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Providence Independent

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OLD SHOES.

How much a man is like old shoes!
For instance, both a soul may lose;
Both have been tanned; both are made tight
By cobbler; both get left and right;
Both need a mate to be complete,
And both are made to go on feet.
They both need healing, oft are sold,
And both in time turn all to mold.
With shoes the last is first; with men
The first shall be the last; and when
The shoes wear out they're mended new;
When men wear out they're men-dead, too.
They both are trod upon, and both
Will tread on others, nothing less.
Both have their ties, and both inclined
When polished, in the world to shine;
And both get out—and would you choose
To be a man, or be his shoes!

ALMOST TOO LATE.

Charles Archer stood at the door of the one room high up in a noisy tenement house in New York which he called "home." It was not the wedded home he had dreamed of twelve years before, when he uttered the valedictory at Yale, and when Helen Gordon smiled at the applause that greeted his appearance on the stage. Nor was that crouching figure by the window, in the untidy print dress, with the pretty, sullen face and the uncombed golden hair, much like the graceful belle, whose company he had been so proud, so happy to monopolize upon that golden day.

"I am going now, Helen."
His wife looked up and caught the expression of pitying regret upon his dark and handsome face. Her heart was full of angry rebellion against her fate, against herself, against him—almost against God.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she said peevishly. "I know that the room has not been swept, and that I have not made my toilet for the day. My toilet?" she laughed bitterly. "When shall I make a toilet again, I wonder? I once set the fashion in New Naven! And, oh! I think—only to think what my life might have been if I had been wise."

Her husband's face darkened all over. "I understand!" he exclaimed. "You mean if you had married Paul Hayden instead of me!"

"How can I help such thoughts? I saw his wife early yesterday morning when I was out. She was driving to the railway station on her way to their country house for the summer. I heard the footman say to some one when he went to buy the tickets for her. And oh! what a difference there was between us two. No wonder she has kept her beauty. No wonder I have lost mine. Beauty and health, and youth and happiness, they are all going away from me because we are so poor."

"Better days may be coming, love," said the husband, after a pause. "I have heard of a good situation at this time you know. If I get it, it will be a stepping-stone to other things of more consequence. And when I am rich you know well, my darling, that I shall refuse you nothing."

"You have thought so many times that better days were close at hand. And every time you have been disappointed, and we have lived on the same horrible life," was the discouraging reply.

"I know, my dearest; but this is really good news, I trust and hope. If you will only kiss me and wish me good luck, I have faith that it will come."

He bent down, his dark eyes wistfully searching hers for one glance of love, such as he had often seen there in the happy days of courtship. But love, so far as she was concerned, he sometimes feared, had flown out of the window of his home when poverty entered. The heat, the dust, the discordant street cries without, the shabby disordered room within, the general sense of her own unfitness, and the galling memory of the freshly beautiful summer costume worn by the wife of Paul Hayden as she lounged in her carriage the previous day—all these things combined to banish the affectionate glance for which the husband's heart so vainly hungered, and to make the wife's parting kiss so cold and formal that it lingered like ice upon the young man's lips as he turned away.

He said nothing, but the deep sigh that seemed to come from the very depths of a tired and overlaid heart silently reproached her.

She caught a last glimpse of his face as he closed the door. It wore a look of repressed sorrow that would haunt her to her dying day. What evil spirit

had tempted her to try him so? was it his fault that, by the failure of a bank in the great "panic," the savings of years of steady toil had been lost in a moment? Had he not labored faithfully ever since for her support? For her ungrateful sake had he not even stooped to mental toil, when no other employment could be procured?

And now she had sent him from her unheeded by a look or word of fondness. What if some accident should happen to the train by which he was to travel? What if he should never return? For a moment she sat dumb, almost paralyzed by the shock of that idea. Then she sprang from her chair and rushed to the door. She would call him back, and ask him to forgive that careless, cruel parting. She was too late. He was already in the street. A moment later she heard the shrill whistle of the train. He was gone.

The day passed on sadly enough. Thought after thought came crowding into her mind to unsettle and reprove her. They bore their fruit. In less than an hour after Charles Archer's departure his home wore a very different aspect. By nightfall the one room was trim and clean as willing hands could make it. Before the clean windows a pair of snowy muslin curtains were drawn. The stove shone like a mirror, and from its open front a bright welcome to the absent master flashed out, flooding the very halls with warmth and light.

And summer evening though it was, both light and warmth were needed. At sunset angry clouds rose in the south, and the rain came sharply down, with an accompanying wind that knew little of its own mind and veered sharply round continually from south to east. Amid the wailing wind and dropping rain Helen Archer worked steadily on.

At nine o'clock the train which was to bring her husband home was due. Her last task was finished, when she dished out his favorite viands and set them covered with a basin, upon the hearth to keep warm. She leaned from the window, looking out, through wind and rain, for some sign of his coming. She wore the dress he liked best. Her hair was arranged in his favorite fashion of braids and curls. She had kissed him coldly as he left her, but now, with her heart upon her lips, she waited to welcome him back, even if he returned as unsuccessful as he went. What did that matter, she thought, as she glanced at the window of her opposite neighbor who had been left a widow only one short month ago.

"Only let him return to me safely, and I will make amends for all," she half thought, half prayed, as memory recalled the countless times in which she had grieved him during the past half year.

Nine o'clock came and passed, yet she did not hear the usual whistle of the incoming train. Half-past nine, and yet no footstep on the stairs! Her heart lay like a leaden weight in her bosom. The color faded from her lips and cheeks, and her blue eyes grew wild with silent dread. At ten o'clock she could bear the suspense no longer.

She left her room and went down stairs, with a half-formed purpose in her mind of inquiring at the neighboring station about the laggard train.

Dimly, in the darkness, she saw a crowd of people gathered at the outer door of the tenement house. They were all talking confusedly, but now and then some words broke plainly through the medley of sound.

"His poor wife!" said one voice, "how is she going to bear it, I wonder. It is well for her that she has no little ones to look after. She is nothing more than a child herself, anyway."

"Make way there!" said some one outside. "We must carry the body upstairs. Which room is it? And some woman ought to go up before us and tell the wife."

The crowd surged and parted. Between the ranks six men came steadily onward, followed by a policeman. Helen knew him well, and when he looked up the staircase and saw the slight figure bending forward, and the pale face full of a fixed and settled horror, he turned again to the crowd, and called out:

"One of you woman come up here to break the news. And take her away," he added in a lower voice; "it is no sight for her."

Good-natured Bridget McCarty came forward, and ran up the stairs to where Helen stood.

"You'll come back into the room wid me, my darlint," she said putting her

strong arms around Helen's slender waist. "Sure it'll destroy you intirely to look at the likes of that."

"Bridget, is he dead?" asked the pale lips, piteously.

"Sorry I am to say that he is. It was the train, my dear. Off the track, they say, and ten strong men killed outright besides him that they are bringing up from below."

Helen fell senseless at the Irish woman's feet. Half an hour later she struggled slowly back to life and loneliness again. She opened her eyes to find herself lying on her own bed, with the kind old doctor of the neighborhood bending over her with rather an anxious face.

"We shall do nicely now," he said, making a warning gesture to some one in the background.

Helen gave a great sigh as he took her hand.

"Oh, why did you bring me back, doctor? I have driven my husband away to his death, and I hoped I could die, too. I blamed him because we were so poor, doctor, and I scarcely kissed him when he went away this morning to look for another place. Oh, I have been so cruel to him! And now, just I was trying to be a better wife, God has taken him away from me, and he will never know how bitterly I repented."

"How do you know he is dead, my dear?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, I saw them bring him up the stairs! And I heard them talking about me."

"Not about you, my dear, but about poor little Mrs. Gray, who lives in the room at the back. Her husband was badly hurt on the train when it ran off the track this evening. We thought he was dead at first. But since then he has revived, and I feel sure that, by God's mercy, he will recover before long."

"But where is my husband then?" cried Helen, starting up.

"God has been very good to you, too, my dear," said the old physician.

"Is he alive? Where is he? Oh, tell me!" her every gesture struggling between hope and fear.

"Here."

The doctor stepped back. From a dark corner of the room a tall figure rushed forward and clasped the wondering, weeping wife in close embrace.

"Is it you? Oh, is it really you?" she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "Oh, Charles! I have been so miserable since you went away! How could I treat you so? You never can forgive me or love me again!"

"As if I could help loving, you as long as I live, Helen! I have found a good place. I shall have a good salary, and to-morrow, if you are well enough we will make a trip into the country together and find some pretty little cottage, where you can amuse yourself all through this beautiful summer among the birds and flowers."

"I don't want a cottage, I want nothing but you, Charles, and now God has given you back to me, that will be enough to make me happy," said his wife, giving him the tender kiss which she had refused him that morning.

Nevertheless the cottage was taken, and the summer was as happy a time as mortal may ever hope to enjoy this side of paradise.

Once on their journey thither, after a shopping excursion in the city, they chanced to be overtaken by the magnificent carriage of Paul Hayden, millionaire. Mrs. Hayden, resident in a toilet fresh from the atelier of Worth, sat therein. She was yet bronzed and pink checked and very handsome. Yet her face looked worn and wearied. It lacked the look of true and perfect happiness that Helen's wore.

Helen caught the somewhat anxious look that her husband turned upon her as the great lady drove slowly by.

She smiled. Under cover of her pretty silken shawl her hand stole into his.

Never for one moment had she forgotten the lesson of that long-past summer's day. Never had she ceased from thanking God that it had been given, although it came "almost too late."

GOTHAM GOSSIP.

New York, Decem. 29, 1882
Than God! Christmas is over, and one can put one's hand to other uses than perpetually diving in one's pockets for money. Indeed, a man's lot is an unhappy one. I do not even allude to the expenditures for his own family and friends, but to the thousand and one

outside affairs. Everybody's hand is open the day before Christmas. The barber who shaves you in the morning intimates that he has not smoked a good cigar since he has consumed those that you gave him last Christmas. The boy who brushes your coat and polishes your boots expects fifty cents instead of the usual ten. The ticket seller at your elevated railroad station smokes, and so does the gateman and the conductor of the train with which you usually ride down. Then the man who has charge of the elevator in the building in which your business is, has a little box decorated with evergreens, etc., with a little card of "Merry Christmas," and as you happen to glance at it, he remarks in an innocent tone that he left the opening large enough for the admission of silver dollars, for says he, a good many tenants carry coin instead of paper money, and no one would think of putting in less than a dollar. Then your office boy looks expectant. The letter carrier stops to chat for a moment. The news-dealer wishes you a Merry Christmas. The old woman who washes your windows looks in on you. When you go to lunch, the waiter at the restaurant makes such a fuss over you as to destroy your appetite almost. Then some of your lady friends who are interested in some mission or other charity affair look you up, and thus by the time the day is over you go home out of pocket and out of temper, and wish yourself somewhere about the North Pole where you will not be pestered.

The churches this year spent less money for decorations than in former years. There were of course the conventional wreaths and garlands, etc., but the immense floral display which greeted the eye in many fashionable sacred edifices were missing, and one can hardly regret this return to common sense. Two years ago one church in Fifth Avenue spent nearly two thousand dollars for floral decorations for Christmas. This year but little over two hundred dollars was laid out, and the balance of the money went for charitable purposes. A new feature this year was the fashion introduced by the leading hotels and bar-rooms of giving elaborate Christmas dinners to their regular customers at their bars. The menus in many instances were extremely elaborate, offering dinners for which Delmonico would charge from five to seven dollars a cover. One might judge from this what an enormous profit there must be in the liquor business, and what a enormous amount of drink is consumed in bar-rooms.

Speaking of hotels reminds me that a very interesting article might be written about the characters, and if I might say, the physiognomies of our leading hostilities, which would prove highly interesting as well as valuable to the out-of-town visitor to Gotham. Hotels in this city are more desired and appreciated rendezvous for men than even the clubs, and it is singular how men of the same business or the same tastes drift to and congregate at the same places. Beginning down town there is the Astor House. It is not cosmopolitan, but there is scarcely a business in the country which has not some representative among its guests. Further up is the Manhattan, the old Brandreth House, a resort for men in the dry goods business. The St. Nicholas which was once the fashionable establishment of the city, and for that matter is still as handsome and imposing a house inwardly as well as outwardly as can be found in the city; the Prescott House and the Grand Central are patronized by jewelers and men in the fancy goods trade. The old New York Hotel continues to be the resort of Cubans and Southern people, as well as New York gentlemen of leisure. Next comes the Sinclair House. It always had a special attraction to Georgians who haunt its old fashioned bar-room and sit about the blazing grate fire. It is also greatly patronized by shooting and fishing men and heavy eaters; elderly gentlemen of apoplectic and gouty tendencies. The Morton House is the resort of actors.

If you then turn into Fifth Avenue, you first run against the Brunswick, the headquarters of the dudes, and the elegant young men who would be English if they could. The Windsor is the great resort for the reckless world that gambles on the Stock Exchange. The Fifth Avenue used to be the headquarters for financial men, but the Windsor now has almost a monopoly of that business. What cannot be learned here about the money market, and

the rumors which agitate "the street," cannot be learned anywhere else. The Buckingham is the resort for quiet, refined and wealthy people. I had almost forgotten the Brevoort, on lower part of Fifth Avenue. Every Englishman who comes to America feels in honor bound to have his trunks checked hither, and as a result, a half hour's sitting in its parlors would almost convince you that you had suddenly been transferred across the ocean.

Fanny Davenport, last Saturday night ended her season at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, and took *Fedora* on the road. This play has been a marvelous success, and Miss Davenport in it has shown an emotional power simply marvelous to those who remember her when she was at Daly's Theatre. But, oh! Venus, how old the fair Fanny is getting to look since she commenced to reduce her at one time more than ample proportions.

Why January 1 is New Year.

Every one knows that January 1 is the beginning of the year, but not every one knows why it is so. It marks no natural division of time nor any event in the world's history which would give it such distinction. The winter solstice—that is, the period when the sun appears to reach its greatest southern declension, or furthest point south of the equator, occurs December 22, nine days before the new year begins. The summer solstice, another natural division of time, occurs on June 22, a point nearly as far removed from the new year as the calendar permits. The natural divisions of time which suggest themselves at once to the practical observer are the winter and summer solstices and the vernal and autumnal equinoxes, periods at which the days and nights have equal length or their greatest difference. These having been neglected, the moon's phases would seem to have been most likely to be fixed upon. But imperial Caesar, who in 46 B. C. gave us our new year, governed by caprice or reasons of the most temporary duration, departed from the former Roman system of reckoning the year from the winter solstice and made the commencement on January 1 for no better reason than the desire to inaugurate his reform with a new moon.

The Caesarian system, devised by the aid of Sosigenes, constituted the ordinary year of 365 days and the fourth or extraordinary year of 366. The subdivision of the year into months was similar to the present system. This division of time, though imperfect, is still practiced in Russia. The error was in giving the year 365 1/4 days, which is too much by about eleven minutes. Pope Gregory XIII ordered October 5, 1582, to be called the 15th, and that all centennial years which are not multiples of 400 should not be leap years, which omission of three leap years in every 400 years gives the civil year an average length of 365 days, 5 hours, 49 minutes and 12 seconds, which still exceeds the true solar year by a fraction of a second, which amounts to a day only in 3,866 years. The present, or Gregorian system is used by all Christendom, except Russia. It was adopted by England in 1752 and by France in 1564.

Prior to the reformation of the calendar Julius Caesar, and many centuries afterward, the methods of dividing time were various, complicated and imperfect. The moon was the planet which influenced and governed most nations, and gave rise to universal variance between the natural and civil year. The religious feasts of the Christian church are still regulated by the moon. The Council of Nice provided that Easter, the central point by which all other days in the church calendar are fixed, should fall on the first Sunday after the first full moon occurring on or after March 21. The complex method of making these lunar periods correspond with the civil year is evidence enough of the difficulty of arranging any system for the computation of time by the "inconstant moon." Our week and month are not natural divisions of time, though some ingenious efforts have been made to trace some connection between natural phenomena and the period of seven days.

How Bananas are Raised.

As everybody knows who has eaten a banana, the luscious fruit is seedless. The plants are propagated from other plants, so that the stock is not likely to run out. The plant requires for vigorous growth a deep, rich soil, abundant-

ly watered. With these conditions present there is said to be no risk for a crop in hot regions, where alone the fruit is produced. Nine months after a cutting has been planted a purple bud appears in the center of the unfolding leaves that shoots out from the head of the parent stem. The stem on which the bud appears grows rapidly above the main stalk. As the bud increases in weight the stem bends downward by a graceful curve, on the extremity of which this bud continues to grow still; the purple blossoms falling off, little shoots appear as the embryo fruit. Each fruit has yellow blossom at its outward extremity. At the end of three or four months the fruit has grown to maturity, and is picked long enough before it is "dead ripe" to preserve it in marketable condition. From the roots of the parent stock other roots appear, which are trimmed out or left to grow, as the cultivator may deem best. A single stalk, therefore, bears only one bunch or crop as its life's work.

Spaniards have a religious reverence for the banana, believing it to be the fruit of which Adam partook. The fruit has long been regarded as extremely nutritious. It is recommended above all others for invalids who are unable to swallow harder food. An estimate by Humboldt claims that 44,000 pounds of bananas can be produced on the soil that would be required for 1,000 pounds of potatoes, and that the area that would be required to raise wheat enough for one man would produce enough bananas to feed twenty-five men.

Scaling Hotel Figures.

An old lady with a jerky voice and a great display of snuff-box and spectacles, got left by a train the other night and had to go to a hotel for lodgings and breakfast. A few minutes before train time the clerk went up to her room to notify her, and found her sitting in a chair as stiff as a major. As soon as he entered she broke out with:

"How much a day in this hotel?"

"Two dollars, madam."

"How much where you don't have supper?"

"Twelve shillings."

"How much where you sit up all night long, expecting to be murdered every minute?"

"Just the same—twelve shillings."

"How much where you don't eat any breakfast for fear of being pizened?" she continued.

"Just the same, madam." There is your bed, and breakfast has been ready these two hours."

"Well, I don't pay it!"

"But, madam."

"No, not if I die for it! Here I've sat in this blessed chair all night long, hearing whistles and bells and folks running, and men whooping, and expecting every minute would be my last on earth!"

"Has that gas been going all night?"

"Every minute, sir. I've allus made a practice o' mindin' my business, and I didn't propose to set fire to myself by fooling with that thing. How much is it where you sot and tremble like a leaf, from 8 o'clock at night till next morning, wishing to goodness you hadn't been fool nuff to start for Illinois alone!"

"Just the same, madam."

"Not by a jug-full, young man! Here's fifty cents, and you can take the rest out in a lawsuit! I haven't mussed the bed nor touched breakfast, and fifty cents is plenty for having a roof over my head. Git out o' the way, for I'm going!"

He had to move aside or be run over, for she picked up her satchel and put on steam until nothing could stop her. She made her way down stairs and started for the depot, and when a boy asked if she would have her baggage toted she wheeled on him and replied:

"You meander! I've bin swindled out o' fifty cents already, and if there's any more fooling around somebody will get hurt!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Deserving of Credit.

"Yes," said the groceryman, "Jones has stopped drinking, is working every day and is taking good care of his family. He certainly deserves a great deal of credit."

At this juncture Jones came into the store and asked the groceryman if he would trust him to a sack of flour for a few days.

"No, was the reply, "times are too hard. I can't give any credit."—*Call.*

"A Little Close."

In one of our hotels recently, says the Portland (Me.) correspondence of the Boston Globe, a resident of one of the country towns in this State told several stories in regard to his townsmen, and of one family in particular, all the members of which have the reputation of being "a little close." One of the sons at last made up his mind to be married, and concluded, after long thinking, that he ought in some way to make a change in his usual apparel, but could not decide exactly what the change should consist in, and at last concluded to consult with his father, and the old man, after hearing him through, thought the matter over, and at last said:

"Joe, what have you been paying for your hat?"

"A dollar," replied the son.

"Then," said the old man, giving Joe a slap on the shoulder, "I'll tell you what to do. Liz is a good girl, and you'd better do the thing in style. Get a dollar-and-a-half hat, Joe."

"The members of the family were not too close to invest in fancy stock, and the father and sons owned a very valuable Jersey cow in common, and "the Jersey" seemed to be always present in the thoughts of each one of them. One morning, after Joe had settled down on a farm of his own, a younger brother made his appearance at his house and said, half crying: "Joe we're in trouble at home."

"The Jersey isn't dead, is she," shrieked the alarmed Joe.

"Not quite as bad as that," replied the brother wiping his eyes; "grandmother's dead."

Cured by Laughter.

In a treatise on laughter, Joubert gives a curious instance. A patient, being low with fever, and the physician in attendance at a loss as to how he should produce reaction, had ordered a dose of rhubarb, but after the medicine had been prepared, fearing its debilitating effects, the order was countermanded. Not long after, a pet monkey belonging to the patient, that had been in the room all the while, seeing the goblet, slipped silyly up and touched it to his lips. The first taste was probably novel. Another sip, and he got the sweet of the syrup. Aha! His vision brightened. He cast a glance around, and then drank it to the bottom, where he got the full strength of the rhubarb. Mercy! What a face he made! The visage of the disgusted monkey spoke volumes as he tried to spit out the horrible taste, but finding that impossible, he seized the goblet and hurled it to the floor, smashing it into a hundred pieces. The scene was so ludicrous that the sick man burst into a fit of laughter that lasted until his nurse came in. And when he tried to tell her he laughed again, until he sank back exhausted in a profuse perspiration, which lasted until he fell asleep. When he awoke the fever was broken and he recovered.

Dead Men's Shoes.

"Dead men's shoes? Yes, sir, several dealers make a specialty of them, and sell large numbers." The speaker was the proprietor of one of the innumerable second-hand stores which line D. street, from Eighth to Tenth streets, and whose presence has christened that thoroughfare the "Chatham street" of Washington.

"How do you get them?"

"Oh, that's easy enough," he replied. "We have agents. They go about town, and whenever they see scrape on the door they put down the number and street in their memorandum book. Then after waiting a reasonable time, until the burial is over, the agent calls again and makes an offer for the dead man's shoes, which is generally accepted. Sometimes the agents buy clothing in the same way, but boots and shoes can always be bought. If they are out of repair we mend them. I guess at least 5,000 pairs are sold on D street alone every week at an average price of \$1 per pair. Colored men are the best customers." At this point the dealer in pedal coverings of defunct citizens was called inside by the minor clerk, who was trying to force the sale of a large ulster on a very thin man, with the frequent remark that it "fit him like the paper on the wall."—*Washington Republican.*

Three hundred and thirty-nine miles of railway were built in Pennsylvania last year.

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY. COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA. E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor

HEAVY iron failures were reported from England on Monday, with liabilities reaching seven millions of dollars.

A NEW plan, proposed by Mr. Carlton, of Georgia, for disposing of the surplus revenues of the Government is to use the money in paying the former slaveholders for their loss of slave property in consequence of emancipation.

PROFESSOR SWIFT, of the Warren Observatory, at Rochester, said on Monday that the red sunsets and sunsets "are the result of certain extraneous matter in the atmosphere that refracts the red rays of the sun."

E. D. WINSLOW, who committed a number of forgeries in Boston some years ago, is now living in Buenos Ayres, in the Argentine Republic, where he is one of the most prominent, and influential citizens, under the assumed name of W. D. Low.

1883 has laid itself away. It will be remembered in history on account of its extraordinary number of earthquakes, and for rather an unusual number of disasters, caused by wind and fire.

THE State had a claim of \$147,000 against the Western Union telegraph company, which the Board of Public Accounts, composed of Auditor General Lemon, and State Treasurer Bailey, have agreed to settle for \$40,000.

How the Present Speaker of Congress Showed That He Was His Own Master. Louisville Letter in the San Francisco Chronicle.

P. T. Barnum, in his will, made the other day, bequeaths the real and personal to the value of \$10,000,000 to twenty-seven direct heirs.

The immigration statistics for the year just closed show a very marked decrease over those of 1882. The total number of arrivals at all the ports is not definitely known at present, but taking those landing at Castle Garden as a fair indication of the total immigration it will be seen that the decrease is very marked.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR is the fourth Vice-President who has succeeded to the Presidency by the death of the President, being preceded by Vice-Presidents Tyler, Fillmore and Johnson.

PHILADELPHIA Produce Market. FLOUR. Pennsylvania Extra Family... 4 75 @ 5 00 Western Extra... 5 10 @ 6 00 Rye Flour... 6 @ 8 75

Interesting Paragraphs. Experts in chemistry have estimated that the cost of London's winter smoke and fog is \$25,000,000 annually; that is to say, constituents of coal to this value escape unconsumed, and assist in forming the sooty vapor.

Dying in the Mountains. FIFTY LIVES SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN LOST IN THE COLORADO SNOW-STORMS.

Robert Humphreys of Bartow county, Ky., jealous of his wife, peered through his bedroom, and saw what he fancied was the head of a man in bed. He fired and fled. It was his own child that he killed. He was sentenced to death; but before the day for the hanging he escaped.

Lord Lindsay states that in the course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of Egypt, he stumbled on a mummy which proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least 2,000 years old.

conveyance ready in the morning. As the visitor entered the manse the clergyman's wife mistook him in the dusk for her husband, and seizing the pulpit Bible which was on the lobby table, brought the full weight of it across his shoulders, exclaiming emphatically, "Take that for asking the ugly wretch to stay all night."

How Will it Jump? There is wishing here, and wondering there, A portion of hope, and a bit of despair, And some are fretting, and some don't care, And some are cursing and tearing their hair, And all of them wonder when and where The free trade cat is loaded with jump, And how the free trade cat will jump.

Philadelphia Hay Market. PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 29, 1883. During the week ending the above date there were received at the Farmers' Hay and Straw Market 65 loads of hay and 15 of straw, which were sold at the following prices:

Philadelphia Cattle Market. Beef cattle were in poor demand. 3000 head arrived and sold at the different yards at 5 7/8 c. per lb., as to quality.

FOR POPULAR BOOKS AND THE BEST AND CHEAPEST Family Bibles. You should wait until you have seen the collection of Wm. C. GORDON, Special Agent for Hubbard Bros.

RE-OPENED! The public are respectfully informed that I have opened the Upper Providence Square store, (formerly occupied by Jos. G. Gotwals), with a full line of

Dry Goods, Groceries, &c., at very low prices for cash. Particular attention is called to the fact that I have a large stock of BOOTS & SHOES of every description, being sold off regardless of cost.

Ready Made Clothing! SUITS FROM \$7.00 UP. Overcoats from \$3.00 up. An examination is solicited. Very respectfully, Geo. W. Bartholomew, TRUSTEE.

ANOTHER SWEEPING Reduction in Prices AT Fenton Bros., Collegeville, Pa.

SUGARS Sold on half cent margin. CHOICE BLACK TEA 40 cts. per lb. RIO COFFEE 2 pounds 25 cents. FINEST OLD JAVA COFFEE 30 cts.

Best Pure Syrups 55 cts. per gal. Two Sacks Salt 9 cts. Cattle Powder 2 for 25 cents. Caustic Soda 3 lb. cans 8 cts.

Most Complete Stock of Wall Papers, 10, 12 and 14 cts. Liverpool Ground Salt only \$1.00 per Sack. 160 Test Water White Head Light Oil, 15 cents per gallon.

Supp Oil 15 cts. per gal. Muslins, 6 1-2 to 14 cts. Calicos, 5, 6 1-2 and 7 cts. Scotch Wool Underwear, 62 cents worth \$1.00.

WE have a large Stock of READY MADE CLOTHING which we are closing out very cheap. Latest Styles of HATS & Caps. An elegant assortment of Ladies and Children's FINE SHOES, and a large Stock of Gent's Heavy BOOTS and SHOES.

TENTON BROS., Collegeville, Pa. SPECIAL PRICE LIST AT THE NEW STORE IN TRAPPE.

We are offering a special Price List this week. Children's School Shoes, Good Ones. Size, 11 to 2, \$1.15 a pair.

A Man's Buck Plough Shoe, \$1.00 a pair. A 42 inch Bleached Pillow Case Muslin at 12 cents. Double width Bleached Sheet Muslin at 33 cts.

Table Linens, 23, 28 & 35c. a yard. Very fine Turkey Red Table Linen, 55 cents a yard. TOWELING, at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 10 cts. per yard.

GINGHAMS, at 6, 8 and 10 cts. per yard. Other DRY GOODS in proportion. Ladies and Children's Stockings Very Cheap.

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Supp Oil 15 cts. per gal. Muslins, 6 1-2 to 14 cts. Calicos, 5, 6 1-2 and 7 cts. Scotch Wool Underwear, 62 cents worth \$1.00.

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Interesting Letter from Ironbridge! E. S. MOSER. DEAR SIR:—We will drop that old advertisement, continue it no longer; we do not want to advertise Hay Forks, Scythes and sneths at this season of the year. That will never do.

Cold weather is coming on and we want the Public to know that we have something to keep them warm. If you want something to keep the body warm you can get it at reasonable prices. CANTON FLANNELS, good as well as cheap. UNDERWEAR for the aged—middle aged, and young; for men and women. Colored, white and mixed, at all prices.

Look at our CASSIMERES and OVERCOATINGS we will sell reasonable and good Goods. Come and examine and see for yourself. Ladies we have some good and desirable DRESS GOODS; come and see them. We are always willing to show goods, we also have an assortment of BUTTONS—all styles; LACES and TRIMMINGS, Calico, cheap Muslin and Flannels. We first, clothe the body now for the feet, we can clothe them for you. LADIES SHOES all prices and STYLES; MENS HEAVY BOOTS and SHOES. Also Shoes for boys and children. You also want Hose; you can get them right here at all prices.

Now we want something to keep of the snow and rain, come and see our Gossameres, for men, women and children. Men and boys do not forget the head and hands you can get HATS and CAPS as well as GLOVES as cheap as elsewhere. We almost forgot Floor Oil Cloth, we have quite a number of Patterns and styles from one yard quarter pattern to 2 1-2 yards wide; do not forget to see it.

We also keep a GOOD LINE of GROCERIES, OIL, PAINTS, GLASS and HARDWARE, Horseshoe Nails and many other articles we cannot enumerate at present. I am thankful to the public for past favors, and trust that I will merit and receive further patronage. G. F. HUNSICKER, RAHN STATION, PA.

COME AND SEE THEM! Cologne in Pigs, Cologne in Birds, Cologne in all Shapes, From 10 cents to \$5.00. Dolls in great Variety, Dolls in all Shapes, Dolls in all Styles, Dressed and Undressed, from 10 cts. to \$2.50. Fancy Goods in great variety, Useful and Ornamental for Holiday Presents. At the Collegeville Drug Store. Joseph W. Culbert, DRUGGIST, Collegeville, Pa.

JOSEPH G. GOTWALS, (Successor to E. C. KEELOR.) PROVIDENCE SQUARE, LOWER PROVIDENCE. Extends an invitation to his former patrons, as well as to the public generally, to call and examine his stock of MERCHANDISE, A full line of everything usually kept in a good country store, and the PRICES WILL COMPETE with other stores, anywhere, town or country. Competition defied in CLOTHING FOR MEN AND BOYS, Cut and made up by himself. Prices as low as the lowest, Satisfaction guaranteed. You will profit by calling at the Providence Square Store. CARPET SPECIALTY.

THE LARGEST and BEST SELECTED STOCK of RICHEST COLORINGS WE EVER OFFERED. Ingrain, Carpet, 25, 31, 35, 40, 50c. Body Moquet, \$1.50, \$1.75 Extra Ingrain, 65, 75, 85c. to \$1.00 Hall and Stair to match, 35, 40, 50c. \$1.00 Treprey Brussels, 75, 80, 85, 90c., \$1.00, \$1.00 Schuykill co., Prison Rag Carpet, 45, 50, 60, 75c

HEMP CARPET, MATTING and OIL CLOTHS IN GREAT VARIETY. SHADES & SHADING, Newest Colors and Designs. DRESS GOODS: Black Silk, guaranteed not to cut. Solid Colored Silk—Garnet, Green, Bronze, Blue, Brown, Plum, &c. Cloth-finish Black Cashmeres, Colored Wool Beges, Albatross, Nuns' Veiling, Broches—a general variety of New Dress Goods at prices to suit the times. Laces, Collars, Ties, Lawns, Chintzes, in fact a live stock. Call and see. The politest attention to all, at the OLD STORE STORE 1 A. A. YEAKLE, Cor. Main and Dekalb Sts., Norristown, Pa.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R., DIVIDEND SCIP BOUGHT. DIVIDENDS COLLECTED. J. M. Albertson & Sons, BANKERS, Norristown, Pa. CALL AT THE: Verkes Grain, Flour, Feed & Coal Depot. Where you will find a large supply of CHOICE FAMILY FLOUR, Corn, Oats, Wheat and Screenings. LINSEED MEAL, Sugar-corn Feed, HOMINY FEED MEAL, MALT SPROUTS, &c. Having the latest most improved and convenient facilities for handling feed with the latest possible cost. I am enabled to defy competition in the sale of all kinds of feed and grain, will not be undersold by any. Also a large and well selected stock of the best LEHIGH and SCHUYLKILL COAL. A. C. LANDES. A week made at home by the industry of the public. Capital not needed. We will start you, men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily, and honorably. Address TRAPPE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

ENTERPRISE MARBLE WORKS!

Royersford, Montgomery Co. Pa.

would announce to my friends and the public, that I am now prepared to furnish all kinds of Marble Work, at reasonable prices.

MONUMENTS and TOMBSTONES,

Of Italian or American Marble or Granite, in the finest and latest designs.

GALVANIZED RAILINGS,

For Enclosing Burial Lots, of different descriptions. Particular attention paid to Marble Work, for the bases of

BUILDINGS, STEPS, SILLS, ETC., ETC.

All work Guaranteed to give Satisfaction, and put up in a workmanlike manner. Any design furnished desired on Monuments or Tombstones. Work can be seen at the yard, or the different Cemeteries in the neighborhood, that has been turned out at the ENTERPRISE WORKS. Call and see me, and get prices. My expenses are low; therefore I can sell accordingly. My motto: "Low prices and fair dealings." **RESPECTFULLY,**

D. Theo. Buckwalter.

June 8-ly.

Collegeville, SHOE and HAT STORE.

New Store!

A LONG FELT WANT,

SUPPLIED

Boots Hats

AND AND

Shoes. CAPS.

We have just opened in the store room next to the Post office, a very good assortment of first-class

BOOTS and SHOES.

All Solid Leather.

HATS and CAPS, WOOL AND FUR.

Our Motto: **ONE PRICE and Cash.**

J. H. GOTTSHALL, Manager.

Harness Emporium,

Upper Providence Square Pa.

JOHN G. DETWILER Proprietor.

(Successor to Jos. G. Gotwale)

BLANKETS,

TOP-COVERS,

WHIPS, &c., &c.

IMPROVED COLLARS,

All kinds of Harness Oil, and a supply of all kinds of goods pertaining to the business. Repairing done in the best manner. Satisfaction guaranteed to all.

In addition to the above, a full stock of Lubricating and Machine Oils, Coal and Headlight Oil. Also cigars and Tobacco.

John G. Detwiler.

Yerkes Station Mills.

Patent Process Straight,

and Fancy Family Flour,

Manufactured from the best wheat by the most improved facilities.

Quality Guaranteed. Lowest Market Prices.

Always on hand a full Stock of

CORN,

OATS,

BRAN,

MIDDINGS,

RYE BRAN,

LINSEED MEAL, &c.

LOWEST CASH PRICES.

Good, clear Wheat received at all times.

J. H. LANDES.

Phenix Hardware House!

WHOLESALE and RETAIL

LARGEST STOCK OF

HORSE BLANKETS,

Fur, Plush and Wool

--Lap Robes,

Ever offered in this section, at prices to suit all.

Also everything a farmer may wish in

the way of--

HARDWARE.

Headquarters for Guns, Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, and Cutlery.

Carriage and Saddlery Hardware.

BLACKSMITHS, CARPENTERS,

And PAINTERS SUPPLIES.

Call and examine our Stock,

N. H. BENJAMIN & CO.,

(Successors to Joseph Fitzwater & Son.)

PIANOS

Tuned. Pianos, organs, and all other musical instruments repaired in a satisfactory manner. Also Teacher of music.

J. W. ROYER, M. D.,

Practising Physician,

TRAPPE, PA.

Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D.,

Practising Physician,

EVANSBURG, PA.

Office Hours:—8 to 10, a. m. 2 to 4, p. m. 7 to 9 p. m.

J. H. HAMER, M. D.

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

OFFICE HOURS: } Till 9 a. m. 12 to 2 p. m.
After 6 p. m.

E. F. SLOUGH,

Attorney-at-Law,

Norristown, Pa. Office, No. 7. AIRY ST. Speaks English and German.

F. G. HOBSON,

Attorney-at-Law,

Cor. MAIN and SWEDE Streets, Norristown, Pa. Can be seen every evening at his residence in Freeland.

A. D. FETTEROLF,

Justice of the Peace

CONVEYANCER and General Business agent. Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.

COLLEGEVILLE Pa.

Regular office days—Monday and Thursday of each week; also every evening.

C. H. DETWILER,

Surveyor and Conveyancer

Also LEVELING and GRADING.

IRON BRIDGE, P. O.

Rahn Station, Montg. County, Pa. Sept 13-6m.

DR. B. F. PLACE,

DENTIST !!

COLLEGEVILLE, Pa.

Near Fenton's Store. Branch Office at Eagleville. Will attend to Branch Office on Monday. Gas administered.

J. P. KOONS,

Practical Slater !!

RAHN'S STATION Pa.

Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

EDWARD DAVID,

PAINTER and PAPER-HANGER,

COLLEGEVILLE PA.

Orders promptly attended to. Can do any kind of work in the line of painting, graining, and paper-hanging, satisfactory. Estimates cheerfully furnished upon application.

M. H. KEELER,

Painter, Grainer,

and Paper-Hanger.

TRAPPE PA.

Orders entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Contracts made at reasonable figures. All work done in a satisfactory manner.

JOHN MILLER,

TAILOR.

TRAPPE, PA.

Suits cut and made to order in accordance with latest styles, or in any style that may be desired. Fits guaranteed. Good work. Reasonable prices.

SUNDAY PAPERS.

The different Philadelphia Sunday papers will be delivered to those wishing to purchase along the line of Collegeville, Freeland and Trappe, every Sunday morning.

HENRY YOST,

News Agent,

THE POPULAR

DINING ROOMS,

Under Acker's Building, Swede Street, near Main, Norristown.

HARRY B. LONG, Proprietor,

Is the place to go to get anything you may desire in the eating line, prepared in the best style, at moderate cost. Fresh Oysters, the largest and best in town, done up in every style. Remember the place and favor it with your patronage when in town.

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MUNN & CO. of the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, non-liable to act as Solicitors for Patents, Claims, Trade Marks, Copyrights, for the United States, Canada, England, France, Germany, and other countries. Patent sent free. Thirty-seven years' experience. Patents obtained through MUNN & CO. Solicitors in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, the largest and best, and weekly. Specializing in new and interesting inventions. Specimen copy of the Scientific American sent free. Reasonable terms. Opinions given. AMERICAN OFFICE, 311 Broadway, New York.

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BOOTS & SHOES

of every description, being sold off regardless of cost. Men's finest quality of

Top Sole Kip Boots, \$3.15

Also a nice selection of

Ready Made Clothing!

SUITS FROM \$7.00 UP.

Overcoats from \$3.00 up. An examination is solicited. Very respectfully,

Geo. W. Bartholomew,

TRUSTEE.

EDSON BROS. & Co.

Patent Attorneys

WASHINGTON D.C.

Specialty: Patent cases before the Patent Office and the Courts. Reasonable terms. Opinions given. Patentability, free of charge. Send for circular.

Agriculture and Science.

PACKING BUTTER IN BRINE.—In England the following method of packing butter in brine has long been in use.

It is to pack the butter in cylindrical bags of muslin, which are put in a mold for the purpose. These bags would hold about two pounds, and when filled are tied tightly and packed away in brine in tubs, pails or casks, and are headed up just as pickled pork is.

The butter will absorb no more salt; is perfectly free from atmospheric exposure; is enveloped in an antiseptic fluid, and is therefore entirely safe from change, excepting so far as this may occur internally from within by the natural process called ripening, and which is due to the change of the milk sugar (lactose) in the butter into milk (lactic) acid and this into butyric acid by a well understood chemical transformation of the elements. But this change goes on so slowly that the butter merely acquires a high and agreeable flavor, and no strong scent or taste is developed which would approach rancidity.

In Denmark farmers are compelled to destroy all weeds on their farms; and in France a man who permits weeds to go to seed that may endanger the land of his neighbor can be prosecuted.

THE SUN.

NEW YORK, 1884.

About sixty million copies of the *The Sun* have gone out of our establishment during the past twelve months.

If you were to paste end to end all the columns of all the *Suns* printed and sold last year you would get a continuous strip of interesting information, common sense, wisdom, sound doctrine, and sane wit long enough to reach from Printing House square to the top of Mount Copernicus in the moon, then back to Printing House square, and then three-quarters of the way back to the moon again.

But the *Sun* is written for the inhabitants of the earth; it is a strip of intelligence which girds the globe twenty-seven or twenty-eight times.

If every buyer of a copy of the *Sun* during the past year has only spent one hour over it and if his wife or his grandfather has spent another hour, this newspaper in 1883 has afforded the human race thirteen thousand years of steady reading, night and day.

It is only by little calculations like these that you can form any idea of the circulation of the most popular of American newspapers, or of its influence on the opinions and actions of American men and women.

The *Sun* is, and will continue to be, a newspaper which tells the truth about the news of all the world without waste of words and in the most popular, shapely, and workable form. It is a strip of intelligence with all its heart for the cause of honest government, and which therefore believes that the Republic party must go, and must go in this coming year of our Lord, 1884.

If you know the *Sun*, you like it already, and you will read it with accustomed diligence and profit during what is sure to be most interesting year in its history. If you do not yet know the *Sun*, it is high time to get into the sunshine.

Terms to Mail Subscribers.

The several editions of the *Sun* are sent by mail, postage, as follows:

DAILY—50 cents a month, \$6 a year; with Sunday edition, \$7.

SUNDAY—Eight pages. This edition furnishes the current news of the world, special articles of exceptional interest to everybody, and literary reviews of new books of the highest worth. \$1 a year.

WEEKLY—\$1 a year. Eight pages of the best matter of the daily issues; an Agricultural Department of unequalled value, special market reports, and literary, scientific, and domestic intelligence make *The Weekly Sun* the newspaper for the farmer's household. To clubs of ten with \$10, an extra copy free.

Address: I. W. ENGLAND, Publisher, The Sun, N. Y. City.

Gristock & Vanderslice,

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

DEALERS IN

White and Yellow Pine, and Hemlock

LUMBER,

Various grades, dressed and undressed.

SHINGLES, split and saved.

PICKETS, CEDAR AND CHESTNUT

RAILS.

Lehigh and Schuylkill

COAL. - - COAL.

FLOUR,

Corn, Bran, Middlings,

OATS, LINSEED MEAL,

AND CAKE MEAL.

Shoemaker's Phosphate, and others. Harrison's Town and Country Paint,—second to none in the market. Also Harrison's Rough and Ready Paint,—a cheap durable paint for barns and fencing.

If you want a Good Carriage

FOR LITTLE MONEY

GO TO

W. H. Blanchford,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

Collegeville Carriage Works.

You will be sure of being suited, as we have Jump Seat carriages, three or four kinds of Piano Box carriages, also the Brewster, Dexter and Electric carriage. Come and examine my work and learn prices.

W. H. BLANCHFORD,

Collegeville, Pa.

LADIES!

The Fall Styles are now out in Frizzes, Combs, &c. We have a large stock on hand. Plenty of good and cheap Switches. Nets and pins of every description. Combs made up and half bought.

E. M. AUDE,

10 E. Main Street, Norristown, Pa.

52 DIVIDENDS A YEAR

FROM \$3 INVESTED.

That is what any one will receive who subscribes for *The Independent* of New York.

It occupies two fields. First, as a religious journal it is unambiguously and broader than any sect. Its aim is to strengthen and extend Evangelical religion and to defend it against the attacks of Materialism, Atheism and Unbelief. It is free to approve or criticize in any of the denominations whatever it believes is designed to advance or hinder the progress of the Gospel of Christ.

Among its religious writers are Leonard W. Bacon, D. D., S. C. Bartlett, D. D., Pres. John Bascom, Bishop Thos. M. Clark, Rev. Jos. Cook, Bishop A. C. Coxe, George R. Crooks, D. D., Theop. L. Cuyler, D. D., Rev. Samuel Dike, Geo. P. Fisher, D. D., Prof. Norman Fox, Washington Gladden, D. D., Bishop F. D. Huntington, Bishop J. F. Hurst, E. D. Morris, D. D., Pres. Noah Porter, Francis L. Patton, D. D., Philip Schaff, D. D., R. S. Storrs, D. D., William M. Taylor, D. D., William C. Wilkinson, D. D., Pres. T. D. Woolsey.

Second. As a literary journal it stands without a peer among the weekly papers. During the past year it has published articles and poems by more than three hundred of the most talented writers in this country and Europe.

Among them Amelia A. Barr, Mary Clemmer, Rose Terry Cooke, Kate Foote, Dora Reed Giddens, Rev. W. E. Griffis, "Grace Greenwood," Thomas Hill, D. D., William D. Howells "H. H.," Sidney Lanier, Rose Lawrence Lathrop, Louise Chandler Moulton, Joaquin Miller, R. A. Oakes, Mrs. S. M. B. Platt, Josephine Pollard, Richard Henry Stoddard, Edmund Clarence Steadman, Mrs. Lizzie Thompson, J. T. Towbridge, Celia Thaxter, John Greenleaf Whittier, Sarah C. Woolsey, Susan E. Wallace, William C. Ward and Prof. Charles A. Young.

The *Independent* will, within the next few months, publish stories by William D. Howells, author of "Their Wedding Journey," "A Modern Instance," etc.; W. E. Norris, author "Mardi," "No New Thing," etc.; F. Martin Crawford, author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," etc.; J. S. Dale, author of "Guernsey"; Edward Everett Hall, author of "The Times One is Ten," etc.; Julia Schayer, author of "Tiger Lily, and Other Stories," Rebecca Harding Davis, Sarah Orne Jewett, Fred D. Story, Kate Upson Clark, etc. It is also negotiating with other distinguished story-writers of England and America, whose names it does not as yet feel at liberty to make public.

In civil political affairs *The Independent* contends for sound ideas and principles. It believes in the reform of the civil service and tariff, in the purification of politics, and maintains those principles which the highest ethics and best intelligence require.

The *Independent* has 23 distinct departments, 32 pages in all.

One subscription one year.....\$ 3 00

For 6 months, \$1.50; for 3 months..... 75

One subscription two years..... 5 00

One subscription five years..... 10 00

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We offer a month's subscription, as a "Trial Trip," for 25 cents, when sent by registered postage stamps. Payment of \$2.70 in addition will secure the balance of a year's subscription.

Send postal card for free specimen copy and judge for yourself.

The Independent,

251 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

SWAYNE'S

AN UNFAILING REMEDY FOR ALL SKIN DISEASES.

ITCHING SORES, PILES, ERYSIPELAS, SCAB, SING WORM, &c.

ITCHING PILES

THE GREAT CURE FOR ITCHING PILES.

Symptoms are moisture, stinging, itching, worst at night; seems as if pin-worms were crawling about the rectum; the private part sore and swollen. A pleasant, economical and positive cure. SWAYNE'S Ointment is superior to any article in the market. Sold by druggists or sent direct to S. W. Swayne, 212 Broadway, N. Y. City.

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