



2-17-1887

Providence Independent, V. 12, Thursday, February 17, 1887, [Whole Number: 609]

Providence Independent

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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 12.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A., FEBRUARY 17, 1887.

WHOLE NUMBER, 609

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:—until 9 a. 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.
 Special attention given to diseases of the eye and ear.

DR. B. F. PLACE,
DENTIST!!
 36 E. Airy Street, (opposite Veranda House)
 NORRISTOWN. Branch Office: COLLEGEVILLE, Mondays and Tuesdays.
 Prices greatly reduced.

N. S. BORNEMAN, D. D. S.,
 (DR. OF DENTAL SURGERY)
 Formerly of Boyertown, now at
 403 MARSHALL ST., CORNER ASTOR,
 NORRISTOWN, PA.
 Teeth extracted without pain by the use of pure nitrous oxide gas, ether, &c.; also by applying the new local anesthetic, cocaine, which is merely brought in contact with the gum, the patient being perfectly sensible, teeth are extracted without pain. Artificial sets from \$5 to \$8—the very best. Filling teeth a specialty. English and German spoken. 4-23-6m.

F. G. HOBSON,
Attorney-at-Law.
 Cor. MAIN and SWEDD Streets, Norristown, Pa.
 Can be seen every evening at his residence. Free land.

H. M. BROWNBACK,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 No. 8 AIRY STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.
 Jun. 25-1yr.

AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 BLACKSTONE BUILDING, No. 737 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.
 Second Floor, Room 15.
 Can be seen every evening at his residence, COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Dec. 17, 1yr.

A. D. FETTEROLF,
 Justice of the Peace
 COLLEGEVILLE Pa.
 CONVEYANCER and General Business Agent.
 Will clerk sales at reasonable rates.

JOHN S. HUNSICKER,
 Justice of the Peace,
 RAHN STATION, PA.
 Conveyancer and General Business Agent.
 Clerking of Sales attended to. Charges reasonable. 27Jan.

JOHN H. CASSELBERRY,
 (1/4 mile north of Trappe.)
Surveyor and Conveyancer
 Sales clerked; sale bills prepared. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
 Nov. 8-6m. P. O. Address: Limerick Square.

J. P. KOONS,
Practical Slater!!
 RAHN'S STATION PA.
 Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental Slates. Send for estimates, and prices.

LEWIS WISMER,
Practical Slater!
 Collegeville, Pa. Always on hand roofing slate and slate flagging, and roofing felt. All orders promptly attended to. Also on hand a large lot of greystone flagging.

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, satisfactorily. Estimates cheerfully furnished upon application.

SAMUEL P. SHANTZ,
Carpenter and Builder.
 RAHN STATION, PA.
 Contractor for all kinds of Carpenter Work. No pains spared to give satisfaction.

MRS. E. D. LACHMAN,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
 Attends to laying out the dead and shroud making. Wax flowers made to order. 16sep

MRS. S. L. PUGH,
 TRAPPE, PA.,
 Attends to laying out the dead, shroud-making &c.

J. G. T. MILLER,
CARPENTER and BUILDER,
 TRAPPE PA.
 Estimates for work furnished upon application, and contracts taken. All orders will be attended to promptly. Jan. 1, '85, 17.

ELMER E. CONWAY,
BOOT and SHOEMAKER!
 COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
 Good workmanship and good fit guaranteed. Stitched work a specialty. Repairing done neatly and promptly. may 7-1yr.

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,
 Collegeville.

JOHN L. MARKLEY,
Teacher of Music,
 TRAPPE, PA.
 Sole agent in Montgomery county for the Shoemaker Piano and agent for Organs of various makes. 30sep

HARTRANFT HOUSE,
 NORRISTOWN, PA.

P. K. GABLE, Proprietor. H. P. BEERER, Clerk.
 Boarding at Reasonable rates.
 Free Omnibus Meets all Trains at Bridgeport.
 Finest Hotel Stabling in the County and Good Hostlers.

EDWARD E. LONG,
CONVEYANCER,
 Real Estate & Gen'l Business Agt.
 No. 8 AIRY STREET, opposite the Court House, Norristown, Pa.
 Will give special attention to the writing of DEEDS, MORTGAGES, RELEASES, ASSIGNMENTS, and all necessary papers in the sale and exchange of property, and in making and transferring loans upon real estate.
 TITLE SEARCHES A SPECIALTY.
 FOR SALE.—A small farm that will be a great bargain to anyone buying it. Three story brick house on Main street, Royersford; lot 60 by 95 feet, stable, carriage house, &c.; one of the best locations in the borough. Large and small houses of every description, and desirable town lots in Norristown. A farm of forty acres in Upper Providence, one mile from Trappe.

NIXIE.
 Nobody would take little Nixie Markham for a heroine, nor would one suppose that little quiet figure possessed nerve enough to save hundreds of lives by her prompt action, but this was the way of it: It was a hot summer afternoon, and the most absolute quiet reigned over the little railroad station of Parkerstown, up in northern New England, on these sweltering July days. Not even the customary loafers were around, and only at train time was there any show of life.

The down train was due at 5.10, but until then, as the sensational writers say, "all was quiet as the grave."
 Nixie was the station agent's daughter and only child. She was fifteen, although so small she looked three years younger, and was usually quiet as a mouse—"not much zip to her," as the country folks said. In spite of the current opinion, however, she had, except the small portion of time which the little country town set apart for the school season, spent nearly all of her time in the ticket office with her father, picking up, letter by letter and word by word, the sounds of the Morse instrument; and, finally, one day she astonished her father by taking a telegram by sound, giving him a neat "copy."

From that day Nixie was installed as telegraph operator, and the indulgent father often said "Nick could run that office just as well as he could himself"—which, considering that Mr. Markham was considered by the boys "a plug operator," might be called a doubtful compliment to Nixie.
 Well, this particular afternoon we are talking about, the aforesaid "plug" sauntered into the depot with trouble enthroned on his majestic brow.
 "Nick, I'm summoned on a jury case up to the Centre Village this afternoon. It's too late to get anybody here, even supposing there was anybody to get. What are we going to do about it? S'pose you can't tend the concern alone until I get back—probably by 6?"
 "I guess so, father," replied Nixie. "There won't be much of anything to do. Likely there won't be many passengers for the down train this hot day, and I hope I know enough to sell a ticket or two if there are."
 "Well, see that those boxes go by express. The waybills are ready and in the drawer. Guess you'll get along

all right," and off he went, leaving Nixie mistress of the situation, which phase meant more than you might imagine that very particular day.
 At first she felt her newly acquired importance somewhat and stepped briskly around, dusting the dusty little office and watering the few plants in the window, but there being absolutely nothing to do and no one coming near, she dropped into inactivity and listened to the click of the telegraph instrument, which to her was as companionable as the talk of near friends would be. As the afternoon passed drowsily along, the heat and stillness overcame her, and dropping her faxen head on the desk before her, she was soon—as one of the good ladies of Parkerstown was wont to express it—"in the arms of Morphine."

Afterwards the first thing she could remember about it, a voice seeming to come from her dreams said: "Tain't likely she is left here alone and asleep, too."
 "No," responded another evil voice, "the old man's prob'ly 'round somewhere—but, in a lower tone, "come on, let's go 'long. The down train'll be along and we'll just lay them out."
 Nixie was wide awake enough now, but she had presence of mind enough in her small body, and realized that safety lay in keeping still.
 "How far is it up there?"
 "Sh! keep mum! Do you want to knock the hull thing in the head, and yourself, too?" And then the girl's quickened hearing caught the sound of heavy footsteps passing by the window and up the track.
 Nixie waited until she couldn't hear the footsteps, and then cautiously turned and looked out of the window. There they were—two miserable-looking tramps hastening up the track. She recognized them at once as two men who had been discharged from a construction train that had been at work down the road. What should she do? O, if she could send her father! But there was no one anywhere near, and, besides, by the time he could get home it might be too late—for it was evident that the desperate wretches were bent upon revenging themselves of their fancied wrongs upon the innocent. She looked at the clock. Half-past four! She ran out and looked around the lonely station. No living being in sight. She called once, feebly, but what was the use? If she sent for her father she had no tangible explanation to give or real reason to make him hurry home—only she was sure there was harm coming to the down train, that long crowded express filled with mountain tourists. But she must do something.
 The men had disappeared around a slight bend in the track. Nixie ran in, locked up the office, snatched a hat from a nail in the corner, and then hurried up the track until she arrived at the slight curve. Then she "made haste more slowly," for there were the men. Stepping behind a clump of bushes, she watched them. They had stopped and were doing something, she could not at first see what, to the track. Pretty soon up came a rail, and in a minute more it was thrown down a steep ledge within four feet of the track, where the whole train must be precipitated in less than an hour if something could not be done to warn them. Nixie saw it all now and for a moment stood, her eyes dilated with horror, while she saw the scoundrels shake their fists toward her way and heard an imprecation. Then they passed on and Nixie, turning cold in the sudden extremity, groined and sped toward the depot.
 The rail had been removed on a curve which was shaded on the west side by a high bank so that at half-past five it was quite dark there, and as the train always came on a down grade they came at full speed. So Nixie thought to herself, "I'm glad I came, for now I'll hurry and telegraph to Stratford before the train comes by, and then we'll see, Mr. Tramps, how your little scheme comes out."
 She reached the office and looked at the clock. Five minutes to five! and the train left Stratford at 5.03. Well, eight minutes was more than plenty of time if she could "raise" Stratford. She grasped the key. "Sd-sd-sd" clicked the instrument. Never before was there so impatient an operator on the line. With her eyes on the clock, which seemed then, if ever, to say "forever—never—never—forever," she kept up the call. Somebody on the other side "broke her" twice, but she gave all the danger signals she could

think of and kept on. The moments kept on, one, two, three, four, five—slowly pealed the 'old clock—each stroke an agony to the girl.
 Meanwhile the agent at Stratford could not operate at all, and the boy who could, and who served as general chore-boy about the place, had gone for the cows, and there was no one to answer the call on which much depended.
 A few minutes and it was too late, and Nixie was in a new dilemma.
 Nixie closed the key in despair. She did not know the train signals, but seized the red flag under the old desk and ran for dear life—literally the dear lives of her fellow creatures. Not until she got to the wrecked place did she remember that she must go beyond the curve to stop them or she would be of no use. Already she heard the approaching train rumble in the distance. Faster, faster she sped round the curve, straight up the track. She could see them now coming in. On they rushed, the great engine bent on destroying its precious freight. Nixie stepped in the midst of the track and frantically swung her red flag, but still the monster rushed toward her, showing no abatement of speed.
 Meanwhile the engineer and fireman had seen the slight form of the girl, and the fireman stood aghast to see the engineer so utterly regardless of her.
 "Stop, man!" he shouted; "don't you see the girl?"
 "Yes," said the half-drunk engineer. "Why don't the little fool get out of my way? I'll teach her," and made no movement to stop.
 Nixie waited with sinking heart—Oh, why did everything go against her? Was it the will of God that this dreadful thing must happen? The engine was close upon her and she ran up to a jutting rock by the railroad still waving her scarlet flag—but just as the engine came alongside of her she heard the sharp click of the call-bell in the engine and saw the fireman push the engineer aside and reverse the engine. The conductor, who had just seen her and excitedly pulled the bell-rope, jumped off and came toward her. But the reaction was too much for poor Nixie, and she could only gasp out:—"Round the curve," and then she was a white heap, with no sense of anything.
 Passengers rushed out, and, after some had been to the curve and seen what the little girl had saved them from, no lady in the land could be so loyally waited upon as she was when she had been lifted into the car and told modestly her little story. It was some little time before the track was ready for the train to proceed, and when Nixie got out at her own station, many kind hands pressed hers in farewell, and the conductor left something in her hand, too, just as the train left, saying: "You are the bravest little woman in the State."
 Not until she had been in the office a good half hour with her father, who had got home from his lawsuit and wondered what made the train late and where Nixie had gone to, and told him all the story, did Nixie think to look at the packet. Then she read a note: "Will Miss Eunice Markham please accept the accompanying from the friends she so bravely saved August 23, 1880?"
 The note was wrapped around \$500 in bank notes.
 "Oh, papa! now you can pay off the mortgage on the house," cried Nixie, and the father said:
 "I declare, Nick, you get higher wages as agent as I do!"
 The superintendent of the Q. & L. railroad company came down to Parkerstown that week, and soon after there was a vacancy in one of the best officers of the company in a neighboring city, and Mr. Markham was tendered the situation. He accepted. "So Nixie can have the schooling she wants so much," he said; and to-day Miss Eunice Markham is one of the most promising pupils in the high school of that city. But more than ever is she the pride of her father's heart, who never tires of telling of the afternoon "his girl was station agent."

But, after all, you would never take her for a heroine.

Home Life in the Country.
 Too many of our farmers' homes are merely so in name. They are not homes—only places to stay. Do not think we are insinuating that you must rush right off and spend \$1,000 in buying new furniture, carpets and an organ. Not at all. One of the "home-iest" places we ever saw was one that

was entirely innocent of any extravagance in that line. Three hundred dollars would have covered the cost of all the furniture in the house, but it was a place we always enjoyed visiting. The head of the family was always jolly and ready to take a hand in a game, and his nine children, always hearty and full of fun, did not care to be out in the evenings. The girls did sewing and knitting as they grew old enough, and the boys were often found "making something;" but no evening passed that one did not have something to read to the others—an anecdote or a story—something either to amuse or instruct. But the main secret of their happiness, if it was a secret, lay in the fact that worrying and fretting were banished. One growler or fretter will spoil a whole whole family. Fathers, mothers, don't allow a fault-finding spirit to spoil the pleasure of your family circle. Don't indulge in it yourselves. Have as cozy and comfortable a home as you can afford, but don't mourn over what you have not. Rather rejoice in what you have and be thankful.

A Wealthy Indian Tribe.
 The Osage is the wealthiest tribe of Indians in the United States. This is due not so much to their personal ability as financiers as to a succession of favorable circumstances and to the good guardianship of the United States government. The Osages long ago occupied the country about St. Louis. They were removed from there to a reservation at Westport, Mo., near Kansas City, then to the valley Neosho, then to a reservation in southern Kansas, and finally to their present home in Indian Territory. The Osages were a powerful tribe, and to get them off of coveted lands Uncle Sam seems to have been willing to pay them more liberally than the other wards of the nation. In this way the Osages come into their present possessions, which include a tract of land in Indian Territory fifty miles square, or about 1,500,000, and an annuity of \$250,000. This is the interest on United States bonds given them in exchange for their former lands in Kansas and Missouri and held in trust by the government, which pays the annuity in semi-annual payments.
 There are about 400 families, averaging about four to a family—a total of about 1,600 people. "Out of this interest fund the Indians draw \$165 a year for each man, woman and child—so that the larger his family the more the head of a family is enabled to draw. This system would apparently foster a rapid increase of population, but, strange to say, the full-blood Indians are decreasing in numbers. The full-blood families are small and the tribe is doomed to extinction. This is probably due to two causes—the changed physical condition of their life and the loss of all ambition as a race. The wild Indian was a fine specimen of robust physical development, with great enduring powers. He could face any storm, brave the most vigorous weather, endure the toils and privations of the march and camp. Nature, somehow, took care of him, healed his wounds and warded off disease. But now, taken from his "native heath," cut off from much that was part of his physical existence, his territory circumscribed, compelled by superior force to keep the peace with neighboring tribes, coaxed to adopt the habits, food, the customs and the dress of the white man, compelled to send his children to school, and too often tempted to adopt the white man's vices—with all these changed conditions he is a changed being.
 As he has deserted nature, nature now deserts him. He is more susceptible to disease. The wild Indian could be careless in dress and indifferent to exposure, but on the reservation it is different. If he gets his feet wet or sleeps on the ground, he is liable to "catch cold" like his white brother. They are subject to lung troubles. Some are consumptive. This and the small-pox and other diseases are decimating their ranks. Ten years ago there were 3,000 Osages; to-day only a little over half that number. The mothers die prematurely. You find comparatively few old squaws. The tribe being rich as a community, very few of the men will work. They live in idleness, and that is fatal to a longevity based upon active out-door life.—Burlington Hawk-eye.

Cure for Diphtheria.
 Dr. A. Brondel writes, in the *Bulletin General de Therapeutique* of November 15, 1886, concerning the treatment of diphtheria by benzoate of sodium, and asserts that of two hundred consecutive cases he has not lost a single one. He admits the possibility of a mistaken diagnosis in some instances, but, even excluding fifty per cent. on this account, he still has one hundred cases without a death. His method is as follows: Every hour the patient takes a tablespoonful of a solution of benzoate of sodium, fifteen grains to the ounce, and at the same time one-sixth of a grain of sulphide of calcium in sirup or granule. In addition to this the throat is thoroughly sprayed every half hour with a ten per cent. solution of benzoate of sodium. This is done religiously at the regular intervals, day and night, but no other local treatment is employed. No attempt is made to dislodge the false membrane, and no penciling nor painting of the fauces is resorted to. Tonics are given and anti-pyretics are used when occasion calls for them. The nourishment consists of beef juice, tender rare meat, milk, etc., but bread and all other articles which may cause irritation of the throat are forbidden. The sick room is kept filled with steam from a vessel containing carbolic acid, turpentine, and oil of eucalyptus in water.
 The employment of benzoate of sodium is not a new method in the treatment of diphtheria, for it has been tried and is recommended highly by Letzerich, Kien, Ferreol, and others. But this, of course, speaks so much the more strongly in favor of the remedy; and as Dr. Brondel's results were better than those obtained by others using the same drug, it is to be presumed that his method of employing it is the best.—*Medical Record.*

Need More Than One.
 "John, do you remember when we used to swing on my father's front gate?"
 "Yes, Maria, I do."
 "And the moon used to look so beautiful, John."
 "It did, Maria."
 "And the stars were so bright."
 "They were."
 "I wonder if the moon is so beautiful and the stars just as bright now as they were then, John?"
 "I presume they are, Maria."
 "Then why can't we swing on the front gate now and look at the moon and the stars and the blue night skies, with their fleecy clouds, as we used to do then?"
 "We can, Maria, if we want to."
 "Then, John, let us go out to the front gate for awhile, and see if it will seem anything like it used to?"
 "All right, Maria. You go out and try it awhile, and if you like it maybe I'll take a turn at it."
 But Maria thought him too much of a brute to do anything of the kind.

A Walk-Compelling Disease.
 Two year ago last April John Snider, of Blackfoot county, Indiana, then a robust man of fifty-four, while at work in a field was seized with a spasmodic twitching of his arms and hands and severe crampings of the muscles of his body. He was incapacitated for labor of any kind, and the physician summoned pronounced the case a serious one. After a few days of suffering all symptoms of nervous derangement disappeared and for a week he was apparently as healthy as ever. Then the muscular convulsions manifested themselves in the limbs, he lost control of both legs, and the propensity to walk took complete possession of him, and with the exception of four hours every day—from 1 to 5 a. m.—he is constantly on his feet and traveling at the rate of four miles per hour.
 Snider is a man of rather dark complexion, with an iron-gray beard and short, gray hair. His countenance is bronzed by exposure to wind and rain. Living in the same cabin with him are his wife and five children—two sons and three daughters—who support themselves by working on farms in the neighborhood.
 At five o'clock in the morning, after a sleep of three hours, Snider begins his tramp and continues walking, eating his meals as he goes, until 1 o'clock, when he sits down and sleeps soundly, being unable to rest in a recumbent position.
 When he began his tramp he weighed 160 pounds; he now weighs 150 pounds, his muscles are as hard as iron and his vitality is unimpaired. He walks with a quick step of uniform length, striking his heels into the soil, the shock seemingly being grateful to the muscles. At times he sleeps as he walks, and for an hour, guarded by relatives, he swings around the circle snoring loudly, and upon arousing he runs at a rapid gait, as he says to "rest himself." He suffers no pain, is cheerful and contented while in motion. While his recovery is impossible, Snider will probably live for years. The affection is a disease of the spinal cord and from his hips down his physical condition is not subject to brain government.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Among Gas-Wells.
 A group of burning wells north of Washington, Penna., has presented many grand and beautiful night scenes. Though several miles apart, they appear at a distance to be close together, and their light intermingles. On a dark night with all of them burning, they make a great show. These wells in full blast—with those flanking them on the right and on the left, with the broad glare of those at Wellsburg, W. Va., showing twenty miles to the north west, and with those at Murraysville, Pa., thirty miles to the northeast—make a scene which would terrify a stranger, if he should come upon it unaware of the existence of such things as burning gas wells. It would only need columns of fiery lava to convince him that the whole region was full of volcanoes. And his terror would doubtless be complete when he saw a great fiery column shoot skyward, unless he was made aware of the real cause of the phenomenon, when he would remain to admire what a moment before had filled him with alarm. The explanation of the sudden burst of flame is that it is necessary often to "blow out" the wells and the pipes leading to the regulator, to keep them from being clogged by the salt which gathers in the pipes from the salt-water thrown up by the gas. The flow of the gas is stopped for a moment; and when again released, the gas drives everything before it into the open air. The escaping gas is burned at the regulator. The effect of the sudden increased pressure is to shoot a tongue of flame, hissing and roaring, high in the air. On a misty night, when the light is broken up and diffused—the snow covered hills sometimes adding their reflection—the whole sky is brilliantly illuminated, and the scene is grand and beautiful.—*St. Nicholas.*

It is estimated that the working population of this country spends annually a thousand million dollars for spirituous liquors and tobacco, and five hundred million dollars more for consequent sickness and loss of time.

At Work the Whole Time.
 There is a class of people in this country who get up at 5 o'clock in the morning and who never get back to bed until 10 or 11 o'clock at night; who work without ceasing the whole time, and receive no other emolument than food and the plainest clothing; they understand something of every branch of economy and labor, from finance to cooking; though harassed by a hundred responsibilities, though driven and worried, though reproached and looked down upon, they never revolt, and they cannot organize for their own protection. Not even sickness releases them from their posts. No sacrifice is deemed too great for them to make, and no incompetency in any branch of their work is excused. No essays or books of poems are written in tribute to their steadfastness. They die in the harness and are supplanted as quickly as may be. These are the housekeeping wives of the laboring men.—*Chicago News.*

It is very unhealthy to keep a kerosene lamp burning in the room at night, especially if it be turned low. If you must have a lamp at night make a taper by cutting a circular piece of thin paper, twisting the centre of it into a point for a wick. Lay it into a saucer, and pour melted lard around it. Do it in the day time, so it will harden by night.

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, February 17, 1887.

Says the Portland Argus: "A monarch is only a hereditary boss. A boss is a self-constituted monarch. Neither would exist if the people were not too timid or too lazy to govern themselves."

THERE was a Republican sweep in Philadelphia Tuesday. Fidler, Clay and Warwick, the candidates for Mayor, Receiver of Taxes, and City Solicitor, were elected by varying majorities.

The spirit of repudiation still exists in Virginia. After cutting off one-third of the original debt as West Virginia's share and then repudiating one-third of the remaining two-thirds, it was a very natural process to repudiate the obligation to receive coupons in payment of State taxes.

In the House at Harrisburg on Wednesday, last week, the Prohibitory Amendment to the Constitution passed yeas 130, nays 66. It had already passed the Senate. The bill contains no compensation clause.

The House has agreed to the amendment to the Senate trade dollar bill, providing that the recoinage of trade dollars receded under this act shall not be considered as part of the silver bullion required to be purchased and coined under the provisions of the Bland law.

The Chinese Government demands \$147,500 of the United States Government in the way of reparation for the murder of twenty-eight Chinamen by a mob of hoodlums at Rock Springs. The duty of Congress in this matter is very plain, and the action of the House, recently, in passing a resolution to the effect that the claim shall be paid, stimulates the hope that this stain upon the honor and credit of our Government will soon be wiped out.

Had the thousands of men, who went on a strike in New York because somebody else was on a strike, stopped to count the cost, they would no doubt have resolved to strike against strikes instead of striking against work.

LAST Friday President Cleveland vetoed the Dependent Pension Bill, for which act he is receiving a vast amount of deserved credit from every section of the country.

"I cannot believe that the vast peaceful army of Union soldiers, who, having contentedly resumed their places in the ordinary avocations of life, cherish as sacred the memory of patriotic service, or who, having been disabled by the casualties of war, justly regard the present pension roll, on which appear their names, as a roll of honor, desire at this time and in the present exigency to be confounded with those who through such a bill as this are willing to gain a place upon the pension roll upon alleged dependence.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 11th, 1887.—The past week in Congress has not been one of great importance in legislative matters, but both houses of Congress have discussed questions of wide national interest, and the transcendent subject of tariff legislation has been settled, at least so far as the action of the present Congress is concerned.

There is much speculation as to whom the President will appoint Railroad Commissioners under the provision of the Inter State Commerce bill. Many have called themselves to Washington, but only five can be chosen.

Notwithstanding the closeness of the final hour of this session it is believed by many that Congress will pass a bill changing inauguration day from Hyperborean fourth of March to the Madrigal thirtieth of April.

The country has grown so great, its interests have become so complex, that the limited legislative term, appointed by the founders, is now too brief.

ESTATE NOTICE!

Estate of Joseph Cook, minor, late of Upper Providence township, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby requested to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate will make known the same without delay to

ESTATE NOTICE!

Estate of Joseph Miller, late of Lower Providence township, deceased. Letters testamentary upon said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the same are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims will present them to

J. W. GOTWALS, YERKES, P. A.

Beef, Veal and Mutton!

Will serve the citizens of Collegeville and vicinity every Tuesday and Friday.

Fresh Roasted Coffees!

Pure Sugar Syrup, Fine Groceries CANNED FRUIT, VEGETABLES AND FISH.

Warranted 150° Fire-Resistant Head-light Oil

HALL AND LIBRARY LAMPS.

TOOLS AND HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL.

Next Door to the "Independent" Office,

301 Jan COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Furniture! Furniture!

Facts Worth Knowing!

I am fully prepared to accommodate all who will favor me with their orders in the line of Furniture, with well-made goods, the kind worth the price paid every time.

WALNUT CHAMBER SUITS!

Cottage Suits!

Bureaus, Sideboards, Settees, Chairs,

EXTENSION TABLES!

Also Mattresses, Feathers, Carpet, Window Shades, and in fact everything that pertains to a well stocked Furniture Store.

Warner Patent Wheels

JOHN S. KEPLER, TRAPPE, PA.

IMPORTANT FACTS:

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, SUITINGS

Dry Goods and Notions

Boots & Shoes

HATS AND CAPS!

GROCERIES:

Hardware, Queensware, Drugs, Paints, and Oils; Tobacco, Cigars, Stationery, Wall Paper, &c., &c., &c.

Beaver - & - Shellenberger, TRAPPE, PA.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

All persons concerned, either as heirs, creditors or otherwise, are hereby notified that the accounts of the following named persons have been allowed and filed in my office, on the date to each separately affixed, and the same will be presented to the Orphans' Court of said county, on MONDAY, the 7th day of MARCH, A. D. 1887, at 10 o'clock, a. m., for confirmation, at which time and place they may attend if they think proper.

ESTATE NOTICE!

Estate of Joseph Miller, late of Lower Providence township, deceased. Letters testamentary upon said estate having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to the same are requested to make prompt payment, and those having claims will present them to

J. W. GOTWALS, YERKES, P. A.

Beef, Veal and Mutton!

Will serve the citizens of Collegeville and vicinity every Tuesday and Friday.

Fresh Roasted Coffees!

Pure Sugar Syrup, Fine Groceries CANNED FRUIT, VEGETABLES AND FISH.

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Beaver - & - Shellenberger, TRAPPE, PA.

The Union Trust Co., 611 & 613 CHESTNUT STREET.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL \$1,000,000 PAID-UP CAPITAL \$500,000

CHARTER PERPETUAL.

Acts as Executor, Administrator, Assignee, Receiver, Guardian, Attorney, Agent, Trustee and Committee, alone or in connection with any other person.

THE UNION TRUST CO., 611 & 613 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

JAMES LONG, President. JOHN G. READING, Vice President. MAHON S. STOKES, Treasurer and Secretary. D. R. PATTERSON, Trust Officer.

Young Housekeepers

A START IN LIFE!

Why not start with a home furnished neatly and beautifully ornamented, when you can purchase the necessary requisites CHEAP?

FURNITURE

I have just received a new lot of Furniture, consisting of Walnut, Ash, Maple, and Pine Painted Suits, which are being disposed of at extremely low figures!

GROCERIES!

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, Latest Styles of WALL PAPER, &c.

ISAAC KULP, GRATER'S FORD, PA.

CLOSING OUT SALE

UNHEARD OF BARGAINS!

DAILY OFFERED!

WE ARE CLOSING OUT THE LARGE STOCK OF STORE GOODS

Bought by the Creditors of Sheriff's Sale as the Property of G. F. Hunsicker, at IRONBRIDGE,

AT COST, And Some Goods for Less!

Here an opportunity is offered to all wishing to purchase goods at away down figures. Don't postpone your visit; it will pay you to call soon. We have a lot of

HOSIERY, ALL SIZES,

Laces, Edgings, White Goods, Dress Goods and Calicoes. Ladies' and Gents' Gloves, in all different kinds and grades.

HATS FOR MEN & BOYS.

Carriage Bolts, Files, Locks, Hinges, lat Wood Screws, Cutlery, Table Knives and Forks, Scissors, Pocket Knives, Butcher Knives, in abundance; Meat Plates, Covered Dishes, &c.

FRANK WUNSCHALL, CARPET WEAVER!

Has REMOVED from Upper Providence Square to Mount Clare, opposite Pottsville, where he will be pleased to meet all old and new customers. Favor him with your work. 241m

SOMETHING NEW! The Durable Duck Boot!

This boot is made with a centre of cotton duck, with coatings of rubber so incorporated into the fibre of the duck by machinery, as to make a water-proof material that stands the severest test of wear, and will not crack, cut, or tear with rough or sharp surfaces. They have no Superior for Strength and Durability. Price: \$2.00 & \$3.50

REMNANTS!

Good Heavy Muslin 1 yard wide only 6 cents. Remnants of best makes of Calico only 5 cents per yard.

CHOICE LINE OF FANCY GROCERIES.

Hecker's and New Roller Buckwheat. Celebrated Snow Flake Corn, 15 cents. Cod Fish, Mackerel, &c. 200 bushels of Early Rose and Burbank Potatoes at market price. Pure Sweet Oiler. An elegant piece of decorated china ware given away with 1/4 lb. of best mixed tea, 15c. gr.

W. P. FENTON, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

FALL OPENING!

We have begun unheard-of things in FINE DRESS GOODS, RED FLANNELS, COTTON FLANNELS, UNDERWEAR AND HOSIERY.

FALL OPENING!

Fall & Winter Style Stiff and Soft Hats, Kid, Buck & Wool Gloves in Great Variety.

THE BEST QUALITY AND MAKE OF LEATHER AND RUBBER BOOTS - TO BE FOUND IN THE COUNTY.

CLOTHS AND CASSIMERES, FINE AND TOUGH!

N. B.—OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT CONTAINS EVERYTHING YOU WANT IN THAT LINE. PRICES LOWER THAN THE LOWEST. MOTTO—"SMALL PROFITS."

C. J. & J. M. BUCKLEY, TRAPPE, PA.

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 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.

JOSEPH G. GOTWALS, PROVIDENCE SQUARE STORE.

COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE.

CULBERT'S COUGH SYRUP—For Colds, Coughs, Croup, Hoarseness, &c. CULBERT'S LINIMENT—For Frosted Feet, Sprains, Bruises, &c. CULBERT'S COUGH CANDY—For Hoarseness, Irritation of Throat, Colds. CULBERT'S WORM SYRUP—Pleasant, Safe and Effective. CULBERT'S LIVER PILLS—For Constipation, Costiveness, &c. CULBERT'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWDER.

Pure Palm Oil Soap. Pure Imported Castile Soap.

"Flavoring Extracts. "Spices a Specialty. YEAST CAKES THAT WILL KEEP UNTIL USED. FANCY AND TOILET ARTICLES.

Joseph W. Culbert, Druggist.

WILLIAM E. JOHNSON, Collegeville Restaurant!

Harness Manufacturer,

The undersigned, having again taken charge of the Collegeville Restaurant, is once more prepared to furnish the public

Providence Square, Pa.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF HARNESS Made to order and kept on hand. First-class material and good workmanship, and no pains spared to give customer satisfaction. A full stock of all kinds of

HORSE --- GOODS!

Including Whips, Blankets, Lap Covers, &c. By attention to business and by serving my patrons to the best of my ability, I hope to merit a share of the public patronage. 27Janly

ESTABLISHED 1837. J. M. Albertson & Sons., BANKERS, Norristown, Pa.

3 Per Cent. Interest Paid on Deposits

Subject to check on 10 days notice. MONEY TO LOAN. STOCKS AND BONDS BOUGHT AND SOLD. Boxes in Vault to Rent at Low Rates.

BLACKSMITH, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Having leased the Blacksmith Shop at Blanchford's Carriage Works, I take this method of informing the public that I am fully prepared to execute work pertaining to blacksmithing in a satisfactory manner. HORSESHOEING and JOBBING A SPECIALTY. 3Feb

H. A. MOORE, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Thankful to the public for past patronage, I most respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

