

SEMI-WEEKLY UNION COUNTY STANDARD.

TUESDAY

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

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TO COVER UP BONES.

How the Thin Girl May Make Herself Plump and Pretty.

There is absolutely no beauty in bones. Skeletons are very disagreeable things. Wired up for the benefit of medical classes, they may be continued to the privacy of such institutions. 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.

Boys women are called "distinguished looking" in polite society. With bravery born of desperation, they give their door-knob shoulders, spike-like elbows and audacious collar bones to the world at every opportunity. Matter of fact people refute the idea of bones as a sign of the thoroughbred.

Emaciated matrons and fleshless maidens, remember the Venuses for



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

Venus rising from the sea is dimpled and gilded with the beatitudes of health. Venus de Milo is perfectly immense. How she would sigh through her marble image if she could see French stays 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 decidedly unwholesome because of her scrawny frame.

My dear corrugated, crossboned little girl, olive oil is the thing for you. Begin 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. Better still, they grow strong and plump, pretty and lovable.

This is what you want. Begin with two teaspoonsfuls 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 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 dairy and partaken of in small portions.

Those foods eliminated from the list prescribed for obesity diet are about right for the thin, skinny woman. Water is fattening, and it is a wise habit to take a glass before maturing and upon 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 after 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 on which beauty with other things worthy is oftentimes wreathed in feminine lives. Nature is not art. You cannot plump out your anatomy with

beautiful firm flesh in an instant. Except in sneezing, nature is never abrupt. Time is her handmaiden to patience. Time must be allowed for firm, healthful flesh to grow upon the bones, rounding out the hollows 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 system, strengthens the interior and gives the vital organs a new lease of life.

GERTRUDE WILLETZ.

THE DOOR THAT OPENS.

Times When It Sends the Cold Shiver Down Your Back.

"Ever sit," said Mr. Goldbliton, "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 opening slowly? That's a hair-raising experience. You don't know by what means the knowledge that it was opening was first conveyed to you, but you see it now, opening slowly and steadily and silently, and you get up and grasp the chair in which you have been sitting and stand up, with the table between you and him for further 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 fingers, 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 fellow listened with rapt attention to the sermon, occasionally nodding in approval or shaking his head in uncertainty. When a man with the contribution 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 you, I don't think he'll split before mornin'. I've got a hose swap on han', an if I ken get 'nuff boot come aroun' we'll sorter look inter the matter."

"But, my friend, the heathen children need clothes."

"So does mine, by jingo. Bill ain't worn nuthin' but a shirt for six months an' a haster stay outen perrtle society. Ike's got a vacancy in his britches bigger yet han', an' Jack haster stay under the house when stranger comes, 'cause he got his clothes scorched durin' hog killin'. Come aroun' arter the swap, fur I don't think the heathen will split afore mornin'."—Arkansas Traveler.

Fishing For a Drink.

A guide who has done more or less plug fishing on Moosekomeguntake 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 customary 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 coffee 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' Phonograph.

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 perhaps pitied. Who is perfect? Who does not plump out your anatomy with

beautiful firm flesh in an instant.

Except in sneezing, nature is never abrupt. Time is her handmaiden to patience. Time must be allowed for firm, healthful flesh to grow upon the bones, rounding out the hollows into curves of beauty.

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THE GOWNS AT BIARRITZ.

Emmette Rousseau Tells What to Wear 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 blowing in from the sea, laden with the life-giving salt spray. The place itself is quaint and old in some parts and painfully modern in others. The most painful 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 occasion 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 lavish display of fine costumes. Even on the day of the Grand Prix and Vernissage the dresses are not so fine. And here we have variety. There are delicious morning dresses of cashmere, veiling, estrial and pipeline d'ete. 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 mohair, 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 look much, but it is very charming when seen. The new delicate lavender, the viola 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 shrivel it, a fault often found with almost every kind of woolen goods otherwise suitable for seaside 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 newcomer has not quite decided to remain and does not choose to compromise her position as a traveler until further acquaintance.

These travelling suits are elegance itself. The colors are light and the skirts are close and rather long, but quite simple. The corsages are almost all in a short bolero shaped jacket which can be closed or left open. This always matches the skirt. Some of these boleros are quite plain, but others are very ornate. A regular shirt waist is worn beneath them. Foule is 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 delightful gardens there is no limit to the beautiful gowns. Silks, crepes, green-silks, 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, ruches and gauffering.

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

Grenadine and the delicate fine wool 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 flouncing and other widths. It is made up over black taffeta or satin, and thus treated it is of indescribable richness. BIARRITZ, France.

It Was in His Head.

Balzac once promised Lirieux, 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 company gathered about him on the day appointed, and he read his five act play fluently through to the end. Lirieux was enthusiastic, ran up to shake hands with the great writer and turned over the pages of the manuscript whose contents had pleased him mightily.

But what was this? There were only four acts. The last pages of the manuscript 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 hand 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 dead old maiden lady who departed 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 narrow the reader, we may say that these portentous figures are strictly the product of the engraver's art. The monumental mansion of those days was nothing if not ignorant, and his idea of writing 78 or 30 was to write 70 or 30 first and 8 or 9 afterward, meaning 70 plus 8 or 9 plus 9, etc., as the case might be.

Quaint Dr. Colles.

Dr. Colles, an eminent surgeon of Dublin, who died in 1813, was remarkable for his plain dealing with himself. 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."

"

THE STITCH IN TIME.

Small Details of Home Work Should Always Receive Prompt Attention.

System in housework depends upon promptness in doing that which is to be done. Like the tangled web of the careless knitter, the work will all go hopelessly awry if any stitch is dropped. Home work, the task of sewing and the various tasks of serving those we love, whether in cooking dainty, wholesome food for them, or in preparing clothing that will keep them warm, are tasks that only vulgar women despise. There must be something essentially vulgar in any woman, whatever opportunities of culture she has had, who does despise such tasks, which the wisest and best women have delighted in.

This home work is made of small details, trivial in themselves, something which frivolous persons would be apt to sneer at, but which wise women respect, as stitches in the great web of home life and home happiness. These home tasks are the highest of all, because wholesome, healthful existence depends upon them, and therefore all healthy, able work, of whatever kind or degree, depends upon it.

When we investigate the work of great scientists, great poets or statesmen of eminence in the annals of the world, we usually find patient, loving mothers, wives or sisters helping and sustaining them by making their homes havens of rest from outside cares and trials. "A Phœbus on the stormy sea." Therein have some of the best of women found their greatness, and the wisest of women have never scorned these tasks. The coral insect is but a trivial mite to the eyes of the untrained, but the scientist recognizes a power that builds up gigantic rocks and islands, against which the ocean beats without moving them. Nothing is too trivial to be despised, because of its apparent size. Duty we are called on to do is of too little consequence to be done "as by God's law."

It is impossible to tell how far the demoralizing effect of the neglect of what appears to us a trivial matter may reach, or what inspiration another may receive from the faithful performance of the smallest task; well and faithfully rendered to God, as all work should be. Some one has defined genius as the power of persistence. It might be called, also, the power of distinguishing between the essential tasks of life and those which, however pretentious they appear, after they are truly measured are non-essential—trifling things, magnified by the mists of imagination. Fortunate will we all be if we know when to take the stitch in time in our home work, or in any task that has been given us to do. The power to keep the web of our tasks moving forward, in a systematic, orderly way, without tangle or stop, is a rare gift. Steady, even work, without nervous breaks and spasms, is what is needed everywhere, and especially in the household.—N. Y. Tribune.

THE LIAR ABROAD.

An American Traveller's Encounter with One of the Worst of the Species.

"One encounters some astonishingly able-bodied liars in traveling," said a lawyer who was abroad last season. "While I was at Marseilles during my first visit to France, I was seated one evening in the Cafe Itche, in the heart of the city, when my attention was attracted by the loud talk of a black-bearded man at the adjoining table. He appeared to be a Hungarian, and was telling some French officers of an adventure at New Orleans. Of course, I pricked up my ears and heard his whole story, which was substantially this: He was taking dinner at the principal hotel, he said, when a negro waiter spilled a plate of soup on a woman's dress. Instantly the guests decided that the 'culprit' should be lynched, but the landlord begged the 'director' of the party—think of a director of a lynching beel—to defer the ceremony until after the meal, as he was very short of help. This was courteously agreed to, and the prospective victim assisted in serving the repast, praying eloquently between courses. After coffee he was taken out and strung up to a stately tree on the 'bonheur' in front of the hotel, the woman whose gown had suffered giving the word from the gallery.

"This astonishing bnderdash was told seriously and was interrupted by frequent exclamations of horror. 'What brutes!' 'What pig-dogs!' 'What monsters!' I could hardly believe my ears. 'Pardon me, monsieur,' I said in French, 'but in what year did the incident which you have narrated occur?' 'Last year,' he replied, calmly, 'when I was on a visit to the states.' I wanted to tell him he was all kinds of a liar, but I didn't. To begin with, I wouldn't have been believed, and, moreover, I would probably have got into a serious row. So I said nothing and sawed wood. Next day I was introduced to one of the same French officers as a visitor from New Orleans.

"'All!' he exclaimed, 'and did you witness the hanging of that negro who spilled soup on a woman's dress last year?' 'No, sir,' I replied, 'I was busy killing the French chef at the time for putting mustard in the blouse range.' His head stuck out of his hand.

"What an extraordinary country!" he gasped.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Unaccountable.

Emma—Charley asked me to marry him last evening, and I had to refuse him, the devil fellow.

Ellie—How did it happen?

"Of course I like Charley, but as to marrying him—"

"I know how did it happen that he asked you?"—Boston Transcript.

O'NEILL'S,

Sixth Avenue, 20th to 21st Street, New York.

Annual Sale of BLANKETS!

A Sale that every thrifty housekeeper within travelling distance of New York always looks forward to with eager interest now going on. This year's offering is bigger and better than at any previous season. Glance down these columns and note the remarkable values within your grasp:

Eastern Wool Blankets!

Your pick of Five Thousand pairs at these wonderfully cheap prices:

Ten-Quarter Size, 50c., 79c., 98c., 1.50 Pr.

Eleven-Quarter Size, 98c., 1.15, 1.65, 3.75 Pr.

Twelve-Quarter Size, 3.75, 3.98 to 4.98 Pr.

Crib Blankets!

An immense stock of Crib Blankets in all sizes. The prices this year are unusually low, ranging from

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All cash purchases delivered free to any railroad station within 100 miles of New York City.

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California Blankets!

Teen Thousand Pairs at your service, at prices that speak for themselves:

Ten-Quarter Size, 2.75, 3.25, 3.98 to 5.50 Pr.

Eleven-Quarter Size, 2.98, 3.75, 4.50 to 7.98 Pr.

Twelve-Quarter Size, 3.98, 4.98, 5.50 to 9.98 Pr.

Bed Spreads!

One Thousand Crochet Bed Spreads, full size, choice patterns.

59c., 79c., 89c. to 1.35 each.

Also a special lot of Marseilles Spreads worth 1.98, at..... 1.25 each.

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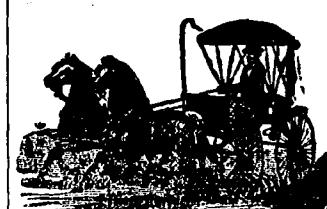
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"Our baby was sick for a month with severe cough and catarrhal fever. Although we tried many remedies she kept getting worse until we used One Minute Cough Cure, it relieved at once and cured her in a few days."—B. L. Nance, Prin. high school, Bluffdale, Texas. W. H. Trenchard.

"I suffered from piles for twenty five years, and after all so called cures had failed was permanently cured by one box of DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve," says El Hile, of Lutcher City, Pa. Be sure you get "DeWitt's." There are injurious and dishonest counterfeits. W. H. Trenchard.

A Senatorial Slander.

Two ladies visiting in Washington during one of the sessions of congress went to the capitol to hear the proceedings in the United States senate. Most of the galleries being filled, they approached the doorkeeper of the senators' gallery, where admission is by card. As they did not possess this card, the doorkeeper suggested that they procure one from any senator they might be acquainted with.

"But we do not know any senator," they replied.

"Well, it is very much to your credit," said the doorkeeper. "Pass right in, ladies."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Mist Art.

"Oh, yes, he is a follower of one of the higher arts."

"Well, he doesn't look it. What does he do?"

"He's a professional flagpole painter."

Belgium is the home of the racing pigeon. There the sport is a national pastime, and a good pigeon frequently wins for its owner large sums of money, the prizes being considerable, to which heavy bets are added.

The earliest pottery with printed designs of American subjects was made at Liverpool at the end of the eighteenth century.

Beauty in Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cacarets, Candy, Catherines clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Herbs today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly, bloated complexion by taking Cacarets—beauty for ten cents. All drugists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

"My wife has a way of joggling my memory that I am hardly in sympathy with," said Smith, with a sorry smile, as he fled away his last month's gas bill.

"About a month ago, as I was preparing to come down town, she handed me a letter with the injunction to 'be sure and mail it at the first mail box that I came to.' I promised and put the letter away in my pocket.

"Now, don't forget, she called after me, 'as the letter is very important.'

"I won't," I answered and straightway proceeded to forget all about it.

"The other day I chanced to be going through my pockets when I was surprised by coming across the letter that my wife had given me to mail four weeks before. Remembering that she had said it was very important, I glanced at it to see to whom it was addressed.

"I was thunderstruck to find that it was addressed to me. Thinking that my wife must have taken leave of her senses, I tore it open and found a note that read thus:

"The gas is leaking in the basement. Please send a man up to fix it."

"I don't remember what I said when I charged home and found that the gas was still leaking, but all the satisfaction I got out of my wife was that she thought I would remember to post the next letter she gave me, and I believe I will."—Detroit Free Press.

Cool spot—A peculiarity of every body's house except your own. In hot weather, you let them tell it. A place that is easily found when wanted and cannot be located when sought for.

To-morrow—A remote period of time used as a guess foundation by the weather man. A twin brother to Never and a second cousin to I Don't Think.

From the Greek words "Morrowing perhaphs," meaning "It will be if it isn't."—Baltimore American.

BOBBLETON PACKS UP.

Mr. Babbet shows his wife how to get out of town in a rush.

With nervous haste Mr. Bobbleton rushed into his flat where his wife was giving the dinner a finishing touch.

"Well, Mary, my vacation has come at last and we are going to start to-morrow morning for the country. I bought the tickets on the way home, and here they are."

Bobbleton flourished two long green slips of paper, and marked at the end: "Good for 30 days."

"The baggage expressman will be here at six o'clock in the morning for the trunks," said Bobbleton. "I'll pack my trunk right after dinner. It won't take me over an hour."

Immediately after dinner Mr. Bobbleton went to his room. For the next hour or two Mrs. Bobbleton heard him slumping around, upsetting things, and muttering to himself.

"I wonder how Henry is getting along?" thought Mrs. Bobbleton.

Yet she did not dare go into his room, for there are times when Mr. Bobbleton becomes highly irascible and consequently dangerous to approach. About half past nine Mr. Bobbleton emerged from his room very hot, but still triumphant.

"That's the way to do," he said. "Pack up in a hurry without any fuss and feathers. Why, I could get ready to go to Europe just as easily! You women don't know how to do anything! My trunk's all ready to go."

"So is my trunk," said Mrs. Bobbleton, quietly, as she banged down the lid and snapped the lock.

Early the next morning the expressman was on hand for the trunks.

"Hawkins, the bagagemaster, is a particular friend of mine," Bobbleton explained to the expressman. "Just tell him to check those trunks to Dinsbury and hold the checks until I reach the station. I want the trunks to go on that 7:55 train. We follow on the 8:40."

When the expressman had departed Mr. Bobbleton turned back into his flat and about an hour later Mrs. Bobbleton heard her husband storming around his room.

"I wonder what's the matter now?" she thought.

Just then Bobbleton came out of his room very red and very angry.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. Bobbleton.

"Have you seen my blue serge vest?"

"No, I have not."

"Well, I can't find it anywhere. It had two week's salary and the railroad tickets in it."

"You mislaid it in your room."

"Mislaid nothing. I didn't."

"Then you packed it up in your trunk."

Mr. Bobbleton groaned. Then he sank feebly into a chair.

"By thunder, so I did!"

"Henry!"

"It's true. I haven't another red cent with me. The tickets are no good to us now. I'll have to get them redeemed, I suppose, if we ever get them back again."

Mr. Bobbleton jammed his hat on his head and went out. In 20 minutes he was back again.

"I borrowed \$20 from Pillets, the corner druggist. Let's get out of here."

"I'm awfully sorry you packed up that vest, Henry," said Mrs. Bobbleton, timidly.

"What do you think I feel like?" snorted Mr. Bobbleton, as he hauled a passing car.—N. Y. Sun.

WEATHER DEFINITIONS.

How One May Understand the Different Weather Terms on Warm Summer Days.

Heat—A system arranged by nature for the purpose of sending people to the mountains and seashore and the hospital. From the Latin words "sweatibus geewhizibus," meaning "Ain't it awful?"

Prediction—A plan of prophecy invented for the purpose of telling the future movements of the weather which the weather never makes.

Breeze—An atmospheric condition which arrives in time to make the weather colder on a cold day and which stays away for the purpose of making the weather hotter on a hot day. From the Latin words "brinoribus benitibus," meaning "Grin and change your winter collar."

Thermometer—A thirst-producing machine invented for the benefit of drug stores. When hung on the outer walls it denotes heat on the inside, and by insulation drives humanity to drink. From the Latin words "jumbo jumshyshkybus," meaning "The more I climb, the more you like."

Weather man—A species of torture invented for the purpose of saying "cooler weather and westerly winds to-morrow." Supposed to be the only living relic of the Spanish Inquisition. From the Portuguese words "Gressa gain," meaning "The air is so full of eliminate that I cannot find the weather."

Seashore—A disease which breaks out violently when the weather gets warm, and costs from three dollars to ten dollars per day to cure, according to the size of the hotel and the location of the room. As a remote place where everything is cool till you get there.

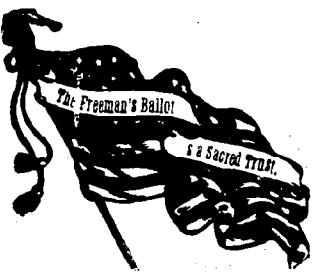
Derived from the French words "Bleach et soukhlal" meaning "Take your bath account

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

Semi-Weekly.

Published every Tuesday and Friday by
The Standard Publishing Concern.E. J. WHITEHEAD, President.
A. E. PEARSALL, Vice-President.
C. E. PEARSALL, Secretary-Treasurer.SUBSCRIPTION - \$2.00 PER YEAR
STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.Office-STANDARD Building.
Advertising Rates furnished on application.ALFRED E. PEARSALL, Editor.
C. E. PEARSALL, Manager.

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 overdone. 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 Armor'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 Bockhoven, 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 Bockhoven 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 lawbreakers. 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 Stuhal, 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 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 questionable ready 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 Humans, Platts, Quays, Crokers and other political sharpers, wire pullers and layers—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. Strikers, 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.

Astronomical instruments of glass were used by the Chinese as early as 220 B. C.

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. The 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."

172 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 *et his tag*."

Yours truly,

MARION AVRES 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 got 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, 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, Lima and Vani, DeWitt and Tourjee, Chevrel, 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 Westerly, 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.

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 men break even a third game will be played.

The base ball game scheduled for tomorrow afternoon on the Roosevelt Manor 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. Tabor will be in the box for the Cranford nine and Hennessy will probably cover the position of shortstop.

Yachting on Lake.

Sure during the rainy season Lake Lefroy, in western Australia, is quite dry. But as the winter 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—Cincinatti Enquirer.

Astronomical instruments of glass were used by the Chinese as early as 220 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 & Naylon, Miss Ada Jones, the La Velles, Miss Annie Morris, Dick & Kittie Kumanins, 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 in 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 ducler; Mrs. Waterhouse, the Boston soprano; the La Moyne Bros., Frenell & Lewis, Anna Kenwick, etc.

AT PROCTOR'S.

Lovers of high-class refined vaudeville, which is now dominant in the theatrical world, find choicer 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, Lima and Vani, DeWitt and Tourjee, Chevrel, 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 Westerly, 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'Blenis', 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. Plaut & Co., Newark Bed 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.

College Reorganized.

The New Greig 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 the glue
From Condit's good soda water
tank."

To Cure Constipation Forever
Take Chinese Candy Cathartie, 100 or 150
lb. C. C. to two or three drams a day.

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.



"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,

HOW
ABOUT
THAT

WHIP?



Before you go out of town shopping just run in and see how nicely we can fit you in Shoes or Oxford, 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.

DEALER IN

HORSE EQUIPMENTS,

FLOUR, FEED, HAY

AND GRAIN.

...PRATT'S FOOD...

PROSPECT STREET, WESTFIELD.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD
WESTFIELD, N. J., AUG. 4, 1899.

Wants and Offers.

THE STANDARD iron sale at Trenchard's drug store, Elm and Broad streets; W. H. 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, 20x20. T. Wheeler.

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

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

FOR SALE—House at 20 Summit avenue, all city improvements; perfect condition.

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

HELP WANTED—Mechanic preferred. O. 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 AND BUILDING. Inquire of C. E. Pease & Co.

TWO FLATS to let. One \$8.00, one \$16.00. Wm. B. Welch.

WANTED—On bond and mortgaged, \$3,000 to \$3,500, part to lift present mortgage, balance to improve property. Located in center of Westfield. E. F. E., 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, No. East Twenty-second street, New York city.

Legal Notices.

ESTATE of Martha Russell, deceased. Pursuant to the order of George T. Parrot, Surrogate of the County of Union, made on the application of the undersigned, or of any creditor of said deceased to exhibit to the subscribers of this newspaper, or to any other person, and to make against the estate of said deceased, with in nine months from the twenty-seventh day of June, 1899, 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, 1888
COUNTY OF UNION.

Public notice is hereby given that application by petition has been made to the Township Committee of the said Township and for the consent of said Township Committee to construct a street railway on Elm street, Dudley avenue, Prospect street, Brightwood avenue and Jerusalem; and that said petition has been presented by the Westfield & Elizabeth Street Railroad Company, proprietors of a line of street railway 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 is a double track street railway, and the motive power to be used thereon will be supplied from overhead wires supported by pole and the streets through which the same shall extend are as above mentioned.

The township committee of the Township of Westfield, fixed a day and hour, the 11th day of August, 1899, at 8 o'clock in the evening, as the time, and the town rooms in said town, 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 run. 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. Reverdy Estill, of Louisville, will preach at the service in St. Paul's church this (Friday) evening. Dr. Estill is visiting in Westfield at the guest of Edwin Shield, 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. Chamberlin's home to vote when the age of 21 years is reached. "Bish" is very happy and Mrs. Chamberlin and son are both getting along nicely.

HYDRO-
LITHIA"
CURES ALL
HEADACHES
TRIAL SIZE, 10 CTS.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
MADE EXCLUSIVELY BY
THE STONEBRAKER CHEMICAL CO.
BALTIMORE, MD.

LOCAL PARAGRAPHS.

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

Miss Lizzie Whilloughby is riding a new DeSoto 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 Taber, 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 Duane.

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'Blenis have been entertaining Mrs. Kate Carlow, 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 Piereson, Broad street.

Jessie 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. Thele 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 Mountainside 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. Bidleott on Broad street.

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

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Conant, of Prospect street, have been entertaining Miss Eddie 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 \$4.50 a ton to \$5. 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 Crosby 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, Colo., in the near future, having decided to practice law in that city.

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

The new house of T. J. Jones, on Broadstreet, 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 Brensholtz at their Newport cottage.

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

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

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The coal dealers at Plainfield have raised the price of coal from \$4.50 a ton to \$5. 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.

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.

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

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 Duane.

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.

UP HILLSIDE WAY.

Up hillside way a morn of May
Wears sheen of white and bomp of green,
And robins sit on fence and spray,
And friendly catbirds flute and green.
Up hillside way the brooks are brown,
And little ripples catch the light;
Beneath the uproot 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 now manna hay.

To-day the lojger holds me fast;
A captive dragging ball and chain;
But sweet from out a happy past
The old home woos 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 Molineux 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. Muncher."

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 chirographic 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 out," 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 over slowest that there came into the place one day a man who looked like a steady gorilla just back from a two-weeks' jamboree. He was stunted 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 strolling up to the counter and naked 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 pheasant here for A. L. Muncher?"

"Maybe there is," I said. "What were you expecting if you're Muncher?" which I didn't for a minute believe.

"You're Muncher," he said, eagerly. "I was expecting money. It 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 Muncher, saying that he could identify himself unmistakably by his handwriting. I made up my mind it would have to be all sorts of unutterableness before I'd hand over that package to the simian hobo in front, for in addition to my first suspicions I saw he was beginning to shake.

"You say you're Muncher," I said. "Get 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 we'll look tough too if you'd been through the same. 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: "I 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 beater.

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

"What's your lay, Muncher?" 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 miser myself."

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

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

"That's my professional name," he answered, quietly. "My folks' name is Muncher. For the love of Heaven I'll be 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, Muncher," 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. "We're holding out on you. We won't give it up."

"That's enough from you," I said.

"As for you who all yourself Muncher, I'll give you one chance. My advice is that the Muncher 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 laid 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 face. That signature I pasted in the book, and then I got him to write me his autograph on another piece of paper. Just I saw of Muncher he was laying in the train with his friend Jim. He was on the back platform, and when I shook my hat at him he cracked his cap 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 GHOST.

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

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

"Well, then, you'd better begin to get up your bill of fare," said Tommy, gleefully, "cos papa's broken it!"—Hamer's Bazaar.

Worships of the Romans.

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

SUCCESS.

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 incrates 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 effectively. 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 people contend, for a horse being in poor condition.—San Francisco Chronicle.

IMPORTANCE OF THE JOCKEY.

Modern Horse Racing Methods Have Exalted the Successful Rider Among Men.

The jockey is an important creature. There are plenty of men that can ride horses; there are even respectable men that can race them with judgment; but owing to the custom that has grown up of racing horses under weights they would not have to carry in ordinary work; the number of men that can ride and race horses at the weight called for by the handicapper is very small. In horse racing the thing desired is extreme speed, and evidently with 100 pounds up a horse can do far better with 150; hence no race horse on the flat is required to carry the weight of an average man. This state of affairs gives to midgets like Tod Sloan and Maher an importance they would have in no other way, and is perhaps nature's way of compensating them for their inferiority in size to the ordinary man.

A really successful jockey, as every one knows, can almost command his own price. Besides his regular salary, which would pay those of several college professors, he is likely to receive gifts of several times the amount of his salary after any winning race.

As for you who all yourself Muncher, I'll give you one chance. My advice is that the Muncher to whom this money is consigned is to prove his identity unmistakably by writing his name.

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W



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 home 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. Flume and James E. Werner 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, at Netherwood, who died at Casa, Canada, were held at the residence of his son, Frederick W. Hunter, Wednesday afternoon. The services were conducted by the Rev. John Edgecumbe, 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 25¢ 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, seizing 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 Fard, which is annually held in the town of Pak Pantan, in British India. It is held in honor of the famous St. Fard-ud-Din, surnamed Shakar Ganj, 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 2½ 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 60,000 striving to pass through at the same time the crush is something terrible. Women faint, bones are broken, and the heat is stifling.

How's This?

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

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. We the 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 their firm.

West & Truxx, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Wadding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75¢ 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 Basils 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 move its plant to a big plant at Stamford and Bradford, 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 disadvantageous 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 Dout 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 Catheart, 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 Ito's Bravery.

Many years ago, when quite a young man, during a rebellion, Count Ito 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 "hiltouchi," or firebox, and lifting up the mats and the plants beneath; she induced her husband to conceal himself in the hollow space which existed 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 no avail. They could not shake her resolute fidelity. Thanks to her courage Count Ito 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 Negligence.

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 Dispelled by the True Story of the Bleeding Process.

One of the historic places in the west is Whisky Gap, Wyo. The old time dwellers of mountain and plain—the men who "fought Indians and hunted buffalo out west" during the overland trail 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 "firewater" 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."

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