



12-1-1898

## The Independent, V. 24, Thursday, December 1, 1898, [Whole Number: 1221]

The Independent

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/independent>



Part of the [American Politics Commons](#), [Cultural History Commons](#), [Social History Commons](#), and the [United States History Commons](#)

[Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.](#)

---

### Recommended Citation

Independent, The, "The Independent, V. 24, Thursday, December 1, 1898, [Whole Number: 1221]" (1898). *The Independent Newspaper, 1898-1952*. 26.  
<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/independent/26>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Historic Trappe at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Independent Newspaper, 1898-1952 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact [aprock@ursinus.edu](mailto:aprock@ursinus.edu).

52 NUMBERS:  
\$1.00

# THE INDEPENDENT

## COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1898.

VOLUME TWENTY-FOUR. ACCEPT THE TRUTH WHEREVER FOUND. DARE TO MAINTAIN THE TRUTH. \$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

**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.

**E. A. KRUSEN, M. D.**  
Homeopathic Physician,  
COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Office Hours: Until 9  
a. m.; 6 to 8 p. m.

**S. B. HORNING, M. D.**  
Practising Physician,  
EVANSBURG, Pa. Telephone in office.  
Office Hours until 9 a. m.

**DR. B. F. PLACE,**  
Dentist,  
COR. MAIN AND DEKALB STREETS  
NORRISTOWN, PA.

**DR. N. S. BORNEMAN,**  
Dentist,  
209 SWINE ST.,  
NORRISTOWN, PA.

**DR. S. D. CORNISH,**  
DENTIST,  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

**DR. FRANK BRADRETH,**  
DENTIST,  
ROVERS FORD, PA. Practical Dentistry at  
lowest prices.

**F. G. HOBSON,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
NORRISTOWN AND COLLEGEVILLE.

**EDWARD E. LONG,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
and Notary Public. Settlement of Estates a  
Specialty.

**MAYNE R. LONGSTRETH,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
and Notary Public. Land Title and Trust  
Company Building, 408 Chestnut St.,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

**HARVEY L. SHOMO,**  
Attorney at Law,  
No. 22 MAIN STREET, ROVERS FORD, PA.

**GEORGE N. COLESON,**  
Attorney at Law,  
TIMES BUILDING, NORRISTOWN, PA.

**JOHN F. WAGNER & WILLIAMS,**  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
8 E. AIRY STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.

**J. M. ZIMMERMAN,**  
Justice of the Peace,  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Legal Papers, Bonds,  
Deeds, etc., executed and acknowledgments  
taken. Conveyancing and Real Estate busi-  
ness generally attended to. The clerking of  
sales a specialty.

**JOHN S. HUNSICKER,**  
Justice of the Peace,  
RAHN STATION, PA. Conveyancing and  
General Business Agent. Clerking of sales at-  
tended to. Charges reasonable.

**B. W. WEIKEL,**  
Justice of the Peace,  
TRAPPE, PA.

**EDWARD DAVID,**  
Painter and  
Paper-Hanger,  
COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Samples of paper  
always on hand.

**PASSENGERS**  
And Baggage  
Conveyed to and from Collegeville Station.  
Charges reasonable.  
HENRY YOST, Collegeville, Pa.

**DANIEL SHULER,**  
Contractor and Builder,  
TRAPPE, PA. Contracts for the construction  
of all kinds of buildings executed. Estimates  
cheerfully furnished. 23ma.

**A. J. TRUCKESS,**  
TEACHER OF—  
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,  
PROVIDENCE SQUARE, PA. Organs tuned  
and repaired. 13aply

**JOHN H. CASSELLBERRY,**  
Surveyor & Conveyancer.  
All kinds of legal papers drawn. The clerking  
of sales a specialty. Charges reasonable.  
P. O. Address: Lower Providence, Pa. Resi-  
dence: Evansburg, Pa.

**SUNDAY PAPERS.**  
Different Philadelphia papers delivered  
to those wishing to purchase in Collegeville and  
Trappe every Sunday morning.  
HENRY YOST, News Agent,  
Collegeville, Pa.

**F. W. WALTERS,**  
Contractor and Builder,  
TRAPPE, PA.

**J. P. KOONS,**  
Practical Slater.  
RAHN STATION, PA. Dealer in every qual-  
ity of Roofing, Flagging, and Ornamental  
Slates. Send for estimates and prices.

**A. L. LOGAN,**  
Mont Clare, Pa.  
Dealer in Stoves, Heaters, Ranges, Etc.  
Particular attention given to  
SLATE ROOFING AND PLUMBING.  
Bids furnished. Keystone Phone No. 89.

**HORACE G. FETTEROLF,**  
Real Estate and Mortgages,  
1420 Chestnut Street, Phila., Pa.

**MRS. E. B. ZIEGLER,**  
Dressmaker,  
EVANSBURG, PA.

**Hood's coupon**  
Calendar  
1899 is a perfect beauty,  
patriotic, up-to-date,  
SUBJECT.

**"An American Girl"**  
One of the handsomest pieces of color work  
issued this year. Lithographed, with border  
of army and navy emblems in gold. Also a few  
6 per cent. gold ground rents. Title and  
Fire Insurance policies free of cost.

**Remember**  
Hood's Sarsaparilla is  
America's Greatest Medicine  
for the Blood and the  
Best that Money Can Buy.  
Hence take only Hood's.

**OLD NORRITON CHURCH**  
Presbyterianism in Its Relation to the  
History of Our Country.

DELIVERED BY REV. THOS. L. MURPHY,  
D. D., LL.D., AT THE TWO  
HUNDRETH ANNIVER-  
SARY OF THE OLD  
EDIFICE.

There is a passage of Scripture  
that ought to be in every heart; it  
is found in the book of Daniel and  
is as follows: "And all the inhabi-  
tants of the earth are reputed as  
nothing; and he doeth according to  
his will in the army of heaven and  
among the inhabitants of the earth;  
and none can stay his hand or say  
unto him, 'What doest thou?'"  
(Daniel 4: 35.)

God doeth according to His will  
in the army of heaven and among  
the inhabitants of the earth; and  
the great movements among mankind  
are from God's hand.

I want to point out how God pre-  
pared an American nation and the  
American Presbyterian church for  
each other. I do not wish to be  
understood to mean the technical  
Presbyterian church; the German  
Reformed, the Dutch Reformed and  
others holding the Calvinistic doc-  
trine are included.

Now, the first thing to do was to  
collect the people. The men, women  
and children who were brought to  
this country to start this church  
came largely from New England,  
Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

The great majority of these were  
refugees from persecution on ac-  
count of the faith they held dear  
and knew how to endure hardness.  
It has been estimated that three-  
fourths of the men, officers and pri-  
vates, who fought in the Revolu-  
tionary War were Calvinists—de-  
scendants of those who had suf-  
fered persecution.

Now that the people were col-  
lected the next thing was to get  
them a creed. In the year 1729  
they unanimously adopted the  
Westminster Confession of Faith  
and Catechism and to that creed  
they steadfastly adhered. It is our  
creed to-day.

Next they needed ministers.  
Only two ways of securing pastors  
were open at this time: To send  
England—that was expensive—or  
to send across the Atlantic to Scot-  
land or Ireland. It was evident  
that they must start an educational  
institution at home. The pioneer  
in this work was a woman, Cath-  
arine Kennedy, a daughter of a Pres-

byterian minister in Ireland. She  
became acquainted with an Episco-  
palian clergyman (Wm. Tennent) and  
in due time they were married.  
William Tennent afterwards became  
a Presbyterian, but whether the in-  
fluence was due to the wife's father  
we do not know. They came to  
this country from Ireland for the  
purpose of acting as missionaries  
to the Indians, but soon found that  
the Indians did not care for their  
preaching, so another field of labor  
must be sought.

They had four boys that must be  
educated and it was Catharine Ken-  
nedy who prompted her husband  
and sons to go out into the woods,  
cut down trees and build a college.  
They put up a building for the col-  
lege which was 20 feet long and 18  
feet wide. It had two tiers of win-  
dows, but the lower ones were sim-  
ply holes through which they could  
look to see if the Indians were  
near. That was the beginning of  
Log College.

Wm. Tennent became principal  
of the college and his four sons  
(Gilbert, John, William and Charles)  
became teachers. It was not only  
a school of learning, but it was a  
school of piety as well. The boys  
in that Log College were trained in  
the fear of God and in the knowl-  
edge of divine truth.

To give an instance of God's  
guidance in providing students:  
One day Wm. Tennent was in his  
school and there came to his door a  
lump of a fellow with a pack on  
his back. Tennent said to him,  
"Who are you?" "I am from Ire-  
land," "From Ireland, and what is  
your name?" "My name is Charles  
Beatty." Then Beatty opened a  
conversation with Tennent in Latin.  
Tennent, now deeply interested,  
said, "Go sell that pack and become  
a theological student." The young  
man followed this advice and be-  
came one of the brightest lights of  
that period.

The young men educated at this  
college were good scholars and  
could speak Latin, but the students  
had still to become imbued with  
the importance of vital Godliness.  
How is God to meet this difficulty?  
In the most marvelous way in all  
history. He sent to this country  
Whitefield, who came as a clear  
burning light, and set the world on  
fire with his evangelical gospel. The  
Presbyterian church soon became  
thoroughly imbued with the spirit  
of both Whitefield and Wesley.  
But this new religion was for the  
whole country. How was it to be  
disseminated? Now we began to  
see for what God had been training  
those students in the Log College.  
These pious young men went from  
east to west and from north to  
south over the whole land preach-  
ing the Gospel.

Dr. Alexander said that "one-  
eyed Robinson" was the means of  
the conversion of more souls than  
any man in this country. The four  
sons of Tennent preached the Gos-  
pel with such power that the whole  
country was touched with the spirit  
of religion. In some instances at-  
tempts were made to prohibit their  
preaching, but they were ready to  
preach even at the cost of their  
lives, if need be.

There is still another plan in the  
development of God's step to be  
traced. The church was not har-  
monious; some of these men had  
been educated on the banks of the  
Rhine, and some in Wales, and nat-  
urally they differed in their modes  
of doctrine. How was God in his  
mysterious Providence to meet the  
difficulty? The church (from 1741  
to 1758) was torn asunder, but  
when they were at last led to com-  
pare notes they found they were  
only diverse in their modes of wor-  
ship; some gave up one non-essen-  
tial and some another, until the  
breach was healed after a separa-  
tion of 17 or 18 years.

Every school was now under the  
control of Calvinistic leaders; and  
the men who were educated to write  
the Constitution of the United  
States were educated in these  
schools and, consequently, the Con-  
stitution of the United States was  
a thoroughly Calvinistic article.

At the same time the Constitu-  
tion of the United States was writ-  
ten in the city of Philadelphia, a  
church was started in the same  
city, by the same men and on the  
same principles. This was God's  
way of working out his wondrous  
scheme of preparing the Presby-  
terian church for America. So we  
find that the constitution of the  
country and the constitution of the  
church was formed in the same part  
of our State, and within a stone-  
throw of each other, and, if this  
was not God's doing, I do not know  
how to judge.

Dear friends I do rejoice with  
you who have a church 200 years  
old. There has been strength and  
energy of body, mind and soul to

build up a church to perform God's  
work. Never relax in the holy  
cause in which you are engaged. I  
rejoice that that holy and good man  
that I knew as a brother, Rev.  
Henry S. Rodenbaugh, did so much  
to strengthen this church here.

**SAVED THE FARM.**  
Jackson Smith had a hobby, an  
unconquerable aversion to old  
maids. And yet, as in very mock-  
ery of his pet antipathy, his only  
child, Sarah, had developed into  
the hated object, right in his own  
household.

Sarah was tall and angular, like  
her father, but her face was pleas-  
ing and her disposition mild and  
amiable. She had never revolted  
against anything in her life—not  
even against the injustice of spend-  
ing her youth in making preserves,  
apple butter or piecing quilts while  
other girls were making merry.

One day Jackson Smith received  
a hurt and when Dr. Brown was  
called in he told Jackson his days  
were numbered. Then it was that  
his hatred for old maids proved it-  
self.

"I'll never leave this place to a  
woman that can't get a husband,"  
he said fiercely.

"But, father, Sarah's never had a  
chance; we've always kept her  
down," remonstrated his weeping  
wife.

He waved his hand to silence her.  
"Woman, no old maid shall in-  
herit my place. I've sent by the  
doctor for Lawyer Clarke, and he'll  
come to-morrow. There's money  
enough in bank for you, but I'll fix  
it so that at your death it will go  
with the farm. Jackson Goggan,  
my namesake, shall get it all."

Tearfully Mrs. Smith imparted  
the facts to Sarah.

"Mother, would he turn you out  
of the place just because he hates  
me?" and Sarah looked incredulous.

The elder woman nodded. Then  
Sarah kissed the round, sunburned  
face and said:

"Mother, I never have revolted  
against father, but I'm going to  
save the place for you. I wouldn't  
mind so much, but you shall never  
leave your home. I'm going out  
now to think it over," and putting  
on her pink sunbonnet she went out  
the back door. When some dis-  
tance from the house she sat down  
in the shade of a tree, and while her  
heart beat loudly over her father's  
injustice she resolved to outwit  
him.

"There's Josh Mallin, he might—  
but I can't bear Josh; he chews to-  
bacco, and his mouth always looks  
dirty." She cast her eyes over the  
landscape, and on the next farm  
she saw the figure of a man in the  
field. "Yes, there's John Howard,  
but—his face grew pink—"I  
hate somehow to ask it of him."

Then with tear-stained vision, and  
giving a jerk to her sunbonnet, she  
started down the path across the  
meadow.

John Howard was hoeing corn.  
When he saw Sarah approaching,  
he stopped and leaned on his hoe, a  
look of concern on his face.

"Is the old man worse, Sarah," he  
asked.

"Yes. Dr. Brown says he can't  
live more than two or three days,  
and—oh, John, it's awful the way  
he is!"

"Yes, but you have been a good,  
sacrificing daughter, Sarah, and you  
can't blame yourself for anything,  
you—"

"Oh, you don't understand, John!  
He's going to leave everything to  
—to Jackson Goggan, and mother'll  
have to leave the farm," she half  
sobbed.

"You can't mean it, Sarah! Why  
—why that would be outrageous.  
What makes him talk of such a  
thing?"

"Because—because—I am an old  
maid, he hates all old maids," and  
her face grew pinker than the sun-  
bonnet. John Howard shifted the  
other hand and looked down.

"John, I've come to ask you—oh,  
John, don't think me brazen; it's  
for mother's sake. I can't stand to  
see her turned out, and for my part  
and if you will only help me and—  
and—come up to the house and  
pretend we are to be married—just  
until after the will is made—it  
wouldn't be so very wrong, John—  
not so bad as letting mother be put  
out of her home." She caught her  
breath in short gasps, but when  
John was silent her pink face sud-  
denly paled. "I reckon its asking a  
heap too much of you, John, but  
don't hold it against me. I could  
not see any other way. Good by,  
John." She was turning away.

"Don't go yet, Sarah. I—I think  
your idea is good, but it might not  
work. Jackson Smith is sharp.  
He'd see right through it, but—if  
if you would be willing we could

drive over to 'Squire Hall's this  
afternoon and be married. I would  
not trouble you any, Sarah. We  
could go on just the same, and I'll  
never want to marry any one else,  
and if you should you could get a  
divorce, you know.

"Oh, you're sure it makes no dif-  
ference—you don't mind, John?"  
Her tone was eager.

"No, I don't mind. I'd help you  
any way I could, Sarah. It's nigh  
noon now. I'll drive over for you  
in the buggy right after dinner."

"I'll be ready, and I wouldn't  
have asked you, John, only—only—  
you understand how it is, don't  
you?" Her face was red again.

"Why, Sarah, where have you  
been? You look as rosy as a  
poppy," and Mrs. Smith wiped the  
tears from her eyes as she gazed at  
her daughter's face.

"I've been attending to business  
for us, mother. You will not leave  
the place. I'm going over to Squire  
Hall's this evening, John Howard  
is coming to take me in the buggy."

The sun was sinking low in the  
west when John Howard and Sarah  
returned from the Squire's.

"Will you come in, John, and  
stay about some? I'd—I'd rather  
you'd tell him, if you don't mind,"  
Sarah said.

John hitched the horse and went  
in. He walked to the bedside of  
Jackson Smith and sat down.

"Uncle Jackson," he began, "I've  
come to tell you what I've done.  
You know that I've often warned  
you that some day you would lose  
the most valuable possession you  
had—"

"It's the brindle heifer," inter-  
rupted Jackson Smith, his eyes  
snapping angrily. "John Howard,  
you think because I am on my  
deathbed that you can do as you  
please, but I'll show you. It's just  
like you to shoot a neighbor's  
heifer just because she jumped into  
your wheat. I don't expect any-  
thing better of you—the whole  
party is made up of thieves and cut-  
throats—but I'll leave it in my will.  
Jackson Goggan shall law and law  
until—"

He sank back exhausted  
from his outburst.

"If you get that angry over that  
brindle heifer, Uncle Jackson, I  
don't know what you will say when  
I tell you that I have not touched  
the heifer, but I have married Sarah."

"Married—Sarah!" and Jackson  
Smith's eyes dilated. "Married  
Sarah!" he said, under his breath.

"John, give me your hand. I knew  
Sarah was a Smith. Why, there  
never was an old maid in the Smith  
family, but it did seem she meant  
to take after the Walkers—her mother  
was a Walker. I can go in peace,  
John, now that you have lifted the  
diagnose from the family. Call  
Sarah. I want to give her the  
brindle heifer."

When the lawyer came the next  
day, he wrote a will bequeathing all,  
save a life interest to Mrs. Smith,  
to his beloved daughter Sarah, who  
had gladdened the last hours of his  
life.

A few days later, with all due  
ceremony, Jackson Smith was laid  
away by the side of other Smiths.  
John Howard went home with his  
wife and her mother. At the porch  
he halted awkwardly, seeing which  
Sarah turned.

"Will you come in, John?" she  
asked.

"I'm afraid it would only pester  
you if I did. I—reckon I ought to  
go home, but I hate to leave you—  
you women folks alone—and you'll  
be kind of lonesome now."

"You might stay. We could fix  
up father's room real comfortable if  
you would just as soon," said Sarah,  
beginning to realize the awkward-  
ness of her position.

"I'd like to, Sarah. I could tend  
the crops just as well, but I'd feel  
as if I was living off you women,  
and—you might get to hate me if I  
hung around."

"You needn't be afraid of that,  
John," said Sarah, tapping her foot  
nervously on the porch floor. "It  
would be the easiest way out of  
our—our—dilemma, but, if you'd  
rather not stay we could explain to  
folks how it was that you just mar-  
ried to save the farm."

"But, Sarah, if we told that, it  
would be a lie. I took advantage  
of your trouble to get you married  
to me, and you didn't suspect me,  
but now I feel mean and as if you  
will not respect me when I tell you  
the truth." Sarah gazed at him in  
wonder. What could he mean, she  
thought, but no sound came from  
her lips and he continued: "I've  
been trying for five years to ask  
you to marry me, but I never could  
do it, and when you came to me in  
your trouble I jumped at the chance,  
Sarah, because I wanted you—I've  
always wanted you, but now I feel  
I can't stay—unless you can take  
me for your husband in earnest."

His eyes did not lift to her face.  
"John!" Her eyes were open  
wide in amazement, and the face so  
lately tear-stained became radiant  
with unexpected joy. "You love  
me?" she questioned in glad un-  
belief. "Why, I have loved you all  
the time, too," she whispered.

**THE DINNER PARTY.**  
They had only been married a  
month and it was their first dinner  
party, consequently they were both  
a little flurried when the time came  
for the guests to arrive.

She had superintended the ar-  
ranging of the table herself, and  
now stood surveying its new silver,  
glass and linen with housewifely  
pride.

"Do you really think every-  
thing will go well, Tom?" she asked  
for the twentieth time.

"Of course it will go well. I only  
pity the poor fellows who have no  
wife and no home of their own."

"Oh, Tom, how nice!" she gur-  
gled, "and how I do pity the girls  
who have no nice, kind husbands!  
There is Helen. She is such a nice,  
sweet girl, she really ought to know  
how nice it is to be married."

"Yes, indeed. And then there is  
Jack. He has no ideas of what  
happiness he is missing."

She walked into the parlor, and,  
standing before the mirror, she re-  
arranged the rose in her hair.

"Do you like to see it so?" she  
asked.

"It is lovely. Poor Jack! how he  
must envy me."

"And, O, Tom, I do feel sorry for  
Helen. Hark! is that a carriage?"

They both fell into easy attitudes  
of expectancy, but the carriage  
rolled on. He took out his watch  
and looked at it. It was just seven.

"O, dear," she murmured. "I'm  
afraid they will not be prompt, and  
my note said seven, sharp."

"Perhaps my watch is fast," he  
said, knowingly.

She moved her lace pin a little,  
regarding herself in the glass with  
a critical air. He walked up and  
down with his hands in his pockets.

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "They  
are late already, and the cook will  
be so cross. She looks perfectly  
colossal when she is cross, Tom."

"And the women will have to  
chatter half an hour in the dressing  
room after they come," he groaned.

"Why, Tom, how unkind! As if  
the men did not like to stay just as  
long with their horrid cigars."

"Listen; here they come!"

"They fell again into positions,  
but the wheels passed on."

"It is odd," she said. "People  
never kept mamma waiting this  
way. They were always anxious to  
come to her house."

"Perhaps they have gone there  
now."

"Why, Tom! But I do wish they  
would come! I'm afraid the dinner  
is ruined. I don't dare to go to see.  
I wonder if I might call down the  
tube?"

"Of course," was the airy re-  
sponse. "I say, this is an awful  
bore. I envy Jack. Nobody ex-  
pects him to give dinner parties."

"And I envy Helen. She has no  
one to talk unkindly to her."

The clock chimed the half hour.  
"You are sure you said seven,  
sharp?"

"Of course I am. I am not quite  
an imbecile yet, if I have married  
you."

"Who is talking unkindly now?"  
"O, I never thought you would  
treat me so when you begged me to  
marry you."

"But why did everybody stay  
away?" he muttered between his  
teeth.

"Haven't we a friend in the  
world?" she asked herself.

Then she gave a cry. Her eye  
had fallen on a white heap in the  
corner of a drawer.

"Tom," she cried in tragic tones,  
"there are all my invitations now. I  
had forgotten to mail them."

They looked at each other a mo-  
ment, those two who were about to  
part forever. Then a smile curled  
the corner of her mouth. In an in-  
stant she was clasped in his arms.  
Then a shrill whistle sounded from  
the tube and an offended voice  
called:

"Would yez be havin' any dinner  
to-night?"

"Oh, Tom," she whispered, "how  
shall I ever tell the cook?"—N. Y.  
World.

**MADE A REPUTATION.**  
Some good men are naturally  
such teachers, and so full of bene-  
volence, especially toward the young,  
that they cannot help spreading  
wisdom wherever they go. That  
the seed may fall on a stony ground  
is proved by a story which a gen-  
tleman, who went hunting  
far into the interior of Nova Scotia,  
tells in a letter.

The hunter was carried sixteen  
miles at night by a boy sixteen  
years old and a horse fifteen years  
old. The ride was tedious, and the  
boy driver was inclined to fall  
asleep. The hunter, therefore,  
thought to interest him in some-  
thing. "I see we are going due  
west," he said.

"How do you know that?" asked  
the boy. "Were you ever here be-  
fore?"

"No; but there is the North  
Star."

"How do you know it is the  
North Star?"

"Why, there are the pointers."  
"What pointers?"

The hunter explained and told  
the boy how to find the North  
Star. Then he pointed out two of  
the planets. The boy seemed wide  
awake now, and the hunter went on  
to give him his first lesson in as-  
tronomy, telling him how Jupiter  
was 1300 times as large as the  
earth, and how Mars showed changes  
of the seasons—how it had bay  
and apparent canals, and so forth,  
and how it was supposed by many  
to have intelligent inhabitants.

When, after his hunting, the  
stranger returned to town whence  
he had hired the conveyance and  
the boy, he found that the people  
seemed to have a certain humorous  
interest in him. It was so evident  
that he was the object of some cu-  
riosity or joke that he made inqui-  
ries, and finally found a man that  
could tell him.

"Why," said the informant, "you  
have made a great reputation for  
yourself around here."

"In what way?"

"Oh, the kid that drove you over  
to—the other night came back  
the next day and told all the 'set-  
tlers' at the hotel that of all the  
liars he ever heard you were the  
sickest."

"What lie did I tell him?"

"The boy said you pretended to  
know the number of miles to the  
sun, and that you pointed to a star  
that said was called





