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Providence Independent

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PROVIDENCE INDEPENDENT.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS—NEUTRAL IN NOTHING.

VOL. 5. TRAPPE, PA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1879. WHOLE NUMBER, 221.

Written for the Independent.

THE COLLEGE BELL.

Within the belfry hung, then college bell,
Which of dull monotony has broke the spell,
Is summoning us again to mental task,
And reminding us that vacation time is past.
How oft has thou the silence broke at early dawn,
When we in vain wished to slumber on,
Compelling from dreamland our journey to retrace,
And rousing us from Morphia's sweet embrace,
How oft admonish'd us when hardships were renew'd,
When we again our mental labor then pursue,
An' informing us from toil to cease,
When gratefully our minds release,
Where now are scatter'd forth in that numerous band,
That oft have come and gone at thy command,
Wearing 'neath their feet the sils away
While in obedience they thy power obey?
Who now are pleading for their criminals at the bar,
Or arguing the case of some matrimonial jar?
Addressing a grave forum advanced in years,
And in the jury box attentive ears?
Who low beret of sleep and rest apply the healing art,
And for the welfare of our race perform their part,
Grieving in spirit when all remedy is past,
As Death holds fast the victim in his grasp,
In whose hands yet remains the sacred desk in charge,
Who preach repentance to a world at large,
Warning their hearers of the perils here below
In eloquence that cause the tears to flow?
Who now are training the saplings of our race,
So that maturity will find them in their proper place,
Leading along each life lest it go astray,
And exercising o'er the youthful mind a proper sway?
Who of that number now engage in honest toil,
Applying mechanically their art or till the soil,
Benefiting by their labor all our race,
And thus occupy an honorable place?
And amongst that number who have chosen the priest's art,
And with distributors of thought are taking part,
Imprinting from type our inmost ideas that unfold,
When lo! in print enquiring minds our thoughts behold?
Who of that band has thrown his college hours away,
In idle scenes or acts still worse than play,
Enticing perhaps some fair one into a life-long bond,
While he himself remains a worthless vagabond?
What of the journey of each one through life,
Canst thou inform us of the scenes of peace and strife,
While passing from youthful manhood to the urn,
What fortune or mishap's befalling each in turn?
Naught of those scenes, your wagging tongue will tell,
Yet still your sonorous voice we love so well,
Reminding us of hilarious scenes we all have found,
And happy hours enjoyed upon the college ground,
And if at times the mind with sorrow is oppress'd,
When the sad scenes are brought to view,
Among the rest
Of some lov'd classmate approaching the fatal hour,
O'er whose slow wasting form Death has controlling power?
Or of a friend whose return of reason we look in vain,
The melancholy sequence of an o'er-taxed brain?
We chide you not for sadness to the mind you bring,
While around the happy scenes fond memories still cling.

J. H.

The Story of a Marriage-Eve.

BY KARL DRUBY.

'To-morrow is my wedding-day,' said Viola Clayson softly to herself. 'It seems so strange. And yet how happy the thought makes me!'

She was seated in the sumptuous drawing room of her father's handsome country mansion as these words left her lips.

It was still early evening, and the lamps had just been lighted. Their mellow lustres played richly on Viola's stately, olive beauty.

Never had her face wore so charming a look as to-night, because never had the future seemed to her so deliciously full of promise.

Roy Melford, the brilliant young New York lawyer, was a match worthy of even Oscar Clayson's precious only child, whose days had been made thus far enviable by every fond indulgence.

But meditation does not always increase contentment. Some famous writer once said that to think is to be come miserable.

A shade of care certainly darkened Viola's lovely face, as she now moved forth upon the broad moon-lighted piazza, where a fragrance of June-honeysuckles perfumed the silvery dimness.

'Poor Mark Sinclair!' her thoughts presently ran. 'I know he is wretched to-night; I can't help but pity him. Surely it is not my fault that I could only give him pity in return for his deep, unquerable love. And how odd that he should be Roy's intimate friend, and yet that Roy has never suspected his secret. Well, it is better as it is, perhaps. Mark is a noble fellow. He suffers still; I saw it in his eyes when he called with Roy yesterday. And to-morrow he will be his friends' best man at the wedding, and no one will dream of what an ordeal he is passing through—but, pshaw! I must not think of these gloomy things; time will bring Mark consolation. And after Roy and I are married I shall make it my sacred duty to find him some lovely, true woman for a wife. He deserves it if ever man did!'

Shortly after making these rather girlish impulsive reflections Viola slipped down across the lawn, passed out of its front gate, and entered the grounds of a fine estate lying opposite, where dwelt her friend, Kate Champ-

ney.

Kate was to be one of Viola's bridesmaids on the morrow, and naturally the two friends would not be at a loss for a vivacious chat together.

Roy Melford had sent Viola a note that afternoon, saying he would call at nine o'clock this same evening for his farewell visit in the capacity of her suitor.

There were still two hours and a half before that hour, and Viola's restless mood needed some kind of occupation during the intervening period.

Meanwhile, about half a mile away, in one of the lower chambers of that comfortable, old-fashioned homestead which Mark Sinclair had recently inherited from his dead father, a very different scene was being enacted.

Two men sat here together—Mark, the lost, and his friend, Roy Melford, to-morrow's prospective bridegroom.

Mark's grave, rugged, manly face looked unusually serious. Roy, who was speaking, wore on his delicate, fine-cut features an expression of melancholy distress.

'Mark' he was saying, 'the woman who now waits outside on the porch is inflexible. She says that she will show those letters to Oscar Clayson this very night. He once said to me just after my engagement to Viola. Roy Melford, if there is the least stain upon your name you should never have my daughter. I gave her to you only because I believed your record to be absolutely flawless.' When the sister of that dead girl shows him the ardent love-letters which I once wrote to her, and which, she says, are the proof of my gross infidelity to poor Sarah Wilmot I should not be surprised if Viola's father wrathfully forbade our marriage, even at this late hour. Oh, Mark, can nothing be done to prevent this untidy scandal?'

Mark Sinclair was silent. Roy had covered his face with both hands. The big clock in the corner ticked solemnly.

Presently Mark spoke:

'You treated Sara Wilmot shamefully, Roy,' he said. 'I never knew about those letters till now; but I remember that summer very well, when we both went together to D—, for the shooting. Poor Sara was a simple country girl, living in that lonely little cottage with her aged mother. You made her believe that you meant to marry her. And afterward you kept up the deception. Oh, it was base, unmanly!'

Roy sprang to his feet.

'Not as base or unmanly as it looks, Mark,' he cried. 'I was almost a foolish boy at the time. For a while I believed that I did really care for the girl. Then we left D—, my brief infatuation died. Pity made me write those letters. I shrank from telling her the truth. Her death actually stabbed me with remorse when chance brought me the news of it. Ah! the memory of my weakness, fault, sin, or whatever name you choose to call it by, has haunted me bitterly enough ever since. And now, if I am to be so rightfully punished—if I am to lose Viola on our wedding eve—the chastisement will be harder than I can bear. Mark, it will kill me.'

The last words were brokenly uttered. Roy flung himself back into the chair, and once more covered his face, while his slender, graceful frame quivered under the stress of severest emotion.

'What makes you think that Martha Wilmot's exposure of your conduct to Viola's father will have so calamitous a result?'

'I know Oscar Clayson better than you do,' almost groaned Roy Melford. 'Mark rose. He stood for a moment as if in undecided meditation. Then he slowly left the room and walked forth upon the large, antique porch, on whose steps the summer moonlight lay pale and tranquil. A woman stood near the doorway. She was a tall, dark featured woman, with cold black eyes. As the light from the inner hall struck her stern, aquiline face, Mark Sinclair said:

'You are Martha Wilmot?'

'Yes,' was the quick, harsh answer. 'I do not know you, sir, nor do I care to speak to you. I am waiting for Roy Melford to come back. I wish him to go with me to the house of the lady he will shortly marry. I wish her father and herself to hear his own admission of his villainy toward my poor dead sister. If he will not go with me, well and good; I shall go alone. I have heard what sort of a man Oscar Clayson is. When he has listened to my story it may alter Mr. Roy Melford's future prospects.'

A little silence followed, and then a bitter laugh broke forth from the woman's lips.

'Oh, I know why you are,' here she went on, 'it is to offer me a bribe. Roy Melford has sent you. But you can go back and tell him that I would fling his dollars in the dirt if he proffered them to me! No! what I want is revenge for my poor dead sister—and I mean to get it this night! I only heard of the coming marriage yesterday. I wish I'd known of it sooner. But perhaps it is not yet too late!'

A silence followed, then Mark Sinclair's calm voice said:

'I came to offer you no bribe. Roy Melford will not go with you to Mr. Clayson's; but I his friend will go. You shall tell your story, and then we will see just what happens?'

'You say Martha Wilmot, that you were absent from home, in a situation as factory-woman, when all this sad affair occurred?'

Oscar Clayson spoke. He was standing in the center of his library, facing Martha Wilmot and Mark Sinclair, who stood near her and looking as pale as death. He was a man who had been handsome in his day, but a slow, mortal malady had for several years been gradually sapping his strength.

'Yes,' answered Martha. 'I returned home to find my sister dying. And this man's deceit had killed her. He is the man, Mr. Clayson who is to marry your daughter to-morrow.'

Mr. Clayson now spoke somewhat hoarsely.

'You mentioned some letters,' he said. 'Let me see them.'

Martha hands him a small packet.

'My mother could also have given her testimony,' she went on, 'if her death had not happened a few weeks ago. But these letters, I think, are enough proof. You will no doubt recognize their hand.'

'I do recognize it.'

The words left Oscar Clayson's lips a few minutes later. He had been reading several of the written pages. He sank back into his chair and the loosened sheets fell from his half-nervous fingers.

'Poor Viola!' he murmured. 'What a wedding she will have.'

Mark Sinclair drew several steps nearer the old gentleman, at this.

'Mr. Clayson,' he said, 'do you mean that you will forbid your daughter's marriage?'

'Forbid it,' was the quick, imperious answer; 'I would rather see Viola dead than the wife of one who could soil himself.'

'But if he has repented bitterly,' urged Mark. 'If—'

'Repented! If he repented a thousand times the dishonor would still be the same. No, my mind is made up. The wedding shall not take place.'

A silence followed. Martha Wilmot's dark face was lit with a saturnine, triumphant smile.

In a moment we can commit deeds of utter baseness. And it requires but a moment also to decide upon actions where the loftiest sublimity is shown.

Mark Sinclair loved Viola Clayson with a profound overmastering love. A selfish nature might have seen in this old man's decision the chance of future personal benefit.

But Mark Sinclair's nature was not merely unselfish. It was capable of splendid, heroic renunciations, of high, supreme generosity. Roy Melford, too, was his friend. He meditated for a brief space, then he said:

'The truth must be told, he said. I wrote those letters.'

'You!' exclaimed Mr. Clayson, 'You!' echoed Martha.

'Yes, I, Mark Sinclair. I confess it; they are forgeries. I have never been Roy Melford's friend. Years ago he injured me—no matter how. I vowed revenge upon him, and when we were at D— together I saw the chance of thus harming his fair name. I would Sara Wilmot under Roy Melford's name. He never went near the cottage, or very rarely. If Mrs. Wilmot were alive she could identify me as her daughter's deceiver. I afterwards forged his name and handwriting. I now tell the truth because I have a grain of conscience left, and cannot see an innocent creature like Viola Clayson suffer, even though it would bring disaster upon the man I still hate.'

'It is not true,' gasped Martha.

But Mark had acted his part magnificently. Oscar Clayson was wholly deceived by him.

'I believe you, however,' cried the old man, starting to his feet. 'Never enter my door again,' he went on indignantly, 'nor dare to speak to me while I live.'

'As you please,' said Mark, in humble, crushed tones. 'But now that I have confessed the truth, at least

conceal my shame, and give me those letters.'

'Take them,' cried Mr. Clayson, 'and go!'

Mark seized the letters before Martha could re-secure them. An instant later he had torn them into small fragments, and hurried from the room with these grasped in his hands.

But just before going he turned and spoke the following words:

'Roy Melford did not betray me when that woman to-night upbraided him with the treachery that he supposed his. He kept silent because he would not believe her accusation till my own lips had verified it.'

Viola and Roy were married the next day.

Martha never credited Mark Sinclair's story, but Mr. Clayson did. Mark did not appear at the wedding. Later, when Roy heard what his friend had done for him, he almost knelt at Mark's feet in devout gratitude.

Mr. Clayson died about six months afterward of the disease to which he had been for years a victim. After his death Mark was the honored friend and frequent guest of Viola and Roy, though the former never knew of his noble falsehood.

Viola has never succeeded in finding Mark that wife whom she had hoped to secure for him.

But perhaps Mark has had his reward. Perhaps his own large, true soul has gained for him a fitting recompense. Who shall deny it? Great natures are wrought id this finer way.

THE WOODEN-LEGGED MAN AND THE CROCODILE.

Here is a story from a little Johnny, of the Pacific coast that almost rivals the 'Jumping Frog' of an older yam-spinner:

If I was a gote I rather be a sheep, cotes is milked, but sheep is shingled. But Billy he says let him be a cucky die, with friteffe teeth, and notches on his back, like a saw.

Mister Jonnice, which has got the wuden leg, he says theres a dile which was a sho, and it was in a pond. Mister Jonnice he set on the edge of the pond a watchin the dile swim, but the keeper he said, the keeper did. 'Better look-out for yure legs, sir, this ere dile is powerfoll fond of legs, and he don't get menny here, poor feller.'

So Mister Jonnice he tukes of his wuden leg and hid it, and wen the keeper he he cum round agin Mister Jonnice he said:

'You was right about that dile.'

The keeper he looked and he was a stonish, and he said, 'Shant I run for a doctor?'

Then Mister Jonnice he thought a wile, and bime by he said, 'No, I don't think I wude not for a wile yet, enny how. Diles is use to over eatin themselves.'

The keeper he sed, 'You are the coolest man, wots left of you, which I have ever saw.'

Mister Jonnice he sed, 'Well I have all ways went on the principle its no use cryin for pure leg off, but I'd be mighty bliged to you for a drink of whisky.'

When the keeper had brot it Mister Jonnice had yut on his wuden leg, agin, and was standin up lookin at the dile, and the keeper he was a stonisher than ever, partickler wen Mister Jonnice sed he hed ben standin there a our and had never seen him before.

COULDN'T DO IT.

A Professor of Legerdemain was exhibiting in Conway, N. H. He had a goodly audience. Those far-country villages are the place for real enjoyment of such things. The people are not satiated with amusement, and when occasionally a show enters the town they turn out en masse.

On the present occasion the Professor was going to perform the wonderful trick of causing a piece of money to pass, by the simple effort of his will, from a securely-locked box upon the table, or from a gentleman's hand, into the pocket of some of the boys in the audience. Of course he must call up a boy to help him, and he chanced to fix his eye upon a tow-headed urchin near the front, who promised in appearance, to answer his purpose. He called and the boy came up.

'Now, my man,' said the Professor, in his grandiose way, at the same time laying his hand upon the boy's head, 'I am going to cause that piece of money— you see it? It is a solid piece of metal—to pass from that box, in which you shall see me put it, into your pocket. You don't think I can do it, do you?'

'No, sir, I don't!' answered the lad, with decided emphasis.

'Well, do you stand up here, and we shall see.'

'But, sir,' persisted the boy, 'ther ain't no use yer tryin, 'cause I know you can't do it.'

'You know I can't? Don't be too sure. Wait and see. Just you stand right here—there! Now hold up your head and look steadily at me, to see that I do not cheat you.'

'Oh, well,' muttered the present urchin, with a comical twist of the freckled face. 'I'll stand anywhere you want only 'f u git any money inter my pocket, I reckon you'll hav ter find the pocket, for I ain't had sich a thing this two months. I tore 'em out.'

The pocketless hero was applauded vociferously.

HE AVOIDED THE APPEARANCE.

An incomplete idea is apt to be a false idea—it is necessary to take the whole in order to make it valuable. Causeur remembers a good country parson who preached a series of sermons on practical morality, and very interesting and instructive they were. A lad in the village who had heard only one of them was coming out of an orchard one day, his pockets bulging with stolen fruit. He met the parson, who noticed his efforts to conceal the evidence of his guilt. 'Have you been stealing apples?' asked the minister. 'Yes, sir,' answered the boy, sheepishly. 'And you are trying to hide them from me?' continued the good man. 'Yes, sir,' said the culprit, and then added, his face brightening up, 'you said last Sunday that we must avoid the appearance of evil.'

A Troy, Mich., farmer puts pantaloons on his horses, to obviate fly bites.

THE WIFE'S SECRET.

'I will tell you the secret of our happy married life,' said a gentleman of three-score and ten. 'We have been married for forty years; my bride was the belle of New York when I married her, and thought I loved her for herself, still a lovely flower is all the lovelier poised in an exquisite vase. My wife knew this, and, true to her genuine refinement, has never, in all these forty years, appeared at the table or allowed me to see her less carefully dressed than during the days of our honeymoon. Some might call this foolish vanity; I call it real womanliness. I presume I should not have ceased to love her had she followed the example of many others, and, considering the every-day life of home necessarily devoid of beauty, allowed herself to be careless of such small measures as dressings for her husband's eye; but love is increased when we are proud of the object loved, and to-day I am more proud of my beautiful wife with her silvery hair and gente face, than of the bride whose loveliness was the theme of every tongue. Any young lady can win a lover; how few can keep them such after years of married life.'

In all the little courtesies of life, in all that makes one attractive and charming, in thoughtfulness of others and forgetfulness of self, every house should be begun and continued. Men should be more careful to sympathize with and protect the wife than the bride—more willing to pick up her scissors, hand her the paper or carry her packages than if she were a young lady; and as no young woman would for a moment think of controlling the engagements and movements of a young gentleman, neither should she do so when he is her husband. If by making herself bright and attractive she fails to hold him, compulsion will only drive him from her. I do not believe it possible to retain the friendship of anyone by demanding it. I do not believe it possible to lose it by being loveable.

A NEW VERSION OF THE BIBLE.

Seventeen hundred and seventy-six years ago our forefathers crossed the ocean and planted a May flower on Plymouth rock, shouted a patriotic and slightly inebriated orator, on the glorious Fourth. 'You have all the points, but their arrangements are slightly discommodated,' interrupted a matter-of-fact auditor. 'Arrange them to suit yourself, then,' replied the orator. Which reminds us of the saying of 'that boy' to his father, when the family were assembled for worship: 'Bring me the bible, my son,' said pater familias. The son went into an adjoining room and returned with a grave countenance and Webster's dictionary, and placed the latter on his father's lap. The old gentleman took his spectacles from his pocket, wiped them and placed them upon his nose, and solemnly opened the book in his lap. 'You young scamp,' he shouted, 'you knew you were bringing me the dictionary?' 'Well, pa,' said young hopeful, still wearing his grave countenance, 'the words are all there; can't you put 'em together so as to make 'em read right?'

ITEMS AT LARGE.

Tobacco culture has done well in middle Florida.

Oscome, S. C. has a white buzzard 23 years old.

Cotton crop reports from Alabama are not good.

Tomatoes are a cent a pound at retail in Vineland.

Baskets of blood-red apples shine in the markets.

Demopolis, Ala., has a large, full-bearing olive tree.

A petrified gopher egg is shown in Thomasville, Ga.

A Beloit farmer has a stock of corn with fifty-one ears on it.

Florida grew the biggest watermelon—one hundred and five pounds.

The rice crop near Wilmington, N. C. was much injured by the late storm.

Iowa corn is quaintly alleged to be 'humping itself to escape Jack Frost.'

A farmer in Owchlan, Chester County has lost five cows by hydrophobia.

Mr. Roane, of Sullivan, Ill., sowed two bushels of wheat which yielded ninety bushels.

One hank of spun cotton to the acre is the estimates for many Parker County, Texas, cotton crop.

Madison County, N. C. claims to ship annually seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds of tobacco.

Opossums are so plenty in Petersburg Va., that it is not uncommon to run against them in the streets at night. Rabbits and partridges also abound.

MARK THIS, BOY.

'Did you ever know a man who grew rich by fraud, continue successful through life, and leave a fortune at death?'

This question was put to a gentleman who had been in business forty years.

After reflecting a while he said:

'Not one. I have seen many men become rich as if by magic, and win golden opinions, when some little thing led to an exposure of their fraud they have fallen into disgrace and ruin. Arson, perjury, murder and suicide are common crimes with those who take haste to be rich, regardless of the means.'

Boys, stick a pin here. You will soon be men, and begin to act with those who make money. Write this good man's testimony in your mind, and with it put this word of God: 'He that hasteneth to be rich hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him.'—Prov. xxxvii, 22.

Let these words lead you to resolve to make haste slowly, when you go into business, in the matter of making money.

Providence Independent.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor
THURSDAY, SEPT., 4, 1879

Subscribers who fail to receive their papers regularly will please notify us of the same.

Fall River is always in more or less trouble. Just now the weavers are contemplating a general strike for an increase of pay, and only put it off because they have no effective organization and are without funds to sustain a prolonged idleness.

Almost all the plans of committing suicide, it was supposed, had been exhausted, but a man in County Kildare, Ireland, gets credit for the latest. He choked himself to death by craming a handkerchief down his throat.

A reporter asked Mr. Blaine what he thought of Grant's chances for the nomination, and Blaine replied that he thought the water-melons this year were the finest he had ever seen.

Three beautiful girls of Macon, Ga., having met at Catoosa Springs, fell into a pious strain for want of male companions, and concluded to pray for the welfare of their lovers. The first one to kneel had not gone very far along in her petition when it was discovered that they were all engaged to the same man. The religious exercises were terminated at once.

Jerry Goldsmith is the hero of Stone Mountain. That precipitous mass of rocks is used by Georgians as sort of picnic ground. On Friday little Emma Jones fell over the steep side of the mountain, which has a perpendicular height of 1,600 feet, but fortunately lodged on a ledge, where she could hold on by sticking her fingers in a crevice. Jerry Goldsmith tied a rope about his waist and swung down fifty feet below the brink and rescued the child. A man was dashed to pieces at the same precipice a few years ago.

The tide of immigration is again setting toward this country with increasing force. The arrivals at New York for every month this year have exceeded those of the corresponding months in 1878, and the total up to the close of August foots up 76,809, against but 54,155 for the first eight months of last year. The increase comes mostly from Scotland, Ireland, Norway and Sweden, and a large proportion of the newcomers are above the average of immigrants.

America has just lost one of its few kings. The royal personage who died on Saturday was known as Stephen Pharaoh, and he reigned over the Montauk Indians, who occupy the eastern extremity of Long Island. The Montauks used to be one of the most powerful tribes in New York, but that was many generations ago, and they have faded away so rapidly during the present century that the late monarch's subjects were all comprised among the members of two families. Stephen Pharaoh was the last of the race with pure Indian blood in his veins, and the Montauks will soon be known only in history. Indeed, it would not require a very sanguinary struggle over the succession to wipe out at once the last remnants of the tribe.

Mrs. Annie Harper, a lady of refinement, lost her husband and two children by the epidemic in Memphis last year. She lived alone at her home in Memphis until the fever appeared this season. Then one night in the latter part of July she left the city in a skiff and drifted down the Mississippi. Landing at daybreak on the Arkansas shore she started through the almost tropically dense woods. She called at several houses and was given food. One day last week she reached the house of J. Handlie, in the forests of Crittenden county. "I'm the wild woman of Memphis," she said to Mr. Handlie. "I haven't the fever, but it is chasing me. See, there it is! It is like a bloodhound! It caught poor Charlie and the babies last year."

Money due to inmates of Govern-

SHARP RETORT.

THE VIRGINIA LETTER OVERHAULED.

COLLEGEVILLE, Aug., 29, '79.

Mr. Editor:—You claim to publish an independent journal. 'Tis well. But it strikes your average reader that you are stretching your independence to its utmost limit, by publishing in your last week's edition a gratuitous insult upon the honor and manhood of the Northern army in the late civil war, and a contemptible warping of the good intentions of our noble Lincoln and his Cabinet of '62 and '63, in issuing the great Emancipation Proclamation. May I ask of which plan of maintaining southern supremacy is you correspondent an advocate.—The Louisiana Bulldozing, the Mississippi shot gun (as shown in the murder of Chisolm and Dixon), or the South Carolina ballot-box stuffing? I await a reply.

It strikes us forcibly that in view of the recent development of southern intolerance, such rant and falsehood will find little acceptance even in old Montgomery.

The Emancipation Proclamation was a just war measure, striking away as it did the main prop and stay of the most gigantic and uncalled for rebellion ever incited by traitors (we use this word in its utmost latitude) against the best government the world has ever seen. This is as old as the hills, but true as gospel and history will so record it.

Lincoln and his advisers did not proceed rashly but decided upon the act after a full and just investigation of their rights and duties in the emergency. The loyal North and the world applauded the act, the rebellious South soon felt herself crippled, and thenceforth her successes on the battle field were few and far between. It is too late for any carping rebel sympathizer to speak in discouragement of that noble deed, and furthermore, if your correspondent had any knowledge of public affairs for the last two decades, he would know that this war measure, just and pacific as it was, did not complete the emancipation of the slaves until it was ratified as a peace measure according to the Constitution of the United States, by the adoption by the people of that famous amendment to the Constitution, which forever abolishes slavery within our wide domains, and proves that we are not "in league with hell and flaunting a lie."

The Cabinet measures during the first year of the war were unfortunately more conciliatory than warlike, and the promise to restore the union as it was on the condition of laying down arms, was perfectly consistent with the general conduct of the administration, (mistaken as it was in dealing with such high-handed traitors) but when it became evident that the struggle was one of life and death, conciliation was at an end, and on the principle that "desperate cases demand desperate remedies," the master minds of the Cabinet determined that their chief with one stroke of his pen, should at least score one grand victory in favor of northern arms and northern sentiment.

"The brutal example of the yankee soldiery"!!! Shades of Fort Pillow and Andersonville! "Yankee ferocity and of their crime in arson pillage and of innocent blood."!!!

"Gentleness and tenderness—true trainings of the Southern me."!!! Oh, Lord, give us patience! Can our indignation find vent in words? "Yankee ferocity"!!! "Yankee brutes." Of the South we hear "The men were heroes they died in defence of Constitutional liberty and the rights of the states." This sentiment expressed the current year beneath the waves of scores of "Stars and Bars" with the Stars and Stripes a single one relegated to a far off corner of the cemetery, we passed by in silence, and now we hear our own noble heroes denominated ferocious brutes by our own nursing. Truly the north is a land of liberty. Yours fervently PAT.

Our Washington Letter.
WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 27, 1879.

Those who have faith in the judgment of Senator Blaine may now believe that Maine is to give a Republican majority on the 5th of September for in a letter received here this morning he says so. If any wish to entertain a different opinion they can accept the statements of prominent Democrats and Greenbackers of the State, all of whom claim that the majority against the Republicans will be larger than it was last year. "You pay your money and you can take your choice."

From Ohio the reports are equally conflicting. Evidently the result in Maine will have a powerful effect in Ohio.

ment "Soldiers Home" under the auspices of pension act, will by decision of the Attorney General made yesterday, be paid to the soldiers and not to the managers of the Homes.

The patent granted yesterday to inventor Edison, on some of his electric light machinery, was the fourteenth he has taken out to protect his invention.

The building now being erected for the use of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing is fast approaching completion and will make an imposing appearance. It is located on one of the Government lots west of the Agricultural Department and nearly on a line with that building. When completed it will be a decided acquisition to that part of the city.

Large additions have been made to the college in the various Departments at the Smithsonian Institute during the past year, which, by the way, is one of the most interesting, as well as instructive places of resort at the National Capital. The forthcoming report of the explorations under the auspices of the Institute in the French West India Islands during the years 1877 and 1878 by Frederick A. Aber of Beverly, Mass., will be issued during the coming winter and promises to be an unusually attractive and interesting work.

The New Hampshire Veterans' Reunion at the Weirs near Lake Winnepesaukee, was largely attended and one of the most important events of the season and of great interest to all present. The New Hampshire veterans were favored with the presence of two older and distinguished veterans of the war with Mexico as well as of the last—Major Genl. Joe Hooker and Genl Ward B. Burrett. These two distinguished heroes were warmly greeted and their presence on the occasion added largely to the pleasures of the day.

Henry Christian's Jealousy.

SHOOTING A WOMAN AND THEN POINTING THE PISTOL AT HIS OWN HEAD.

POTTSVILLE, August 31.

The Sabbath tranquility of this place was disturbed at six o'clock this afternoon by the report of a pistol, followed by screams, issuing from a house in a thickly populated part of the town, at Railroad and Market streets. Directly after a man in his shirt sleeves and pale with fright rushed outside the entrance, followed by a woman covered blood, who cried loudly: "I am dying fast." Soon another woman appeared and handed the man his coat and hat, which he donned and rushed off for a physician. Meanwhile the crowd gathered and the woman was taken into the house by the neighbors to whom were revealed the cause of the disturbance. Henry Christian had shot his reputed wife, Jennie Britton, a notorious woman who came here from Wilkesbarre. Christian is married to another woman named Douty, who has been living a fast life in Philadelphia and is now suing for divorce. For three weeks Christian has been drinking hard, and this afternoon while Richard Millward and his friend, Agard, Philadelphia drummers, were in the house, Christian became jealous and kept up a continuous quarrel with Jennie all the afternoon. Just before the shooting he went out, leaving Millward engaged in playing cards with Jennie and three other women. Agard was in another room. Presently Christian rushed up Railroad street, livid with rage, into the house and, drawing a revolver, said: "I never felt better in my life." Some one expostulated with him for flourishing the pistol, when he deliberately aimed at Jennie and shot her in the neck. She bled frightfully and screamed at the top of her voice. She called to Millward to run for a doctor, and as he tried to get his coat and hat to comply Christian pulled on him, but didn't fire. Then realizing what he had done he aimed the revolver at his own head, but the woman pulled it down. Millward rushed out and he and Agard went to the hotel. The woman has a bad wound, which may prove fatal. Christian was arrested and committed to prison to await results. Several days ago Christian tried to kill the woman with a carving knife.

Peter Herdiz was acquitted of obtaining money under false pretense, at Bellefonte, on Saturday.

Boston expects to build some of the Russian coveretes that are to be contracted for in this country.

The trouble in the Quebec Legislature isn't over yet. The council, it is said, will persist in rejecting the supply bill.

Trickett, the Australian sculler and champion of the world, has defeated Laycock and retains the championship.

The Dauphin county grand jury on Saturday found true bills against Petroff, Rumberger, Clark and George F. Smith for corrupt solicitation, and presented to the District Attorney Silverthorn, Wolfe and Short for conspiracy to promote corrupt solicitation.

H. T. HEMBOLD'S
Compound
FLUID EXTRACT
BUCHU.
PHARMACEUTICAL.
A SPECIFIC REMEDY For ALL
DISEASES
OF THE
Bladder and Kidneys.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exercise or Business, Shortness of Breath, Tinnitus, with thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest, and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the Constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Hembold's Buchu"
DOES IN EVERY CASE.

HEMBOLD'S BUCHU
IS UNEQUALLED

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physicians all over the world, in

Rheumatism, Spermatorrhoea, Neuralgia, Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Aches and Pains, General Debility, Kidney Diseases, Liver Complaint, Nervous Debility, Epilepsy, Head Troubles, Paralysis, General Ill Health, Spinal Diseases, Sciatica, Deafness, Decline, Lumbago, Catarrh, Nervous Complaints, Female Complaints.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Diarrhoea, Sour Stomach, Eruptive S. Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offspring of Dyspepsia.

HEMBOLD'S BUCHU
INVIGORATES THE STOMACH.

And Stimulates the Torpid Liver. Bowels and Kidneys to Healthy Action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system. A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

PRICE \$1 A BOTTLE,
OR SIX BOTTLES FOR \$5.00

Delivered to any address free from observation. Patients may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling. Competent physicians are invited to correspond. All letters should be addressed to

H. T. HEMBOLDT,
DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

CAUTION!
SEE THAT THE PRIVATE PROPRIETARY STAMP IS ON EACH BOTTLE.

Sold Everywhere.

SPECIAL NOTICE
TO THE PUBLIC.

At G. F. Hunsicker's Store, Rahn Station, is the place to buy Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., &c., at bottom prices.

DRESS GOODS. 7 Cents Per Yard. Fancy Patterns, 12 1/2 Cents Per Yard. New Assortment of Hamburg Edgings, Irish Laces, and Everlasting Laces.

Large Stock of Calicoes, Shirtings, Flannels and Notions, at Prices that will Surprise YOU.

A Full assortment of Cassimeres, Cottonades, Jeans, &c., and anything you may want in this line.

MEN'S HATS, 50, 75, & 90 cts. Full Assortment of all kinds of Dress HATS, Glassware, Glass Sets from 0.50 to \$1.00, Oil Cloth, from 0.25 to \$1.00 per yard. All kinds of Shoer's and Garden and Farm Implements at the Lowest Price. A Good Buckle, 3 hooped, at 2 cents. Ladders from 7 to 23 feet long, 12 1/2 cents per foot. Men's Coarse Boots \$1.15 and Upward. Women's Shoes, 76 cents, and Upwards. 4 Good Sewing Machines, For Sale Cheap.

BUY YOURSELF A CLOCK FOR \$1.

GROCERIES. Black Tea 30 cts per lb. New Raisins 8 cents per lb. Choice Molasses 35 cents per gallon. 6 lb of Peaches for 25 cts. 2 lbs of Coffee 25 cents. Everything kept in a Store can be found by calling at the Old Stand at P.O. Lower than Ever. A cordial invitation is extended to all, to stop and give us a Call.

The Superior Adjustable Force-Feed
Grain drills!
Will sow all kinds of grain and grass. Each machine is provided with a Sifted, or 1 and Measure, which measures the seed, correctly, registering the rods and acres sown, from a ten rods to twenty acres. The forcing is entire, the seed with this year's manure, etc. Our new Hoe Sifter is a great improvement over any now in use. With it the hoe can be changed from a straight line to a zigzag, and vice versa, with perfect ease, while the Drill is in motion.

After Harvest
When your ground is dry and hard and Plowing has become impossible with all old-fashioned Plows and most of the new-fashioned ones, is the time when you will fully realize the benefit of a
DIAMOND IRON PLOW.

Remember this is the lightest Draft Plow, the cheapest to keep in repair, the easiest to adjust, endorsed by first class farmers wherever introduced. 100,000 now in use, Try one!

Heebner & Son's Railway Level Tread Horse Powers, And LITTLE GIANT THRESHER and CLEANER. Also the latest improved Plows, and also Blanchard Churn and Butter Worker.

CUT THIS OUT.
GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES!
At F. B. RUSHONG'S SHOE STORE, at Trappe.

The readers of the INDEPENDENT are specially invited to stop at the above mentioned place where they will find a complete stock of shoes, boots, and rubbers, all of the latest styles and at the lowest prices. Call on Mr. Rushong, at Trappe, Pa. All kinds of repairing done. Don't fail to call on Mr. Rushong, at Trappe, Pa. You will certainly be satisfied in both quality and price.

LADIES! LADIES!

It may be of interest to you to know that in face of the fact that there has been a general advance in prices of
DRY GOODS,
HOWARD LEOPOLD

215 High Street, Pottstown,

Has NOT PUT UP his prices, but having TOO LARGE a Stock for his small room has made a
REDUCTION IN PRICES

With a view of REDUCING the quantity of goods on hand to an amount convenient to handle. This is a genuine REDUCTION and no "Make Believe" arrangement. In addition to our regular line of Goods we Offer
Special Bargains in Dress Goods.

4,000 yards of Dress Goods just received from a "Closed Out" Storekeeper's stock at such
Ridiculously LOW PRICES!

That persons scarcely believe it can be until they see them. The prices of a few herein named are given.

10 cent Dress Goods for 5 cents.
12 1/2 " " " " 6 1/2 cents.
25, 30, and 37 1/2 " " " " 12 1/2 cents.

Over 1000 yards sold in a week. Will close out Parasols at wholesale prices—10 cents to \$3.00. Bargains in "Hot Weather" goods of every description—Lawn 12 1/2 cents; Victoria Lawns 12 1/2 cents and upward.

DRESS LINENS, GRASS CLOTHES, CAMBRICS &c.
Special Bargains in 12 1/2 Cent Stuffs. Fine Pant Linens 12 1/2 to 25 cents. Gloves, CORSETS, Handkerchiefs, &c. It will pay you to buy NOW if you need anything in our line.
FIRST-CLASS SEWING MACHINES, Of All Makes,
HOWARD LEOPOLD'S.
215 HIGH STREET, POTTSTOWN.

ADVERTISING RATES

Table with advertising rates for various ad sizes and durations, including square, two squares, and three squares.

THIS PAPER IS ON FILE WITH



Where Advertising Contracts can be made.

LOCAL NEWS.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows: FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.

SUNDAYS—SOUTH

Milk Accommodation 5:12 p. m.

NORTH

Accommodation 9:35 a. m.

Milk 6:06 p. m.

To and from Pennsburg only.

Fresh Oysters in every style at Perkiomen Bridge hotel.

Down at Port Providence they are suffering with chills and fever.

Three cumberstons grown together in one were left at this office by Mr. John Whitby.

"The wind bloweth where it listeth and the sound thereof is not heard."

"We find him guilty, but not very guilty," was a recent Chicago verdict.

"Pa, what does the printer live on?" "Why, my child? Because I heard you say you hadn't paid him for three years, and you still take the paper."

Five dollars is the reward for him who detecteth a malicious individual in the act of defacing the Norristown Court House.

Court news in another column by our special reporter.

Subscribe for the INDEPENDENT and be benefited thereby.

F. Braden, traveling artist, has taken a splendid lead-pencil sketch of James Stoneback's residence at Rahn Station.

County Superintendent Hoffecker, after completing his annual examinations, went and got married to an accomplished young lady.

Thomas C. Zimmerman, managing editor of the Reading Times and Dispatch, has been rusticated at the Welden House, near Ziegler'sville.

The time has arrived for farmers to advertise their properties against trespassing gunners.

Fifty-one prisoners are in the Norristown jail.

Don't judge too quickly. Use more charity and less severity in dealing with mean and measures.

Remember the celebration of the Sunday School of the Evangelical Association, this place, in A. V. Custer's grove, next Saturday.

Young man, can nothing shame you? Don't walk behind ladies on your way home from evening services and strike matches to see who they are.

The cry of the badly defeated politician has ascended, and Thomas Pepper is hiding his face in shame.

The Schwenksville Item has closed its second volume after two years of successful journalistic labor.

Trappe public school opened on Monday with 62 scholars on the roll.

Our town bulldog has taken a political turn. Save us!

Seed time is almost here, and farmers are making necessary preparations.

Which is the nearest way to Chester county? And when the daughter is not home what kind of lodging do they furnish over there?

"Sweet music charms the savage ear," and the youthful maidens to.

Exciting game of base ball next Saturday, at Collegeville.

Freeland public school opened Monday morning with 67 teachers.

A grand "masquerade" was the attraction at Prospect Terrace on Saturday evening.

H. Allebach is the man to sell cows, and the right kind, too. They averaged over \$34 at his sale on Monday.

Send us the news. And if you are in need of job printing or desire to advertise remember that we will give you satisfaction and the full worth of your money.

Dr. E. S. Rosenberger is about preparing to build an addition to his drug store, at Collegeville, in the shape of a dwelling.

List of letters uncalled for in the Collegeville post-office, Sept. 1st, 1879: Maggie Fox, B. C. DuCombe, Benj. Michael, Joseph Miller, Emily Walker, Joseph Willour, George F. Young, Julius Noerke, (dead letter.)

The Star Glass works of Norristown have resumed operations after the usual summer vacation for repairs.

A grand picnic and hop will be given in Zimmerman's grove, near Collegeville, on Saturday afternoon and evening, September 13th.

The celebration of Augustus Lutheran Sunday School, this place, and Keeley's Sunday School, Schwenksville, in A. V. Custer's grove, last Saturday, was a decided success.

On Monday, James H. Hamer, M. D., recently married to Miss Flora G. Hunsicker, moved from his father's residence, a little father north in the village, to the beautiful home of Mrs. J. T. Preston.

The Woods Meeting came off last Sunday for sure, and the colored brethren from the immortalized town of Phoenixville were on hand in force.

The fall session of the Pennsylvania Female College, Collegeville, opens next Monday. A more suitable, convenient and pleasant place for young ladies to pursue their studies cannot be found in the State.

Some things are mysterious, and the manner in which Wm. D. Hunsicker's pocket-book, which he alleges was stolen, found its way back to the bureau drawer, is amongst the things past finding out.

The Fall session of Ursinus College opened on Monday. It has a full corps of able Professors and all needed facilities for giving thorough collegiate instruction.

Chas. P. Batd, of Reading, aged 23, and a brakeman on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad Company's coal trains was run over and instantly killed by the engine of his own train.

In spite of our efforts to publish the poem "To Adelaide," in last week's issue with as few errors as possible, the author has spied some provoking mistakes, and we append herewith the corrections.

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The advertisement of the Centre Square Seminary which opened its session on Monday, appears in another column.

A sneak thief entered the residence of John Longstreth, this place during his absence last Thursday afternoon, and stole therefrom a good silver watch and chain.

Conference of the Evangelical Lutheran Church.

The Annual Conference of the First District of the Evangelical Lutheran Church met on Monday evening in Augustus Lutheran Church, this place.

The session in the morning, opened by Rev. H. Grahm, of Philadelphia, was devoted entirely to business relative to charges under the Conference of the First District.

At 1:45 P. M. business was renewed. Those ministers and delegates, with distant members, were considerably belated in consequence of their determination, as a matter of business, to do justice to the bountiful repast of the good old farmer's table.

Having finished all business on hand, Conference adjourned. In the evening at 8 o'clock, with Rev. C. Kepner, of Pottstown, at the reading desk, a large and appreciative congregation was richly treated by an able and beautiful sermon by Rev. H. M. Bickel, of Philadelphia.

The degree of excellence, to which the choir, with the two accomplished additional, performed its part, is worthy of comment. Several visitors found occasion to remark "Good music, good music."

Those who failed to hear the valuable production from the pulpit on Monday and Tuesday nights, and the commendable music, may well weigh their loss.

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true bills against defendants, for assault and battery, for assault and battery with intent to kill, for manslaughter and for murder, of Samuel Crooks, of Pottsgrove township, this county.

Com. vs. Francis M. Kane. Selling liquor on Sunday, and selling without license. Francis M. Kane leased a building near the Asylum grounds and fitted it up as a boarding house.

The Democratic preparatory meeting was held at the Court House, Norristown, on Tuesday. The party was well represented from all sections of the county.

The Criminal List. DEPENDANTS AWAITING TRIAL AT THE SEPT. TERM COURT.

The prison calendar shows that the following persons are awaiting trial at the term of Court, which opened on Monday last week:

Edward Thawle, larceny. Benjamin Saxton, assault and battery. Lewis Berck, kidnapping.

John Broadhead, malicious mischief. Edward Heubner, larceny. John Williams, larceny.

Edward Gouly, forgery. William Griffith, larceny. Anna Hart, assisting to kill.

Randall Rowland, ditto. Samuel Engans, assault and battery. Benjamin Engans, ditto.

Thomas Homberger, larceny. Tobias Marks, ditto. Thomas Martin, ditto.

Peter Cahill, attempt to escape from an office. Peter Paul Zeigler, surety of the peace. William McClellan, larceny.

Joseph Bolten, forgery and bastardy. Matthew Cavanaugh, larceny. John L. Worthington, ditto.

John Miller, ditto. Max Moebach, ditto. Martha Miller, concealing stolen goods.

George Sames, larceny. Theodore Hines, breaking and entering. Maggie J. Sutor, ditto.

John Shapless, breaking and entering. William Supple, embezzlement. John Constantine, larceny.

Theodore Wyman, ditto. William Foreman, rape, and assault and battery. John Weigner, larceny.

Sallie Johnson, assault and battery. Margaret Kennedy, larceny. Charles Shay, larceny.

George Geogel, assault and battery. Jefferson Jack, murderer. Horace Hallman, murderer.

SPRING OPENING

LADIES' DRESS GOODS! A Splendid assortment at low prices. New Stock of

CALICOES, LATEST STYLES. From 5 to 8 cents. Dress Goods, 8 to 25 cents.

CASSIMERES of all kinds and at exceedingly low figures. Ready-made clothing on hand. We have an extra Fine Shirting with three ply bosom, 75 cents.

M. R. SHENKEL, Trappe Pa.

Advertisement for S.F.T. Six Cord Spool Cotton, featuring a logo with a deer and text: 'SIX CORD SPPOOL COTTON', 'PARIS, 1878', 'ENCOURAGE HOME INDUSTRY'.

CULTIVATED

WHEAT: FARMERS, why not Cultivate your Wheat. 614 BUSHELS per acre raised by using GROFF'S COMBINED SEEDER and CULTIVATOR.

Wm. T. MILLER, Trappe, Mont. co. Pa. jun. 12, 79 3m.

GEORGE W. BUSH, Attorney-at-Law, Airy Street, (opposite Court House), NORRISTOWN, PA.

Pennsylvania Female College, COLLEGEVILLE PA. 29th Annual Session opens SEPTEMBER 8th.

SEED WHEAT. 200 bushels of prime Fultz Seed Wheat. This is a very prolific variety, and has yielded for the subscriber for the past five years.

To Inventors and Mechanics. PATENTS and how to obtain them. Pamphlet of 60 pages free, upon receipt of Stamps.

PUBLIC SALE OF Choice Dairy Cows. I will sell at Public Sale, at my residence in Upper Providence township.

Washington Hall COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE! The 50th year will begin September 1st, 1879.

EXECUTOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE AND Personal Property. Will be sold at Public Sale on THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 4, A. D. 1879.

FOR DIRECTOR OF THE POOR: ISAAC STIERLY, OF UPPER PROVIDENCE. Subject to Democratic Rules.

REAL ESTATE AND Personal Property. Will be sold at Public Sale on THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 4, A. D. 1879.

New FEED STORE! AT Yerkes' Station, Perk. R. R. MONTG. CO., PA.

PUBLIC SALE OF Real Estate. Pursuant to the last will and testament, will be offered at public sale, on the premises, in Upper Providence township, Montgomery county.

FLOUR! AND ALL KINDS OF MILL FEED. At Low Prices. Feeling assured that he will give Satisfaction, he cordially invites patronage.

REAL ESTATE AND Personal Property. Will be sold at Public Sale on THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 4, A. D. 1879.

J. H. Landes, 106-6 3m.

REAL ESTATE AND Personal Property. Will be sold at Public Sale on THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 4, A. D. 1879.

CENTRE SQUARE SEMINARY, CENTRE SQUARE MONT. CO., PA. A FIRST-CLASS INSTITUTION FOR YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG LADIES.

REAL ESTATE AND Personal Property. Will be sold at Public Sale on THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 4, A. D. 1879.

FALL TERM BEGINS SEPTEMBER 1, 1879. CHARGES MODERATE.

REAL ESTATE AND Personal Property. Will be sold at Public Sale on THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 4, A. D. 1879.

WANTED—A young man to learn the Printing business. Apply at once at THIS OFFICE.

E. L. Coffman, DENTIST!! No. 17, South Main Street, PHOENIXVILLE, Pa.

Office hours Sept 4-6th. (After 9 p. m.)

REAL ESTATE AND Personal Property. Will be sold at Public Sale on THURSDAY SEPTEMBER 4, A. D. 1879.

Miscellany.

Signs of times—assigns.

Eating in a chair—at-table act.

Sheer nonsense—barbering a clown.

Objects of interest—to swell the principal.

Children are earthly idols that hold us from the stars.

A weak mind will sink under prosperity as well as under adversity.

When our hatred is violent it sinks us even beneath those we hate.

The foundation of domestic happiness is faith in the virtue of women.

Scotland must be a windy place. They have Gales there all the time.

A clock and business concern have to be wound up when they run down.

Good taste is the modesty of the mind; that is why it cannot be either imitated or acquired.

What is an island? A body surrounded by water. Give an example? A boy in swimming.

The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associates are little.

Necessity may be the mother of invention, but laziness is certainly the father of it.

One act of beneficence, one act of real usefulness, is worth all the abstract sentiment in the world.

The honest man is a superior Judge, even in things which seem to have the least relation to virtue.

The Italians have a proverb that, while one devil may tempt the toiler, a thousand dogs the drone.

A narrow-minded individual objects to having army officers commit suicide. He says they have no right to brains which he has been taxed for educating at West Point.

An Indiana lady writes! 'No true and devoted husband will feel it degrading to help his wife prepare a meal, rock a baby, or wipe the dishes, and also to throw in a few loving words of encouragement between times.'

A doctor should know whether his patient is poor or rich before he writes a prescription. In one case a dose of common salt will do, in another a trip abroad and German baths must be recommended.

What a difference even a misplaced comma will sometimes make in a sentence. In alluding to the erection of a new church, a Chathan paper says: 'There are indications that the edifice will be a substantial, though small, one stone being the material used in its construction.'

Corn cobs dipped into molasses and suspended from limbs in the trees has saved many a crop of plumbs. The curculio will lay his brood in the sweetened corn cob instead of the plums. From six to twelve prepared corn cobs are sufficient for an ordinary-sized tree.

Little Freddie was talking to his grandma, who was something of a skeptic. 'Grandma, do you belong to the Presbyterian church?' 'No, 'To the Baptist?' 'No, 'To any church?' 'No, 'Well, grandma, don't you think it's about time you was getting in somewhere?'

All hail, Somerset, Pa., which was the first to relieve the monotony of the hot weather by furnishing a real snowstorm the other day. For a small place like Somerset this is a remarkable performance.

URSINUS COLLEGE. FREELAND, MONTGOMERY Co., Pa. will open its next term on Monday, Sept. 1, 1878. The ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT of the Institution has been fully reorganized, and its several classes placed under the immediate care and instruction of the college professor. It offers the best opportunities for thorough English, Mathematical and classical education, at very moderate rates. The fee for tuition in the primary English branches has been reduced as follows: For full term (16 weeks, from \$16 to \$11. Each other term (12 weeks), from \$12 to \$8. The charge for incidental (fire, &c.), in the Recitation Rooms has been lowered for day pupils, from \$7 to \$5 a year, viz: Fall and Winter terms each \$2. Spring term \$1. The next term will open Monday, Sept. 1, 1878. For further information apply to the President, Dr. J. H. A. BOMBERGER, Collegeville, P. O., Mont. Co., Pa. jr243m

ATTENTION FARMERS!! I have received a lot of the celebrated SYRACUSE PLOWS and will sell them on very reasonable terms. Now is the chance to get a GOOD PLOW and one that will give entire satisfaction. I will guarantee every plow to work perfectly, and to be as represented or no sale, if any piece should break by accident, it can be had by applying to me, call and examine and be convinced. M. R. SHENKEL, Trappe, Pa. jrs2-tr

ASSIGNEES NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that William T. Miller and Mary his wife, of Trappe, Upper Providence township, Montgomery county, on the 21st day of July, A. D. 1878, have assigned all their real and personal property, in said township and county, to the undersigned for the benefit of their creditors. All persons therefore indebted to the said William T. Miller, will make payment to the said assignee and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay to ADDISON T. MILLER, Assignee, aug-6t Limerick P. O. Montg. County, Pa.

ESTATE NOTICE. Estate of ADAM FAYINGER late of Lower Providence township, Montgomery County, Pa., Deceased. Notice is hereby given that letters of Administration upon said estate have been granted to the undersigned. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same may present them, duly authenticated, for settlement to JOSEPH H. FAYINGER, Assignee, Settlers Store P. O., Montgomery Co., Pa. jr24-tr

FARMERS!! Prepare your Ground, Enrich Your soil before Seeding by Using TRINLEY'S FAMOUS FERTILIZERS The Best in the Market. jrs3-6m

RAW BONE PHOSPHATE AND BONE DUST Cannot be Excelled, and Farmers who have used them Attest To Their Good Qualities. Price always reasonable. JACOB TRINLEY, Limerick Station. jr243m

FOR SALE A brand new smash top buggy late style, also A No. 1 Sulky cheap. Apply at THIS OFFICE. jrs243m

Collegeville DRUG STORE! Of Every Description. Also a full line of PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, Fine Cigars & Tobacco. Pure Spices! FOR FAMILY USE. Patronage Solicited. jrs1-18.3m

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