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# Providence Independent, V. 10, Thursday, May 21, 1885, [Whole Number: 518]

Providence Independent

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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A., MAY 17, 1885.

WHOLE NUMBER, 518.

## RUBY'S VISIT.

"Let her come to the farm," said old Mr. Ennis. "She'll enjoy the blue-bells and the peach orchards, and the white clover blossoming along the roadside. It will be a great deal cheaper than Newport and more sensible than Cape May."

"Oh, papa, do let me go!" said Ruby, clasping her pink fingers ecstatically together. "Mamma, say yes."

A year ago, Mr. and Mrs. Aden Archer would have considered this sort of thing as nothing more nor less than banishment. The Misses Archer had never been anywhere else than at Saratoga, Long Branch and Atlantic City. But times were altered now. The "financial pressure," whatever that might be, had acted very unpleasantly on the atmosphere of the Archer household. Euphelia, the eldest daughter, had just discovered that Mr. Fontenoy Favrier, to whom she had engaged herself, was not next heir to an English baronetcy, at all, but a defaulting clerk from Threadneedle Street, with half a dozen detectives after him; and Alicia, the second blossom of the family-tree, had been unceremoniously deserted by Mr. Dallas, of the Polo Club.

"I a girl—aw—hasn't got money, you know—aw," said Mr. Dallas, "there's no use—aw—in keeping up the thing. We ain't like wavers nowadays, to be fed by—aw—the prophets. We must—aw—have cash."

"But, mamma," pleaded Ruby, "you said I was to come out this winter."  
"Child, don't be absurd," said Mrs. Archer. "I said you should be introduced into society, if Euphy and Allie were married, but they're not; and I can't go into ball-rooms at the head of a regiment of daughters. What would people say?"

"It isn't my fault that they are not married," pouted Ruby; "and I am so tired of the nursery. Mamma, can't I go to Atlantic City with you?"

"Certainly not!" said Mrs. Archer. "And mind, Rubina, if any one asks you how old you are, you must say sixteen years."

"Why?" cried Ruby, with open brown eyes of astonishment. "But I was seventeen years last birthday!"

"There's no sense in your growing up so fast!" pronounced Mrs. Archer, irritably.

"How can I help it?" said Ruby, almost ready to cry. "I can't put a stone on my head, can I?"

"There are the girls to consider," said Mrs. Archer, sorrowfully.

"How are they to be bettered by my telling lies about my age?" retorted Ruby.

And then her mother told her to hold her tongue and not speak again until she was spoken to.

So that old Uncle Ennis' offer was truly welcome when it came, and merry little Ruby was like a lamb let loose upon the hills that sloped down to the blue tides of the majestic Connecticut River.

She tore her dimpled brown fingers with blackberry-briers; she rifled bird-nests for additions to her collection of eggs; she romped like a child, whistled like a boy, until all of a sudden she was recalled to the facts of real life.

She had come in from the blackberry-fields all sunbrowned and happy, her cherry lips stained with the purple dyes of the fruit, to find Uncle Ennis poring intently over a couple of letters.

"Well, little one," said he, "what do you think? Here are two surprises for you!"

"Two, uncle?" she cried.

"One to a picnic-party at the Great George."

"Oh, can I go?" exclaimed Ruby, jumping up from her bowl of bread and milk. "Jerome Franklin told me that—"

"Hold on, lassie—hold on!" said Uncle Ennis. "The other is a proposal of marriage. Mr. Dubarry wants my sanction, and all that sort of thing."

"Mr. Dubarry, indeed!" said Ruby turning very red. "A stuffy old professor who don't know anything except about the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii!"

"You don't like him, pet?"

"No, indeed, I don't."

"Then," said Uncle Ennis, indulgently, "there is an end of the whole thing. Only when my little girl begins to receive offers of marriage, it gives me a queer sort of feeling."

Ruby ate her bowl of bread and milk silently.

"Some day you'll wish they would," said the old gentleman.

And he laughed so heartily at his joke that Ruby could not but laugh also.

"But one thing you must mind, my little lass," he added more gravely—"let that Jerome Franklin alone."

"Why, Uncle Ennis?" said Ruby, earnestly.

"He's a wild fellow," said Mr. Ennis. "These Franklins never any of them came to good yet."

"But perhaps he will," said Ruby. "I wouldn't try the experiment if I was you," said Uncle Ennis.

And just then Ruby looked up and saw Harry Stafford standing in the doorway.

"I wonder," she thought, "if he has heard all we have been saying? He don't like Harry Stafford one bit. He is so precise and dignified, and Polly Twitter says he thinks I am a romp. What business has he to think about the matter one way or another?"

So Ruby rose and went out of the room with the steepest step that she could command; and although Harry waited until nine o'clock, she never came back.

"I wanted to ask her to go with me to the picnic at the Great George," said Harry to Mr. Ennis. "Do you think she will accompany me?"

"Well, I don't know," said Uncle Ennis, looking intently into the bowl of his pipe. "I rather guess, by what she said, that she calculates to go with Jerome Franklin."

Safford's dark face flushed.

"Is he a fit associate for her?" said he. "No, I don't think he is. But gals are queer!" reflectively added Uncle Ennis. "Just tell 'em you want 'em to go one way, and see how straight they'll start in the other!"

Harry Stafford went away with a heavy heart. One smile would have made him happy, and she had not even vouchsafed him that.

But the next morning there came news that Jerome Franklin had disappeared most unexpectedly, and so had a considerable sum out of the safes of Fordyce & Fordyce, in whose legal chambers he officiated in the capacity of clerk.

And the first thought that flashed into Harry Stafford's mind was:

"Now I can ask Ruby Archer to go to the Great George picnic with me!"

And yet Harry Stafford was not more selfish than most men.

Just within the cool shadows of the Ennis woods he found Ruby herself, her hat hanging down her back, her tresses all disheveled, her blue eyes drenched in tears.

"Why, Ruby!" he cried. "What is the matter?"

"I've lost him!" sobbed Ruby, clasping her hands despairingly. "He's gone!"

A sudden chill seemed to grip poor Harry's heart. Had she then loved his rival so well? Were they actually engaged?

"And it's all my own fault, too!" continued Ruby, with a fresh burst of tears. "Uncle warned me how it would be. He warned me against having anything to do with him. But I would have my own way."

And now I am rightly punished. He's gone! Jerry has run away!"

"Ruby, for heaven's sake do not speak thus!" said poor Harry.

"But I can't help it!" wailed Ruby. "Did you then love him so well?" bitterly demanded the young man.

"Didn't care a snap about him!" cried Ruby. "But Uncle told me to let him alone, and I disobeyed. And now he has run away, and what will Uncle say? Oh, I do wish the dog-catchers had captured him before I ever unfastened his chain!"

"Ruby," said her amazed lover, "what on earth are you talking about?"

"Why, about Jerry, the red Irish setter, to-be-sure!" said Ruby. "What should I be talking about?"

"Is that all?" said Safford, with a great sigh of relief. "Then you may set your heart at rest. Jerry is safe enough. I passed little Tommy Eaton on the mountain-road, a few minutes ago, bringing him home with a chain and a rope. It is of the other 'Jerry' I am speaking—Jerome Franklin. He has run away, also, with a lot of money out of Mr. Fordyce's safe."

"Has he?" said Ruby, apparently very little interested in this secondary piece of information. "Well, I am not at all surprised. I always wondered where he got the money to pay for so much jewelry. I'm sorry for his poor

mother, though. Are you quite sure that Jerry is safe, Mr. Safford?"

"Yes, quite," said Mr. Safford. "And now, Ruby, that you cannot go to the Great George picnic with Mr. Franklin—"

"But I wasn't going with him," said Ruby. "He asked me, and I said no."

"With whom, then, are you going?"

"With nobody at all," said Ruby, with a charming pout. "Nobody has asked me."

And she looked at Harry from under her thickly-curling lashes with such a laughing, mischievous glance, that he promptly followed up his advantage.

"Will you go with me, Ruby?" said he.

And Ruby made him a low courtesy and answered, demurely:

"Yes, please, sir. Now let us go and find Jerry!"

Uncle Ennis was dozing over the weekly paper—he had read it twice through already, but he seemed always to regard himself as devoted to literature when he fell asleep over the weekly paper—when Ruby came to him with Harry Stafford, leading the red Irish setter by its chain.

"Oh, Uncle, I'm so sorry!" said she penitentially.

"I am so glad, Mr. Ennis," said Harry.

"But I let Jerry out for a run, and he got away from me, and little Tom Eaton brought him back; and please, Uncle, I'll never disobey you again. But, Uncle, that isn't all!" she added, reddening exquisitely.

"Eh!" said the old gentleman. "What next?"

"I've promised to marry Harry Safford."

"Hello!" said Mr. Ennis. "But I thought you disliked Harry Safford?"

"Oh, no!" cried Ruby, with earnestness. "Only I was afraid that he disliked me! He called me a romp!"

"So I did," confessed Harry Safford. "But you are the dearest little romp in the world, and I love you better than any one else in existence!"

So Ruby was married to Judge Safford's son, and the two elder Miss Archers were forced to confess that "our little sister" had led off the marriage minuet with distinguished success.

"But only to think," said Ruby, "of his being jealous of Jerome Franklin! How silly men are, to-be-sure!" —Helen Forrest Graves.

## Life on Sixpence a Day.

An English author has written a pamphlet telling how life and health can be enjoyed on a diet costing only a sixpence a day, which would be about twelve cents of American money. It is not the pamphlet which we have not before us, but a letter from Dr. T. R. Allinson to the *London Times*, in which he says that he has lived for a month on a purely vegetarian diet, doing his usual amount of work, and even gaining in weight. His breakfast consisted of a porridge made of a mixture of wheatmeal and oatmeal, bread fried in refined cotton-seed oil and a cup of cocoa. For dinner he had a thick vegetable soup with bread, potato pie, vegetarian pie, vegetable stew, stewed rice and tomatoes, followed by a dessert of plum pudding, stewed rice and fruit, baked sago, tapioca and apples, stewed prunes, figs and raisins. At tea he ate bread and jam and stewed fruit. He would not have us understand that he ate all these things with each meal, but the above was the bill of fare from which he could pick and choose. He thinks there is more nutrition in such a diet than in the use of flesh, which contains 70 per cent. of water. Furthermore, he speaks correctly in charging that the nitrogenous substance of flesh taxes the liver, kidneys and lungs, and induces bilious troubles, hemorrhoids, stomach catarrh, gallstones, rheumatism and gout. He thinks that the increase of cancer may be traced to excessive meat diet. —*Health Monthly*.

A dude's trousers beat a breach of contract all to pieces. They are breeches of contract.

It is no indication that a cat knows the value of money, simply because it always carries its purrs with it.

A genius has invented steel knives which will cut cold iron. Now boarding-house beefsteak must yield.

"Reading maketh a full man," says Bacon. Curious that the libraries aren't patronized more.

## AFTER THE BOYS AGAIN.

M. QUAD TALKS TO THEM ON THE SUBJECT OF NOVEL READING.

"Does it hurt a boy to read novels?"

Take a clean sponge and dip it into a running gutter, and what is the result? The sponge can be cleaned and purified again but only after much labor.

The human mind, my lad, is a sponge and it soaks up the good, bad and indifferent with the same relish.

The great trouble with novels is the false ideas and vicious theories. It is the same with all serial stories in the so-called boys' papers, and it is so to a certain extent in many of the boy books.

In the first place the boy, no matter what his age, is always made to perform feats of valor which common sense teaches us are impossible. He never acts or talks like a boy. His adventures as a hunter, detective or runaway are too improbable.

Nevertheless, as you read you find yourself half believing, at least, and the next thing is to wonder why you can't be a hero. The story makes you feel dissatisfied with school and home and family government, and the first thought is to run away or plan some adventure. Even if you say to yourself that you won't believe a word of the story, the mind will still soak up many of the false theories and absurd ideas, and later on in years it may cost you something to get rid of them.

If a stranger should tell you that, as he was passing over a certain bridge spanning a creek, he saw a gold watch lying in the water, but was in too great a hurry to stop, you would probably believe the story. If you had positive proof that the man was a brazen liar you would still find yourself wondering how deep the water was, who lost the watch and whether any one had secured it. Your common sense tells you there are no such beings as ghosts, but you have read and heard of them, and probably expected to feel them clutching at your throat.

A story which is put forth for a boy to read should, although it may be purely fiction, contain nothing exaggerated or improbable. The hero may be brave without overdoing the thing. You may find in the papers almost any day instances where boys have displayed great heroism at fires, or have risked their lives to save others. These things are possible and probable, but this making a boy drive away a band of Indians, or break up a gang of robbers, or capture a ship-load of pirates, is against common sense.

Let me instance some other evils. In a book recently published by a respectable Eastern house, and having for its author a person with a "Rev." before his name, he tells about a sailor falling down the "middle companion-way." He meant hatchway, but some day some of his boy readers will say something about the "middle companion-way" and find himself the butt of ridicule. The same author speaks of a sailor in his hammock. Hammocks are never used aboard of merchant vessels, but the men have berths. He has the crew gather around the man at the wheel to sing and smoke and yarn it, when every boy who ever heard of discipline aboard ship knows that no sailor is permitted aft unless called there by strict duty.

In another book, put forth by an equally respectable house, the length of the Mississippi River is wrongly given. Arkansas is put on the wrong side of that river, and the distance from Vicksburg to Baton Rouge is not correct by thirty miles.

Such instances as I have related befog a boy's mind and lead him into error, and he had better spend his time in playing marbles.

Let me ask you how much better off you would be to sit down in a grocery for three hours each evening and listen to some man telling lies, knowing all the time they were lies? Would that improve your mind? Many of the novels are no more improving than such grocery tales.

Now let me ask you what makes an intelligent, well-posted man? School education, to begin with. If we learned nothing after we left school the world would slip backward. His mind goes on, day after day, week after week, picking up scraps of history, politics, travel, botany, astronomy, and so forth and by and by he is a human encyclopedia. He may read love stories and adventures all his day and be no better off. Indeed, he will be far worse off.

"Well, what shall a boy read?"

There are one or two boy papers of good moral tone. The heroes are not exaggerated, and the adventures are not improbable. If the story is of mining, the author gives some valuable information in regard to minerals and how to mine. If it is of hunting you are taught how to make snares and traps, and are given the principles of taxidermy. If it is of boating you are taught the principles of sailing and rowing. If it is of the sea, you are given the correct names of ropes and yards and sails, and the habits and traits of the people of other countries are correctly stated.

There are a few boy books which are true to every-day life. Read these, and if you have further time take history, or something else which is certain to return some benefit—a daily paper—with its news from every foreign country—its home happenings—its discussions of all matters of interest—its incidents and accidents, is geography history, grammar and orthography combined.

Think of these things, my boy. If you were going to be a boy forever the care would be different. No one would expect anything great of you. But, as the years roll on, you have got to pick up the colleges and factories and railroads and general business of the world and keep them moving. Will such trash as "Buffalo Bill's Last Shot" or "The Demon of the Gulch" aid in fitting you to carry out the trusts which will be turned over to you by and by? Your excuse that you read them to pass away time is a poor one. You have no right to pass away time to the detriment of your future. —*Detroit Free Press*.

## The Old Doctor.

He is dead!—our life-long friend, our ever-ready helper.

His life has been heroic; a long self-sacrifice. How many burdens he has borne, and how faithfully and untiringly he has served his fellow-men.

We remember him away back in our childhood when we both loved and feared him; for did he not rob us of our pet teeth, and give us terrible doses? But then, how he cheered us when we were sick and weary, and what a merry laugh he had; why the world looked brighter to us just for hearing it; and no one could tell a better joke or more entertaining story than he.

The old Doctor has seen a generation come and go,—seen children grow to elderly men and women, and how many nights has he, roused from sleep, and at their summons, hurried out through darkness and storm. How often has his great, tender heart been wrung at his powerlessness to keep at bay the King of Terrors. How gladly would he have granted the prayer of the fair young girl, as she begged him to save her from the beautiful years she was doomed never to see. How all his skill was employed to restore a father or mother to a helpless family, or to relieve a suffering baby. —And again and again, has he seen his own loved ones going away from him, and he—powerless to keep them. How often has his soul been burdened with sympathy for the woes of others.

His day's work was never finished and its cares thrown off; he had scant time for rest—still less for recreation and the enjoyment of the literature of the day; for science is ever opening up new fields for study; new diseases, new remedies, and new methods to be investigated; and a successful physician must keep abreast of the times.

But at last the worn, slender, skillful fingers have lost their cunning, and the "wheels within wheels" in the busy work-shop of the brain are still. With fortitude and sublime patience he watched the storming of his own citadel of life? He knew so well what every hurrying pulse-beat meant; and that strange numbness creeping along the nerves. Month after month he faced the destroyer, and at last meekly surrendered. We cannot grudge him the rest so hardly won, or his richly-earned reward.

The village church could not contain half the people who came to bid farewell to the dear old man. All were mourners, for all had lost a friend. He lived and died a hero; and though his name is not sounded with the trumpet of fame—yet the recording angel has written it high upon the roll as: "One who served his fellow-men."

—LILLIAN GREY, in *Rural Home*, Peeks-kill, N. Y.

## A Modern Rip Van Winkle.

DEACON NEWTON GOES TO BED ON WEDNESDAY AND IS AROUSED WITH A POLE ON SUNDAY.

SNOW HILL, Maryland, May 12.—Leon Newton, a farmer living three and a half miles from Snow Hill, went to sleep on Wednesday last at 10 p. m. and slept until 6 a. m. on Thursday. He arose for an hour, and then slept from 7 a. m. on Thursday until 5½ a. m. on Sunday.

"I attended church at Snow Hill on Wednesday evening," said he to-day, "and when I went home to bed as usual I did not feel remarkably sleepy. When I got up at 6 a. m. Thursday I went to the stable and fed my horses. Knowing that my breakfast would not be ready until 8 o'clock I looked at my watch, saw it was only 7 a. m., and decided to take a nap. I crawled up in the hay rack in the corner and soon fell asleep. I was aroused by John Watson, my next neighbor, who stirred me up with a pole. He was pale with fright and fairly shook as I climbed down to the floor."

"Where have you been?" said he. "Asleep," said I.

"But what have you been doing since Thursday?"

"You fool," said I. "What do you mean? Isn't this Thursday?"

"No, this is Sunday," said John, who seemed to be afraid of me and commenced to edge toward the door.

"Well, we talked for ten minutes, by which time I was pretty much mixed and just about as scared as Watson was. I want you to let people know that I am a temperance man and have not drunk a drop of liquor, not even cider, for twenty-five years. I did not take a drug of any kind and yet it seems that I slept over ninety hours, with only one hour's intermission. I have not been asleep since Watson woke me up, and, to tell the truth, I am not very anxious to try it. I sat up Sunday night and last night. I probably will do so again to-night."

"When I was a boy I came near being buried while I was in what the doctors called a trance. My mother was crying over me in my coffin when I opened my eyes. They took me out and put me to bed. The next day I was well, after having apparently been dead for three days. This time it looks to me as if I had only been sleeping. I never felt better in my life than I do now."

During Newton's sleep his family and friends became convinced that he was dead, and suspected some oyster dredgers whose enmity he had incurred of having made away with him. The dredgers began a search for the body. Five schooners and a whole fleet of oyster tongsmen dredged the river all day Saturday in search of the body. When Sunday dawned everybody believed Newton was dead. The news of the discovery was received with incredulity, and all Sunday evening the country folks flocked to the Newton residence to discuss his remarkable experience. He is a deacon in the Methodist church at Snow Hill.

## Twenty Years' Increase.

Mr. Dodge, statistician to the department of Agriculture, finds that during the two decades from 1860 to 1880, the value of meats produced in the United States increased from \$300,000,000 to \$800,000,000; of corn, from \$350,680,878 to \$694,818,304; of wheat from \$124,635,545 to \$436,968,463; of hay, from \$152,671,168 to \$409,505,782; of dairy products, from \$152,350,000 to \$352,000,000; and of other products in proportion, more than doubling the aggregate of value, increasing it from \$1,600,000,000 to \$3,600,000,000 in round numbers. With good prices the current production of the United States can be little short of \$4,000,000,000; and the values are those of the home markets, and not of the eastern commercial cities or ports of exportation. The commissioner declares that this increase must be less rapidly be a limit to the extension of settlement of new lands, and the farmers should endeavor to adapt production to consumption, and especially endeavor to supply food products that are now imported, to give remunerative employment to agricultural labor, and food in variety and cheapness to consumers.

The lad was blowing bubbles when he accidentally swallowed some of the soapsuds, and that made bub ill.

## The Object of Life.

Regarding people whose countenances show the record of failure, Charles Ames says:

They heard calls of truth and duty; they dreamed, as you dream, of great and good things to come. And they have moments of serious thought and high resolve. Their friends thought them promising; they stepped forth into life with careless confidence. All these damaged old people are so many once young people who have failed.

What are the causes of failure? Possibly some of them are victims of blighting misfortune or injustice; possibly some of them passed through their early years without adequate guidance, wise instruction, or kindly encouragement. But multitudes have failed from unfaithfulness to themselves; from an indolent moral habit—a habit of not heeding the gentle monitions of reason and conscience; from a neglect of every-day advantages—always from some inward defect.

None of us can live well by an occasional good resolution. Everything depends on storing up in yourselves a great and ever-increasing fund of moral power, which shall be always available to sustain you in carrying out your better purpose and to hold you steadily to the ideal by which God ever draws and leads you toward the summits. Unless we are willing to live as moral tramps, on the brink of inward poverty and misery, we must invest our all in this higher business, so that every transaction of life shall yield us spiritual income.

Nothing is secure till we are established in right habits, rooted and grounded in heavenly principles. We want to become fixed and unchangeable good. This comes from making this love of good which is identical with the love of God, the supreme and controlling law, the central interest and the fountain of motives. Thus, everything will help us toward the perfect life. We shall do better than keep ourselves decent; we shall be purer and truer than the world asks us to be; we shall require of ourselves a higher standard than our best friends expect. We shall be continually transformed by the renewing of our minds.

You have read the legend of Basile, the good monk, who was sent to hell; but no fire could burn him and no evil spirit could torment him, because he carried heaven with him. This story hints the true object of his life; the secret of peace of mind amid all trials and losses; and the secret also of moral safety amid all temptations and exposures. The main question is not "What is to become of us?" but "What are we to become?" Nor is the answer difficult. We need not wrestle painfully with questions of doctrine, nor wait to construct our theological creed. If we are simply faithful,—if we follow the light that God gives, if we are humble enough to learn from all sources, and yet firmly true to reason and conscience,—we cannot miss the road; we shall move toward our true place in the universe.

## An Every Day Occurrence.

Once upon a time a Donkey fell into a deep hole, and, after nearly starving, caught sight of a passing fox, and implored the stranger to help him out.

"I am too small to aid you," said the Fox, "but I will give you some good advice. Only a few rods away is a big strong elephant. Call to him and he will get you out in a jiffy."

After the Fox had gone the Donkey thus reasoned to himself: "I am very weak for want of nourishment. Every move I make is just so much additional loss of strength. If I raise my voice to call the elephant I shall be weaker yet. No, I will not waste my substance that way. It is the duty of the elephant to come without calling."

So the Donkey settled himself back and eventually starved to death.

Long afterwards the Fox on passing the hole saw within it a whitening skeleton, and remarked: "If it be true that the souls of animals are transmigrated into men, that Donkey will become one of those merchants who can never afford to advertise." —*Philadelphia Call*.

"Gentlemen," said an auctioneer, with true pathos, "if my father and mother stood where you stand, and did not buy this stew-pan, this elegant stew-pan, going at one dollar, I should feel it my bounden duty as son to tell both of them they were false to their country and false to themselves."



Providence Independent.

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

Thursday, May 21, 1885.

THE prolonged contest in the Illinois Legislature was ended on Tuesday when John A. Logan was chosen as his own successor in the United States Senate.

GENERAL GRANT is again suffering serious discomfort from the disease in his throat. It is stated that the history of cases, similar to Grant's, is irregular and uncertain, with alternate ups and downs, dragging along sometimes for a year or more.

EXTENSIVE forest fires are raging at Harvey's Lake, a well known summer resort, near Wilkesbarre, this State. Several thousand dollars' worth of valuable timber has been destroyed since Sunday. The burning area is about a mile square.

THE London dynamites, Cunningham and Burton, were recently convicted of having caused the explosion at the Tower of London. They have been sentenced to penal servitude for life. Dynamites can hardly discern much encouragement in such prompt and vigorous treatment.

THE revised version of the Old Testament has been issued, and the international work of fourteen years has come to a close. Those who claim to know whereof they speak say the new version is not a good version in the place of a bad one, but a great improvement of a good version.

A DISPATCH from Harrisburg reads: "A big snake has crept into the House bill providing compensation for officers and employes of the Legislature for services after the first one hundred days of the session, for which time the Governor two years ago held in a veto they had no right to pay. Since it left the House this bill has been amended so as to give the State Librarian, as well as the Resident Clerk of the House, \$2,000 per annum and to increase the annual salary of the Reading and Journal Clerks from \$1,500 to \$2,000 and that of the message Clerk from \$1,000 to \$1,500, the various amounts to cover all services rendered by these officials at regular or adjourned sessions and during the recess. The House bill had a proviso attached that no annual salary should be paid these clerks during years in which there is no regular or adjourned annual session. This proviso is now made to apply only to the Reading, Journal and Message Clerks, leaving the Chief Clerks, Senate Librarian and Resident Clerk of the House a handsome salary for years in which there are no sessions."

OUR HARRISBURG LETTER.

HARRISBURG, May 15th 1885. Both Houses have agreed that the present session shall adjourn sine die on the 12th day of June, which will allow just four weeks more for the disposal of the many bills that are on the overloaded calendars. Three daily sessions are now held by the House. The evening sessions are for the present devoted to the consideration of local bills, and judging from the past week, it will not take long to exhaust this calendar for the point of order has been raised on fully one half thus far—that they are unconstitutional, and they are thus summarily disposed of; since the adoption of the new Constitution it is exceedingly difficult to secure even needed local laws. But those who are familiar with the corrupt legislation of a dozen years ago, will rejoice over the wisdom of the distinguished gentlemen who framed the new Constitution.

The week just closed has been one of considerable interest. It opened with the fight on the Bullit Bill, Boyer of Philadelphia having succeeded in his efforts to restore the Senate Bill, which makes the bill operative upon the election of the next mayor. The friends of Mayor Smith desire that it shall go into effect immediately, and with this end in view the Committee on Municipal Corporations reported the Senate bill with the amendment as indicated. This is what the Philadelphia Times and Press call the "deformed bill." The fight will be resumed on Tuesday of this week, when it will be shown whether or not the friends of the "deformed bill" will favor the bill as it now stands. It has developed that this controversy on this bill is really a fight between two powerful factions in the republican politics of Philadelphia. Most people admit that the new charter is badly needed, and that the government of the great city of Philadelphia would be much improved thereby, but when the question arises as to who is to put this new and powerful machinery in motion, the average citizen has his preferences, of course. The bill to prohibit the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine or bogas butter, passed finally this week. All it now needs is the approval of the Governor. It is supposed that he will sign it, yet he is a very unknown quantity and no one, not even those who are supposed to be near to him, know what he will do on such matters. Scarcely any

opposition was manifested against it, though Al. Crawford tried to tack an odious amendment to it requiring the State to pay the losses incurred to the manufacturers of this detestable stuff, but the House was in no humor to entertain this proposition and he could muster scarcely a corporal's guard for his rider. There are people who think the legislature has overstepped its rights in passing this law, that this is a legitimate industry and that the matter will be taken into the Courts. We shall see.

The Governor's veto of the Soldier's burial bill, and its passage over said disapproval caused a decided sensation. Thos. J. Stewart who was the author of the bill made a speech in defense of it, and in answer to the objections of the Governor, that was soul-stirring and carried the House by an overwhelming vote. His reference to the battle of Gettysburg when the state of Pennsylvania was overrun by an enemy and the men who participated was a stunning answer to an objection raised by the Governor to the bill. Stewart's speech on this occasion was the theme of much praise. He has since then received a number of congratulatory telegrams and over sixty letters from all over the state, thanking him for his noble efforts in behalf of those who battled for the life of the nation. It must be apparent to the Governor by this time that the veto of this bill was an ill-directed effort to exercise that power.

High license is still being discussed, and it has now developed into a bitter fight. An amendment requiring one hundred dollars additional to the price now charged to be paid, was carried on Thursday last, but the opponents of high license are resorting to all the dilatory and filibustering methods that they can bring to bear to keep the measure from reaching a test and final vote.

Anti-discrimination was killed by one vote, being on a motion to indefinitely postpone which, by the way, always puts an end to any measure for the session. There was considerable feeling on this vote and it was even charged by a newspaper that the Chief Clerk had been unfair, but the House vindicated him to-day by a unanimous vote and expressed their entire confidence in him as a faithful and efficient officer. Mr. Redding's speech on anti-discrimination was a masterly effort. This speech was delivered some weeks ago and has been characterized as one of the ablest delivered on this measure.

In former letters I gave short sketches of some members of the House, so I will conclude this letter by a few more. On the democratic side we find Faunce the acknowledged leader. He was Speaker of the House last Session and was one of the best that ever presided. He does not speak, only when he has something to say, talks very forcibly with very little effort, and is very logical. He is very affable and courteous to all with whom he comes in contact. He is below the average size, and about forty-five years old.

Al. Crawford is one of the most aggressive members of the lower branch. He has been a member continuously since 1874, and is the acknowledged parliamentarian of the House. He is a butcher by occupation and has little education, but he has evidently made parliamentary tactics a study from the date of his first becoming a member of the legislature. When he raises a point of order he is very tenacious, and will insist on carrying his point. His language is often more forcible than elegant. When the minority decide to obstruct a measure Al. Crawford is usually found leading, and nothing will cause him to succumb except a call for "the previous question." With all that Crawford is a good fellow and has a kind heart.

Hugh Mackin plays a conspicuous part and "objects" as often as all the rest of the House put together. There are very few measures discussed which escape his notice. He guards the interests of the Sixth district very zealously. When the high license was under consideration Brooks from the German-town district told the House that in the Sixth district there was a saloon for every seven and a half voters. In reply to this Mackin said that it is a well known fact that when people from the Twenty-second (Brooks') District wanted to go on a "racket" they came to the Sixth and that the people of other high toned districts supported the drinking places in the Sixth. The gentleman from the Sixth district often sorely tries the patience of the Speaker.

Burns, of Erie, is quite an orator and can make a telling speech, has a deep bass voice and when he speaks you will readily perceive that he has given the matter careful consideration. He is a professor at the Edinboro Normal School and is a Scotchman. He is a useful member.

The Capitol has had the electric light introduced into it recently. It is a great improvement on the poor gas light that Harrisburg furnishes. The rival candidates for State Treasurer are here looking after their fences. As the last days of the session draw near, the clerks are anticipating work that will necessitate all night sittings for them.

The members do not take kindly to night sessions and are disposed to bring these sessions into disrepute by boisterous conduct. The question here is "Will the Governor veto the apportionment bills?" Representative Smith of Reading recently gave each of the page boys a half dollar and sent them to Barnum's Circus. The little fellows are all solid now for the statesman from Berks. During the past week quite a number of ladies, wives of members, were on the floor and in the galleries of the House. It is said that a joke was perpetrated on them by some wag who sent a note to them signed with Speaker Graham's name, as follows: "The ladies in the gallery will please maintain better order and refrain from spitting on the floor."

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 18, 1885.

Just as I thought, the sale of the horses and equipments of the Interior Department and the Department of Justice, has been turned to good account in the purchase by the President of a magnificent brace of steeds that will grace in front of the executive coupe with all the grace and composure becoming to a \$3,000 turn-out.

The Northwestern Rebellion headed by the half-breed Reil, has had many origins attributed to it as did that other little rebellion that began with throwing the tea overboard in Boston harbor. The fact is that Reil is one of those reckless and restless adventurers who desire notoriety, and who seizes upon an assumed position upon the Indians in Manitoba for a pretense to make war. Strange to say, however, the British Government is already down on its knees to this unclean fellow, prepared to submit to any humiliation for the sake of saving her troops from other exigencies.

Eight thousand children deprived of the advantages of an education in New York city for want of school facilities, is only a duplication of the condition of things that exist in the enlightened capital of the nation, where the young idea when permitted to shoot at all can occupy but a single half day of each daily school session. Yet the authorities are seriously considering the proposition to sell off the large school structures in the city and substitute smaller ones.

About the smallest piece of political thimble rigging that a dignified cabinet officer has ever been guilty of, is the circular letter issued by Postmaster-General Vilas to the expectant spoliage-gatherers of Ohio, Indiana and Virginia. This circular purports to be a confidential one, and thereby has gained more than the usual publicity. In it Mr. Vilas proposes to leave the selection of offensive partisan postmasters for removal to those to whom the circular is sent, who shall report in detail the particular things that constitute the offense and make the said postmaster obnoxious. Then these statements are to be backed by affidavits when required, after which they will be acted upon so as to eliminate at least one-fourth of the Republican rascals in the offices in each of the States named in the next two months. By this process, the P. M. G. gravely announces, great good may be accomplished. If anything that Mr. Bayard has been guilty of doing in the way of perpetrating blunders has called down upon him the execration of politicians of all sorts, what must the general opinion of those who think of this vilest piece of idiocy? If Mr. Vilas desires relief from the impotency of office-beggars, why should he seek to shirk the responsibility of unceremoniously bouncing the ins, and giving their places to those who are acting to get in? Jackson, with the help of old Bill Marey, routed five thousand postmasters in single month, horse, foot and dragons. Here, a half a century later, with a whole army of clerks to do his bidding, Mr. Vilas wants two months in which to get rid of the postmasters in these States, and demands affidavits to warrant his action besides!

Why Not General Beaver? From the Philadelphia Times. And why not General Beaver for Governor in 1886? Our clever neighbor, the Herald, protests because it sees the Cameron African in the Beaver woodpile; but what of that? Where is that Republican wood-pile just now that the Cameron African isn't securely nestled therein? Beaver is the best representative of the present dominant sentiment of the Republican party in Pennsylvania. He struck the fatal breakers of independent revolt in 1832, but that was a sudden eruption that seems to have subsided as speedily as it came, and the returning ebb should catch up Beaver in its tide. The Independent Republicans who smote Beaver and his associates, gave the control of the party organization over to Cameron's Field Marshal Cooper in 1833; they either actively or passively aided the next to the unanimous re-election of Cameron to the Senate; they are now flirting with Quay and will put him into the saddle as the candidate for State Treasurer with a whoop, and what's the matter with General Beaver after all these tributes to the man and methods who made him the candidate in 1832? General Beaver is entitled to his chance along with Cameron, Cooper and Quay, and it's simply fooling to say that he is Cameron's candidate. There will be nobody seriously thought of for the gubernatorial nomination next year who isn't in the closest relations with Cameron, and as Beaver went down in the machine smash, why shouldn't he have the benefit of the rebound? Give General Beaver a chance!

Chester County Granite.

A DISCOVERY THAT IS EXCITING THE PEOPLE AROUND FRENCH CREEK FALLS. A discovery and enterprise far exceeding the oil strike of Salisbury Top is agitating the people in the more northwestern portion of Chester county, at what is known as the Falls of French Creek. Within a few days past the immense rocks for which that rather wild and romantic spot is famous have been discovered to be gneiss or granite of the very best quality, and workmen are busily engaged in splitting them into curbstone ten, twelve and fifteen feet in length. The half of a single boulder has already returned the projector the handsome sum of \$360, and a company for working the stones into various shapes will be formed without delay. This granite is susceptible to a very high polish without the employment of much labor, and persons from the Eastern States pronounce it superior to that quarried in Maine and Massachusetts. These rocks are all upon the surface, and while they are easily split into curbing of the most desirable character it is thought that the deposit

Supervisors' Reports for the Township of Upper Providence.

Table with columns for Name, Position, and Amount. Includes entries for John A. Vanderslice, John D. Saylor, and others.

underneath the surface soil will prove of a still better quality. The whole neighborhood is excited over the discovery and every day brings to the place visitors from other parts who are led to wonder at such a mine of wealth being left to remain unworked for so long a term of years.

A Much-Mourned Husband. From the Philadelphia Times. Queer stories come from the South now and then, but it is doubtful whether an odder incident has ever been recorded than that brought by a Louisiana exchange. Several days ago the—or rather a—widow of the late lamented Thomas Smith, a colored citizen of New Orleans, repaired to the latter's grave to weep in private over her departed happiness. Entering the graveyard where the remains were interred she promptly sought the proper spot and began her lamentations. The tale runs that in a little while she was joined by another and another weeping colored woman, each of whom claimed marriage with the departed Mr. Smith, until the number had reached seven and it was discovered in some way that two others had not yet appeared. Each had come to lament over her husband's grave and all joined in a common chorus of grief.

Truth is always stranger than fiction, so the story must be accepted as true. The law of Louisiana does not admit of open bigamy, however much it may wink at its secret practice, and the mystery of the many wives is not explained, nor is its secret even hinted at. Sufficient evidence of two facts only was at hand; first, that the widows were there, and second, that they had come to weep.

There is something impressively touching about the manner in which these bereaved women pooled their issues, so to speak, and united in the common cause. The first tendency of the ordinary widow would have been to question the right of any rival claimant to weep; the second to insist for proof of claim being shown that in degree of affection, whatever the date of another's claim, she had stood first in the estimation of the deceased. From such a dispute in the present instance the dire consequences can only be imagined; but it is not too much to say that had a clash once come while the lamentation would probably have continued the cause for it certainly would have been changed.

It is to be hoped that the example of this numerous Southern widow will become contagious. The prevalence of such a custom would decrease the sum annually expended in petty litigation arising from even simpler complications of social affairs than this. And if the sleep of the deceased Mr. Smith and his class is made any the more peaceful thereby, the many widows may congratulate themselves on being safely rid of him over whom they mingle their tears.

The Old Testament Revision Company, which has just submitted its report to Convocation in England, held 85 sessions, and finished in June 1884. These sessions, of about ten days each, comprised 791 days of six hours at a sitting.

Sergeant Lewis Loffman, the oldest veteran of the United States army, died at Niagara Falls last Friday. He was eighty-eight years old and some years ago was retired on a salary of \$60 per month. He fought at Waterloo under Napoleon and carried a medal presented to him by that Emperor for gallant conduct upon the field.

JOEL C. FREED, GRATER'S FORD, Pa. Agent for the STANDARD MOWER & REAPER, Standard RIDING CULTIVATOR, etc.

Vegetable Plants! CABBAGE, late, 3 kinds, 100 1.00 CELERY, 2 2.50 White Flame and Pink, 1.00 EGG, transplanted, per doz. 24c PEPPER, " " " 18c SWEET POTATO, very fine, 30 2.50 TOMATO, transplanted, per doz. 12c 75 For larger quantities send for prices.

Greenhouse and Bedding Plants The above in large lots yet, but certain kinds going out very rapidly. We want to clear our house, preparatory to the erection of more houses. All sold very low. Hardy vines, such as CLEMATIS, red white and blue at 75c or 3 for \$2.00 HONEYUCKLES, 25c, best kinds. IN ROSES we are dealing very heavy and have all the best roses for pot and out door planting, at very reasonable rates. Having excellent facilities for filling all orders for either the PHILADELPHIA or PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWERS, I would ask all to send for reduced prices before purchasing elsewhere. WIRE TRELLIS, cut to any length, either one foot or 3 feet wide, at three cents per square foot, galvanized. GARDEN IMPLEMENTS, WHALE OIL SOAP, for cleaning trees. White clover and Lawn Grass seed and other articles to be found here. All orders by mail and those left with the Collegeville banker and the Boyertown mail carrier will receive prompt attention and be delivered on their routes free of charge. Respectfully yours, HORACE RIMBY, Seedsman and Florist, COLLEGEVILLE GREENHOUSES.

BY THE SEA. THE STOCKTON, Atlantic City N. J., Corner Maryland and Atlantic avenues, one of the finest sea-side resorts in the country, is now open for the reception of guests. The facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, etc., are unexcelled. Terms liberal. KELSEY & LEYER, Proprietors. [Mention this newspaper.]

MANLY & COOPER MAN'G CO. ELM AVENUE, & 42d St. PHILADELPHIA PA., Manufacturers of Ornamental Iron Work and Steel Farm Fencing, Plain and Fancy Wrought Iron Fencing, a Specialty. THOS. R. CUMMISKEY, Agent.

NEW GOODS FOR SPRING & SUMMER AT LEOPOLD'S POTSTOWN, PA.

Entire new line parasols, choice new styles at very low prices at Leopold's. Best 5 cent calicoes at Leopold's. New lawns fast colors, warranted, price 5 cents at Leopold's. New summer silks in neat little checks at Leopold's. New French Dress Goods in many grades and latest shades at Leopold's. New battistes for dresses at Leopold's. A specially good thing in debages at 16 cents, in a variety of new colors at Leopold's. New Jerseys, direct from a large manufacturer, at about two-thirds of last year's prices. They are better styles and better than any we have ever before offered. Prices for nice, fine goods from \$1 to \$3 at Leopold's. Fine Jersey cloth in blacks and colors. Jerseys made to order at Leopold's. Tinsel braids for dress trimmings in new styles at Leopold's. Ten dollars will pay for a gent's good cassimer suit well made to order at Leopold's. Good toweling at 3 1/2 cents at Leopold's. Thousands of yards of the best makes of calicoes at 6 1/2 cents at Leopold's. New gloves, all grades, from 13 cents to a hundred cents at Leopold's. New styles in wraps made at Leopold's. New chenille fringes cheap at Leopold's. Extra bargain in silk gloves at 45 and 50 cents at Leopold's. Genuine bargains in imported stockings for ladies and children at Leopold's. Choice styles in new satteens for dresses at Leopold's. Ladies' regular made imported hose 17 cents at Leopold's. The best 12 1/2 cent seamless half-hose ever offered at Leopold's. Italian sun set is a new shade of lining for parasols at Leopold's. Finest variety of black dress goods in Potstown is at Leopold's. New cloths for spring suits for boys at Leopold's. Little boys suits made to order at Leopold's. Fine cork screw and diagonal cloths for men's fine suits at Leopold's.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT - SPRING OPENING - DRESS GOODS

PLAIDS—An Elegant Assortment. TRICOT CLOTHES—All the New Styles. Colored Cashmeres, Black Cashmeres, Elegant line in all grades, and all the leading New Spring Goods. - JERSEYS - A full line just received direct from the manufacturer, for Ladies and Children, all sizes and prices. A large variety of Muslin Underwear for ladies and children.

MORGAN WRIGHT, Keystone Dry Goods Store, Main St., [opp. Public Square] Norristown, Pa.

Another Victory Won!

SLUG SHOT, a sure remedy for the extermination of the current worm, cabbage fly and worm-rose and potato bug and other insects that infest the vegetable and flower kingdom, not dangerous to human life. Price 30 cents for a 5 pound package. Try it. Satisfaction given wherever used. Wholesale and retail.

Vegetable Plants!

CABBAGE, late, 3 kinds, 100 1.00 CELERY, 2 2.50 White Flame and Pink, 1.00 EGG, transplanted, per doz. 24c PEPPER, " " " 18c SWEET POTATO, very fine, 30 2.50 TOMATO, transplanted, per doz. 12c 75 For larger quantities send for prices. GARDEN, FIELD AND FLOWER SEEDS, of all leading varieties constantly on hand and sold at Philadelphia rates.

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DOWN! --- DOWN! --- ROCK BOTTOM PRICES --- MY ENTIRE STOCK, CONSISTING OF DRY GOODS, Groceries, Wood ware, Willow ware, Boots and Shoes, Paints & Oils, &c., &c., &c. I would call particular attention to my fine stock of CASSIMERES & SUITINGS, for all sizes and ages, rich as well as poor. I can suit you. Will make suits at all prices, or any style and any price reasonable, and guarantee satisfaction. My stock of Shoes is large, and I can show you a good line of Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Shoes. All I ask of my patrons is to call and examine my Stock, and oblige, JOSEPH G. GOTWALS, PROVIDENCE SQUARE STORE.

A CHANGE: The world is ever changing—from one season to another, and all the while the people are changing too; from bad to good, good to bad, bad to better, or from worse to worse still. But, we must change the subject. You purchase store goods, now and then? Certainly, you do! Well, the best quality of goods and the lowest prices can be had at G. F. Hunsicker's Store. Full stock of Fall and Winter Goods on hand. A good wide, all-wool, black Cassimere at 50 cts. It is strictly all wool and cannot be beaten in the country. Dress Goods, 6 cents up. Ladies' and Children's Shoes in large assortment, very cheap. Freed's celebrated Men's Boots. Come and see our floor oil-cloth—good stock on hand. Hose for men, women and children at greatly reduced prices. Men's red underwear, cheap. Bed Blankets, excellent quality, low prices. A nice line of stiff hats for fall and winter—our own make. Everything kept in a thoroughly stocked store at bottom prices. We want to merit your continued patronage by giving you the full worth of your money every time. We want to make quick sales and small profits, and we want to "live and let live," no matter who is President of the United States. G. F. HUNSICKER, Ironbridge P. O. Rahn Station, Pa.

COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE! -NOW IS THE TIME TO PREPARE FOR GAPS IN YOUR POULTRY BY USING THE- ANTI-GAP MIXTURE! POULTRY POWDER, for Cholera and kindred diseases in poultry. LINIMENT, for Sprains, Burns, Rheumatism &c. METALLIC DISINFECTING POWDER, PURE PALM SOAP. TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES. PURE DRUGS AND SPICES A SPECIALTY. PATENT MEDICINES IN GREAT VARIETY, KEPT IN STOCK. Joseph W. Culbert, Druggist. -LARGEST STOCK OF- SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING. -AT THE STORE OF- HERMAN WETZEL, 66 & 68 Main Street [opposite Music Hall] NORRISTOWN, PA. CHILDREN'S CLOTHING IN GREAT VARIETY.

COLLEGEVILLE MERCHANT MILLS! GRIST AND MERCHANDISE! -ALWAYS ON HAND A FULL STOCK OF- FLOUR, BRAN, CORN, OATS, Linsed Meal, Corn Chop, Mixed Chop, &c., &c. Grist ground promptly. By strict attention to business and fair dealing I hope to merit a liberal share of the public's patronage. EDWARD PAIST, apr. 9-11. Successor to S. T. Wagner

LEWIS WISMER, Practical Slater! Collegeville Pa. On and after April 1st 1885, the undersigned will be located at Collegeville, where he will keep on hand all kinds of slate of the very best quality; also felt roofing which is guaranteed to out-wear any shingle or tin roof—price, \$5.00 per square. All orders for slate or felt roofing promptly attended to. The best Slating Slate \$5 per square. Chapman slate \$6 per square. Carpet Hanging Felt, expressly for laying under carpets, sold at the lowest prices. mar. 19-11. LEWIS WISMER.

ESTATE NOTICE. Estate of Ida M. Brunst, late of Upper Providence township, Montgomery county, deceased. Letters of Administration on the above Estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, and those having legal claims, to present the same without delay to FRANK BRUNST, Administrator, P. O. Address, York, Pa. Or his Attorney, F. G. HOBSON, Norristown, Pa. may-7-01.

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.

J. M. Albertson & Sons, BANKERS, Norristown, Pa. Interest Paid on Deposits. MONEY TO LOAN. STOCKS AND BONDS BOUGHT AND SOLD. FOR SALE. A First-class Falling and Shifting Top Baggy. Apply to E. PAIST, Collegeville Mills.



TERMS—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation in this section of the county than any other paper published.

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county, or anywhere else, and to this end we invite correspondence from every section.

PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

Table with 2 columns: Destination and Time. Includes routes to Philadelphia and points south, and Allentown and points north and west.

All communications, business or otherwise, transmitted to us through the mails, to receive immediate attention, must be directed to Collegeville, P. O., hereafter.

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks From Abroad.

Springtime! Welcome season! Miss Hoxworth, a former principal of the Collegeville School, was in town over Sunday visiting friends.

Thos. R. Cumiskey, agent for Manly & Cooper, ornamental iron manufacturers, was in town last week.

Roaming dogs; dog-catcher; aged cows. Why not have a bologna establishment?

A. C. Freed, of Royersford, is sinking an artesian well on the lot on which he is putting up three houses.

The Sunday School recently organized at the school house, near Yorkes, is largely attended every Sunday.

The River Brethren are erecting a meeting house midway between Ironbridge and Grater's Ford.

William L. Williamson, banker, and one of Potstown's most prominent citizens, died Tuesday morning.

An open meeting of the Schaff Literary Society will be held in Ursinus College Chapel to-morrow (Friday) evening.

Grater's Ford Hotel, H. D. Alderfer, proprietor, has been recently repainted. It is a model public house.

Joel Freed, agent for improved agricultural machinery, Grater's Ford, advertises in another column.

We have received another letter from Florida. We expect to publish the same on the first page next week.

Our friend Sheridan Hunsicker, of Ironbridge, informs us that the report in last week's paper, concerning the breakdown of the wagon loaded with brick, was not correct.

Allen Miller, of Allentown, a conductor on the local freight train on the Perkiomen Railroad, had three fingers of his left hand crushed while coupling cars, at Green Lane, on Wednesday, last week.

The William Penn Building and Loan Association, which was so winded by the late Secretary Delp, will go out of business and wind up its affairs.

Letters of administration in the estate of Jacob Harpst, late of this township, have been granted to G. Z. Vanderslice.

A buttonwood tree near Newportville, Bucks county, measures twenty-five feet in circumference and is supposed to be the largest tree in the State.

A marriage license bill has passed one House at Harrisburg, which imposes a fine of \$200 on a clergyman who marries minors, and a fine of \$300 on those who get married under age.

There is a promise of a large crop of fruit this year; the trees are now in blossom, and no injury has yet been done by frost.

A charter has been granted at the State Department at Harrisburg to the Electric Light company of Phoenixville. Capital stock, \$20,000.

Sallie A., wife of Edwin Kremer and daughter of Wm. Hildebrand, of near this place, died recently at her residence near Harmony Square, Perkiomen township, aged 22 years.

Dr. E. E. Highbee, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, has appointed N. H. Larzelere, Esq., of Norristown, to represent Montgomery county in the Board of Trustees of the West Chester State Normal School.

Rev. G. W. Hudson, a native of India-Asia will conduct a missionary service in Augustus Lutheran church, Trappe, on Sunday evening, May 24. Mr. Hudson will speak of the manners and customs of his people.

A few days ago Jacob H. Umstad shot two black snakes on the line between Limerick and Frederick townships, measuring 5 feet 4 inches and 3 feet 10 inches respectively.

Messrs. Fuss & Cassel, partners in the grain, feed, and coal business at Grater's Ford, for a number of years, recently dissolved partnership by mutual consent.

A number of the members of Grand Army Post, No. 45, from Phoenixville, will assist the members of the same Post, residing in this section, in decorating the graves of soldiers in the various burying grounds of this vicinity, on Decoration Day, May 30.

The first regular meeting of the "Perkiomen Valley Bowling and Lawn Association" will be held in Fenlon's Hall, Collegeville, on Monday June 8th, 1885.

Senior Class Reception.

On Tuesday evening of this week, the Senior Class of Ursinus College was given a most entertaining reception at President Bomberger's home by Mrs. Bomberger.

Death of Fremont Styer.

The friends of John C. Fremont Styer were startled and pained to hear of his sudden death last Friday.

Suicide.

Michael Alderfer, President of the East Greenville National Bank, and a citizen of prominence in the community where he resided, committed suicide on Wednesday last week.

Examination of Teachers.

The dates of holding the examination of teachers in some of the districts of Montgomery county, by Professor R. F. Hoffecker, County Superintendent, are as follows:

Christian Schurr, of Limerick station, this county, died Tuesday morning last week, from injuries received while tying his cows.

The concert in Masonic Hall, Trappe, last Saturday evening, by Houck's Orchestra proved to be very entertaining and enjoyable throughout.

OUR NORRISTOWN LETTER.

NORRISTOWN, May 18, 1885.

The Asylum murder is still a theme of considerable interest although, of course, not so much discussed as a week ago.

NOTICE!

The books of S. T. S. Wagner, formerly of the Collegeville mills, are now in the hands of Wm. H. Blanchford.

NOTICE.

The first regular meeting of the "Perkiomen Valley Bowling and Lawn Association" will be held in Fenlon's Hall, Collegeville, on Monday June 8th, 1885.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on SATURDAY, the 6th day of June, A. D. 1885.

ESTATE NOTICE.

Estate of Jacob Harpst, late of Upper Providence Township, Montgomery county, deceased. Letters of Administration on the above Estate have been granted to the undersigned.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, heretofore engaged as partners in the Grain, Feed and Coal business, at Grater's Ford, Montgomery county, Pa., by mutual consent, dissolved partnership on the FOURTEENTH DAY OF MAY, 1885.

PUBLIC SALE OF CARRIAGES!

Will be sold at Public Sale on SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1885, at Reiff's hotel, Rahn Station, TWELVE NEW CARRIAGES, including one Phaeton with 3 springs.

FOR SALE.

China-Poland and Jersey Red sucking pigs. Inquire opposite the COLLEGEVILLE HOTEL.

While the railroad was still the property of the state the right was given to any property holder along the line to build a siding connecting with the railroad.

Decoration Day.

The following order has been issued for publication: HEADQUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF PA., GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

COMRADES OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Another year in Life's campaign brings us again to Memorial Day with its sad memories and tender associations, and as the Nation bends over the graves of its heroes and pays to noble dust the tribute of its love, let us remember that we are not only to cast our floral offerings on the graves of former comrades-in-arms.

NOTICE!

The books of S. T. S. Wagner, formerly of the Collegeville mills, are now in the hands of Wm. H. Blanchford.

NOTICE.

The first regular meeting of the "Perkiomen Valley Bowling and Lawn Association" will be held in Fenlon's Hall, Collegeville, on Monday June 8th, 1885.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on SATURDAY, the 6th day of June, A. D. 1885.

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PUBLIC SALE OF FRESH COWS! Will be sold at Public Sale, on MONDAY, MAY 25, 1885, at Perkiomen Bridge Hotel, ONE CAR Load of Fresh Cows with calves, direct from York county.

PUBLIC SALE OF FRESH COWS. Will be sold at Public Sale on TUESDAY, MAY 26, '85, at Smoyer's Hotel, Trappe, 20 Head of Fresh Cows, from Western Pennsylvania.

MY FIRST PUBLIC SALE OF FRESH COWS. Will be sold at Public Sale, on THURSDAY, MAY 28, '85, at the Eagleville Hotel, 20 HEAD OF FRESH COWS, from Lebanon county.

PUBLIC SALE OF FRESH COWS. Will be sold at Public Sale on FRIDAY, MAY 29, 1885, at Dorward's Hotel, Trappe, 20 Head of Fresh Cows, from Lebanon county.

THE THOROUGHBRED TROT- TING STALLION BLACK CLOUD. Will be kept for service the present season on the premises of his owner, the undersigned, in Upper Providence township, half way between Phoenixville and Collegeville.

FOR SALE! A lot of FINE SHOATS, weighing from 40 to 90 pounds. Apply to A. G. GOTWALD, apr-30-3m.

SAMUEL CASSEL, GRATER'S FORD, Pa. DEALER IN GRAIN, FLOUR, FEED, COAL, SEEDS, LIME, FERTILIZERS, PLASTER, Cement, Pewter Sand, Terra Cotta Pipes, Chimney Tops, &c.

Here We Are Again! Just received another large stock of Cloths & Cassimeres! In Corsets, Fine Mixtures and Plaids for Men and Boys wear at very low figures.

WHITEGOODS! HAMBURG EMBROIDERY, Hostery, Notions, and Trimmings, stock of DRESS GOODS in their variety.

GROCERIES! In their variety always the best. Window shades in the new shades and style. Another new stock of WALL PAPER!

PAINTS OILS, WHITE LEAD, RUBBER PAINTS. Deaver & Shellenberger, TRAPPE, PA.

CARPET WEAVER! Near Upper Providence Square, (on the premises formerly occupied by Mr. Hallman, deceased.) Carpets of all grades woven to order.

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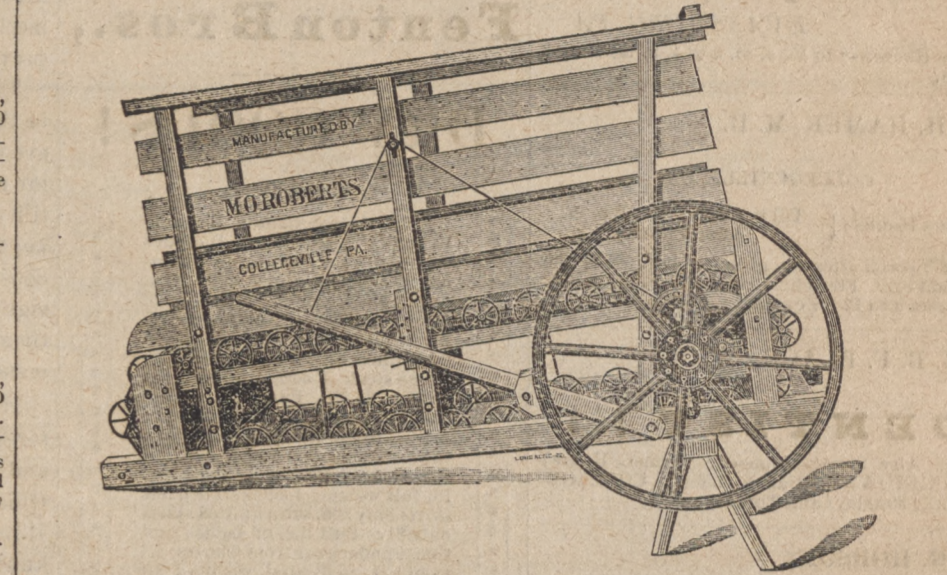
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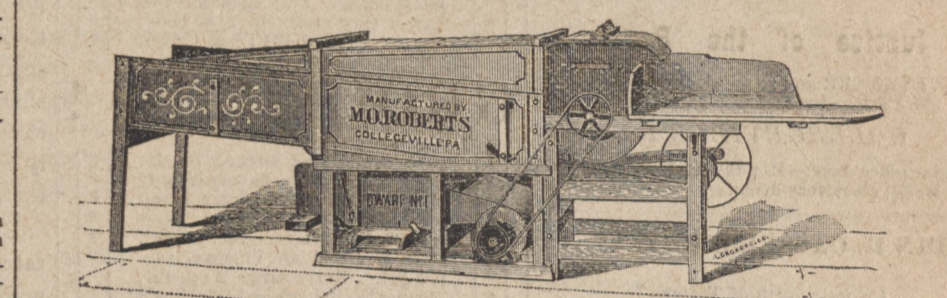
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COLLEGEVILLE MACHINE WORKS, M. O. ROBERTS, Proprietor. WHAT YOU WANT AND WHAT YOU CAN BUY!



HORSE POWER. Be sure to examine ours before purchasing elsewhere. They are built with first-class material and by skilled workmen.



THRESHER AND SEPARATOR. You should buy the DWARF, for the following reasons: It stands lower to the floor than any other make.

WIND PUMP PERKINS. Which is the only perfect self-regulator in use. We guarantee it to stand the storms.

ARTESIAN WELL. Bored, give us a call. We have a first-class Drill and Rigging to bore six and eight inch holes a thousand feet deep.

Improved Brick. I desire to inform my patrons and the public in general that I am now prepared to make FIRST CLASS BRICK for building and paving purposes.

MILLINERY. I am pleased to inform my friends and patrons that I will open the Spring and Summer Trade with a more extensive stock of MILLINERY GOODS than heretofore.

FLOSSES. &c., &c., always on hand. Orders for Mourning Goods promptly filled.

JAMES STONEBACK, IRONBRIDGE, MONTGOMERY CO., PA. COLLEGEVILLE --Agricultural Store-- Can be found all the latest and most improved Farming Implements, including

Hench's Patent Cultivator, AND DOUBLE ROW CORN PLANTER with Phosphate attachment—a machine that has given perfect satisfaction wherever sold.

ELMER E. CONWAY. BOOT AND SHOEMAKER! Good workmanship and good fit guaranteed. Stitched work a specialty.

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