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Providence Independent, V. 8, Thursday, December 14, 1882, [Whole Number: 392]

Providence Independent

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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 8.

TRAPPE, PENN'A., DECEMBER 14, 1882.

WHOLE NUMBER, 392.

GOOD-NIGHT.

Good-night is but a little word
Yet beautiful, but brief;
And falls upon the gentle heart
Like dew upon the leaf.

Love's farewell note of tenderness
Upon affection's chords;
The clasp that knits the daily chain
Of kindly deeds and words.

A verdant olive branch of peace
Upon our pillows prest;
Shedding its grateful fragrance round
Before we sink to rest.

A kindly wish, that each may dwell
In undisturbed repose,
Until the morn her robe of light
Round every sleeper throws.

Then scorn not that this little word
Of peace and unity,
It is a link in Love's bright chain
How small so'er it be.

THE LOVER'S QUARREL.

BY H. B. DAVIDSON.

Never, while I live," said Miss Rashleigh—"never, while I live, will I see your face again?"

She meant it when she said it; and as she spoke, she threw her betrothal ring toward her lover, who had offended her as she felt beyond hope of pardon.

It missed him, and rolled down upon the floor, and over the sill of an open china-closet—one of those old-fashioned closets that used to stand on either side of the mantel-piece. She did not notice where it rolled; he did though, and after she had left the room he turned to pick it up. The ring she had worn would always be precious to him.

Miss Rashleigh went straight to her own room as miserable a girl as ever lived, and a moment later Grandmother Rashleigh bustled into the drawing-room, pushed the open closet door to, picked up the fallen magazine, set the annuals and books of poetry straight on the table, pulled down the shades, arranged the chairs mathematically against the wall, and bustled out again.

"I've had these things fifty years," she said to herself; "and there's Cornelia and her beau with no more respect for them than if they were that much lumber."

Then she closed the door behind her and went away to her own room upstairs, where a fine silk patch-work quilt was in the frame—a surprise for said Cornelia.

Grandmother Rashleigh gave every young person of the family something of her own manufacture on his or her wedding-day.

Letty had an afghan; John had a pair of sofa pillows; Amelia a set of toilet-boxes and a pin-cushion.

"Now," the old lady had said a dozen times to Tripheny King, who was helping her—"now, I rather think Cornelia will have the best thing I've done; and there's a bit in it of every handsome silk there's ever been in the family and of her father's and grandfather's wedding vests."

"Yes, it's a real memorial quilt," said Tripheny.

"It takes you, mum to plan such things."

The quilt was finished and bound that afternoon, and Tripheny's job of quilting being over she went home; but she carried about the village the news that she "was sure all was over between Miss Rashleigh and Mr. Spear. She'd heard Cornelia saying something to her grandma, and the old lady was furious."

"He would never have done that if he had cared for me, you know, grandma," Cornelia was saying at that moment.

"Stuff and nonsense! He loves the ground you walk on!" said the old lady. "You'll never get such another, Cornelia!"

"I shall never marry at all; I hate men!" Cornelia answered.

And then her grandmother made the house too hot to hold her and she went over to her mother's her usual course when she fell out with grandma.

Three days passed. At the end of third, Piety Pratt stepped in at Mrs. Rashleigh's—young Mrs. Rashleigh, as they called her, though she was nearly fifty, for grandma was old Mrs. Rashleigh.

"I expect you'll feel upset when I tell you the news, Cornelia," said she. "You've been to cruel this time—he, he, he! Orville Spear has't been heard of since he was at your house. His mother says he went over to explain and make up, and he never come back—he, he! She thought maybe he'd stepped over to his brother's but he hadn't—he, he! I reckon he's drowned himself!"

"I don't know why the whole town should talk over my affairs, or every

meddling old maid giggle about them!" cried Cornelia.

Piety jumped to her feet, seized her parasol, and turned towards the door.

"Good afternoon Miss Cornelia and Mrs. Rashleigh!" she said with a contemptuous courtesy. "I'll remember my manners, if other folks forget theirs. Only there's other folks as likely to be old maids as we, and I fancy it's Mrs. Spear's affair now if anything has happened to her boy!"

Away flounced Miss Pratt.

"You've put Piety into a rage, Cornelia," said Mrs. Rashleigh. "That's a pity; she has a long tongue."

But Cornelia was crying.

"Oh, mother, dear," she sobbed, it isn't true, is it? Orville did feel dreadfully. Won't you see, mother?"

But at this moment Sally, the little servant girl from Grandma Rashleigh's came flying into the room, without any more warning than if she had been shot from a gun.

"The old missus says you are to come over at once, both you ladies!" she cried, standing before Mrs. Rashleigh, and repeating her lesson like a parrot. "There's something of importance, and you're needed at once."

"Get your bonnet, Cornelia," said her mother. "I'll just put on this umbrella. What is it Sally, do you know?"

"I knows it's something dreadful. Missus is almost wild, and there's lots of folks there. Something about Mr. Spear."

The two ladies said no more. They hurried away together, and entering grandma's parlor found there assembled more of the members of the Spear family, and a friend or two besides.

Orville had indeed disappeared. He had never been home since his visit to Cornelia; and now the alarmed relatives were anxious to get all the information they could regarding the interview between Orville and Cornelia.

"I had reason to be angry, Mrs. Spear," said Cornelia proudly—"good reason; and I took off my ring, and gave it back, and went out of the room. This is all I know. I don't know when he went nor where. I—I thought he wouldn't mind so much. I believed he had stopped caring about me."

"Ee ought to now, at all events," said grandma.

"My boy is dead, I'm sure. I shall have the pond dragged," said Mrs. Spear, amidst her tears. "He left all his money at home. He wouldn't have gone traveling without a change of clothes. "Oh, you wicked girl!"

"I hope," cried the eldest Miss Spear "that he'll haunt you!"

"I could kill you, you hateful thing!" cried the youngest Miss Spear.

Cornelia had kept up bravely until now; but when her two friends turned upon her thus, she gave a little scream and fell over on the sofa. She was in a dead swoon, and the water they sprinkled in her face did not bring her to.

Grandma grew frightened.

"I hope it isn't an attack of heart disease," she said. "Poor child! she looks as if she were dead."

"Oh, don't say that!" cried the mother.

They gathered around Cornelia, and did all they could for her, and soon she recovered, and sat up; but all her pride was gone.

"Oh, dear!—oh, dear!" she sobbed. "I wish I had died! I wish I had never come to! Oh, Orville, Orville! what has become of you?"

"Oh, oh!" moaned the mother.

"Oh, oh!" moaned the sisters.

And Cornelia's head fell back again.

"Emma, get the lavender out of the china-closet," said grandma to her daughter. "Quick! it's one on the corner shelf."

Mrs. Rashleigh rushed to the closet.

"It won't open!" she cried wildly.

"It's a patent lock," said grandma; looks as it shuts. Here's the key."

And Mrs. Rashleigh flew back to the door opened it and uttered a shriek.

There on the floor huddled up under the shelf lay poor Orville Spear.

He was white and limp.

Cornelia sat and stared at him in the most awful way. She thought him dead but the more experienced matron saw that he was yet living.

Sally was sent for the doctor and there, in Mrs. Rashleigh's drawing-room he found Cornelia and Orville lying quite unconscious like *Romeo* and *Juliet* in the scene of the tomb and the rest of the party in a state of bewilderment and terror past description.

At last however, both were conscious and seated in arm-chairs, regarded each other while the other kept silence,

and Mr. Orville Spear uttered the first words.

"Of all confounded fools——"

"Who dear?" asked his mother.

"Me," said Orville, regardless of grammars. "Who shut me in?"

"What were you in the closet for?" asked grandma with guilty conscience.

"To pick up something that rolled there," said Orville.

"The ring?" asked Cornelia frantically.

"Yes the ring," said Mr. Spear.

"More fool I! some one langed the door to. I shouted and howled and kicked, and no one heard me."

"Oh oh, oh, oh," shrieked Cornelia.

"I believe you hid there just to kill me, for no other purpose than out of revenge."

"You banged the door on me," said Mr. Spear. "A jealous women will do anything."

"I banged the door Orville!" said old Mrs. Rashleigh! you'd left everything flying. I just pushed it as I passed, and you ought to bless your stars that you are alive, for people don't go into the drawing-room sometimes for a fortnight in this small family. We use the parlor much more; and I'm deaf and so is old Hepsilia, and you might have died there. Yes and you'd have killed him Cornelia," added the old lady.

"Throwing his pretty diamond ring on the floor."

"Oh," moaned Cornelia. "Oh."

"It wasn't her fault. I was a confounded fool all through!" cried Orville.

"I knew that closet had a spring-lock no; don't blame me Cornelia."

"I shall always blame myself," sighed Cornelia. "Oh, how pale you are!"

"And how pale you are Cornelia!" sighed Orville. "Did you really care when you thought I was dead?"

"Ladies," said Grandma Rashleigh "now that Orville has had his wine and biscuit and is getting on let us go into the other room and leave these two young folks to talk things over together."

She led the way the others followed. When the bell rang soon after Orville came out of the drawing-room arm in arm, and the wedding-day was fixed.

"It's a great deal more than she deserved however," said Orville's mother as she walked home afterwards with her two girls.

"If you and I were to behave that way we wouldn't come off so well would we?" asked Maria Spear of her sister.

"No indeed Maria," replied Lily. No indeed.

Mother Love.

We were at a railroad junction one night last week waiting a few hours for a train, in the waiting-room, in the only rocking-chair, trying to talk a brown-eyed boy to sleep, who talks a great deal when he wants to keep awake. Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little old woman came in, escorted by a great big German, and they talked in German, he giving her evidently lots of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and her baggage check and occasionally patting her on the arm. At first our United States baby, who did not understand German was tickled to hear them talk and he "snickered" at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken. The great big man put his hand up to the good old lady's cheek and said something encouraging and a great big tear came to her eye, and she looked as happy as a queen. The little brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from its laugh and he said: "Papa it is his mother!" We knew it was, but how should a four-year-old sleepy baby that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was the big man's mother and we asked him how he knew, and he said: "O the big man was so kind to her."

The big man bustled out, we gave the rocking chair to the little old mother and presently the man came in with a baggage man and to him he spoke English. He said: "This is my mother and she does not speak English. She is going to Iowa and I have got to go back on the next train but I want you to attend to her baggage and see her on the right car with a good seat near the centre and tell the conductor she's my mother. And here is a dollar for you, and I will do as much for your mother some time." The baggage man grasped the dollar with one hand and grasped the big man's hand with the other and looked at the little German

with an expression that showed that he had a mother too, and we almost know the old lady was well treated. Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench and went out on the platform and got acquainted with the big German, and he talked of horse-trading, buying and selling and everything that showed he was a live business man, ready for and speculation from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley and that his life was a busy one and at times full of hard work disappointment hard roads; but with all of his hurry and excitement he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little and when after a few minutes talk about business he said: "You must excuse me; I must go in the depot and see if my mother wants anything" we felt like taking his fat red hand and kissing it. Oh! the love for the mother is the same in any language and it is good in all languages.

Strange Coaching Fun in California.

Stage coaching on the wild mountain roads of California is described by some as great fun. Here is a sample of its delights. One night the only outside passenger on a Placerville stage was riding sleepily beside the driver when a lurch in the coach aroused him and, to his horror, he found the driver was missing. The big headlight and the two side lights showed that the road was a down grade with a rocky wall on one side and a precipice on the other. The team was going at a fast trot. The passenger reached down to see if he could find the reins, but soon realized that his search was hopeless for the reins had gone over-board with the driver. What was to be done? The inside passengers were all asleep. In a few minutes the coach without guidance would go over the precipice. Before he could think twice he heard a hoarse voice which seemed to come from the ground call out, "Jam your foot on the brake and holler whoa."

The passenger obeyed, the team slowed down, the people inside woke up and thrust out their heads. Then the voice was heard again saying: "You fellows get out and take them leaders by the head, and I'll see if I kin crawl out of this." It was the driver, who had clung to the reins when he fell, and, rolling himself into a ball, had been dragging along the road between front and hind wheels, holding on in spite of bruises, because he knew that it was death to his passengers if he left go.

That simple sentiment, uttered in such a scene, produced a more powerful effect upon those young men, far from their homes, than all the arguments that could have been brought to bear upon them. How many lives have been transformed by loving a noble mother, by learning to appreciate her qualities, to admire her sentiments, to revere her life! It is only those who embody in themselves these higher sentiments, who are truly in love with what is good and true and poor, and helps us to form our ideals. Those who, in dry and formal phrases, counsel us of self-denial and effort, yet deny us the use of imagination, are safe half so helpful to our moral progress as those who, by their simple presence, grant us a vision of beauty and truth, of purity and love, that awakens our aspirations, and lifts us into a higher realm of thought and feeling.

Catching a Rabbit for His Girl.

An Oscar Wilde young man who lives on the North Side and smokes cigarettes heard his adored express a wish for a rabbit. Wandering at dusk past a residence surrounded by a spacious lawn, and pondering upon the possibilities of raising lucre enough to purchase a long-eared pet for the damsel, his attention was attracted by a white object on the lawn. Closer examination showed it to be a rabbit. In the shadow of some shrubs the little animal sat on its haunches, with ears erect. He chuckled to himself as he saw how he could save the money he was going to borrow to buy a rabbit with, and yet get the rabbit. He climbed the fence undismayed by the four-inch gash in his wall paper trousers; and stole softly upon the unsuspecting rabbit. The rabbit never stirred. Taking off his elegant tie, that he had stood Dunlap off for that morning, he bounced upon the poor thing and jammed the hat down over it, and the two white ears stuck up through the new tie top. It was an iron rabbit.—*Chicago Herald.*

True Feeling.

It is somewhat the fashion in this prosaic age to decry sentiment. In the reaction against the sentimentality of false feeling there is a general tendency to cast a sort of mild contempt upon feeling altogether. "It is not to be trusted; it will lead into extremes; it has heat but no strength; intensity but no endurance; zeal but no judgment." Such are the objections often made against feeling and such the warnings given least we fall under its sway. Certainly a mere feeling that has no foundation in reason, and no power of accounting for itself cannot be a safe guide for life or conduct; but if feeling without thought be weak and volatile thought without feeling is cold and unfruitful; and human nature demands for its best development the combination of both.

This union is found most fully in what we call the higher sentiments. Love, gratitude, veneration, loyalty, honor, adoration are in their real natures fusions of thought and feeling. Without the first they would have no strength no stamina no root and the first touch of wind or breath of frost would dissolve them into nothingness; without the second they would bear no blossom convey no fragrance yield no fruit. Just as the root cannot be thrifty and vital that pushes no green stem into the light so that principal or thought or belief cannot be living and earnest that develops no richness and warmth of feeling! and just as the sweetest flower will droop and die when no longer sustained by its parent stem, so the most generous or lovely feeling will be dissipated and lost, if based on no sturdy root of thought or principle.

Another way in which the sentiments are sometimes depreciated is by analyzing and resolving them into elements far beneath their true value. Thus reverence has been said to come from wonder and fear, gratitude from self-complacent comment, loyalty from servile subjection to king or country,

even love from the selfish desire of possession. This disposition to pull down whatever is high, and to find flaws in what is good, is usually as far as his own narrow vision goes. Qualities merge into one another, and it is hard to set their limits. But those who thus search for the mean and commonplace among the higher sentiments lose their true essence. They are so busy groping for pebbles that they cannot see the stars. They resemble one who should attempt to analyze a grand painting, and should declare its value to consist in so many grains of coloring matter.

Viewed materially, as he would view a clod, he is correct; but in this idle estimate he has lost all traces of the grandeur and beauty, the genius and power which dwell in the work of art, and diffused their influence through all beholders. It is in the spiritual essence of the sentiments that their value consists; in the aroma of noble and generous qualities that descends so beneficently upon all who come within their spheres; and those who would gauge their worth and measure their effects must have a sufficiently keen insight and delicate sympathy to appreciate something more than meets the physical senses.

Yet these sentiments are no vaporous, high-frown conceptions, impossible to be woven in daily life, and of no practical bearing; on the contrary, they are the preservers of all the humble and everyday virtues that holds society together. The sentiment of honor, for example, will ensure honesty, justice, and equity. One who is imbued with it, who has faithfully thought out its principles, and embraced them in his heart, is saved from the temptations to fraud, over-reaching, and deceit that may wreck another's life and character. He is above trickery, and meanness; he has no desire to oppress the poor or to take advantage of his neighbor. And his life is ever throing an influence over all who see it in favor of strict integrity.

Many who are lower down in the scale of morality, perhaps hesitating as to some act of known injustice, may be turned the other way simply by a contact of such a character. A recent writer tells of a young man, who, in a foreign camp, during a recent war, sat silent, and apart in a company of noisy revelers, and on being tauntingly requested to give a toast, quietly rose, saying, "Gentlemen, I will give you "Our mothers."

That simple sentiment, uttered in such a scene, produced a more powerful effect upon those young men, far from their homes, than all the arguments that could have been brought to bear upon them. How many lives have been transformed by loving a noble mother, by learning to appreciate her qualities, to admire her sentiments, to revere her life! It is only those who embody in themselves these higher sentiments, who are truly in love with what is good and true and poor, and helps us to form our ideals. Those who, in dry and formal phrases, counsel us of self-denial and effort, yet deny us the use of imagination, are safe half so helpful to our moral progress as those who, by their simple presence, grant us a vision of beauty and truth, of purity and love, that awakens our aspirations, and lifts us into a higher realm of thought and feeling.

Adding Virtue to the Rolling Waters.

Some time ago an Evansville newspaper man was at a seaside resort, having heard that the waters there would wash away sin, and being desirous to take all possible precaution against future accidents. While walking down toward the beach a tall, consumptive-looking man approached him, and in a deep, sepulchral voice asked:

"Do you really think there is any virtue in these waters?"

The scribe glanced over the bathers who were disporting themselves in the surf and replied:

"Indeed, I cannot say. I am not acquainted with a soul in the whole crowd. There will be, though, in about five minutes—just as soon as I can get my duds off."

The cadaverous individual shook his head and walked slowly on, endeavoring to work a laugh in with a hacking cough, while the editor went into one of the bath houses to prepare a wad of Western virtue for the rolling waters.

—*Evansville Argus.*

SNOOKS' CORNER.

JIM SNOOKS' INTRODUCTORY.

Jim Snooks! Who is Jim Snooks? I will not answer this conundrum all at once, so please don't allow yourself to become excited. A precipitated answer might unstring your nerves and you know that wouldn't do, as some people, especially young men have been known to "spree it" for weeks all on account of bad nerve action produced by the jilts, or surprises, if it will fit better. But, I'm Jim Snooks, anyhow. When newspapers first launch forth on the fathomless sea of thought, action, &c., there is usually a long preamble that goes in some quarters as a salutatory, something that will attract the spell-bound attention of a scrutinizing public—critics as well. So, upon my first bow to the world, the flesh, and what not, it ought to be eminently the thing for me to introduce myself, so that you can form some notion as to my eminent fitness or eminent inability—either will do—for the task of furnishing items of news, facts, fancy prose and poetry for Snooks' Corner.

In the first place, of course, I was born into the world in the usual way, some time after George Washington had mischievously disfigured his father's strippling of a cherry tree, and after he had proved to the wicked world that a boy can tell the truth, if he wants too, without the aid of iron-clad oaths and mineral water affidavits. I was one of the boys, I was. My mother could whisper plenty into your ears, if she had a mind too, but her mind don't run in that direction. I won't tell you all and you can save the trouble by asking her about the balance. Women often tell all they know, and sometimes all they don't know, but my mother is an exception, of course she is. I lived as a boy, grew as a boy can only grow, and acted as a boy until one day while looking into a mirror to survey my beauty, I observed something, fuzzi-like, struggling for a bare existence between my pug-nose and lantern-jaws. That discovery knocked the boy idea higher than Venus. I was seven feet taller and about three feet broader after that, and soon learned that my clothes didn't fit, that my hat was torn, my breeches were giving my knees an opportunity to see daylight. My observations came quick and fast—by the lightning express, and inside of ten days I was intervening my father's razor, brush and soap. The first shave, eh? Where's the man who fails to read on memory's shrine the first experience at shaving—not shaving notes of ninety or sixty days, but shaving—what? It's hard to tell what sometimes, if the face happens to be clear of dirt and coal dust. But the razor, in my case, performed its work well, and never as much as groaned. Hollow-ground razors were unknown those days, and here's where the boys nowadays have the "dead-wood" on us older folks. They can make a noise, and the noise in connection with a lively imagination, enables them to see a heavy beard. My first mustache was a daisy. I was priding myself on it, too, when a friend sarcastically insinuated that a lense was necessary if he desired to see it.

My personal history would probably be of no momentous consequence to you, that is, in detail, so I will not go much further in this direction. If I would enter into the minutiae of my transactions through life you might seriously think that my calling was a grand mistake, and so it is better, you know, not to be "too fresh."

As time slides by on its fast whirling wheels, and knocks one here and there off the shore into the dark waves that lap the banks and cry for more, I will endeavor to keep you posted on all matters of more or less import that chance to occur, and give you my opinions and leave you to be the judge. I will not write four or five hundred pages about how good some boys are—saints—and ask you to swallow the story without grease. I have often observed—in library books—that extraordinary good children die young. It's only the offal, the despised, that live to shoulder the burdens and cares of a perplexing world—but I'm digressing again, like a traveling agent who is wound up and guaranteed to talk twenty-four hours without intermission. I believe in progression, not only in things material, but in morals as well, and any remarks that I may see fit to indulge in I trust will be taken in good

faith. If Jim Snooks is one of those characters whom you dislike at first glance don't read him hereafter, and save your temper for somebody else.

This corner—if the editor of the paper don't muzzle me—shall contain various opinions on various subjects, from President of the United States down, and up. Perhaps a story now and then, a description of travels and scenes, and of many things in general and particular that I may deem of sufficient weightiness.

Another point: Our early education was not of the polished kind, rather rough and ready, and I therefore hope my literary friends of the aesthetic class will either bear motherly with me or else ignore Snooks at once, and go to raising sunflowers. I have about finished my introductory notes, and will close my remarks—not after the fashion of Mrs. Snooks (who went over to see her neighbor for only five minutes just two hours ago), but

Very Respectfully Yours,
JIM SNOOKS.

The Lawyer's Trade.

"So I am doomed?" said a client just found guilty of murder in the first degree and condemned to be hanged.

"Guilty be hanged?" howling the lawyer "what are you talking about? Evidently you have never been tried before for murder."

"No," said the prisoner; "this is my first offense."

"Why man," said the lawyer "the thing has but just commenced. Being found guilty is now by the law considered only the preliminary stage of a criminal trial."

"But what do you do now?"

"Do? You have twelve or fourteen chances for life," said the lawyer.

"First—Application for a new trial.

"Second—Stay of proceedings.

"Third—We shall find some new witnesses, who will prove that you are quite another man as compared with what you were when you committed the deed.

"Fourth—There are forty five exceptions to the rulings of the court.

"Fifth—If these fail we shall clap on the certiorari.

"Sixth—If that fails we shall try the old habeas corpus.

"Seventh—Then there is the insanity dodge. That opens a new field altogether for saving your neck. We can make you insane. I have in reserve a corps of experts who can make anybody insane. Sentence to the asylum, you know for life and let you out by the back door in less than a year, when the public has forgotten all about the case.

"Eighth—Petition the executive for pardon.

"Ninth—The writs in reserve. There's the writ of *corporalibus aurora borealis*. Do you understand Latin?

Prisoner—"Not a Latin."

Lawyer—"If that fails there's the writ of *pulcherrimus anno masculinibus* which means it is a sin, any way to hang a lovable white man—like yourself. Then there's the writ of *nil desperandum in quandary*, which means any port in a storm. See?"

Prisoner—"I don't see exactly. But I know you must be a learned man, and I know there's a heap of power in them writs. How mufel?"

Lawyer—"Well, it costs heavily to get them out especially those last named for they are the choice and fancy varieties. A thousand dollars will smooth things and procrastinate the gallows for the present."

Prisoner—"Judge \$500 is all I can raise just now. Won't that answer?"

Lawyer—"For half the time mentioned, yes. You are saved for six months."

Adding Virtue to the Rolling Waters.

Some time ago an Evansville newspaper man was at a seaside resort, having heard that the waters there would wash away sin, and being desirous to take all possible precaution against future accidents. While walking down toward the beach a tall, consumptive-looking man approached him, and in a deep, sepulchral voice asked:

"Do you really think there is any virtue in these waters?"</

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TRAPPE, MONTG., CO., PENNA.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, December 14, 1882.

A QUESTION.

The following was received by mail on Tuesday:

EDITOR INDEPENDENT:—In your issue of December 7th, I find the following paragraph contained in your Washington correspondence:

"Chairman Kelly did not find a majority of the Ways and Means Committee on hand here to endorse his proposition for free whiskey—the abolition of all internal revenue taxes—in order to cut down revenue receipts in the interest of the protective tariff."

Now would you, your correspondent or anyone please explain how free whiskey and the abolition of all internal revenue taxes could operate in the interest of protection. I am not able to see the point, so please explain, and I shall be much obliged to you for so doing. Yours Very Respectfully, ALBERT BROMER.

Our friend, who evidently desires to "live and learn," shall see the point if we are able to point out the point.

The revenues necessary to meet the expenditures of the U. S. Government are secured by means of a protective tariff, or, duties upon imports, and the internal revenue taxes—certain taxes levied upon whiskey, tobacco, matches, coffee, &c., &c.

The total ordinary receipts of the government for the fiscal year were \$403,525,250.28. The total ordinary expenditures were \$257,981,439.57, leaving a surplus of \$145,543,810.75. The internal revenue tax for the same period amounts to \$146,497,595. The large surplus was applied to the payment of the public debt. The rapid payment of the public debt, under existing circumstances, is not regarded as good policy by wise statesmen, on account of its effect upon the National banking system, as set forth in the editorial columns of this paper last week.

If there is no need of this large surplus—beyond being an enticing bait for public thieves—why allow the surplus to accumulate, lay idle? This would be the sheerest folly; the people see it, and members of Congress see it; hence the determined effort to reduce the revenues of the government. There are two ways to reduce the further accumulation of surplus monies. Either abolish duties upon imports or reduce or wipe out internal taxation. The latter would be our plan right along, excepting the tax on whiskey, because the revenue derived therefrom might be necessary in case of a revision of our existing tariff laws. Here is just where the point comes in. Judge Kelly is one of the strongest protectionists living in this country to-day, and very naturally he favors the abolition of the internal revenue on the grounds that if anything it would tend to materially strengthen the protective tariff. Judging from the general tenor of our Washington correspondent we presume he is not in sympathy with Judge Kelly, for reasons no doubt best known to himself.

We have tried to explain the question propounded. Have we succeeded, Mr. Bromer?

The observations made by the astronomers of the transit of Venus, in different sections of the country have been upon the whole remarkably successful. In only a few places was the sky so cloudy as to prevent any observation of the phenomenon. Even where clouds interfered with the work good results were nevertheless obtained.

The Tariff Commission promises to be of some account after all. It recommends various reductions in existing import duties, and seems to have been imbued with the desire to do the most possible good for the whole country. Congress is likely to act favorably upon the report of the Commission. Three cheers and a tiger for the Tariff Commission.

The amount of wheat needed to supply the European demand is now pretty definitely known. The latest statements show that at least 220,000,000 bushels will be needed, with the final demand likely to exceed that amount rather than to fall below it. The total visible surplus in the grain-producing countries is stated to be 290,000,000 bushels, leaving enough to feed the world and 70,000,000 bushels to spare for contingencies.

The House of Representatives passed a bill recently awarding \$35,000 to the State of Georgia for money alleged to have been spent in the defence of the Union in 1777. This is about the oldest claim on record. It is to be hoped that the State isn't holding back a demand for 105 years' interest on the money. In that event the general Government might be justified in putting in as a counter claim, as suggested, a bill for expenses incurred in preventing Georgia from destroying the Union she had helped to make.

THE Atlanta Constitution observes: "The political graveyard in Georgia is filled with the bones of men who have destroyed their usefulness by opposing progressive legislation."

WHEN the national debt statement for December is made public it will be well to remember that a considerable part of the reduction it will show is due to queer old Joseph Lewis. The patriotic bequest of the Hoboken millionaire at last has been devoted to the object for which it was intended. Government bonds to the amount of \$950,000, representing the gift, have been cancelled by the Treasury Department, and by that much has the burden of the people been lightened. Mr. Lewis' gift has always been considered a strange freak of eccentricity.

GENERAL FITZ JOHN PORTER will, as usual, be the subject of a good deal of discussion in Congress. His case will be the first one taken up by the military committee of the House. Porter is in Washington, urging his claim for restoration with his usual perseverance. He naturally feels much encouraged by General Grant's change of front. How much longer must this country rest under the charge of refusing justice to an innocent and much wronged citizen? We should like to know. And to think of it, Pope has just been confirmed as Major General of the U. S. Army, and Pope did more than any one else in fastening injustice upon Porter. The long haired Logan is about the only man left who opposes the honest claims of Porter. Porter is a general by nature and training. Pope proved himself a nincompoop in war. Witness the different stations of the two Generals? Is it not a humiliating spectacle?

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 12, 1882.

There is a good deal of amusement for us lookers-on to note how the views and purposes of Congressmen change from time to time. For instance, some Republican members are suddenly discovering great necessity for a revision of the tariff this winter. And then Judge Kelley who only a short time ago wanted to wipe out the entire internal revenue system, for the purpose of protecting the tariff, is now conceding that his plan will have to be abandoned and that after all a small amount of tariff revision might be endured. These are questions which very much trouble the Republican mind just now. Then, too some Republican Congressmen are coming out for civil service reform, among the very fellows who have heretofore said: "Civil service reform be blown," with a good deal of emphasis. While this humor is on them, Senator Pendleton proposes to bring forward his little bill for consideration. Senator Beck created something of a breeze in the Senate by moving for an investigation of the Hubbell committee methods. His idea is to have it shown how much money was collected, where and how it was expended; how much was given to Mahone; and how much if any, is still on hand. The right of Congress to make this inquiry arises under the law against assessments. It is also proposed to find out how many clerks have been dismissed for failure to contribute. They say that Hubbell, who is not now in Washington, intends to keep away as long as he can, and that it is very doubtful in any event whether he comes back to Washington until after the Senatorial election in Michigan.

Congress opens actively, and there is every indication of satisfactory results being accomplished notwithstanding the short session. During the first few days there has been a good deal of bantering and chaffing each other among the members who have and have not been re-elected, but on the whole Congressmen appear to be in an unusually serious frame of mind as regards the business before them. The galleries are pretty well filled every day with people curious to see not only what is going on, but to have a look at the notables. Mr. Robeson comes in for a large share of interest, and he has conducted himself admirably. Nobody would suspect from his manner that he was disappointed by his late defeat. Judge Kelley. "The father of the House," as he is called, and who is so strong in his district that he was re-elected with practically no opposition, always attracts attention when he rises in his seat. His voice is a deep bass, and his enunciation very distinct. The courtly Kasson is also much sought for by visitors in the galleries. There is no better parliamentarian on the floor. Page, of California, who was so active in securing the passage of the River and Harbor bill over the President's veto last session, shows that he feels his recent defeat, and looks as though he wanted to explain to every one how it happened. The ample form of Reed, of Maine, is always conspicuous as his active brain entitles him to be. On the Democratic side Randall and Carlisle, prospective speakers of the next Congress, are the most criticised from the galleries, but the genial Sam Cox is never overlooked. The man on that side who seems to be more pleased with himself and the rest of mankind than any one else is Ben LeFevre, of Ohio. Some one asked him how Ohio was, and he replied that Ohio was one hundred cents on the dollar.

Dr. D. W. Bliss, is as mad as a March hare, and it is understood, will refuse to accept the award of the board audit—\$6,500—for his services in connection with the illness of the late President Garfield, and will endeavor to obtain what he considers to be proper and just compensation from the Garfield estate. On being reminded that he released the estate from all responsibility when he fled his claim with the board of audit, he replied: "I know

I did, but under the circumstances that will not hold good in a court of law." While most people are inclined to believe that the board have allowed Dr. Bliss enough, it is still doubtful if the principle on which they proceeded will be sustained, especially in relation to Drs. Hamilton and Agnew. Professional compensation is always gaged by professional reputation rather than by actual work performed, and men like these must be paid for their reputation as well as for their time. But if five thousand dollars is considered compensation for them the idea of paying nearly as much to the subordinate local physicians and to Dr. Susan Edson, who probably never made so much in any year of her life, is manifestly absurd.

President Arthur still resides in his cottage at the Soldiers' Home, and drives in every day to transact business at the White House. The improvements and renovations at the Executive Mansion will be completed in a few days, when the old White House will look better than it has for years. The President still expresses himself as entirely pleased with what has been done which, as he is fastidious and not always satisfied with the way things go on, is a good augury. Last winter, for instance, while he was occupying Senators Jones, house, the workmen at the White House lagged almost unaccountably. The President went up there one day and gave them a piece of his mind in a very dignified but effective manner. They turned in and in less than two weeks the house was ready. They found out that work that came under the President's own eye could not be trifled with. Society people are anticipating a lively season this winter, to be opened by the President's New Year's receptions and followed by some gorging entertainments at the Mansion. Last season the White House was in mourning. Besides the usual receptions President Arthur proposes this winter a series of dinners to his Cabinet and the Judges of the Supreme Court, and also to Senators in Congress. It is expected that before March 4, every Senator will have been invited to dine at the White House. Mrs. McElroy, the President's sister, will return here from Albany the latter part of this month and remain as his social ad de camp during the season. She is a lovely and accomplished lady.

Correspondence.

The Schools of Upper Providence.

The object of the writer in taking up this subject is to bring a few facts and observations about our public schools, before the minds of the patrons and tax-payers, with a view of having them think over the facts soberly, and as a result improvements are hoped for. In the township of Upper Providence, we have twelve school-houses, in four of which there are two school-rooms. Sixteen teachers are employed. The township is divided into two school districts, viz: Upper Providence and Trappe Independent. The directors of the former district have charge of twelve schools, and those of the latter four. We have pretty good Boards of Directors—most of them are progressive, and all want to have good schools, and wish to carry out the desires of the patrons. Occasionally they visit the schools; if they find the order pretty good and hear no complaints about the teacher, they go away satisfied and report their schools in good condition.

Do the directors take as much interest in the schools as they should? Allow me to give you some information concerning the condition of the schools, and you may answer for yourselves. To do so I must make a division of the schools. A proper division of the schools of this township is graded and ungraded. By the former is meant those in which there are two rooms in one building, one for the beginners. By the latter is meant those in which the advanced pupils and beginners are all in one room. Leaving the graded for another time, in this paper I will deal entirely with the ungraded schools. In order to give a correct view of these schools, let me tell you of visits to two of them. On arriving at the first, we were ushered in by the teacher and shown to a seat. At our request the teacher conducted the recitations as usual. On looking around the order seemed pretty good, and the school not very noisy. A class was called before us to recite mental arithmetic. The teacher gave a question to the first boy, who stood up and solved it, but without sundry helps from the teacher. The rest of the class were paying no attention whatever, and we feel pretty sure that not one of them could have repeated the question. A question was given to each one in the class, and solved in about the same manner as the first. A lesson was then assigned and the class dismissed. The spelling class recited next. Words were pronounced by the teacher, and if not spelled correctly the first time, two and sometimes three trials were given. Little boys and girls eight years old were attempting to spell words of three and four syllables. While these recitations were going on, we watched the remainder of the school. Very few were studying. Some had their books before them, but instead of studying were engaged in earnest conversation; others were staring around the room. One boy, whom the teacher told a number of times to study his lesson, would study almost loud for probably a minute until the teacher's attention was taken elsewhere, when he would put away his book and commence talking.

A short time after this we visited the second school. After we had been seated the elementary grammar class recited a lesson in parsing. Truly a dry subject, but not to that class. While one was parsing a word every other member of the class was noticing mistakes. The word parsed, the teacher called for corrections. As in the first school, next the spelling classes were called up. There were four classes. Two of them, in which were the pupils

in the first and the second readers, spelled orally, and did it well too. Of the remaining classes, consisting of the advanced pupils, one spelled orally and the other wrote; it being their custom to alternate written with oral spelling. While these recitations were going on the other pupils were busy—most of them with their slates. Once two of the larger boys forgot themselves in the interest with which they were discussing an arithmetic question, and grew so loud as to disturb the school. The teacher said not a word but stopped the recitation and looked toward the boys; as if by magic, the school became very quiet; the boys noticing this glanced toward the teacher and were met by a look which plainly said, "Boys, you are disturbing me, please go on quietly with your work." It is not necessary to tell you the boys obeyed and took particular care not to bring on that silent rebuke again. This school was just as noisy as the first, but the order was much better. The first is a fair sample of a number of our schools; the second of the rest. From what I have heard, both teachers gave satisfaction—one received no more credit than the other, yet any observing person who visited the two schools could not help noticing the difference. The teacher of the first school was easy and left the pupils study or not just as they pleased; the pupils rather liked this way, consequently no complaints were made and the teacher, passing as successful, was re-appointed, and is now probably teaching in the same manner. Is such a teacher the one you wish to have in charge of the education of your children? I think not. How are you to know but that you have just such a teacher? I will tell you. Visit your schools and find out for yourselves. Such teachers are re-appointed because the local director does not properly attend to the duties of his office, and nobody tells him that anything is wrong. It is not enough for the local director to visit the school once, twice or perhaps three times during the term, and during the time he is there listen to several recitations. It is the duty of the local director to see (1.) that all who are of the proper age are studying the following branches: Reading, writing, spelling, written arithmetic, mental arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, and etymology, or its equivalent; (2.) that the order is good, and the pupils comfortable; (3.) that the teacher does not begin at the beginning of the book and go right on through with hardly a review, and no examination; (4.) that a pupil is not in the fifth reader and highest spelling class, while he is just commencing the elementary arithmetic and practically, knows nothing of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division; and (5.) that at least one thorough examination in every branch taught is conducted by the teacher, and a record kept of the same.

A few remarks to the parents and I will close. Parents, do not shift all the responsibility of your children's education upon the shoulders of the directors. Inquire of your children what lessons they have recited during the day; ask them a few well-directed questions and find out whether they understand what they are studying and can make practical use of it. If they are not doing so, see first that the fault is not the children's while at home, then pay a visit to the school. If you find the fault to be in the teacher's system, kindly tell him that the children are not learning as well as they should, if this does not have the desired effect, see that your local director attends to the matter. But do not, under any circumstances, go among your neighbors and awaken a hostile feeling against the teacher, for it will completely demoralize the school. Your director, on finding the teacher incompetent, will secure a better one for the next term. Visit your schools often. It will show your children that you are really interested in their progress, and prevent the teacher from falling into careless habits, while you can find no better way of encouraging the teacher who is really doing good work.

Interesting Paragraphs.

Representative-elect Ochiltree, of Texas, has reached Washington. He says that his district is "five times as large as Ben Butler's little State" and adds: "I rode over the district during the canvass on a razor-back mule."

P. T. Baraun was liberated from the Danbury, Conn., jail fifty years ago, and the other day, the semi-centennial of the occurrence was duly celebrated at Bridgeport. His imprisonment was for an alleged libel published in a local newspaper. At the celebration Mr. Baraun delivered an address on the "Freedom of the Press," speaking in the same Court House where he had received his sentence. After the speech a cannon was fired, and the veteran was toasted at a public dinner.

A Cincinnati woman was nursing her husband, a broken-down sot, when he leaped wildly from the bed brandished a huge knife, which he had surreptitiously obtained, and threw her on the floor declaring that he was divinely commanded to slay her. Then ensued a desperate fight, in which the woman held fast to his hands with all her might, and he was only able to inflict a few small cuts. Just as her strength was failing, her screams brought help from several neighbors. His assault seemed to them so atrocious that they did not interfere when he turned the blade against himself, but allowed him to commit suicide unhindered.

In 1881 18,670 persons were killed by snakes in India and 2,757 by wild animals; 43,609 head of cattle were destroyed by snakes and wild animals during the same year; 254,968 snakes and 12,274 wild animals were destroyed and 102,810 rupees were paid by Government in rewards for their destruction.

Dr. Brinton does not take stock in Mr. Herbert Spencer's remarks about Americans "killing" themselves with

overwork. He says that the life insurance companies, whose purposes it is to get testimony for business uses rather than for after-dinner speeches, show in their tables that the expectation of life in this country rather better on the grand average than in England, France or Germany.

Edward D. Cooley was only 35 years old when he died, at west Springfield, Mass., and yet he lived alone in so poor a hotel that it was assessed for taxation at only \$25, while bank books discovered since his death show that he had about \$25,000 at interest. He was a graduate of Amherst College, and it is said that a love affair first made him a recluse. His life was very solitary and his nearest neighbors had no acquaintance with him. A few books and a gun were his companions, and he was contented to live in rags and squalor.

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—OF OF—
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FREED'S Celebrated Ice Cream.
FRUITS and FANCY CAKES,
in abundance. Particular attention paid to the furnishing of Ice Cream and Confectionery to Churches, Sunday Schools, Pic-nics and Private Parties at lowest rates. I have the control of a large Dairy, and all the latest improved machinery in the manufacture of Ice Cream; therefore my prices are very low. Will pay fair rent to Sunday Schools for exclusive right of woods on day of celebration.

Cysters & Clams, in Season.
RESPECTFULLY YOURS,
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Agriculture and Science.

Edited by J. K. HARLEY.

CORN-MEAL FOR PIGS.—In a series of experiments conducted by Lawes & Gilbert, they found that some pigs gained very much faster than others, one gaining 2 lbs. per day, while two others did not gain over 1 lb. per day. But on strictly corn-meal diet two of them got swellings on the side of their necks and their breathing became labored.

"It was obvious," says Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, "that the Indian corn-meal alone was, in some way, a defective diet; and it occurred to us that it was comparatively poor, both in nitrogen and in mineral matter, though we were inclined to suspect that it was a deficiency of the latter, rather than of the former, that was the cause of the ill effects produced. We were, at any rate, unwilling so far to disturb the plan of the experiments as to increase the supply of nitrogenous constituents in the food, and accordingly determine to continue the food as before, but at least to try the effect of putting within reach of the pigs a trough of some mineral substance, of which they could take as they were disposed. The mixture which was prepared was as follows: 20 lbs. finely sifted coal ashes, lbs. common salt, 1 lb. superphosphate of lime. A trough containing this mineral mixture was put into the pen at the commencement of the second fortnight, and the pigs soon began to lick it with evident relish. From this time the swellings, tumors, as well as the difficulty in breathing, which probably arose from the pressure of the former, began to diminish rapidly. Indeed, at the end of this second fortnight the swellings were very much reduced, and at the end of the third fortnight they had disappeared entirely.

"The three pigs consumed of the mineral mixture described above, 9 lbs. during the first fortnight; 6 lbs. during the second, and 9 lbs. during the third."

CLEAN STABLES.—There is possibly no more repulsive sight than a filthy cow-stable, and one in which dairy cattle are housed is especially offensive. It has been demonstrated that cows who are neglected in this respect fail to yield a perfect flow of milk, and it is reasonable to suppose that such is the case. The richest of food may be given them, but if their condition in the stall is neglected they will not thrive. The foul odors of a filthy barn must necessarily permeate not only the animal's hide, but it has been proven that the meat of stall-fed steers, who have been fattened under these circumstances, will when put upon the block and cut up taste of the stable impurities. It would seem, therefore, that owners should appreciate the force of the old adage that "cleanliness is next to Godliness," and beyond the fact that they are enabled to receive additional profits by closely watching their stock and providing clean quarters for them, advance even one step higher, and from the standpoint of the humanitarian at least treat their stock with common decency. City consumers often demand a greater or less extent the presence of the barn-yard odor in their milk. Barns for the accommodation of dairy cows should receive the same care as those devoted to the average horse. Their health depends largely upon their surroundings, and reeking piles of manure with the foul air which naturally arises therefrom are not conducive to health nor is it possible under these circumstances to furnish good, pure, wholesome milk.—E. T.

CHEAP LAND.—It is safe to estimate that there is hardly a farm in which tile drain has not been laid but has at least ten per cent. of land that is nearly useless. This waste land, by having tile laid through it, will become more valuable than the other parts of the farm. By reclaiming them and laying tile so as to draw off all the standing water, it will be the same as procuring an equal number of acres for the money that it will cost to tile it; and not only that, but it will make the adjoining land more valuable and susceptible of being farmed at a much less expense per acre, as where the field is divided by sloughs and wet places the rows are shorter, and the teams are obliged to turn often, besides being unable to do as much work as though the entire field was dry and firm to their feet.

This drainage of the wet places will enable the owner to cultivate the field from a week to ten days earlier than he would otherwise. This early planting of the crops in many cases means an added yield of 15 to 40 per cent.

The ground occupied by these sloughs and runways, being lower than the rest of the field, has year after year received the wash from the upland. This rich dirt, as soon as it is under-drained, will bear larger crops and more surely than any other portion of the field.

We cannot see the economy in farmers loaning out their money or laying it up in banks while they have a single wet or unprofitable acre on their farm. It has often been stated that drainage does not pay as well on grass land as where the fields are devoted to grain raising, but any careful stockman will, by his own observation, see the incorrectness of this insertion. Land to bear productive crops of good, sweet, nutritious grass, must be drained so as to have no stagnant water in the soil.

THE BEEF SUPPLY.—Notwithstanding the enormous advance made in cattle-raising during the past twenty years or so, the increased supply, even in favorable seasons, has not been at all commensurate with the increase in the demand for beef. The ratio of increase in cattle is less than that in population, so that even with no change in dietetic habits the demand for beef would tend steadily to outrun the supply. But our appetite for beef increases much more rapidly than our numbers. The marketman makes his daily rounds with fresh beef in hundreds of commu-

nities where salt pork was eaten almost exclusively twenty-five years ago; and generally throughout the country beef has largely displaced pork on the tables of farmers, mechanics, and well-to-do people. This partly because of the universal improvement in the scale of popular living due to general prosperity, but more, perhaps, to the influence of an active school of would-be health reformers who have persistently decried pork as an article of food, and created a wide-spread and unreasonable prejudice against it. Leaving out of consideration any possible increase in the demand for beef for exportation, we may reasonably anticipate that the home demand for beef will continue to increase as fast, if not faster, than the population does; and there can be no marked decline from the present excessive prices until the supply of beef-cattle is brought up to the level of the popular requirements. It is not the prime cost of beef-cattle in the field, or their necessary cost at the shambles after being driven or carried half across the continent, that chiefly determines the price of the meat to the consumer, but the single fact that the supply is relative so meagre that cattle raisers can ask and readily get prices which enable them to make 20, 30, even 50 per cent profit per annum on the money invested—selling for six cents a pound, live weight, cattle which cost two cents a pound to raise.—Scientific American.

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If you are advised that your invention is patentable, send \$200 to the Government for \$25 and \$25 for drawings required by the Government. This is payable when the patent is made. From having undertaken to secure your own patent and failed, a skillful handling of the case may lead to success. Send me a written request addressed to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C., as your attorney in the case, giving the title of the invention, the date of filing your application. An examination and report will not be made until you have paid the fee of \$100 in successful operation since 1860, and reference can be given to actual clients in almost every county in the U. S. Pamphlet relating to Patents free upon request.

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