care of yourself, my friend."

"Oh, to be sure, I am, sir," answered the driver, "what's all the world to a man when his wife's a wildy!"

Blood

If the blood in sufficient quantity leaves the body because of a wound or hemorrhage of the lungs the result is death.

Life depends on the blood because the blood carries to all parts of the body the nutritive elements necessary to sustain it.

What if these nutritive elements are absent?

What if they are supplanted by poisonous, effete matter and disease germs?

The first result is disease—partial death. The final result is the same as from loss of blood.

All disease is traceable to impurity or weakness of the blood and that is the reason the "Golden Medical Discovery" cures so many different diseases—it purifies and vitalizes the blood—makes it rich, red and healthy—fills it with nutriment for the starving nerves and tissues.

Consumption is properly a disease of the blood—so is scrofula—so is rheumatism. They look like different diseases but one medicine will relieve all three.

"I am using a good many of your medicines in my practice," writes Dr. Joseph Pike, of Lost Springs, Marion Co., Kansas. "Ten years ago a sufferer of mine was badly affected with that dreadful disease, scrofula. Her mouth and throat were in an awful condition and there were lumps on the outside below the jaw the size of a hen's egg. Other doctors said it was a fatal case. I felt confident that some of my remedies would benefit her. I gave it to her as directed. Five bottles cured her and she is well to-day. She is married now and has three healthy children."

Dr. Pierce's Pills cure biliousness.

An Interesting Experiment.

That the earth revolves on its axis can be proved by a simple experiment. Fill a medium sized bowl nearly full of water and place it upon the floor of a room that is not exposed to jarring from the street. Upon the surface of the water sprinkle a coating ofycopodium powder. Then take powdered charcoal and draw a straight black line two inches long upon the coating—the line should be north and south.

After this is done lay upon the floor a stick so that it will be exactly parallel with the charcoal line. Any stationary object in the room will answer as well, provided it is parallel with the line. If the bowl is left undisturbed for several hours, it will be seen that the black mark has turned toward the parallel object and has moved from east to west, in a direction opposite to the movement of the earth on its axis.

This proves that the earth in revolving has carried the water with it, but the powder on the surface has been left a little behind.

To Extract a Splinter.

The easiest way to extract a splinter deep in the flesh of the hand or foot is by means of steam. A rather wide mouthed bottle is filled two-thirds full of boiling water, and the injured spot is held close over the opening. The suction draws the flesh down, and a little additional pressure is used to assist the exit of the intruder. In a few moments the steam extracts the splinter, and the inflammation rapidly subsides.

Glove Silver.

Glove silver was the strange name given to a custom which prevailed in England during the middle ages—namely, the granting of a certain sum of money to servants to buy gloves with on Lannan's day, or, as it is called now, Bank holiday.

Hindoo Carpenters.

In India the carpenters have an almost universal objection to sharpening their tools. They never set their saws, and when they get a grindstone they cut it into pieces and use the fragments for anything except to put an edge on chisel or ax.

Volcanic Eruptions.

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

Beau Brummel Reprimanded.

Beau Brummel once insolently replied to an invitation to take tea by remarking that he never "took" anything but physics.

"Yes, you do," frowned his hostess; "you take liberties."

Decided.

An Austin colored waiter told a Boston man at a hotel that in eastern Texas a white man had married a negro woman.

"Was he not decided?" asked the Bostonian in the classic speech of the "Hub of Culture."

"He was, sah," heened the negro. "Dey rided him out ob town on a rail."

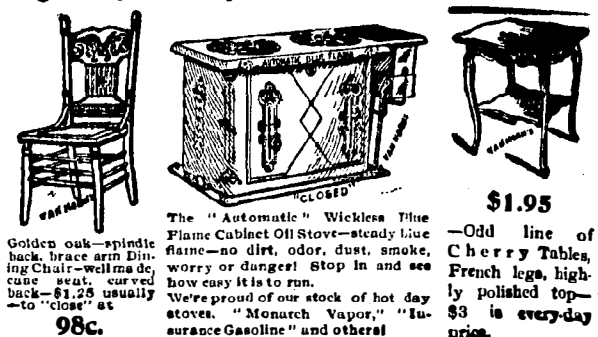
His Life Was Saved.

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

There is ONE Range on the market to-day that meets every want—"The Portland Range."

IT'S A DUTY TO YOURSELF

to choose one or more of the rare bargains we're fairly thrusting on you! Fall goods are on the way—all these Spring and Summer lines are yours at most any figure so long as they leave us quick! Cash or credit.



Carpets—At rates like these:
Extra Heavy Ingrains, 38c. yd.
Cotton Chain Ingrains, 26c. yd.
Good Brussels at 45c. yd.
All-wool Extra Super Ingrains, 53c. yd.

Mattings—1899 Importation—Clear 'Em Out:

As low as 9c. yard for the Chinese weaves.
As low as 15c., 18c., 25c., 30c. to 75c. yard up.
We've come across some 300 yards, all told, of Remnant Oldcloth—all patterns—at YOUR own idea of a low price.



REFRIGERATORS—a complete stock of worthy makes, warranted to keep ice as well as food—to west prices.
Send for catalogue. Mail orders promptly filled. Free deliveries.

Amos H. Van Horn, Ltd. 73 Market St.,
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Note first name "Amos." Newark, N. J.
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CAREFARE PAID TO OUT-OF-TOWN BUYERS.

NOTHING BUT FIRE PLACE GOODS

EVERYTHING FOR THE FIRE PLACE.

CURTIS M. THORPE, 310-312 Park Avenue, Plainfield, N. J.

His Half Way Scheme.

Not long ago a Pittsburg life insurance agent persuaded a Chinaman to take out a policy of \$5,000. The latter had no clear idea of the transaction, but understood that on paying the premiums promptly he would be entitled to \$5,000 some time. He began bothering the agent for the money after a couple of weeks had passed, and the agent tried to explain to him that he would have to die before he could get it. The Chinaman fell down a cellar-way and was badly hurt. His friends tried to attend to him without calling in a doctor. When they did call one in two days later, the doctor was angry. "Why didn't you call me sooner?" he asked. "This man is half dead now."

Next day the injured man's brother was at the insurance office with a claim for \$2,500. "You're not entitled to anything on this," said the insurance agent, "until the man is dead."

"Doctor say him half dead," answered the brother. "Why he no get lat half?"

The Red Sea.

At certain seasons of the year the Red Sea is almost unbearable. The water taken from 70 to 80 feet below the surface of the sea at 6 o'clock in the morning will often register a temperature as high as 90 degrees. If, in addition, a sandstorm thinks fit to blow, the whole air is full of a mist made of innumerable particles of fine hot sand, which blind and suffocate at the same time.—Favorite Magazine.

Ventilating Bees.

In tropical countries there are what one can only describe as ventilating bees. During the hot season two or three bees post themselves on their heads at the entrance of the hive and fan the interior with the incessant motion of their wings. They are relieved at intervals by fresh bees who carry on the process. They are kept to their duty by a sort of patrol of bees. This is a well authenticated fact.

The two eggs held by a pigeon at most invariably produce male and female. Some curious experiments as to which of the eggs produces the male and which the female have resulted in showing that the first egg laid is the female and the second the male.

Edwards Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation; forever, 40c. 50c. At C. C. C. 10c. full drug store refund money.

Horton's ICE CREAM
For FESTIVALS, LAWN PARTIES, RECEPTIONS, WEDDINGS, etc., etc.

Schmitt's Bakery,

BROAD STREET, WESTFIELD.

Don't Wash Your Face

With common soap when you may obtain pure toilet soap for the same price.

Dairy Queen Toilet Soap..... 5 cents a cake
Flaming Toilet Soap..... 5 " "
Lilies Toilet Soap..... 5 " "
Albion Toilet Soap..... 5 " "
Transparent Glycerin Soap..... 5 " "
Rose Beauty Toilet Soap..... 10 " "
Oatmeal Complexion Soap..... 10 " "
Savon Glycerin Soap..... 10 " "
Cherry Tar Soap..... 10 " "
Cherry Sulfur Soap..... 10 " "
Violet Complexion Soap..... 10 " "
Heliotrope Soap..... 10 " "
Almond Soap..... 10 " "
And many other brands just as good for 5 and ten cent cake.
Royal Carbide Powder, 10 cents a box.

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ELM AND QUIMBY STREETS, WESTFIELD, N. J.

Store closes at 7 o'clock every evening except Saturdays.

Fish... Vegetables...

Everything nice and Fresh.

Deliveries made to suit our patrons.

Prices as low as consistent with best stock.

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