

# SEMI-WEEKLY THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD. TUESDAY FRIDAY

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WESTFIELD, UNION COUNTY, N. J., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1899.

\$2 Per Year. Single Copies 3c.

Truthful Advertising Will Always Sell Honest Goods.

**THE BEE HIVE**  
**L. S. Platt & Co.**  
THE LARGEST DRY AND  
FACTORY GOODS HOUSE IN NEW JERSEY  
NEWARK, N. J.

**STORE OPEN**

**SATURDAY**

**AFTERNOONS,**

**EVENINGS,**

**CLOSED 6 P. M.**

**FRIDAYS.**

**TUESDAY, SEPT. 5th,**

**CLOSED ALL DAY.**

**Thursday, Sept. 14th,**

**CLOSED ALL DAY.**

NO AGENTS OR BRANCH HOUSES ANYWHERE. MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED. FREE DELIVERIES BY OUR OWN VAGONS TO WESTFIELD AND VICINITY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY.  
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## BAYARD PHARMACY.

EST. 1871  
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Have your Worms got Horses? Are they getting thin and weak? Are they "off their feed"? Do they "sweat and worry"? **DR. EMERSON'S "DEAD SHOT"** will remove Worms, Destroy Lice from Horses and Cattle. It will purify the Blood, correct and tone up the stomach and strengthen the Nerves. Direct ions with each box. Sold by Drug-gists or sent by mail upon receipt of 50 cents. **C. B. SMITH & COMPANY,** Wholesale Agents, NEWARK, N. J.

#### AT THE THEATRE.

**AT KEITH'S.**  
Beside Ching Ling Foo and his company there will be at Keith's next week Francesca Redding, the American comedienne, and her company, in a new comedy by Will M. Cressy, called "Her Friend From Texas," a bright and crisp little play; Amelia Summerville and company in that rattling farce, "Kid's Bride;" Grapewin & Chance in the uproarious nonsense, "A Mismatched Pair;" the O'Learys in a comic acrobatic act, and a long list of favorites, beside the always new biograph.

**GRAND OPERA HOUSE.**  
A special holiday matinee of "King of the Opium Ring" will be given Monday next, Labor Day, at the Grand Opera House in New York. Manager Augustus Pitou announces a special and elaborate revival at the Grand Opera House on September 11th of James A. Herne's play, "Hearts of Oak." It will be presented under the personal direction of Mr. Herne, whose original part will be acted by E. P. Sullivan. The cast will also include James Horne, Nat D. Jones, Thomas M. Hunter, Lionel Hogarth, Ida Hamilton, Adelaide Goddard, Elliott Emeking and Margaret Cecil.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**  
The many friends and admirers of Andrew Mack, who crowded the Academy of Music, New York, on Thursday evening, had reason to congratulate themselves on the excellent entertainment provided for them in the performance of "The Last of The Robans" by the "singing comedian" and his well balanced company. The play ran with perfect smoothness, Mr. Mack was at his best in song and acting and his company gave him the finest of support. In addition to the regular matinees at the Academy, Mr. Mack will give a special holiday matinee on Labor Day. "The Last of The Robans" will be one of the biggest of the metropolitan successes.

#### WALDMANN'S OPERA HOUSE.

John W. Isham's "Octoroons" will be the attraction at Waldmann's Opera House, Newark, all of next week, with matinees Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Belle Davis the star of her race leads the bill. Mr. Isham is a man of large experience in the theatrical line, having held prominent positions in the largest circuits and theatrical organizations in the country. It was Isham who first put on Sam T. Jack's Creole Co., at the Manhattan Theatre, New York. He has been prominently connected with the management of theatres in New York, Philadelphia and San Francisco, and his varied experience has enabled him to put on the "Octoroons," one of the best companies on the road. The specialties in this show are all "Star" numbers.

**THE PROCTOR THEATRES.**  
Next week, beginning Monday (Labor Day), Sept. 4, will see the first of the autumn holiday programs at F. F. Proctor's theatres in New York city—Twenty-Third St., just west of 5th avenue, and the spacious Pleasure Palace, at 58th St. and 3rd avenue. The doors at each theatre will open promptly at 10 o'clock a. m. and the performance will continue unceasingly till 11 p. m., giving 13 hours of theatrical entertainment, 15, 25 and 50 cents. The stars for Labor Day at the Twenty-Third Street theatre will be: James Dolan and Ida Lenhart, who will make their last appearance in vaudeville prior to starring in "A High Toned Burglar;" Tony Farrell, the Irish character actor, and Jennie Leland in a new comedy; James Richmond Glenroy, the man with the green gloves; Mardo, Mlle. Theodora, and 20 others. At the Pleasure Palace, week of Sept. 4 (Labor Day), the big features are: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Sidman in "Back Home," one of the best rural plays ever offered; Reno and Richards, in funny acrobatic acts; Fred Nible, the clever young monolog.

## THE CROSBY & HILL

United Stores

PLAINFIELD, N. J.  
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## Special Saturday Sale!

On account of the extremely low prices of these lots of merchandise we reserve the right to limit the quantities of each purchase.

### HOUSEFURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

**10c** Cups and saucers of fine quality imported china, handsomely decorated. The regular price is 25c. Not more than six to one purchaser.

**10c** An assortment of eight kinds of tinware: 12-quart water pails, 10-lb sugar boxes, 12-quart dish pans, 2-quart coffee pots, 3-pint coffee pots, copper bottom; 6-quart preserving kettles, 6-quart sauce pans, etc. All 25c articles.

### WASH GOODS DEPARTMENT.

**5c** Fine, heavy Outing Flannels, light colored, choice patterns, regular price 9c. Only 10 yards to each purchaser.

**2 1/2c** Best quality Sheeting Prints. Only 10 yards to each purchaser.

**5c** Fine quality dark colored Percales, new designs and patterns, full yard wide, regular price 10c. Only 10 yards to each purchaser.

**3 1/2c** Best quality dark colored Dress Prints, regular price 6c. Only 12 yards to each purchaser.

**12c** Boys' Percale Shirt Waists, the regular 25c quality. Only 2 to each purchaser.

**19c** Men's White Shirts, good quality muslin, reinforced back and front, 3-ply linen bosom. Only 2 to each purchaser.

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**W. P. SCRIVEN,**  
PROSPECT STREET, WESTFIELD.  
**BICYCLE REPAIRING.**  
SUNDRIES. RENTALS.

**WESTFIELD PHARMACY.**  
TRY **Trenchard's SODA WATER,** EVERY DROP DELICIOUS.  
**W. H. TRENCHARD,**  
Prescription Druggist,  
Broad and Prospect Streets,  
WESTFIELD, N. J.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**  
ABSOLUTELY PURE  
Makes the food more delicious and wholesome  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

ist: Chas. Leonard Fletcher & Co. in a new travesty; and a score more

**Brave Men Fall**  
Victims to stomach, liver and kidney troubles as well as women, and all feel the results in loss of appetite, poisons in the blood, backache, nervousness, head ache and tired, listless, run-down feeling. But there's no need to feel like that. Listen to J. W. Gardner, Idaville, Ind. He says: "Electric Bitters are just the thing for a man when he is all run down, and don't care whether he lives or dies. It did more to give me new strength and good appetite than anything I could take. I can now eat anything and have a new lease on life." Only 50 cents, at Bayard drug store. Every bottle guaranteed.

#### GESTICULATING TALKERS.

**Ita.ans Wave Arms Wildly When Conversing With One Another.**  
The farther south one goes in Europe the more do the people gesticulate in conversation, asserts a traveler who is at present "doing" Italy.  
A Neapolitan, he says, goes through an entire course of callisthenics before he has talked five minutes. Give a Neapolitan a pair of dumb bells and ask him what he thinks of the weather and before he finishes his answer he will have taken enough healthful exercise to last him all day.

This traveler spent many an interesting hour in watching the Neapolitan talk. One day in a cafe he sat next to a couple of Italians, who were engaged in a most spirited conversation. The younger of the two men grew very excited. With his hands he made reaching and clinging motions, as if climbing. Then he reached right and left above his head, as one would do in picking cherries. Then, without slackening his remarkable flow of conversation, he put the thumb and first finger of his left hand together and held them a few inches before his eyes and went through the careful movements of one threading a small needle. And all the time he talked. Next he made overhand motions as of throwing. Then he gave an imitation of some one swimming. After that he described several rapid circles with his left hand, which gave the impression of a revolving wheel. Then he leaned forward and, with his right hand lifted, acted as a person would act in trying to put a key into a keyhole. The writer asked his friend, who understood Italian, what all the fuss was about.  
"They're talking chiefly about the weather," was the reply.—London Mail.

#### His Brogue Saved Him.

The thickness of his brogue secured for a recent arrival from the Emerald Isle a ride of several hundred miles at the expense of the Pennsylvania railroad. His destination was Boston, and at the Broad street station he asked for a ticket to the Hub. The ticket seller was unable to determine whether it was Boston or Washington the man wanted to reach, but finally sold him a ticket for the latter city, and a few hours later he found himself in the national capital. As he was unable to read, the mistake was not discovered until he reached Washington, and to complicate matters he had not sufficient funds to purchase a ticket to Boston.

He presented his case to the railroad officials at Washington, and they, putting him to a test, were unable to distinguish from his pronunciation of Washington and Boston any material difference, thus exonerating the clerk at the Broad street station, in this city, for his error. The facts of the case being laid before the general passenger department, the man with the brogue was forwarded to his proper destination.—Philadelphia Record.

#### Fruit Versus Alcohol.

Fruit will destroy the desire for alcoholic drinks. Oranges and apples have been found to be the most effectual cure for inebriates. And the more they eat of these luscious fruits the more the desire for drink will diminish, until at last it is completely crushed and, so far as the individual is concerned, is gone forever.

#### The Man Called.

Father (from head of stairs)—Bessie, if that young man doesn't go pretty soon he will miss the last car.  
Bessie (in parlor)—That's all right, papa. He likes to walk.—New York Journal.

When a married woman talks of her girlhood days she reminds us of the amateur fisherman. The best catches always got away from her.—

#### THE CHARM CAME BACK.

Story of Witchcraft in England in the Seventeenth Century.

Here is a story of witchcraft. The lord chief justice, Holt, of England, who flourished in the seventeenth century, told it of himself. As a young man, perhaps more sprightly than some, he found himself once in the country without any money. He went, however, boldly to the first roadside inn and ordered bed and board. By the fireside he saw a girl shivering with age. "Why let your child suffer?" he asked. "I will cure her for you in a single night." Thereupon he wrote certain characters on a slip of paper, rolled it up in a cloth and told the girl to tie that round her neck and to go to bed, and in the morning she would be well. This she did. Well did she rest, and in the morning she was well.

Holt stayed a few days at the inn, and on his departure boldly asked for his bill. "Sir," said the hostess, "it is I who owe you, not you who owe me." So he departed. Forty years afterward, being on circuit, he had to try a woman charged with sorcery and witchcraft. She healed sick persons miraculously, and therefore by the help of the devil. Being questioned, she acknowledged that she used a charm which generally worked a cure.

"Let me look at it," said the judge. She handed him a small cloth roll. Within it he found a paper with certain characters. Then the memory of his trick came back to him.  
"You were yourself," he said, "once cured of an ague by the use of this charm?"  
She said that was so. Then he turned to the jury and related the whole story and dismissed the poor old woman. But as for the charm, the court impounded it and the poor witch lost her power.—Detroit News.

#### SHORT ON GOOD STORIES.

The Predicament of a Woman With Seven Calls to Make.

"Seven visits to make in one afternoon! Well, I think I can manage it. Some of them may not be at home, and I can make an early start. Let me see. There's that anecdote about little Bob and that awfully clever thing that Dexter told the other night about the Goddess of Liberty. Is that all I have in stock? Oh, dear, no! There's that quotation from "The Pneumatic Woman" that struck me so. I haven't got it off to any one yet, and I dare say it will go as original. Not one person in ten has heard of "The Pneumatic Woman."

"Is that enough for seven calls? I'm afraid not. Well, there's always the weather. Really, if it came to the point, I'd rather talk interestingly about any old subject than stupidly about a brand new one. There's more art in it. I wonder if I dare risk that joke about Clara again? I've told it so many times lately—indeed, I won't be sure that some of the times were not at the very places I'm going.

"How mean it is that Maude made me promise not to repeat that lovely bit of gossip she gave me this morning! I haven't heard anything so delicious for a long time. Well," with a sigh, "I promised on my word of honor I wouldn't tell, and"—another sigh—"why, here we are at Mrs. Somebody's. I wonder if I have enough to talk about for seven calls? Oh, well, some of them may be out—and—oh, dear, if I only hadn't promised Maude!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

#### Chamilton Troubled by Borrower.

"I have known a good many borrowers of trouble," said the man with the glasses, "but the worst case, I think, is that of a friend of mine who has picked out his own pallbearers and made them all promise that they will insist upon having robes stuck into him before he is buried, so as to be sure that he is really dead."  
"That is an aggravated case," replied his companion, "but I know of one that beats it. The wife of a poet of my acquaintance is worrying because he may get rich and go out in society where they will flatter and spoil him."—Chicago Times-Herald.

#### A Heavy Reply.

"What'll I do with this lot of raw recruits?" asked the Pacific Islander.  
"How recruits?" echoed the chief absentmindedly. "What's the use of bothering me with such foolish questions? Turn 'em over to the cook."—Washington Star.

BLUE CRAB AND MINNOW.

When the Wily Crab Gets the Timid Minnow and When the Minnow Gets the Crab.

The blue crab is a pretty fair hand at catching fish. It will lie in shallow water motionless, with its pincers extended and placed open, waiting for a chance to nip a minnow. If one coming swimming along through the water should happen to pass between those open jaws, suddenly the jaws close and that is the last of the minnow. But the blue crab can do better than this; sometimes it will hold motionless in one claw a shred of something on which it has been feeding as a bait for minnows, holding at the same time its other big claw, with the pincers open, waiting. The minnows come up, churning for the food held in the closed claw; but there are likely to be enough of them to spread, and they may come from various directions, so that more than likely one will come within the waiting pincers of the opposite claw, and when one does the proceedings are closed for the time being.

But sometimes the minnows get the blue crab; as they may do when the crab is shedding. The crab knows when that time is coming, and then it makes for a place where it can shed its shell and stay in safety until its new shell is sufficiently hard to protect it. The crab comes in with the tide and makes for some place on the bottom in shallow water, perhaps along the edge of the eel grass, or under some protecting patch of ulva, and then proceeds to dig a hole in which it can stay after it has shed its shell until it is strong enough to go about. It digs the sand or mud up around from under itself, and, as likely as not, leaves its discarded shell, in a most lifelike form, up on the sand on the edge of the hole in front of it. This shell would frighten away some small fishes that would not dare to tackle a crab in its ordinary condition. The discarded shell is a help to fishermen who are hunting crabs, because it shows where a crab may be found, and weakfish, which come inshore in shallow water to feed, hunt up soft crabs by searching the neighborhood of the spot where they find a shell, just as a fisherman would do.

When the crab first sheds its shell it is perfectly helpless. Its new shell is as yet so soft that it is no protection to it and no support; the crab cannot even stand up. The shell hardens rapidly, and it may be that by the time of the next full tide the crab will be able to move about and defend itself; but for a time after it sheds it is helpless.

That is when the minnow gets the crab. The crab may have been left by the receding tide above the edge of the water. When the incoming tide has again covered the crab and surrounded it with water to the depth of an inch or two the minnows may discover it, and they come swimming along through the shallow water to attack it. Sometimes a fisherman discovers a soft crab by the splashing that the minnows kick up around it. If undisturbed the minnows swarming around the helpless crab will kill and eat it. But sometimes another blue crab will appear and break up the minnows' feast. This is a blue crab that has not shed its shell, but has its armor on. It comes stalking in among the minnows, perhaps slipping one of them in one of its pincer claws as it comes up, and dispersing the rest.

Pawnshops and Banks.

The original pawnshop is difficult to locate. Early historians were interested in other lines, and only when the royal crown was placed in pawn or the king took steps to curb the capriciousness of the hated money lender was the subject of pawnshops and pledges mentioned. Moreover, the history of pawnbroking is so interwoven with that of usury and banking that its complete separation from these subjects is, for a time at least, an impossibility. From earliest times and with all peoples the system of pledging effects as security for advances in money has existed in some form. In this early period all those who accepted pledges as security for loans were not pawnbrokers in the sense that we to-day use the term. Of the antiquity of pawnbroking we are assured, but are without a clue as to what might have been its process of metamorphosis from the time of the Jewish law to that of the Roman. Its analogy to banking, the fact that the pawnbrokers later became bankers, would lead to the conclusion that private pawnbrokers existed long before the state took cognizance of the business. It seems probable that the constant taking of articles in pledge, which of necessity demanded their safekeeping to secure the repayment of the loan, suggested the like deposit of money and valuables. In this case the proprietor of the present banking system was originally a pawnshop, instead of a bank which later took up the pawn business. Bulletin of the Department of Labor.

A Cautious Child.

A downtown resident, who has a bright little daughter, told an anecdote which he thought showed great caution and a certain force of character. While out taking a walk the precocious child and her father encountered a big St. Bernard dog prominently beside its owner. The little one uttered a strong desire to pat the dog as she passed, but he obviously changed her mind. When they had passed the little one said to her astonished father: "Say, papa, won't you pat that dog? I want to see if he bites."—Philadelphia Record.

O'NEILL'S,

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

The Most Popular of the Large Stores of New York.

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For Men and Women, Four Colors and Three Heights of Frame,

Formerly \$27.00,

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Your order by mail will be promptly and accurately filled.

H. O'NEILL & CO., 6th Ave., 20th to 21st St.

Some of the Edam Cheese.

While the Edam cheese is a familiar visitor on the table not every one knows whence it comes nor how its common ball proportions and gay coloring have been achieved. The northern part of Holland is the seat of the Edam cheese industry, and the consequent cleanliness of the relish is therefore doubly assured.

In making it the fresh cow's milk is carefully strained and the rennet added. As soon as the milk curdles the whey is drawn off, and the curd, thoroughly kneaded, is pressed into molds. This process is repeated until the whey has all been extracted and the curd is comparatively dry. It is then wrapped in a linen cloth and kept for 10 or 12 days until quite solid. Then the cloth is removed and the cheese put into salt lye. Afterward a little more dry salt is sprinkled on the cheese until the maker thinks it is salt enough to insure its keeping.

It is next put into a vessel and washed with whey and scraped to remove the white crust. It is next carried to a cool room and laid on shelves, where it is frequently turned. The ripening process lasts from two to three months, the round balls growing the fine yellow or reddish color peculiar to Edam cheese. The cheeses intended to be exported to this country are rendered still more brilliant by dyeing the rind with a vegetable dye.—New York Tribune.

Saved the Vase.

The little son of an English gentleman, in mischievously playing with a vase, managed, after several attempts to get his hand through the narrow neck, and was then unable to extricate it. For half an hour or more the whole family and one or two friends did their best to withdraw the fist of the young offender, but in vain. It was a very valuable vase, and the father was loath to break it, but the existing state of affairs could not continue forever. At length, after a final attempt to draw forth the hand of the victim, the father gave up his efforts in despair, but tried a last suggestion.

"Open your hand," he commanded the terrified young captive, "and then draw it forth."

"I can't open it, father," declared the boy.

"Can't?" demanded his father.

"Why?"

"I've got my penny in my hand," came the astounding reply.

"Why, you young rascal," thundered his father, "drop it at once!"

The penny rattled in the bottom of the vase and out came the hand.

A Mole Catcher.

A farm manager at Fidderty, Dingwall, Scotland, watching a mole catcher at work, saw sea gulls hovering over and occasionally alighting upon a turnip field in which the catcher and others were at work. A particularly large and handsome bird attracted his attention by the graceful way it floated slowly over the drills, intently scanning the surface of the ground. Suddenly, steadying itself a moment, it dropped, dug its bill into the heaving ground and rose with a mole for its prey. Resting a few minutes, it gracefully began again a further search for prey. In a few minutes a second mole was unearthed.

Case of Crap.

A little girl whose acquaintance with the zoological wonders of creation was limited by looking at one of the elephants in Lincoln park, Chicago, while on her first visit to that popular resort.

Observing that the animal stood motionless near a watering trough, she said: "Poor thing! Why don't they let up his trunk and fasten it back so he can drink?"

Outwitted by His Coachman.

The carriage horses of Chief Justice Marshall were exceedingly thin, and his family told him that it was currently hinted that Jerry, the colored coachman, exchanged too great a proportion of the horse feed for whiskey for personal use to allow the horses food enough to keep them in a good and creditable condition. The judge went to the stable and directed Jerry's attention to the poor appearance of the horses, told him of the rumor about his exchanging oats and hay for whiskey and thereby depriving the horses of their necessary supply of food and spoke of the sleek, fat team driven by his neighbor Brewer.

"Laws, Massa John," said Jerry, "it's the natur' of the animals! Look at Mr. Brewer hisself, sah, a short, fat, greasy gentleman, that ain't shed his boots after his feet was in 'em for years, while you, sah, is tall and round shouldered an' sees your feet all de time youse walkin, an' look at his coachman, thicker through than he is long, while I see only skin an' bone! Of course his critters is fat, while yours is thin. It's their natur', Massa John; it's their natur'. They belongs to the fat kin, and we all belongs to de lean kin. It's natur'."

"Perhaps that is so," said the judge reflectively and walked away as if well satisfied with the explanation.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Largest Emerald in the World.

A vase cut from a single emerald has been preserved in a cathedral in Genoa, Italy, 600 years. Its dimensions are: Diameter, 12 1/2 inches; height, 5 1/2 inches. Every precaution is used to insure safekeeping. Several locks must be opened to reach it, and the key of each lock is in the possession of a different man. It is publicly exhibited very rarely, and then only by order of the senate. A precautionary decree was passed in 1470 forbidding all persons to approach the priceless treasure too closely. An antiquarian advances the theory that it was one of the gifts made Solomon by the Queen of Sheba, and has written a book to prove his assumption. It is difficult in these matter of fact days to believe so large an emerald had ever been found, and it would be interesting to hear the verdict of a gem expert after he had carefully examined the vase.—Manufacturing Jeweler.

Artists in Mother of Pearl.

The incrustation of precious woods with mother of pearl is in Haarort, French Tonquin, an important industry, an entire street—known as the "street of the inlayers"—being devoted to it. Landscapes gleaming in the sun, sheaths of many colored flowers, the most delicate arabesques and many other beautiful things are evolved by the deft and pliant fingers of the artists, with the aid of the plainest and crudest tools only, and marvelous cabinets and other articles are fashioned and put together without the aid of nails, by dovetailing and lacquer paste.

Church Bells.

Why do they have church bells? What good are they? Men go to a bank or the store at the proper time without a bell. Women open up their millinery stores on time without being rung up. People in the country, where there are no bells, get to church on time. The fact is church bells are a relic of ancient times. People have them because it is custom. They do no good. Really, they are a nuisance.—Athenian Globe.

An Unpleasant Diet.

Mr. Duke—Jonesty indulged in a linguistic diet yesterday. Mr. Caswell—What do you mean by that? Mr. Duke—Northside made him, out his words.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

CAUGHT IN THE TRAP

THE GREAT SMALLPOX SWINDLE AND HOW IT WAS WORDED.

A Brass and Well Planned Scheme by Which Two Sharp Confidence Men Banked a Hotel Keeper Out of \$5,000.

"I dare say you never heard of the great smallpox swindle," said the hotel manager. "The facts of that remarkable affair were withheld at the time for the most urgent reasons of policy, and even now I prefer to tell the story without names or localities. It happened in the fall of 1886, when a certain hotel in a large western city was crowded with tourists. One day, at the height of the season, two gentlemanly looking strangers put up at the house and were assigned to what we call a 'double room.' About a week later one of them appeared at the office and requested a private interview with the manager. 'I regret to inform you,' he said, after the door was closed, 'that my friend is down with a severe attack of smallpox.'

"The proprietor nearly fell out of his chair. There was known to be smallpox in the city, and the bare suggestion that the disease had appeared in the hotel was enough to empty it in a twinkling. To let the news get out meant the loss of thousands upon thousands of dollars. It meant the ruin of the season's business. 'He must be quietly removed at once,' said the proprietor, trying to control his agitation. 'Removed?' exclaimed the other. 'Taken through the cold air to a lazaretto! Why, man, that would be murder! I'll not permit it!'

"The hotel keeper was thunder struck. 'Do you mean to say he must stay here?' he gasped. 'Certainly,' said the stranger. 'It was a ticklish situation. The hotel keeper dare not enforce his suggestion, while to let the case remain was like storing gunpowder in a furnace room. He pleaded, protested, begged, threatened and blustered, but all in vain. The man was firm as a rock. 'If you attempt to eject my sick friend,' he declared, 'I'll publish your inhumanity to the entire community.'

"Finally it occurred to the distracted proprietor to see, first, whether it was really a case of smallpox. So he sent for a physician, swore him to secrecy and hustled him up to the room. The doctor took one look at the disfigured face on the pillow and reported that the malady was there in a malignant type. He advised the man's immediate removal at any cost. 'If you keep him concealed,' he said, 'the disease may spread, and it would ruin you for life. You owe something to your guests! Again the proprietor interviewed the friend, and again the latter refused to budge from his position.

"Where on I take him?' he demanded. 'You know very well I can't get comfortable quarters for such a purpose, and I won't have him butchered in a pesthouse to please any landlord on earth!' The hotel man felt his hair stand on end, but concluded to let things stand as they were until morning.

"Next day he sent for the sick man's friend and asked him whether he had any suggestions to make. 'Yes,' he replied; 'I thought up a plan over night, which you may adopt or not, as you like. As I said before,' he continued, 'it is useless to try to rent quarters for such a case. We might, however, buy a small cottage and take him there. I have figured the thing up and the total expense would be about \$5,000. If you are willing to hand over that amount, I will take him away and assume all further responsibility. I make the offer entirely out of sympathy for your guests!'

"The landlord looked him in the eye. 'I, too, have thought the situation over,' he said, 'and I'm convinced it's a confidence game pure and simple. I'm convinced there's nothing the matter with your dear friend up stairs, but I am also convinced that the slightest breath of the affair would greatly damage the reputation of the house. As a business proposition I consider it worth \$5,000 to get rid of you!'

"The other man smiled ironically. 'Call a cab and get out your money,' he said, and inside an hour the incubus had been spirited through a side door swathed in blankets and driven away. "As the landlord shrewdly surmised, the whole thing was a confidence game, and he learned the particulars later on through a sport he had once befriended. There was nothing the matter with the rascal up stairs except that his face had been pricked a little with a quill dipped in croton oil, something that makes a horrible looking pustule, which disappears in a few days and leaves no mark. I always thought the hotel man showed good sense in taking the course he did. He was caught in a trap and took the cheapest way out. The bare rumor of even a suspected case would probably have involved a loss of \$50,000 or \$100,000. It was far better to pay the \$5,000 and change it to education."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Be True to Yourself.

Nobody is more entitled to the gratitude of his country than the man who is true to himself—who is a useful, right living, law abiding subject. Happy the man, and happy the community in which he lives, if, through all the storms and struggles of his day, he carries unshaken to the end "the white flower of a blameless life."

Easy.

Miles—There is a man over in that museum who has lived for 40 days on water. Giles—Pshaw! That's nothing. I have an uncle who has lived for nearly 40 years on water. Miles—Impossible! Giles—Not at all. He's a sea captain. —Chicago News.

Unquestionably the cheapest place for Reliable Dry Goods.

STRAUS'S HONEST GOODS, LOWEST PRICES AND LIBERAL TREATMENT GUARANTEED TO EVERY CUSTOMER. 685-687 BROAD ST. 21 W. PARK ST. NEWARK N. J.

Your money willingly refunded for anything unsatisfactory.

We Still Lead in Bargain Giving!

This grand collection of magnificent offerings show it. Such splendid values must appeal forcibly to the sense of economy of every intelligent woman, and bring her here when in Newark.

- Bleached Muslin, One yard wide, nice, even weave and finish, sells elsewhere at 6c yard, only 10 yards to a buyer, at... 3 3-4c
Bed Sheets, 2 1/2 x 3 1/2 yard size, made from Lockwood sheeting, finished with deep hems, actually worth 45c each, while they last, 35c
Bed Spreads, Extra large size and a heavy quality, woven in beautiful Marcellis pattern, really hemmed, reg. price \$1.10, while they last, at... 75c
Paint Stains, The best quality, in oak, cherry, mahogany, walnut or ebony colors, the price elsewhere 19c box, bargain price here... 12c
Umbrella Special, 26 inch silk Corolla covers, tight rolling, handsome natural wood handles, with silver trimmings, a good 1.50 quality, special here at... 89c
Bed Blankets, Full double bed size, wool mixed and good weight, nicely bound, all pretty colored borders, now sell readily at 1.39. A great bargain 98c
Linen Towels, Fair size Hackback Towels, with fast color red border, a great bargain, while they last, at, each... 4c
Domest Flannel, One of the best weights—extra wide, a soft, close woven cloth and very fleecy, sells elsewhere at 10c yd., the price here... 5 1-2c
New Flannelettes, All handsome colorings and pretty designs, styles are imitations of the fine French ones, well worth 12 1/2 yard, special price here... 9c
Boys' Waists, Extra well made from best quality chevrons in the desirable dark effects, either waist or blouse style, a good 30c value at... 25c
English Percaloes, The best quality in the market, 36 inches wide, black, blue and white goods, instead of 12 1/2 yard, special here at... 7 1-2c
Wool Chevrons, Much in demand at present for tailor suits or skirts, in black and all the leading shades, 50 inches wide; well worth 89c yd. A great special at... 66c

STRAUS'S 685-687 Broad St. 21 W. Park St. NEWARK.

Don't Waste Money by having cheap plumbing put to your house. It isn't there long before something is either bursting or leaking, and the money consumed in little soon amounts to the same as the original of first class work. M. H. FERRIS, Sanitary Plumbing, WESTFIELD, N. J.

M. POWERS, DEALER IN BLUE STONE, FLAGGING, CURBING AND CROSS WALLS, SILLS, LINTELS AND STEPS. Westfield Office, Standard Building. Westfield Yard, at I. H. Lambert's Feed Store, North Ave.

For Extra MILK and CREAM.... Send your order to Mount Ararat Creamery. We also have a quantity of Milk and Cream at Trenchard Drug Store for your convenience. IRA C. LAMBERT, Prop.

Geo. F. Brown, Telephone, No. 213-A. 43 Somerset St., Plainfield, N. J. Also Will Put and Interior Decorations. Window Shades, Awnings, Tents, Etc. J. WARREN BROWN, Manager. Residence, Westfield.

LADY OR MAN wanted to travel and appoint agents, \$50 per month salary and all expenses. ZIEGLER CO., 120 Locust Street, Philadelphia. Ladies Can Wear shoes One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Powder to be shaken into the shoes. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy and gives greatest comfort. It cures itching, swollen feet, blisters and calluses. Allen's Foot-Powder is a certain cure for corns, bunions, sweating feet, itching feet, etc. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, etc. Trial package by mail. Address, Allen S. Gunn, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

Steam Marble and Granite Works. FENCING FOR CEMETERY PLOTS. Large Variety of Granite Monuments. Pneumatic Tools for Lettering and Carving. L. MANNING & SON, Front St., Cor. Central Ave., PLAINFIELD, N. J.



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ALFRED E. PEARSALL, Editor,
C. E. PEARSALL, Manager.

WESTFIELD, N. J., SEPT. 1, 1899.



A man who has traveled extensively throughout the states said, in the STANDARD office, yesterday that the Westfield and Elizabeth Street Railway Company were making the finest job that he ever saw.

Even the opponents of the Westfield & Elizabeth Trolley Co. must admit that this company have improved our streets wherever they have put down their tracks and that they have more than met their promises in the character of the work they have done.

Investigation shows that the talk of scarce live beef is a mere fiction of the trust as a pretense for marking up prices. It is only one of the many forms of conspiracy to which the people are subject; and will be subject until they take the trust business into their own hands as yet they will.

Moseby says that the STANDARD'S editor says that Moseby is a certain kind of a liar. Then Moseby gets a little hot under the collar and says the STANDARD'S editor is a certain kind of a fool.

Both gentlemen are, probably, more or less right, with the odds a little in favor of Moseby.

Elopements are becoming less and less romantic since the days of young Lochinvar. We've had 'em by coaches, buggies, steamboats, sail-coats, railroad trains, bicycles and, perhaps, by balloons, but the first one in an automobile is just reported. In this case, as in all properly resulting elopements, the fond lovers out-spied the girl's irate father and the knot was tied in time. May they live in peace, die in grease and go to heaven in a peanut shell!

We learn with regret that Miss Emma L. Starr is, on account of ill health, unable to continue her presidential relations with the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, for so many years maintained with such general acceptance that one might be forgiven for quietly assuming that they were to go on forever. Most sincerely do we bespeak for her a speedy return to health and, then, may we hope, to greater moderation when she resumes the activities of life. For Emma was always "a great driver."

We do most reverently pray Thee, O Lord, deliver some of the other splendid American women we know of from the sin of being such things as "great drivers," "regular steamboats," "superb housekeepers," etc. Amen.

Mrs. Walter B. Cook, daughter of Mr. A. A. Gachis, while walking to the depot from her home on Westfield avenue, Tuesday morning, was hit on the right arm by, it is presumed, a spent bullet from an air gun, or, possibly, a slingshot. A little black and blue spot was the result; but it did not inconvenience Mrs. Cook any. She went on to Newark. The Elizabeth Journal, however, printed a scare head article about the "Westfield Lady Shot," and told how she was compelled to return home.

It is such reports as this that get the town talked of in an undesirable

way. It, however, proves one thing; and that is that you have to read THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD to get the news accurately told. Here is another piece of injustice to Westfield. This time from the Plainfield Courier-News. Are we to conclude that this sheet is dishonest enough to write its own "specials?" Be this as it may the P. C.-N. has evidently relished the Westfield annual school meeting story from the uncertain news columns of the Elizabeth Journal, or from the equally uncertain news columns of the Newark Evening News, branding it as "a special to the Plainfield Courier-News." We brand it as "A lie out of the whole cloth." If it is the purpose of foreign newspapers to seek a circulation in Westfield by reporting Westfield news, we would advise all such that the population of Westfield is not to be deceived by a dishonest service.

A thoughtful, welcome article by E. J. Whitehead is published in another column of this issue of the STANDARD; it pertains to the Philippine question. We did not invite Mr. Whitehead to write upon the subject for the purpose of gainsaying his propositions, nor with any intention of doing so.

We are sure that our correspondent is not inclined to measure so big a question with a piece of red tape; nor to be actuated by any other than the broadest humanity and the most patriotic motives in his reference to the Constitution and its decrees.

For our own part, however, we have no reverence for the Constitution as such; and whenever new conditions in the evolution of the affairs of men call for it we want the Constitution to conform to those conditions and not to make the new conditions do the conforming. It is too much like the atrocious shoe on a Chinese woman's foot.

Change the Constitution if necessary; but don't turn those Islanders over to the wranglings of foreign despots; they came our way without our seeking.

Was it God's hand?

At all events the world recognizes American dominion in the Philippines. And the world also recognizes and respects the American behind the gun as never before. The world also knows that the American never fires the first shot; but that he has always fired the last one!

Come, now; "E. J." did the United States ever ask the consent of Louisiana, or of New Mexico, or of Florida, or of the Upper California, or of Alaska; or even of the American Indians, in the first place? If not where is the violation of "Principles," now that the civilizing dominion of America extends once more? Our jurisdiction is at once sovereign and paternal, until (as territories have qualified and become states) our new responsibilities have qualified and become states, as some of them by their education and disposition are already prepared to do.

Will not American dominion in the Philippines promote the ends of justice, of humanity, of government and of self government? Would not the "inalienable rights of man" be recognized, liberty loving, American fashion; not by the despotic and usurpative methods of England, to say no more of Spain?

Louisiana, Florida, New Mexico, Upper California, Alaska, the Philippines. Did any of them "consent?" Would any of them "consent" to going back to the old conditions? We are a poor article of "People" if we can't boss our own political Constitution just as much as we please.

Otherwise the Constitution becomes the Despot.

As to the question of policy let us not be afraid to try!

Let us conclude with the magnificent proposition of William McKinley:—

Wherever the American flag is raised it stands, not for despotism and oppression, but for liberty, opportunity and humanity. And what that flag has done for us we want it to do for all peoples and all lands which by the fortunes of war have come within its jurisdiction. That flag does not mean one thing in Porto Rico and another thing in

Philippine Question Considered by E. J. Whitehead.

To the Editor of the Standard.

You ask me for my views regarding the Philippine question. In answer: To me it is somewhat of a surprise that there should be two views of the way the Philippine question is now being managed. States are the foundation stones of our national organization and territories are states in embryo. The Slogan of Americans always has been "No taxation without representation." In other words a people shall not be compelled to live under a law that they do not have a voice in making.

Imperialism means that a king on a throne may hand down laws to govern his people.

Republicanism is the opposite, and means that an executive shall not govern, only as he is instructed by his subjects. In a kingly government the laws come down from the throne. In a republic the laws originate with, and come up from the people.

A despotic governor governs without the consent of his subjects.

A people's government governs with the consent of the subjects.

The Declaration of Independence, a wiser document than which has never been framed, says: "We hold these truths to be self evident: that all men are created free and equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

This rule has never been infringed upon in these United States, except in the case of slavery; and by the effort of the Republican party the XIV amendment was passed which provided that "The rights of citizens of the United States to vote, shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color or previous conditions of servitude." This amendment made more secure the rights of the individual. I believe the Constitution should be changed when necessary to secure the sovereignty of the individual.

These two quotations from the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution prove that a just government derives its powers from the consent of the governed and that their method of giving that consent, by vote, shall not be abridged by either the United States or any State.

There is no place in our institutions for colonies. There is no place in our institutions for a people who are not given the privilege of representation. If we acquire territory it must either assume the form of states or territories with such representation as our laws allow. Any deviation from this is the introduction of methods in harmony with governments who respect the throne but not the people.

Now about the Spanish war: Our introduction into that war was because we saw a people, on our borders, struggling for liberty. The entire population of these United States understood that when the war was over, Cuba would be free to govern herself. Do you say that the spirit of that declaration would have been faithfully carried out by giving Cuba a chance to be free; but we to govern the rest of the territory, that we acquired, without the people's consent? The Philippines were in rebellion against Spanish rule at the same time. Why does not the same principle apply to them? It has been said that the Philippines are not intelligent enough to govern themselves; be it so; and we must govern them because they are not intelligent enough to govern themselves.

If English history could be produced, covering the period of the American Revolution, it would be seen that King George's subject's cast on us the same charges of inability to govern ourselves. This inability charge has been England's excuse for acquiring territory throughout the world for the last hundred and fifty years. She has carried her trio of civilizers—bayonets, bonds and whiskey, into the benighted countries of the world because "the people were not able to govern themselves." And I assert that any country over which the English flag floats to day would be more civilized in their ignorance, than they are with this trio of English civilizers. America is too apt to imitate Great Britain because "It is English, you know."

Let us find out how the Philippines can be governed in accordance with American institutions, and not how we can introduce principles of government contrary to our institutions. I assert that the Philippines can not be a part of the United States unless

1st—their consent is asked as to how they shall be governed, and

2nd—by giving them representation if we take them; or that we change our laws and institutions so that they shall be in harmony with a government of the few and not of the many. It is a very pleasing thing to think that we can whip some of the other nations of the world and acquire their territory but we must be careful how we acquire and how we govern. Sometimes our greatest strength is our greatest weakness; for, if we violate the principles of government that have made us great we immediately enter the arena of territorial conquest that makes possible complications which may undermine us. Large standing armies and navies have

done more for the downfall of modern nations than anything else.

We could not hope to maintain a supremacy in the Philippines against foreign aggression with the small navy that we now have. We are so far away that our little navy in Manila Bay would meet the same end that Montezuma's fleet met if we had some of the great navies pitted against us. We, therefore, would have to maintain a fleet of at least twenty five good war ships there. The net commerce of the Philippine islands would not pay for so large a navy and a large standing army. From any point of view I cannot see as we have the right to force the Philippines under our rule.

The expansionists tell us in one breath that the Philippines are too ignorant to govern themselves; that they are a herd of cannibals; and in the next, that we ought to recruit our intelligent men to go over there and be shot down in order to subject these cannibals. We are to civilize these cannibals by shooting them and in the effort sacrifice our intelligent men.

Yours, E. J. WHITEHEAD.

BASE BALL AT CRANFORD.

Good Games for To-morrow and Labor Day.

The Cranford Base ball club have three good teams scheduled to play them on the Roosevelt Manor grounds at Cranford to-morrow and Labor Day.

To-morrow afternoon the Prudential Athletic club, of Newark, are booked at Cranford. The Prudentials have played two games at Cranford this season, winning one, and this is the "rubber." The Newark team will have with them Gilroy, the famous pitcher, and their usual line of star players, and an exciting contest is assured.

On Labor Day morning the Linden club, of Linden, will cross bats with the Cranfords for the second time this season. The Lindens have only lost two games this season, one of which was at Cranford on July 4th, which they lost by a score of 10-8. They will have an unusually strong nine.

Labor Day afternoon the Perth Amboy A. C. are booked at Cranford. The Perth Amboys played at Cranford on Decoration Day one of the best games of the season and were defeated by a score of 7-5 and this time they will play harder than ever to be the victors, hence a good game may be expected.

A large number of the residents of Westfield have enjoyed the games at Cranford this season and a large number are expected to see the games on Labor Day when the Cranford club will certainly do their best to make this holiday enjoyable. It should be noted that the clubs scheduled at Cranford for the next three games are all teams who have played at that place before, hence good games are expected.

WHITE RIBBONERS' ELECTION.

They Must Reluctantly Choose a Successor to Emma L. Starr Whose Ill Health Dictates Rest.

Next Tuesday, Sept. 5th, at 3.30 p. m. the annual meeting and election of officers of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be held at the hall on Prospect street.

For the first time in many years a new president of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union will be elected next Tuesday afternoon.

Miss Emma L. Starr has served so long and so faithfully in that capacity that it is with feelings of genuine sorrow and regret that the union has been obliged to take this step, owing to Miss Starr's continued ill health.

Last April the Union voted to give Miss Starr a vacation until the annual fall meeting, (the several vice-presidents to take her place meanwhile) with the hope that such a rest would result in her recovery. Now that the annual election is near at hand they are informed that although her health is some what better, she is still far from being able to take up the burden of the work that she laid down last Spring, hence the necessity of electing a new president.

It is the earnest desire of all W. C. T. U. members that before the next annual election she may be fully restored to health and strength.

C. R. Winans Fined One Dollar.

The second trial of Charles R. Winans, of Mountainside, charged by G. Whyte Smith, agent of the State Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, with having ill treated a horse, came up before Justice of the Peace Collins in Etta hall Wednesday morning. It was afternoon before Constable Todd could get twelve men to serve on the jury and then it took until 7 o'clock to hear all the witnesses for and against. The jury was out one hour and a half, when it brought in a verdict of guilty and fixed the fine at \$1 and costs. L. E. Hart was counsel for the defendant and Paul Q. Oliver for the plaintiff.

Working Nights and Day

The busiest and mightiest little thing that ever was made is Dr. King's New Life Pills. Every pill is a sugar coated globe of health, that changes weakness into strength, listlessness into energy, brain-fog into mental power. They're wonderful in building up the health. Only 25c per box. Sold by Bayard Drug Store.

How Are Your Kidneys? Dr. King's New Life Pills cure all kidney troubles. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, N. Y.

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

Open Saturday Evenings, Beginning September 2nd

THE Greatest School Supply Sale!

FOR a number of years our regular sale of school room requisites has proven a gigantic success and those having any appreciation of the many possible money-saving advantages it affords, will not, under any circumstances, allow an unnecessary hour to pass before visiting our lately removed and remodeled first floor Stationery section. It is not unlikely that similar sales will be held elsewhere and possibly prices the same or only a shade higher may be quoted on goods of an identical description, which, on comparison, will be found vastly inferior to ours. Price is by no means the only consideration—have an eye to quality and bear in mind that an article giving double service for the same or less money will be found here without exception.



MAIL ORDERS CAREFULLY FILLED. GOODS DELIVERED FREE. L. BAMBERGER & CO., Market and Halsey Sts., NEWARK, N. J.

BOYNTON BEACH. What do the wild waves say? 'Come for a plunge in me! You can spend the hottest day in a jolly sort of way By dipping in the cool salt sea!'

PIKER'S SHOES. LOOK WELL and WEAR WELL. 'NUFF SAID. H. C. PIKER, WESTFIELD'S BUSIEST SHOE DEALER.

OUR FALL ORDER. Has been given for DRY GOODS and FANCY GOODS. They will soon be here. WE MUST HAVE ROOM FOR THEM. We are Clearing Out at Bargains all Summer Goods. L. A. PIKER. New Taylor Block..... BROAD STREET.

THE UNION COUNTY STANDARD

WESTFIELD, N. J., SEPT. 1, 1899.

Wants and Offers.

THE STANDARD is on sale at Treuchard's drug store on Broad and Prospect streets, Gale's drug store, Broad St., C. F. W. Little's store, Elm and Broad Sts., Union News Co., at depot and from all news boys.

T WESTFIELD—For sale or to let furnished for the winter 9 room house, all conveniences, a bargain for the right party. Address, H. A. Brotherton, 36 Broad street, New York City.

WINE and plain hand and machine sewing done. No objection to working at residence by day or week. P. O. Box 671.

FOR SALE—Valuable frontage of 100 feet, North avenue, near depot. E. Harrison.

FOR SALE—Or rent; house at 31 Summit avenue; all city improvements; perfect condition.

FOR SALE—Bargain, 12-acre farm, Woodland avenue. Apply J. N. Wolf, corner 4th and Lawrence avenues.

FOR SALE—A genuine, old-time cabinet writing desk and chest of drawers combined; no fancy price. A. E. Parnall Standard office.

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

LOST—On South avenue to Broad street, a gold watch. Liberal reward if returned. H. Harkson.

MY farm is for sale. Ira C. Lambert.

TO LET—A large, light office in the STANDARD Building. Inquire of C. E. Parnall, 1st floor.

TO LET—At Cranford, best part of village; near station, two desirable residences with modern improvements. 12 rooms \$800; 8 rooms \$575. E. Bookhout, Union avenue, Cranford.

NO RENT—3 room cottage without buildings and garden. Woodland avenue. Apply J. N. Wolf, corner Dudley and Lawrence avenues.

WANTED—A neat, competent girl for general housework. Mrs. J. F. Cowperthwaite, 257 Prospect street.

WANTED—Position as chambermaid, waitress or can do light housework. Call Mrs. Hannah Cumberland street.

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, of said deceased, notice is hereby given to the creditors of said deceased to exhibit to the subscribers under oath or affirmation their claims and demands against the estate of said deceased within the time 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.

A New Southern Resort.

A new southern resort of unsurpassed beauty is the Isle of Palms, about six miles from Charleston, S. C., and reached by the Southern Railway to Charleston, and the Consolidated Traction Company from Charleston, through Sullivan Island.

The Isle of Palms is an island lying well out in the water, upon which nature has lavished her most precious gifts. The air is soft and sweet, the climate of tropical richness and beauty, while the warm waters of the Gulf Stream beat upon one of the finest surf bathing beaches upon the Atlantic Coast. The island has for years been an ideal spot to the lovers of the beautiful, and now that it is opened to the public by the foresightfulness of Mr. Nicholas Hill, the Manager of both the Consolidated Traction and Seashore Improvement Companies, the whole island has become a most popular resort.

Hundreds of people from all parts of the Carolinas and the South visit it daily. A splendid pavilion of great size has been erected, which will be enclosed by glass in winter, making the most unique sun parlors in the South. The military band from the fort gives attractive concerts daily for the entertainment of all visitors. A new hotel has also been built, called "The Isle of Palms," which compares most favorably with the best hotels in the world. It has over four hundred rooms, the service is perfect, the cuisine unsurpassed. It is open all the year round. It is a favorite place for conventions, the immense pavilion being of great service. Chataqua grounds are also in process of erection, and in every way possible it is proposed to make "The Isle of Palms" a desired Mecca to both Northern and Southern tourists. For full particulars regarding the routes and service call on or address Alex. S. Thwait, Eastern Passenger Agent, 371 Broadway, New York.

A Soul Letter to the Point. Mountinside, 830, '99. To the Editor of the Standard: I see in your issue of the 20th that a pack of dogs on Central avenue followed an old gentleman a block or more on Sunday last. Whose fault is it? The laws of 1895 say that it shall be the duty of the township officers to appoint a dog catcher and every dog running at large shall be killed. Why not enforce it? C. W. Roff.

Children's Country Home Entertainment, Monday Evening, October 2nd, 1899. Strong Program. Public schools open September 13. Miss Mabel Dolbler will visit friends at Bayonne on Sunday. The Board of Education will hold a meeting Tuesday evening. The Lincoln High School building is being put in order for the fall term. A. K. Gale, assistant postmaster, will begin a week's vacation tomorrow. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Downes are spending a few days at Glen Ridge, N. J. H. C. Shriner and family have moved into the Mooney house on Mountain avenue. The Misses Wittke have returned home from a week's sojourn in Williamsburg, N. Y. Chas. McDougall and family will return today and occupy their residence on Ross Place. E. J. Whitehead leaves tomorrow for a ten days' trip to Philadelphia and South Jersey. Mrs. J. S. A. Wittke and son are enjoying an extended trip through Yellowstone Park. Miss Nellie Messenger, of Plainfield, spent yesterday as the guest of Miss Mabel Dolbler. On August 30th in Elizabeth, N. J., a daughter was born to Dr. and Mrs. R. B. Whitehead. The members of Central Council, Jr. O. U. A. M., will hold an entertainment this evening. Henry E. Warnock has returned from Bradley Beach, where he has been spending the summer. Rev. Charles Fiske will return from his vacation trip tomorrow. Mr. Fiske has been at Bernardville. Dr. Appleton Morgan has returned to Westfield after a pleasant stay of several weeks at Brimfield, Mass. John Ledley started work Wednesday on the new iron beam bridge over the Rahway river at Garwood. An addition to the Darsh building on Broad street is one of the improvements now being made in town. Arthur Fink is acting as an extra clerk at the post office during the vacation periods of the regular clerks. Hon. John B. Green is laid up with a sprained ankle, which he received by slipping in New York on Monday. The Rev. Albert B. Robinson will preach at the Presbyterian church on Sunday, both morning and evening. Regular meetings of the township committee and board of health will be held at the town rooms this evening. Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gildersleeve and family returned Wednesday from Belmar, where they have been summering. A large number of people attended a clam bake held in the yards at the Westfield hotel on Wednesday evening. Clarence Smith will be the leader of the Christian Endeavor meeting in the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening. Three large wire cables are being strung from Plainfield to Westfield to be used in supplying power to the trolley road. Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Harris and family, of First street, are visiting friends at Greenwood Lake for a few days. Monday next being Labor Day, a legal holiday, the bank, stores and other business houses in Westfield will be closed. Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Alfreds and family, after spending the summer on Ross place, have returned to their home in Brooklyn. Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Jimerson and family, of First street, have been spending several days with relatives at Scotch Plains. W. Clifton Todd and family have gone to Newtown, Conn., after spending the summer as residents of Kiuball avenue, in this town. The Christian Endeavor society members of the Roselle churches will conduct the services at the Fresh Air camp this evening. The Rev. James R. Danforth, D. D., who has been spending his vacation on the Maine coast, will return to Westfield on Wednesday. The members of the I. O. S. will hold their tennis tournament for championship doubles on the Westfield Club courts tomorrow afternoon. Mrs. Brunner and daughter, Miss Carrie Brunner, have returned to their home on Westfield avenue after a pleasant stay at Asbury Park.

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

LOCAL PARAGRAPHS

In another column we print the advertisement of the Hotel Beechwood, Summit, one of the most popular and attractive hotels in this vicinity. Rev. and Mrs. George A. Francis returned Wednesday from their vacation of a month. Mr. Francis will occupy the pulpit at the Baptist church on Sunday. The engagement is announced of Mrs. R. S. Wiggs, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Bergeant, of the Boulevard, to Township Attorney Paul Q. Oliver. Services in St. Paul's church will commence again Sunday; early celebration at 7.30 a. m., late celebration, 10.30 a. m., Sunday evening service at 7.45 o'clock. The time for closing the entries for the fifteen-mile road race, to be run on the Westfield-Fauwood course on Labor Day, has been extended to tomorrow evening. Miss Sara Curry, matron of the Westfield Fresh Air Camp, will speak at the missionary meeting in the Methodist church Sunday school next Sunday afternoon. A steam roller is now being used in fixing up the streets which were torn up by the Westfield & Elizabeth Street Railroad company in building the trolley road. Dr. R. R. Sinclair has had a top placed on his bicycle wheeled road wagon, which is a great improvement, and the doctor is now prepared for rain or sunshine. The Rev. Dr. and Mrs. C. M. Anderson return home tomorrow from Stanhope where they have been spending several weeks. Dr. Anderson will preach in the Methodist church on Sunday. The Knights Templar of New Jersey will hold a field day at Asbury Park on Monday, when it is expected that Vice-President Hobart, who has recently become a member of the order, will be present. According to the decision of Judge Shipman, of Warren county, no township collector can legally collect fees on taxes that have not been collected, nor can he collect on the same name more than once. "Holding up the pastor's hands. What can we do to help our pastor?" will be the subject at the Epworth League meeting at the Methodist church on Sunday evening. M. T. Townley will be the leader. The work of moving the house and barn on Dudley avenue, which is in the path of the trolley road, began yesterday morning. John Ledley has the contract for the mason work in resetting it on the foundation. The Epworth League meeting at the Methodist church on Sunday evening will start at 7 o'clock, the last of the vesper services having taken place last Sunday. The regular evening services will be held at 7:45 o'clock. The funeral services of the late Mrs. William F. Mitchell, who died on Monday morning, were held from her late residence on Cumberland street Wednesday afternoon. The Rev. Charles Fiske conducted the services. Letters remaining uncalled for at the post office, Westfield. Persons calling for same please mention advertised. H. L. Dunham (3), Joseph Fingy, Mrs. Martin Hipfel, Miss Helen Quenzle, Fred. Whitemen, Minnie Nolan. Charles Embleton, who has been riding in the novice bicycle races at Valleyburg, for some time without getting a place, is now training at the track each day. Joseph Vought is handling the Westfield rider and expects great things of him. The closing exercises of the Fresh Air Camp will be held on Sunday, when a report of the year's work will be given. A chorus choir from Plainfield will furnish music, and there will also be instrumental music. The camp closes on Monday. Miss Grace Crosby, of Westfield avenue, is nursing a very lame elbow which she received by hitting it against a piece of furniture at her home on Sunday evening. Miss Crosby is compelled to carry the right arm in a sling and it is feared that the bone may be injured. The base ball game scheduled for Cranford tomorrow afternoon is between the Cranford team and the team from the Prudential A. O., of Newark. Each of these teams has won one game during the present season and a close and exciting game can be looked for tomorrow. Louis Keller, secretary of the Baltusrol Golf club, announces a holiday handicap at the Baltusrol links on Labor Day for suitable prizes given by the club. The handicap will be at eighteen holes medal play, and will take place in the morning. In the afternoon there will be a ball sweepstakes. Saturday afternoon, September 9, has been selected as the date and Cranford as the place on which the great base ball game between the married men of Westfield and the married men of Cranford will take place. That it will be a hard fought battle there is no doubt as both teams are out for blood and mean to win even if something has to break.

GILDERSLEEVE'S. Something more must be said about our clearing sale of Summer goods. The sale has been very satisfactory so far, but there are still many goods that we must dispose of to make room for fall stock. Have you availed yourself of this opportunity to buy seasonal goods at half their actual value? If not, come in and see what we have to offer—it will certainly pay you. M. J. GILDERSLEEVE DRY GOODS, FANCY GOODS. BROAD ST., WESTFIELD. WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF Dress Linings & Trimmings.

Hotel Beechwood SUMMIT, N. J. All the appointments are those of a first-class Modern Hotel—140 rooms. An ideal Fall and Winter Resort. 260 feet of piazza enclosed with glass. Send for Descriptive Booklet. JOHN A. HICKS, Proprietor. Each Week brings something new in the grocery line. We buy often; that is what keeps our stock fresh and clean. We have on hand a line of Fruit Jars. Our prices are as low as the lowest for the same quality of goods. Give us a call. We shall be pleased to see you at anytime. A. C. FITCH & SON, ...GROCCERS... Hello, 24-a. 157 Broad St. One More Week of it. We refer to our Clothing Sale. It can't last much longer because our Summer Goods won't hold out. Nevertheless there are some of the best things left yet, in small quantities, of course. Lots have dwindled down to 5 and 6 suits of a style. We don't expect to see any of them here after Saturday night. Ask to see the following: Our Fancy Cheviot Suits at \$3.00 Our All Wool Cheviot Suits at \$3.75 Our Fancy Dress Worsteds Suits at \$5.00 These are some of our best values and are worth looking after. We make all our clothing. SCHEPFLIN & SCHULTZ, M. J. CASHIN, MANAGER, RETAIL STORE. 322 WEST FRONT STREET, PLAINFIELD, N. J. FRESH LOT OF EXTRA FANCY ELGIN CREAMERY ...BUTTER... AT WALKER'S, Broad Street. SANITARY PLUMBING AND HEATING ESTIMATES FURNISHED PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. H. O McVOY, Elm St. Augustus Frentz, Contractor and Builder. FANWOOD, NEW JERSEY. Scotch Plains Post Office. Big Borax Soap, 3c bar. (1 lb. double cake.) Stanleys Berkley Oval Soap, 3 cakes 5c. Love's Pure Borax Soap, 7 cakes for 25c. G. E. LOVE, Grocer, Broad St. Fish... Vegetables... Everything nice and Fresh. Deliveries made to suit our patrons. Prices as low as consistent with best stock. FRITZ & LEAR, Broad Street. 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. Do You Read Good Books? Your choice of these for 10 cents each: Life of Admiral Dewey, The Little Minister, Life of the Pope, In His Steps, Lora Rivers, by Mary J. Holmes, The Philippines, The Dowry, by Mrs. George Sheldon, Let Us Follow Him, by author of "Que Valls," and hundreds of others just as good for 10 cents each AT HARKER'S BEAUTIFUL STORE 421 AND QUINBY STREETS, WESTFIELD, N. J. Store closed at 7 o'clock every evening except Saturday. Horton's Ice Cream IN BRICKS, ALSO LOOSE. Orders taken for receptions and weddings. J. B. MARENGHI. BROAD STREET WESTFIELD.

WESTFIELD LIBRARY NEWS. List of Books Added to the Catalogues and of Those Missing. The following books have been added to the Library: Reminiscences of Justin McCarthy, Morocco, Hugh Grgyeth, The Scapagoat, Professor's Daughter, Shortline War, The Fowler, Jesus Delaney, Miss Cayley's Adventures, Grant Allen Triple Entanglement, Burton Harrison The Red Cross, Clara Barton Two Stunghards, Barry Latitude 19 deg., Crowninshield The Market Place, Harold Frederic Eye of Istar, LeQueux Espirito Santo, Skinner Fortune's Tangled Skein, Walworth Invisible Man, Wells Martyrdom of an Empress, Battle of Gettysburgh. The following books are missing from the library shelves: My Study Fire, Vol. 1, Hamilton Mable Margarethe, Bits of Talk. The trustees request their immediate return by who ever has possession of them. The highest inhabited place in the world is the customs house of Aconcagua, in Peru, it being 14,000 feet above the sea. To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascara Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

When Their Release Came

All Three Sisters Decided That They Wanted to Get Away from Home and One Another. AND now, my dear niece, that we have arranged these sad details, I want to talk to you about yourselves, said Uncle William, taking up his hat and stroking the new hatband reflectively.

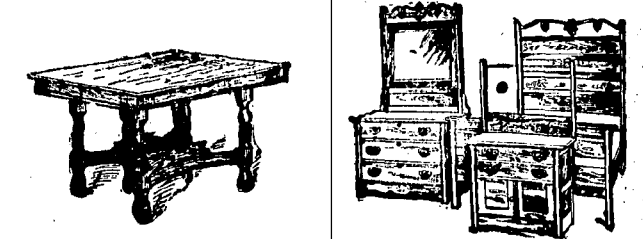
I know Devass will be awfully glad to see you at dinner one evening. She gives rattling good dinners, I can tell you. Good-by, all of you. I give you my blessing. And Anne rushed out of the room before any of her astonished relations found breath to speak. "Oh, my poor, lost, little sister!" said Amelia.

CONFIDENCE SHATTERED. A Curio Dealer in Los Angeles Details His Experience with Eastern Schoolmarm's. "There is a big joke on some of the teachers who went on the Los Angeles excursion in early July," said a Brooklyn teacher the other day, "and although it is at the expense of my profession I shall have to tell it."

GREAT WIND PRESSURE. A Railway Engineer's Narrow Escape While Facing It at a 100-Mile-an-Hour Gait. "Speaking of these new turbine boats that are expected to travel 35 and 40 miles an hour," said an old Illinois Central engineer, "I wonder if they have properly allowed for the wind pressure. I know a little something about that myself, and I tell you it's a pretty serious matter."

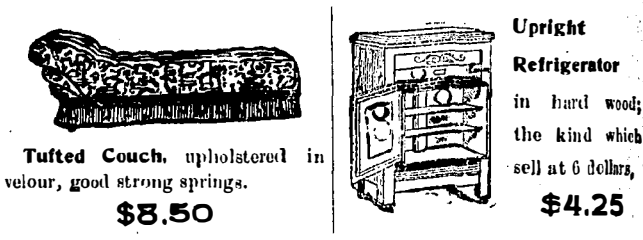
MULLINS & SONS, The Great Furniture Store.

OUR CREDIT PLAN enables you to furnish your home at once; it gives you plenty of time to pay, and still you have the benefit of a cash purchase.



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

- FOR THE PARLOR: 1 Parlor Suit, 2 Pair Lace Curtains, 2 Poles and Fixtures, 1 Parlor Table, 1 Clock, 1 Rug, 2 Pictures. \$42.00
- FOR THE DINING ROOM: 1 Extension Table, 6 Cane Seat Chairs, 1 China Closet, 16 yards Carpet, 1 Oak Sideboard, 1 Couch. \$34.25



Tufted Couch, upholstered in velvet, good strong springs. \$8.50

Upright Refrigerator in hard wood, the kind which sell at 6 dollars, \$4.25

HOMES FURNISHED FOR \$1 A WEEK. MULLINS & SONS, 218-220 Market Street, Newark. WE CLOSE AT 7 P. M. SATURDAY 10 P. M.

Rea Estate Specials!

WE are offering very choice Building Lots on Central Avenue, Park Street and the Boulevard, the property of the South Side Land and Improvement Co. Every lot shaded, and beautifully located. The best shaded property in town, and near depot.

THE Harbison property, on Broad Street, is now under a new owner and vast improvements are being made. New streets are being opened and graded. Lots are of good size and high. At present prices each lot should go quickly. By Special Arrangement we are prepared to build a house to your order and you can pay for the property in Easy Monthly Payments. Consult us for further particulars. This property is choicely located and restricted.

\$10 DOWN and \$5.00 per month will buy a lot on the old Littlefield farm. Lots \$150 and up.

C. E. PEARSALL & CO., Agents.

J. S. IRVING CO., DEALERS IN Coal, Lumber, Building Materials, Mouldings and Kindling Wood. Fertilizer For Lawn, Garden and Field. Office and Yard--Central Ave., near R. R. Crossing, Westfield. Orders by Mail Will Receive Prompt Attention. TELEPHONE 19 A.

PRETTY FANCIES. Various Trifles Which Are Now Popular with Followers of the Fashions. Never was lace in such demand as it is to-day; every kind and description for every possible use. It is the keynote of a young girl's attire, and she never was quainter than she has been since the avalanche of lace descended upon her.

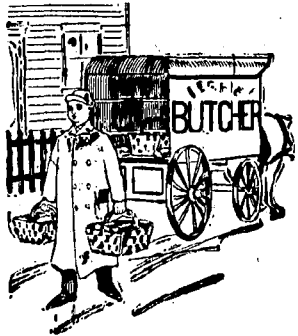
ARMY OFFICERS CALLED "MR." None of Them Get Their Official Titles Until They Reach the Rank of Captain. People who are not versed in matters of army usage often ask why certain army officers are addressed as "Mister," and not by their titles. To the men who enter the service from West Point the custom is well understood, because they know that, no matter how much authority they may have, or how gay their uniform may be, they are simply "misters" until they wear two bars on their shoulder straps.

The Cranford Gas Light Co.

SAS for Illuminating and Fuel Purposes.

BE UP-TO-DATE USE GAS RANGE For Cooking.

The Cranford Gas Light Co., OFFICE, HART'S BUILDING, ELM ST., WESTFIELD, N. J.



Archbold & Scudder, VARIETY MARKET, WESTFIELD.

OUR MOTTO: BEST GOODS, LOWEST PRICES. POLITE ATTENTION :: :: QUICK DELIVERIES.

WALL PAPER WALL PAPER WALL PAPER WALL PAPER 50 PER ROLL AND UPWARDS.

Welch Bros. Painters and Decorators, Broad Street, near Elm, WESTFIELD.

New England Bread.

Westfield Bakery Bihmann & Koenig Props. Cakes, Pies and Pastry. ICE CREAM delivered in quantities to suit.

Wagon makes regular calls. Drop us a postal card and your wants will be attended to.

Broad St. Westfield. NEW YORK MUSEMENTS.

KEITH'S CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES. 25 and 50. Noon to 11 p. m. Union Square Theatre, 14th St., New York.

PROCTOR'S PLEASURE PALACE. 68th Street, New York. Continuous performance—1.30 to 11 p. m. REFINED VAUDEVILLE.

PASTOR'S CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCES. 12.30 to 11 p. m. Seats 30c and 50c. Program changes every week.

PROCTOR'S CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE. REFINED VAUDEVILLE. 21st St. Noon to 11 p. m. All tickets, 25c; all orchestra, 50c.

Waldmann's Opera House VAUDEVILLE AND BURLESQUE. Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Matinees. Market and Halcyon Sts., Newark.

Location of Fire Alarm Boxes IN WESTFIELD.

207—Summit Avenue and Park Street. 409—Elm Street and Kimball Avenue. 570—Broad and Middlesex Streets. 630—Cumberland Street and South Avenue. 692—Fire Department House.

Attending in an alarm stand near the call box until arrival of apparatus.

Have You Anything to Advertise? Put your "want" ads in the next issue of the STANDARD—send them in early. Don't forget that persistent advertising pays in a word.

Lazy Liver

"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them, and secured much relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented." A. B. B. 2020 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Gripe. 25c. 50c. CURE CONSTIPATION. Write for Sample. Solely by the Standard Candy Company, Chicago, Montreal, San Francisco.

NO-TO-BAG Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to be the BEST TOBACCO Habit.

UNION WATER COMPANY

Incorporated 1870. Organized 1891. The Union Water Company supplies the inhabitants of the villages of Fanwood, Westfield, Cranford and Roselle with water for domestic use.

"The Purest and Sweetest that Nature can Yield." 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 a letter to one of the Company's patrons in which "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, At 65 Broad Street, Elizabeth.

A BUSINESS EDUCATION.. FALL TERM!

The New Jersey Business College, located at 683 Broad Street, Newark (Opposite Military Park). Day sessions continue without interruption. Night sessions begin Sept. 5. Tuition for Day sessions very reasonable. For Night sessions \$10 per month. Nearly all qualified students of the past year are now in situations. Write or call for Free Catalogue. Office help furnished. Refer to thousands of former students.

C. T. MILLER, Proprietor.

NEW GREGG COLLEGE OF Business and Shorthand,

Belmont Building, Plainfield, N. J. Business, Shorthand, Typewriting, English, Penmanship, Mathematics. TERMS:—Day session, forty weeks, \$50; evening forty weeks, \$30, or tuition may be paid for in easy monthly payments. Free instruction until Sept. 1st. W. E. VAN WERT, Prin.

JAMES MOFFETT... CARPENTER AND BUILDER.

Prospect Street, Westfield, New Jersey. Estimates Cheerfully Furnished.

Procure Your Business Education -AT THE-

COLEMAN NAT'L BUSINESS COLLEGE. 636 Broad St., Newark, N. J. And you will save both time and money. Rates greatly reduced. English, Business, Shorthand and Typewriting. Only \$25 a quarter for six. Evening School from September 20 to April. C. Horton, Penman. M. Coleman, President.

New York University. Comprehends six Schools. The LAW School (with Day and Evening Classes), Medical College, Graduate School, Pedagogy, APPLIED SCIENCE and UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. For circulars address the Registrar, Washington Square, New York City.

Doing Without the Dot. The small letter "i" was formerly written without the dot. The dot was introduced in the fourteenth century to distinguish "i" from "l" in hasty and indistinct writing. The letter "j" was originally used where the letter "i" is now employed. The distinction between "i" and "j" was introduced by the Dutch printers at a comparatively recent date, and the "j" was designated because the "i" from which it was derived, was written with a dot.

Hint For Writers. Don't mangle your new pen between your lips before you begin to write. Take your cheap steel pen, dip it in the ink, then hold it in the flame of a match for a few seconds, wipe it carefully, dip it into the ink again, and you have a pen that will make glad the heart within you. Try it once—Never Doubt.

Advance Your Bowls With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, pure composition forever. 10c. 25c. C. C. C. Co., full, druggist refund money.

An Algonquin Legend

By Florence Wilkinson.

"IS NOT this life?" he thought, as he floated along a little Canadian stream, a few miles above its foaming shallow rapids.

He had two companions, one a young girl, olive-skinned and black-haired, the other an old woman, whose darker hue showed her to be of unmixed Indian blood.

"M. Villeaubille," said Yvonne, "zaires my grandmouzatre's house, at zait montagne, far, far. See you zaire? Gardez! gardez!"

Her English was delicious, mixed as it was with French words and spoken with the Canadian-French accent. She spoke to him in English, except when she became much interested in the conversation, or when the theme taxed too heavily her slender vocabulary.

"Ze rivaire she wind much, and I zink we shall haf a storm. And ze courante is against us, M. Villeaubille."

He glanced up at the sky where the clouds were gathering above the top of the Montagne Ronde, dark, heavy clouds, through which the heat-lightning flashed fitfully.

"I do not fear ze storm, I," said Yvonne, "but look, grandmère, wut was zait? Somezings wite ran past me, on ze water."

Grandmère started, and looked about her uneasily.

"It was the moon's reflection in the stream, Mlle. Yvonne," said Willoughby.

From her place in the bottom of the boat grandmère muttered an unintelligible something.

In the shadow of the firs the canoe slid on almost noiselessly, when out of the silence a wall quivered in the air above their heads. Yvonne suppressed a cry of terror and crouched down low in the canoe. Willoughby himself was startled by a voice so human, so melancholy, sounding in that solitude.

"I believe it is a child crying!" he exclaimed. "Let us go to the shore."

"Non, non, navaire, monsieur," Yvonne's voice trembled, but she stopped the paddle with her hand as he began to reverse the canoe.

"Zaire was not ze place it sounded—it was above us. We will go on quick-quick!"

"It was a wild loon, perhaps, in passage," Willoughby said. "They have a human cry."

He was endeavoring to reassure himself as well as the others, for fear in some way he was contagious.

"It was not a loon, nor was it human," the old woman spoke out in French for the first time.

"Look there!" She pointed toward a bay of the river that ran up into a marshy meadow.

Willoughby looked, but in the twilight he saw nothing except the white mist slowly exhaling from the water and the flag-flowers along the meadow-edge.

"What is it?" he asked, his curiosity fairly aroused, for he perceived that it was something definite which his companion feared.

"Tell me, Mlle. Yvonne."

Silence met his question—the girl putting her finger to her lips with the gesture of one who dares not speak. Willoughby's vision became preternaturally acute as the weirdness of the situation impressed itself upon him.

Watching the dusky shore past which they were closely skimming, he observed a slight, sinuous motion among the reeds of the margin, and then something slid suddenly in front of the canoe.

"It is she!" the girl cried, suddenly bowing her head forward upon grandmère's knees.

"La Jongleuse! She is following us to-night."

"Hush! do not speak her name," said grandmère's husky voice, "or one of us will be taken."

Again Willoughby asked, and more earnestly, for an explanation.

"I will tell you, Monsieur Villeaubille; but it is somezings you will not like of hearing."

Then she continued rapidly in French, giving her version, somewhat modified, of the old legend current 200 years ago among the Algonquins and still preserved in tradition among the seignories of Rivière-Quelle:

"She comes at twilight, when the mist rises from the streams; when the whippoorwill cries among the grasses, then her voice is heard quivering and mourning like a lost child in the lonely marshes. She treads softly on the white, spongy moss, and where her footprints are she leaves behind her little pools of water. One cannot see her, M. Villeaubille. No, no. But one can see the rushes moving where she walks at twilight, for she gathers the pale-purple sticky flag-flowers for her hair. Her hair is long and waves in the breeze. Sometimes one feels it brush the cheek, like the touch of a dank waterweed. Evil—evil for one whom she touches, monsieur."

"Her eyes are blue, blue like the flag-flowers she twines in her hair, and her lips are smiling always. She has many voices, like the wind in the firs, sighing, sighing; like the water on the shore, gurgling, gurgling; like the little frogs that pipe in the spring; like the grasshoppers, crackling, chirping; like the little cricket, lonely, chirping; and sometimes you can hear her moan around the gray eaves of an empty house, when the dead trees break and fall on windy autumn evenings, and the long mosses swing like an old man's beard from the decaying hemlock."

There were two hours more of paddling, but hardly a word was spoken. Grandmère's head had sunk upon her breast. Yvonne's gaze was fixed earnestly upon the young man's face, as if she would strength there. Willoughby, watching the prow as he sent it shooting through the water, had ever before his eyes the vague, mysterious image of the Lady of the Flag-Flowers.

They approached the hill-side on which stood grandmère's little white house. The storm that had been threatening for so long, seemed almost ready to burst above their heads.

"It is near midnight," said Willoughby, as he turned the canoe toward the shore.

Then, by a sudden impulse, he leaned toward Yvonne.

"You have not told me the name of La Jongleuse, Yvonne!"

"Non, non, for it is ze bad fortune to speak it."

"Nothing will harm you now, my child," he answered, as he sprang from the boat and pulled it up on shore.

"If one speak her name and the hour is midnight, then she will appear, and if she will appear it is a sign of death."

He held out his hand to guide her to the bank, and when he felt her fingers within his own, a masterful desire grew strong in him. His persuasion could conquer her fear.

"Yvonne, tell me her name."

He put his arm about her to steady her as she wavered at his side.

"I shall let nothing harm you," and he tightened his clasp of her hand.

M. Villeaubille, vy make you me to speak? Her name, it is Matsli Skeou," the young girl whispered. Her face, raised to his, was illumined by a flash of lightning.

Yvonne laid a hand upon her shoulder, but the old woman did not raise her head.

"Grandmère!" she cried, looking down into her face. Then: "Malheur! Elle est morte, morte!" she shrieked. "La Jongleuse, la Jongleuse!"

It was true. The old woman was dead. Willoughby carried the burden to the house, where the husband and a married daughter awaited them.

He felt conscious-stricken. He knew that Yvonne would regard him as responsible for the calamity. Perhaps the superstition had laid hold a little on him. At any rate, he sincerely repented that he had made the young girl speak the dreaded name.

"What would you like to have me do?" he asked her after the grandmère's body had been tenderly laid upon a bed.

"Shall I go for a priest?"

"Yes, M. Villeaubille; if you would be so good."

He ran down to the shore again, in the gathering storm. As he stooped over the canoe he heard light steps behind him on the grass. It had been an uncanny experience even for Willoughby, the night, the storm, the mysterious glimpses of a strange and solitary country, the weird tale of Indian superstition, the dead woman, who had stirred not in the canoe, Yvonne's cry: "La Jongleuse, la Jongleuse!"—no wonder that he started when he heard the unexpected sound behind him.

No wonder that a wild fancy made his heart beat quick. A slight figure stood beside him. Yvonne's voice spoke:

"M. Villeaubille, I would notzait you return to ze village. Ze times are too, too unfortunate. M. Villeaubille, tell me, true, true."

The young girl stepped up to him and laid her two hands lightly, one on each of his shoulders.

"Had you not fear zees momente? Ifaf you not ven you hear my stepping zink out ze Jongleuse?"

Willoughby laughed.

"Zen you will not go. It ez ever bad sign ven one has her in ze mind."

Willoughby felt himself awayed by the force of the young girl's will. He also felt himself awayed by a contrary force impelling him to go, as if in some way his decision imported much to him. The Lady of the Flag-Flowers had cast her spell over him. Would she conquer? Would he yield?

"Grandmère ez dead. Ze priest, he may come in ze morning. I will be content to wait."

GUNS "DOING TIME."

Queer Spanish Custom of Punishing and Rewarding and Good Weapons.

Some four years ago I called at the Spanish artillery barracks, San Francisco square, this city, for the purpose of visiting an officer friend of mine.

While waiting for him at the entrance I happened to see a mouser rifle hanging by the gun sling to the wall.

It struck me as peculiar to see such a good piece abandoned and getting rusty, so I asked a Spanish soldier what was wrong with the gun.

"Why, it's in for three years."

"What do you mean by that?" I asked.

"Well, I mean what I say. That gun was sentenced by a court-martial for brushing a soldier at the pistol gallery while practicing some time ago. It went off without the trigger being pulled."

"Still I don't understand what you are telling me," I replied.

"Well, it is so, just the same. Why, if you ever happen to go to San Cristobal castle you will see a gun (a cannon) which was rewarded (pieces of ordnance in the Spanish army being punished as well as rewarded for behavior) for sinking one of the English war vessels when the city was attacked 100 years ago. That cannon has been knighted by her majesty, and is entitled to be called 'His Excellency,' like a regular general, and whenever we pass it we have to present arms!"

Since then I have been asking every officer whom I knew whether the story was true or not, and they have all affirmed what the soldier said. The last one I asked was a cavalry officer, who answered thus:

"Well, some time ago they used to punish and reward all artillery implements in the army. You know how well Morro castle behaved when the Dutch attacked this city two centuries ago. Well, Morro has been knighted since then, and you probably hear the band playing the 'Marcha Real' every afternoon—the same march they play when the governor general approaches."

I have seen a good many mules sentenced to death for having kicked either officers or privates, and a Spanish soldier told me that while he was at Cadix, Spain, he saw a large rifled gun "sentenced to death" for having burst and killed some gunners with the breach block, and it was smelted and made into another gun. I am told, too, that at some arsenals and castles, or barracks, there are lots of pieces "doing time."

I know Americans will laugh when they know of this, but pray, don't they "condemn" stores at their army posts?—Isaallo Velez, in San Juan (Porto Rico) News.

WAVES OF ETHER.

A Remarkable Medium That We Are Told Will All Matter and All Space.

The phenomena of wireless telegraphy are most marvelous from the purely scientific side. They show us that this remarkable medium, the ether, which encompasses us about on every side, penetrating the densest as well as the rarest forms of matter and filling the whole of celestial space, is in a state of endless disturbance, crossed and recrossed by waves in infinite variety.

In his address on the "Six Gateways of Knowledge" Lord Kelvin was called attention to "the vast gap between 400 vibrations per second, the sound of a rather high tenor voice, and 400,000,000,000 per second, the number of vibrations corresponding to dull red light, and therefore the lowest rate in the spectrum."

But, now that Hertz has given us ether waves millions of miles long, how enormously had this range been widened? Within this range there is room for 20 senses, in place of five, each equal in range to those we have at present; and if each should reveal to us as much as does the eye what an amazing amount of knowledge would be ours!

Indeed, Lodge has suggested an electrical theory of vision based on coherent action.

But why may not these Hertzian waves have been already utilized by our organisms? We are told that the day that Gen. Gordon was killed at Khartoum the people in the streets and bazars of Cairo knew of it, though the distance in a direct line is 1,000 miles and no telegraph connects these cities. And a British officer in Afghanistan narrates that information of the intended movement of troops during the war at distances of 50 or 100 miles away was known to the natives at these points almost immediately, though no signaling of any sort could be detected. What worlds of possible sensation lie about us in these ether waves; and, when these are fully recognized, with what tremendous capabilities will the human race be endowed! In the eloquent words of Tyndall: "The air about us may be full of Heaven's hallucinations, while we hear only the feeble whisper of our own prayers."—George F. Barker, in Lippincott's.

On One Side.

"My goodness, my little man," said the preacher who had just called because he felt that it was his duty to do so, "what is the matter? You are crying as if your heart were broken, and your nose is all skinned, too. What has happened?"

"M-m-m-my maw she whipped me fer fightin'," the child sobbed.

"Well, in that case I fear you deserve punishment. Don't you know that it is wrong to fight?"

"B-b-but I didn't f-f-fight!"

"You didn't? Then it is a shame that you should be beaten. But how did you get that nose?"

"The oth-oth-oth-oth-er boy done all the f-f-f-fightin'."—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Amateur Soap-Box.

Bright sky—good subject—happy mood.

FEMINE BLACKSMITHS.

A South African Convent Where the Sisters of St. Dominic Have Learned to Shoe Horses.

The sisters of St. Dominic, near King William's Town, Cape Colony, South Africa, have established a blacksmith's shop and have adopted the role of the new woman in a brand-new character. The sisters of St. Dominic, eager to sow the seeds of religion in Africa, turned their backs on the time-honored convents of Europe and established a settlement in Cape Colony, where they purchased an extensive farm. Finding that farm laborers were scarce in a land where most of the digging was for gold and diamonds, far more profitable use of the space than digging for potatoes, the nuns quietly put their hands to the plow. But accidents will happen even in a convent, and in time the plowshare was broken.

There being no blacksmiths in that region, the nuns sent to Cape Town and got the materials to build and the tools and implements to supply a smithy. A blacksmith as a tutor was secured, and now the nuns have learned how to do their own smith work. They have thus far proved not only their equality with man, but their superiority to him, for when the blacksmith, disregarding his religious environments and the respect due to the noble women who hired him, went on a prolonged spree, they bounced him out of the settlement.

In the new country where the nuns have set up their habitation the Boer neighbors regard their work with suspicion and resentment, the English stand aloof and wonder and the natives look on with awe and reverence. The visitor who rides to the convent from King William's Town comes upon the nuns, brown clad and busy hoeing, plowing, pruning and grafting, or perhaps driving strong-limbed oxen to the water. At close range the most striking effect in the appearance of a sister of St. Dominic as seen in South Africa is her rosy, tanned face, so different from the bloodless, white complexion of the nun under ordinary conditions. This natural bronze is well earned. Day after day, week after week, month after month, the nuns toil at the forge and in the field, exposed to the rays of the African sun and the fierce heat of the forge.

The feminine blacksmiths of the Dominican convent are experts. The precision of the hammer-swinging nuns seems to exercise a sort of fascination over the rest of the sisterhood, for they will go out of their way on their daily tasks to gaze at their hard-working sisters of the smithy.

A recent visitor to the sisters of St. Dominic, who had the good fortune to possess a letter of introduction from a bishop to the mother superior, entered the occasion in detail in his diary. The abbess proved to be a woman endowed with uncommonly good sense. She was practical, and her personal spirituality was so aided and tempered with a knowledge of human nature and a sense of humor that she captivated the visitor. After a tour of inspection of vines, fruit trees and growing crops the abbess drove him to the blacksmith shop. The smithy was a long, narrow building, with a strong frame, the sides clappedboarded and the whole surmounted with a red cupola, with slated sides, through which the smoke of the forge drifted. Within were a well-built brick forge, a strong, capacious bellows of ox hide and all the customary paraphernalia incidental to the vocation of votaries of Vulcan.

Tethered to a strong oaken rack in the center of the shop was a draught horse, whose big bones and shaggy fetlocks proclaimed the Flemish animal. With nail box beside her, a nun bent over the high hind foot, with a foot resting in her lap, and with a pair of tongs was fitting a red-hot shoe to the scorching hoof. With the assistance of a sister, the nun nailed the shoe, and, putting the side of the horse, she proceeded to lift another hoof and repeat the performance with a second shoe.

Once or twice the nun drew a nail in a direction that did not satisfy her. Such she withdrew, but at last the shoe was firmly nailed, nails clinched and sharp corners all neatly rasped down, and the big horse was shod as neatly and as well as the average blacksmith could have done it.

While the horseshoeing was in progress another nun was busy making hinges, hooks and staples, ringshaws and other articles of builders' hardware out of small rod and bar iron. She hammered away in rather an experimental fashion, and frequently exhibited her work to the nun who had shod the horse, seeking her advice upon knotty points of the smith's art. Another nun was repairing farm machinery, and seemed to be an adept at the work.—N. Y. Press.

Dead Languages.

There are certain languages which, although they are still spoken and written in, are to all intents and purposes dead. For instance, Icelandic is practically identical with the dead Norse language, out of which the Scandinavian tongues have grown. So, too, provincial, the ancient language of Provençal, and the speech in which the Troubadours sang, has now sunk to the level of a patois, although a certain French literary school is making efforts to revive it as a literary language.

Hebrew, again, though still spoken, is to all intents and purposes dead in the sense that Greek and Latin are. Cornish, Manx and the old mysterious Romany tongue are also examples which should be mentioned in this connection.—Cleveland Engineer.

Pleasant Outlook for Baby.

Mrs. Benjamin—Baby looks like mother.

Benjamin—Yes; and I'll look for it when she gets old enough to know what I'm looking for.—N. Y. World.

# ABOUT THE COUNTRY

## CRANFORD.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Jernby are visiting friends at Nyack, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Swain are again stopping at Hampton Hall.

George Morrison and W. B. Clark are enjoying the fishing at Bird's Lake.

Mrs. M. H. Armstrong and Miss Armstrong are spending a week at Spring Lake.

G. Harvey Miller, Miss Miller and Mrs. E. K. Adams are spending a few days at Meriden, Conn.

## RAHWAY.

Miss Clara Donahue, of New York, is visiting in town.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Lane have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Sumner M'oney, of Plainfield.

Several Rahway wheelmen will ride in the fifteen mile road race at Westfield on Labor Day.

Miss Mollie Smith has returned to her home at Mt. Carmel, Pa., after a pleasant visit with Rahway friends.

## Flowers Under Artificial Light.

Nearly all flowers in which there is a notable proportion of blue are unattractive when seen under artificial light. Hence purple and lilac flowers do not usually look well at night, though there are exceptions owing to the intensity of the red in some purples, which comes out well at night and causes them to appear as crimson. Yellows luxuriantly less brilliant, and pale yellows become had whites under gaslights, but reds and crimsons and all shades of pink and white retain their beauty, and, as a rule, green leaves are pleasing under any light.

## Their Appreciation.

The barnstorming crew had not eaten for two days and two nights. Suddenly the eldest soubrette appears with a quantity of eggs. "Where did you get them?" breathlessly inquired the heavy man. "I got them for a mere song," she replied. And it was even so. She furnished the song and the audience furnished the eggs.—Chicago News.

The man who insists at the poker party that the husband is the lord and master is the one who takes off his shoes to sneak up stairs when he gets home.—New York Press.

A calm at sea resembles that artificial sleep which is produced by opium in an ardent fever; the disease is suspended, but no good is derived from it.

The nerve that never relaxes, the eye that never blanches, the thought that never wanders—these are the masters of victory.—Burke.

## Millions Given Away.

It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine; and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness and all diseases of the throat, chest and lungs are surely cured by it. Call at the Bayard drug store, and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

## Born Equal, but Not Free.

"Here is a curious error," said the schoolboy as he laid down his "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and turned to the encyclopedia. The author uses the expression, "All men are born free and equal."

"Well, what is the matter with that?" inquired the schoolboy's uncle. "Why, the quotation should be, 'All men are born equal.' There is no 'free' in it."

"Do you mean, to tell me that Jefferson did not write 'free and equal' in the Declaration?" "That's what he didn't."

"I'll bet you—"

"Don't do it, uncle. Remember, you have a family to support, and they will need all your money. The word 'free' does not occur there. See?" And he placed the big book before his mis-guided relative.

"Oh, I know better! I will get a copy of the constitution in one of my old books. I have heard that quoted so often I know what I am talking about."

"You have heard it quoted wrong every time you heard the 'free' in it." After they had found the word and reliable old book and all the rest of the authorities, the uncle ungraciously gave up. But he hated to do so. It seems impossible to correct that wrong impression. The boy was right. Yet people will go on indefinitely making a "free" and inaccurate quotation.—Chicago Post.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Spoil Your Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, no matter how long you have smoked, take Dr. King's New Discovery. It makes you weak and nervous, and all diseases of the throat, chest and lungs are surely cured by it. Call at the Bayard drug store, and get a free trial bottle. Regular size 50c and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

## GARWOOD.

Postmaster Cohen spent Sunday with relatives at Port Richmond, S. I.

Mrs. Catherine Fuller moved with her family to Brooklyn this morning.

The public school at this place opens for the fall term on September 13.

Robert Narr, of the C and C works, left yesterday for a two weeks' vacation.

Miss Hook, who has been visiting her parents here, returned to Chicago on Tuesday.

Mrs. W. R. McCren, who has been touring Scotland for the past two months, it is expected, sailed for home Wednesday on the Anchoria, of the Anchor Line of steamers.

## ROSELLE.

The public schools will open on September 11.

Spencer Higgins enjoyed a bicycle trip to Butler, yesterday.

The borough council will hold a regular meeting this evening.

Dr. and Mrs. H. C. Pierson have returned from their vacation trip.

Mr. and Mrs. James M. Nelson, of New York, are visitors in town.

Mrs. J. A. Taylor has returned home after a visit of several weeks at Milton, Vt.

## CLARK TOWNSHIP.

Miss Everate is recovering from a recent severe illness.

The public school opens Tuesday. Miss Ella Gibson will be the teacher.

Miss S. B. Robinson led the Christian Endeavor meeting at Locust Grove on Sunday.

Miss Florence Mays and Miss Estella Mays are spending a few days with out of town friends.

The Locust Grove school will open for the fall term on Tuesday with Miss R. F. Folsom as teacher.

## FANWOOD.

Mrs. Fred. Ross is on the sick list this week.

Miss Josie Marsh has been enjoying a pleasant visit with Brooklyn friends.

Miss Lizzie Stamets, of Westfield, has been visiting Miss Tina Klemmer here.

Miss Maud Adams has returned home after a pleasant visit with friends at Middletown.

Mr. Woodrow, of Bordentown, has been visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Schick.

## Red Hot From the Gun.

Was the ball that hit G. B. Steadman of Newark, Mich., in the Civil War. It caused horrible Ulcers that no treatment helped for 20 years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him. Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Boils, Felons, Corns, Skin Eruptions. Best Pile cure on earth. 25cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Bayard Drug Store.

## A Burglary Story.

They were telling "burglary stories" on the veranda in front of the grocery store in a down east town. "The man's hand was thrust through the hole he had cut in the door," said the star talker, "when the woman seized the wrist and held on in spite of the struggles of the man outside. In the morning the burglar was found dead, having cut his own throat when he found escape impossible; but the brave woman had not known he was dead, and so had not released her grasp on his wrist all night long." "Huh!" growled the skeptic in the corner. "Why didn't she feel of his pulse?"—Buffalo Commercial.

## The Cossacks.

Cossacks form the volunteer cavalry troops of southern Russia. They provide themselves with horses, uniforms and weapons and serve as guards to the highways and perform certain other military duties on demand of the governor of the district in which they live, in return for which service they are relieved from taxation to a certain extent. Their costumes are picturesque, and they have a worldwide reputation for the excellence and daring of their horsemanship.

## Clever Charlie.

Some one took Charlie up and asked him if he was papa's boy. He answered, "Yes." "And you're mamma's boy too?" "Yes," replied Charlie. "Well, how can you be papa's boy and mamma's boy at the same time?" "Oh," replied Charlie quite indifferently, "can't a wagon have two horses?"

## Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists. The Hall's Family Pills are the best.

## A "GRAVE" ADVERTISEMENT.

London is Making Merry over an Attempt to Make a Cemetery Attractive.

The much-debated "grave advertisements" which the St. Pancras vestry has planted with an eye to business, in the various recreation grounds under its control, were a fund of delight to many who saw them for the first time one day lately.

The residents in other parishes were joyful over oysters and cocknits, swing boats, and ponies at a penny a time; but those living in St. Pancras had their burial boards to make merry over, and scorned the common delights to be found on Hampstead Heath. For this day, as is customary in St. Pancras on bank holidays, people went in for fresh air and exhilarating pastoral scenery to be found in the converted church yards which serve the quarter of a million inhabitants as places of recreation. At the entrances to these cheerful pleasure-grounds they were confronted with nicely painted boards, bearing the following notice:

"St. Pancras, London.—The cemetery of this parish is situated at East Finchley, two miles from the parish boundary. It is the largest and most beautiful of the London cemeteries. Private and family graves from two guineas.

Attractive portions of the cemetery have been laid out for Roman Catholics and other non-conformist interments. For particulars apply to the burial department, Vestry hall, Pancras road, N. W."

There is nothing glaring about these notice boards which have been planted about the recreation grounds of St. Pancras. They are neat and not gaudy, and they don't overdo the thing at all. They merely assure the fortunate quarter of a million of inhabitants that their future resting place is the "largest and most beautiful," and that even people who don't belong to the established church can have "attractive portions."

No wonder the people of St. Pancras rejoiced with exceeding joy, and made merry—although they were alive. They saw the inward meaning of those notices, and laughed in exultation over less fortunate citizens of London. At East Finchley cemetery is the solution, for St. Pancras, of the housing question. A Daily Mail representative came across a decrepit old gentleman who was chucking to himself in one corner of the "gardens." "What am I crying about?" responded the old gentleman to an inquiry. "I'm not crying! I'm laughing. Don't you see that board? Well, we're crowded out in St. Pancras. There's 'no room to lie in.' But just wait till we die.

"Why," he exclaimed, in uncontrolled glee, "we've got the largest and most beautiful cemetery in London. Ho, ho! Attractive portions for non-conformists. Ha, ha! For two guineas! Ho, ho!"—London Mail.

## Fight Between Man and Pig.

An interesting fight between a man and a pig entranced a crowd of Norristown people the other morning on the Main street. The man, a young farmer, was driving a big, uncovered wagon. He sat on some boards that were snatched from the wagon's two sides, and under the boards was the hog, which his weight held down. Suddenly, in front of the Montgomery house, the man flew high in the air, the boards clattered down on top of him, and the porker began to climb out of the wagon. "You'll buck me, will you?" said the man, getting up, and he grabbed the animal by the throat and began to punch it in the nose. The pig, erect and shrieking like mad, struck at him with its forepaws and tried to trip him with its hind ones. The intelligent horses stopped so as to let the crowd view the fight in comfort. The man and the hog fought all over the wagon until they both panted for breath. The animal's nose was bleeding, and the man's clothes and skin were torn here and there. The duelists were revolving in a tight embrace in the middle of the wagon, like a couple waltzing, when a spectator reached up and knocked the hog down with a club. Then the boards were arranged again and the man drove off.—Philadelphia Record.

## Pinching Flowers.

A peculiar species of climbing plant from Brazil has lately been introduced in the south of England, where it grows freely in the open air. Its flowers are provided with flat, horny plates, situated above the nectar cups in the center of the blossom, and which are called "pinching-bodies." When an insect thrusts its proboscis into the nectar, the plates pinch it fast, and on its departure the insect must either carry off the pollen masses of the flower, or leave its proboscis behind. In the former case, the pollen is likely to reach and fertilize another flower; in the latter, the unfortunate insect, deprived of its proboscis, dies. Sometimes the legs, as well as the noses, of insects are found sticking in the flowers. Only the bumblebee appears to be strong enough always to escape amputation.—Youth's Companion.

## A Retort Discourteous.

A young lady full of good deeds noticed the tongue of a horse bleeding and with a use of technical terms too little appreciated said to the caddy, "Caddy, your horse has hemorrhage."

"It's his tongue's too large for his mouth," said the caddy and added sentimentally, "Like some young ladies."—London Globe.

## An Unexpected Result.

A freight train pulled into a Maine station recently, and a ventriloquist on the platform thought he would have some sport, so he threw his voice under a car, saying: "Let me out! Let me out!"

The station agent was called, and he hastened to unfasten the door of a car. After working for a time he got the door open and out walked four tramps, all of whom disclaimed that they had asked to be let out.

The ventriloquist had barked better than he knew and had stepped upon the side of the four hoboes, who were left behind.

## William Brown.

Watchmaker and Jeweler. All kinds of Watch and Clock Repairing. ELM ST., next to P. O., WESTFIELD.

## J. J. Wahl & Sons.

CASH BUTCHERS. Vegetables in Season. Prospect St., Tel. 21-A, Westfield.

## W. N. Sparkman.

CARPENTER and BUILDER. QUIMBY ST., cor. Elm St., WESTFIELD. JOBBING PROMPTLY DONE.

## A SERMON FOR MEN.

The man who earns his living with his brains cannot afford to neglect his body. The body is the furnace and boiler that furnishes steam to the brain. If the furnace is permitted to get clogged with cinders, the boiler will make no steam, and the delicate machinery of the brain will slow down and come to a dead stop.

When a man finds that his ideas do not come as freely as they once did, he need not worry about his mental machinery, but he had better look to his body. His stomach and intestines are clogged with the cinders of indigestion. His blood is impure, and does not receive the proper elements to put vim and speed into the machinery of the brain. If he neglects this condition, he will suffer from headaches, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, confusion of ideas, despondency and lack of energy. Eventually he will break down with nervous exhaustion or prostration. There is a remedy that will promptly put a man right under these conditions. It is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures indigestion, fills the blood with the vital elements of life, tones the nerves, and makes the brain bright, clear and active. It cures all nerve and brain troubles due to insufficient or improper nourishment. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is for sale by all good medicine dealers, and only an unscrupulous dealer will try to induce a customer to take some worthless remedy, alleged to be "just as good."

Mr. Ned Nelson, the celebrated Irish Comedian and Mimic, of 277 Hayden Street, Camden, N. J., writes: "We fulfilled an engagement of twelve weeks and the constant traveling gave me a bad touch of that dreaded disease called dyspepsia. I had tried everything possible to cure it all last week while playing at H. P. Keith's Bijou Theater, Philadelphia, in the Nelson Trio, a professional friend of mine advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I tried it, and, thank God, with good results."

Constipation is promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. All medicine dealers.

## Interrupted the Programme.

"Did that that sharp what give a show in the oppy house last night ketch bullets in his teeth as he said he would on his placards?" asked Porcupine Pete.

"He 'ketch'd a few," said Larlat Lem, "but not exactly as he allowed he was a-goin' to."

"'Nother one of them tenderfoot swindlers, I s'pose."

"'Mobby, I dunno. He didn't git fur enough so we could toll whether it was a swindle or not. You see he begin his performance by askin' fer some gentlemanly member of the audience to lead him a hut."

"'Wot happened then?"

"'Well, Dog faced Dick handed his hat up and the professor started off by breakin' a passel of eggs into it. The bullet ketchin' part of the programme happened right thar. The coroner's writta to hear from his friends in the east, if he has any."—Chicago Times-Herald.

## Victor's Reward.

"Tonight," said Mr. Perkins at the table, "as I came up on the car the fellow next to me had a nickel out and was handling it. The conductor came along and, thinking it was a quarter, gave him back four nickels. The fellow took them and then said to me, 'That was pretty slick, wasn't it?' 'Well, it would be,' I said, 'if you were beating a big company like the street car company, which could stand it. But that conductor will have to pay that out of his own pocket. He only gets so much an hour, and 20 cents is quite a per cent of his day's wages. It's tough on him.'"

"'What did the awful man do?' asked Mrs. Perkins sympathetically.

"'Leaned up against me and went sound asleep and then woke up when I got off and cursed me for letting him go past his street.'"—Rochester Democrat.

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CARPENTER and BUILDER. QUIMBY ST., cor. Elm St., WESTFIELD. JOBBING PROMPTLY DONE.

The Portland Range has not one useless part—it's all good.

## Want Furniture or Carpets?

# Select the Goods NOW

and save money on 'em while this "Clearing Out" time lasts—come see us whether you've much "ready" money or not—we'll reserve what you want for later delivery—we'll give credit—on what you buy—and deliver free at any date.

Here are Just 7 "Drawing Cards" in Furniture.

**13.98** For a Chiffonier that was \$20. Can you better that? Golden oak, French bevel plate mirror—see cut.

**\$10.98 This Suit \$12.49** 10 times as "fetching" as even the cut shows—in antique oak, spacious and solid. Cheap at \$15.00.

**This \$3.69** —was \$6.00—over—150 others to see—98c. to \$25.00.

**98c.** A fact—was \$1.25—golden oak—has spindle back and cane seat.

**\$17.49—was \$25** An Ideal Sideboard—in quartered golden oak, well fronted at top drawers—fancy setting for French beveled plate mirror.

**\$3.98** It's a golden oak desk—swell front drawer, too. French legs—was \$7.00.

## Carpets? See Us.

Low prices never got so low on high grade carpets as during this "August Sale"—the more you know of carpets the quicker you'll see this; price proofs:

26c. yd. Cotton Chain Ingrains. Good Brussels for 45c. Heavy Brussels for 67c. yd. Wiltons at \$1.15 yd. Flatings now from 12c. yd. up.

Few remaining sizes in Ice Chests and Refrigerators—at nearly your own price. Same way with all the Oil and Vapor Stoves.

Cash or Credit—Easy terms sure to suit you.

Send for catalogue. Mail orders promptly filled. Free deliveries.

## Amos H. Van Horn, Ltd. 73 Market St.,

LOW PRICES—EASY TERMS. Near Plane St., New York, N. J. Telephone 560. Goods delivered Free to any part of State. CARFARE PAID TO OUT-OF-TOWN BUYERS.

## Albert E. Decker,

### LIVERY and BOARDING STABLES.

North Ave., Westfield, N. J.

Special Accommodations for Boarding Horses. FIRST CLASS RIGS.

## NOTHING BUT FIRE PLACE GOODS

—AND—

## EVERYTHING FOR THE FIRE PLACE.

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

## NORTH AVENUE HOTEL.

W. H. GROGAN, Proprietor.

Accommodations for Transient Boarders. Board by Week or Month. EXCELLENT STABLE AND SHED ROOM. Opposite Standard Building, Westfield, N. J.

## 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.

## Horton's ICE CREAM

For FESTIVALS, LAWN PARTIES, RECEPTIONS, WEDDINGS, etc., etc.

Schmitt's Bakery, BROAD STREET, WESTFIELD.

## Wollesley Robinson....

AGENT FOR Stearns, Tribune, Bicycles and Eagle. Wheel cleaned and stored, \$1.00 per month. Works to repair. Elm Street, near Depot, Westfield, N. J.

## CLARK, THE Hatter,

OF COURSE!

No penetrating in water at high pressure that only special quality of cast iron will withstand it.