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The Independent, V. 24, Thursday, March 2, 1899, [Whole Number: 1234]

The Independent

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ESTABLISHED
1875.
Whole Number:
1234

THE INDEPENDENT

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
THURSDAY, MARCH 2, 1899.

52 NUMBERS:
\$1.00

VOLUME TWENTY-FOUR.

5555

ACCEPT THE TRUTH WHEREVER FOUND.

5555

DARE TO MAINTAIN THE TRUTH.

5555

\$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,
OUR MAIN AND DEKALB STREETS
NORRISTOWN, PA.

Dr. N. S. Bormeman,
Cheap and Reliable Dentistry.
209 SWEDEN ST., NORRISTOWN, PA.

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

DR. FRANK BRANDRETH,
DENTIST,
ROYSERSFORD, 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. No. 112 Cross Street,
1420 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

HARVEY L. SHOMO,
Attorney-at-Law,
No. 225 MAIN STREET, ROYSERSFORD, PA.

GEORGE N. COBSON,
Attorney-at-Law,
TIMES BUILDING, NORRISTOWN, PA.

JOHN T. WAGNER,
Attorney-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. Carefully drawn.
Claims collected. Sales clerking. Moderate
charges. 20/10.

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

EDWARD DAVID,
Painter and
Paper-Hanger,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA. 42 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. 20/10.

A. J. TRUCKENSS,
Contractor and
Builder,
VOCAL and INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC,
PROVIDENCE SQUARE, Pa. Organs tuned
and repaired. 14/10.

JOHN H. CASSELLERY,
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. 18/10.

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 quality
of Roofing, Plugging, and Ornamental
Slates. Send for estimates and prices.

A. L. LOGAN, Mont Clare, Pa.
Dealer in Stoves, Ranges, Etc.
Particular attention given to
SLATE ROOFING AND PLUMBING.
Bids furnished. Keystone Phone No. 50.

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

ROBERT OHLERT,
Carriage Builder.
New and Second-hand Wagons constantly on
hand. Repairing and Reupholstering done in all its
branches. Four new horse shoes put on for \$1.
ROYSERSFORD, PA.

**“Durability is
Better Than Show.”**

*The wealth of the multi-
millionaire is not equal to
good health. Riches without
health are a curse, and yet the
rich, the middle classes and
the poor alike have, in Hood's
Sarsaparilla, a valuable as-
sistant in getting and main-
taining perfect health. It
never disappoints.*

*Scurfiness—Three years ago our son,
now eleven, had a serious case of scurfiness
and dandruff with itching sores, discharge,
and itching constantly. He could not
walk. Several physicians did not help for
six months. Three months' treatment
with Hood's Sarsaparilla made him per-
fectly well. We are glad to tell others of it.”
Mrs. DAVID LADD, Ottawa, Kansas.*

*Nausea—“Vomiting, spells, dizziness
and prostration troubled me for years.
Headache, grew weak and could not
sleep. My age was about 40, but Hood's
Sarsaparilla cured me thoroughly. My
weight increased from 125 to 145 pounds. I
am the mother of nine children. Never felt
so well and strong since I was married as I
do now.” Mrs. M. A. WATSON, 1329 35th St.,
Washington, D. C.*

*Eczema—“We had to tie the hands of
our two-year-old son on account of eczema
on face and limbs. No medicine even
helped until we used Hood's Sarsaparilla,
which soon cured.” Mrs. A. V. WYCK, 123
Montgomery Street, Paterson, N. J.*

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

*Hood's Sarsaparilla
is a cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.*

LUCINDA'S PROFESSOR.

Lucinda Bowers looked at the
little invitation card and rebellion
arose in her heart.

“I don't care,” she said. “I'm
going.”

All the Ohio village of Valley
City knew that afternoon that
Lucinda Bowers was buying a new
dress. Margaret Elton had seen
her purchasing the organdie at
Dorchester's that morning. Ben
Sturgis met Ruth Ames, on his
way home to dinner, and told her
just what kind of paper patterns he
had sold to Lucinda.

Mrs. Benson, who had issued
cards for a lawn party on the fol-
lowing Thursday, could hardly have
been expected to know who com-
posed “society” in Valley City, and
who was beyond the pale, though
several well disposed persons, when
they heard that old Sam Bowers'
daughter had been invited, would
have put in a word in the right di-
rection had the list been submitted
them.

“Mrs. Benson means well,” re-
marked the widow Simpkins, “but
she judges more by a pretty face
and a lively tongue than by family.”

“I should be very grateful,” said
young Mrs. Benson to Lucinda, “if
you would help me with the ice
cream and cake at the party next
week.”

Wherever Lucinda went it was
expected that she would look after
the comestibles which Valley City
called refreshments. She dispensed
the layer cake at the strawberry
and ice cream festival; she filled
the candy bags at Christmas time,
and attended to the commissary
arrangements at the annual Sunday
school picnics. Indeed, Lucinda
Bowers had been a burden-bearer
from her childhood. She paid the
rent and clothed her brothers and
sisters from the wages which she
earned as a school teacher. She
led the Christian Endeavor meet-
ings when nobody else would do
so. She stilled the faint spark
which still remained in the Woman's
Missionary Society and kept the
sewing circle from disintegration.

It seemed as though Lucinda
Bowers had always been old. As
a matter of fact she was hardly
twenty-five. She might have been
pretty if she had given more time
to sleep and less to care and worry.

While the whole town was busy
discussing the addition to Lucinda's
wardrobe, the young woman was
busy at work upon her first new
dress in two years. The organdie
was slipped over an old skirt of
blue silk which had belonged to her
grandmother. A few bits of lace,
a few lines of tucks, a girle of
blue silk ribbon, and the dress was
done.

“I suppose,” remarked Lucinda
on the evening of the party, as she
looked at herself critically in the
cracked mirror of the old walnut
bureau, “that it's wicked for me to
spend this money on dress when
Johnny may need a new pair of
shoes before long. I wish I wasn't
so rebellious, but I can't help it.”

The Benson lawn party is still
famous in the social history of Val-
ley City. The ambitious young
matron who gave the entertainment
was not content with the grass plot
which surrounded her own pink
cottage. She took the lawn be-
longing to her neighbor as well.
Showers of wild flowers hung from
the old cherry tree in the centre of
the lawn. Chinese lanterns shone
from the fir trees, and a genuine
“Rebecca's Well” gave forth the
most wonderful lemonade—lemon-
ade fortified with the flavor of pine-
apple and oranges.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Benson in reply
to the gentle inquiry of widow
Simpkins, “I got the receipt at my
home in the East. It is very popu-
lar there.”

She did not think it necessary to
say that this marvelous sherbet was
compounded by Lucinda Bowers.
Neither did she consider it of any
use to tell her guests that the ar-
rangement of the tables under the
old cherry tree was suggested by
the young woman in blue organdie.

The fame of those refreshments,
which were served on the night on
which Mrs. James Jerome Benson
sprang into social prominence, still
lives. The “angel food,” a species
of sponge cake, was really the best
which has ever been served in Val-
ley City. Even to the present day
the matrons of that town are wont
to say: “I'd like to entertain, too,
if I could make such ‘angel food’ as
Mrs. Benson had at her lawn party.”

Mrs. Benson had never explained
that Lucinda made the ambrosial
confection which was served at her
tables on that memorable night.

The divinity who brought order
out of the chaos of ice cream
freezers and cake stands, was ar-
ranged in blue organdie. Lucinda
Bowers, principally because she was
not aware of the fact, was positively
pretty that night. Her cheeks were
flushed, her eyes sparkling. She
directed the band of white-clad
young girls who carried about the
ice cream laden saucers and handed
the tiny coffee cups to the guests.

The attention of those who were
there on that evening was divided
between the “angel food” and a lit-
erary lion from New York. He had
not been much of a lion when he
went away from Valley City many
years before. The widow Simpkins
remembered him as a red-headed,
bare-footed boy, who trudged over
the hill with his bucket of black-
berries to sell. Since those days,
however, William Dorrance had
traded bags of wool and sides of
bacon for a college education. Subse-
quently he had wandered to strange
lands, and in one of his pilgrimages
had unearthed a long buried city.

It was not the city which was of
so much importance, but a pavem-
ent in a wonderful state of preser-
vation, which showed that civilization
was at least two thousand years
older than any previous history re-
vealed. So William Dorrance, re-
turning from the dusty plains of
the remote East, had written a book
which caused all previous chronolo-
gists to hang their heads. Valley
City cared little for antiquity, but
here was a man who had not only
written a book, but was talked
about in the daily papers as a great
Assyriologist and explorer.

William Dorrance seemed to have
no very definite idea why he had
come back to the little village. He
had made himself believe that he
wished to photograph some of the
old places which he had known in
his boyhood. He had gone with
his camera to the old mill, to the
little house where he was born, and
to the cabin on the outskirts of the
village which marks the spot where
the first white man made his home
in Bottolo county. Yet William
Dorrance was not satisfied. It
seemed to him that he had uncon-
sciously come to seek.

“Mrs. Benson,” he asked, “who
is that young woman over there in
the blue gown?”

“You seem to have been explor-
ing among the layer cakes,” replied
Mrs. Benson. “That is Miss Bowers,
a young lady who has kindly con-
sented to assist me this evening.”
By the way, Professor, have you
met the Misses Fletcher? They're
charming girls.”

“And the girl in blue?” persisted
the explorer.

Nobody knew exactly what hap-
pened, but a few minutes later an-
other young lady was dispensing
“angel food” and others directed the
ice cream brigade.

“Well, I never!” ejaculated the
widow Simpkins.

“How little taste,” remarked
Margaret Elton, “these men of sci-
ence have. Still, that blue organdie
isn't so bad, considering the fact
that it's slipped over a blue
skirt of about the year one.”

Lucinda Bowers went home that
night escorted by Prof. Dorrance.
For the first time in her busy,
work-a-day life, she had what the
village young people called a
“beau.” The woman and the young
man who walked along the low
hedge before Mrs. Bowers' yard did
not talk of “angel food” nor yet of
buried cities. They spoke of a
place over beyond Kinney's Hill,
where the blackberries grew and
the pawpaws flourished. They
talked, too, of the days when the
hand of the frost king was laid
upon the persimmon, and a crystal
sheen glistened upon the corn and
the pumpkin—of the days when
they trudged over the field with
sacks of unhusked walnuts, specu-
lating as they walked, upon the
length of time which would be re-
quired to rid their small fingers of
unwishty stains.

“Do you remember,” asked the
girl, “how you used to hunt ar-
rowheads along the creek?”

“Yes,” he replied, “and I remem-
ber that it was at your suggestion
that I started to explore an Indian
mound. I was just ten years old.
I believe that it was then that I
acquired my taste for archeology.”

“I think,” replied the girl, “that
we found a sheep's skull and a mus-
sel shell. I am sure that you owe
your career to me.”

“I have often thought so,” said
the man.

Valley City was busy talking the
next day. Then the young women
began to act. They liked each
other none too well, but all com-
bined against a common foe. Here
was one, not even recognized in the
social register of the little town,
who had presumed to attract the
attention of a distinguished ex-
plorer.

This coalition of social powers at
once began an active campaign.
There were drives to the Rock
House, and Lucinda was carefully
excluded from the list of guests.
Prof. Dorrance, as the drives were
arranged especially for his benefit
could not very well refuse the in-
vitations. There was a dance at Dr.
Hyde's, and the name of Lucinda
Bowers appeared on no dancing
card. The professor was no dancer.
Mrs. Benson, who was a remote re-
lative of his by marriage, insisted
that he must attend.

“I rather think,” said Margaret
Elton to her mother one morning,
“that the professor has forgotten
all about our young friend of her
grandmother's skirt.”

But the young women of Valley
City who composed what was
known as the “set” received invita-
tions that afternoon which caused
them to open their eyes in astonish-
ment. Miss Lucinda Bowers was
to give an afternoon tea. If the
brass ball had suddenly fallen from
the cupola of the Court House,
Valley City would not have been
more astonished.

“I didn't suppose,” said the wi-
dow Simpkins' daughter, “that the
girl had three silver teaspoons in
the house.”

The young women of the “set”
took counsel together over the
matter, and decided to go to the
tea. Of course none of them had
ever invited Lucinda to a tea; but
feminine curiosity is mighty, even
in Valley City.

That Friday afternoon found fif-
teen modestly dressed young wo-
men in the little house in which
dwelt Mrs. Bowers and her five
children. There was no silver tea-
set and the silver spoons were worn
and yellow in places; but the nap-
kins on the little tea table gave
forth a grateful fragrance, and the
“angel food” was of marvelous
flakiness.

“I am so glad,” said Lucinda, as
she toyed nervously with the edge
of a hemstitched napkin, “that you
have all come to-day. I have known
you girls since we were children.
I have something to tell which I
want you to know first of all. I

am to be married next month to
Professor Dorrance.”

The young women crowded about
her and congratulated her, loudness
of tone making up for lack of sin-
cerity.

“I suppose,” said Lucinda to her
mother after the guests had de-
parted, “that it wasn't Christianlike
for me to exult over them that way,
but somehow when things go so far
I rebel, and I can't help it.”

THE GOLDEN BOUDOIR.

“Ha, ha! So you are surprised
that I have a daughter old enough
to marry. Why, old man, I am
very nearly your age. I suppose it
is my clean-shaven face that gives
me such a boyish look.”

“This extreme youthfulness of
my appearance once rescued me
from a most embarrassing position,
thanks to the quick wit of a beau-
tiful woman. I'd like to tell you
about it, if you have time.”

“Help yourself to another of
those Perfectoes, my dear old fel-
low. Yes, they are good. I never
smoke anything else myself. A
friend of mine imports them for a
select few of us. Let us have an-
other B. and S. also. I can always
spin a yarn better if I have some-
thing snappy to sip during its pro-
gress.”

“It was just ten years ago last
March. You can readily imagine
that I was considerably younger
looking than now. The last ten
years have told more than any
previous period. The wrinkles
gather rapidly when they get a
slight start, and I am growing very
heavy. In those days I was as
slim and straight as a college boy,
though I had then been married
several years and was the father of
two small children.

“Of course there is a woman in
the story. Who ever has heard of
a good or bad tale that was not
about a woman, from the first fairy
story, in which Mother Eve was the
heroine, to the bit of club gossip?
I am sure if any one ever presumed
to relate a tale without the inevita-
ble feminine element he would be
voted a bore.

“By Jove! There goes a beauty
now. See that tall stately girl
crossing the avenue? Somehow
she reminds me of Eloise, the wo-
man I want to tell you about.”

“How vividly I remember the
first time I saw her. It was in
London, at Irving's performance of
“Faust.” They were in a box, Eloise,
and another woman. The other was
a great magnificent creature
a brunette of the most pronounced
type, and with a superb figure.
Eloise looked slim beside her, and
she was a fine woman herself. At
the first glance the other woman
entirely eclipsed Eloise, but later
the rare charm of the fairer and
finer woman magnetized me. The
brunette's expression never changed.
She was merely beautiful and not-
ing more. But Eloise! Words are
powerless to express the loveliness
of her intense personality—her ra-
diant smiles and sweet seriousness;
the dimples that chased each
other around her full, luscious, pas-
sionate mouth; her pearly, even
teeth, and reticent nose, and,
above all, her wonderful eyes. Have
you seen epals that sparkle at
times with vivid green flashes?
They are like her eyes—large and
deep, and fringed with long lashes
—lashes not innocent of the black-
ened pencil, I must confess. Her
brows, too, were perfect arches.
She told me in confidence, when I
became well acquainted with her,
that her hair dresser assisted in
making them so utterly symmetri-
cal. Her complexion also was so
rather suggestive of the rouge jar
and powder puff; but what is a trifle
like that to a fascinating woman?
A mere blemishment of
nature beauty in my estimation.

“She was a widow when I first
succeeded in obtaining an introduc-
tion to her and we became great
chums.

“I fancy she thought me a boy,
and I did not take the trouble to
enlighten her as to my age. Our
friendship was too pleasant to spoil
and I was abroad on a holiday trip
and meant to make the most of my
temporary freedom.

“But the best of friends must
part, you know, and the old rule
came true in our case, for my holi-
day came to an end all too quickly,
like most pleasant things, and I re-
turned to New York and the ordi-
nary affairs of every day humdrum
existence and came near forgetting
completely the glowing green eyes
of Eloise.

“By the way, did I tell you she
had a son at school? I never was
able to discover her age, nor the
boy's. She was not a devoted
mother, and I do not believe that

she set eyes on the boy from one
year's end to another. Her first
husband was an Englishman, whose
father had asked permission to
adopt the boy, and I doubt not the
request was readily granted.

“Well, two years after this happy
summer in London, I was strolling
up Broadway one day, possessed
by a feeling of intense ennui and
longing for excitement, when a
brougham dashed up to the curb,
and Eloise's sweet face looked
laughingly out at me from beneath
a great sunshade of crimson silk
and lace. She always affected a
rather bizarre style of costume.

“You may well believe I accepted
with alacrity her invitation to get
in beside her, and as we bowled
through the park, she confided to
me how she had married again, and
how her husband was out of town
on business. “If he were not away,
you may be sure you would not be
here,” she said, laughingly. “He is
terribly in love with me, and fright-
fully jealous. Oh! and she shrugged
her shapely shoulders expressively,
“how uncomfortable he would make
it for us if he could see us now.”

“Why did you marry him?” I
inquired.

“Ah, he is rich, my dear fellow,
and he can indulge my little fads.
And rather expensive at times they
are, I assure you. At present I
have a fancy for a golden boudoir.
How would you like to be favored
with a peep at the fairy corner? I
really have a mind to take you
home with me, just for a lark. It
is so wondrously long since I had any
fun, and she laughed wickedly,
while the green lights in her eyes
sparkled dangerously from beneath
her half-closed lids.

“Needless to say I was ready for
any frolic with a clever, charming
woman, so we drove down to
Gramercy Park, where she had
leased a house for the season.

“You are so delightfully young,
she said, “that the servants will not
be at all scandalized.”

“Well, we lunched together in
her tiny morning room, with its
background of flowering palms, and
its crystal globes of goldfish and
gilded cases of sweet-throated can-
aries. The luncheon was perfection
in every detail of service and cus-
ine. Eloise always was something
of an epicure. Then she consented
to indulge in a scented cigarette,
after dismissing the sedate old but-
ler. By that time we were in high
spirits, and Eloise laughingly bade
follow her, saying she would lead
me to the casket of gold that lay
at the foot of rainbows.

“I fairly gasped with pleasure at
my first glimpse into that sacred
apartment. It was the most beau-
tiful room I have ever beheld. The
floor was tinted a pale gold color,
and strewn with soft white rugs.
All of the furnishings were gilded,
and exquisitely painted with great
clusters of creamy roses. In an
arched recess stood a couch fit for
a queen, in its faint gold carvings
and filigree intricacies, spread with
a gold-colored satinen coverlet, and
plated high with downy pillows of
cream and gold. But the chel
d'œuvre of this wondrous jewel box
was the dressing table, on a raised
dais in a lighted nook, like a pried
diem. This golden marvel was in-
laid with mother of pearl and
draped with costly lace, while
strewn over its surface were two
score of solid gold toilet articles,
of which I do not even know the
names. Powder boxes set with un-
cut gemstones. Brushes encrusted
with pearls and turquoises. Such a
lavishness of luxury as is seldom at-
tained even in a favorite's apart-
ment of an eastern harem. I was
so amazed at the barbaric splendor
of the outfit, and Eloise was so
childishly pleased at my admira-
tion of her new toys, that we
neither of us heard a sound until
the gold wrought tapestry portieres
were torn violently aside, and a
short, heavily built, Jewish looking
man strode hastily toward us, fairly
choking with rage, and his eyes
blazing wrathfully.

“I thought my time had come,
and I did not take the trouble to
enlighten her as to my age. Our
friendship was too pleasant to spoil
and I was abroad on a holiday trip
and meant to make the most of my
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“how uncomfortable he would make
it for us if he could see us now.”

“Why did you marry him?” I
inquired.

“Ah, he is rich, my dear fellow,
and he can indulge my little fads.
And rather expensive at times they
are, I assure you. At present I
have a fancy for a golden boudoir.
How would you like to be favored
with a peep at the fairy corner? I
really have a mind to take you
home with me, just for a lark. It
is so wondrously long since I had any
fun, and she laughed wickedly,
while the green lights in her eyes
sparkled dangerously from beneath
her half-closed lids.

“Needless to say I was ready for
any frolic with a clever, charming
woman, so we drove down to
Gramercy Park, where she had
leased a house for the season.

“You are so delightfully young,
she said, “that the servants will not
be at all scandalized.”

“Well, we lunched together in
her tiny morning room, with its
background of flowering palms, and
its crystal globes of goldfish and
gilded cases of sweet-throated can-
aries. The luncheon was perfection
in every detail of service and cus-
ine. Eloise always was something
of an epicure. Then she consented
to indulge in a scented cigarette,
after dismissing the sedate old but-
ler. By that time we were in high
spirits, and Eloise laughingly bade
follow her, saying she would lead
me to the casket of gold that lay
at the foot of rainbows.

“I fairly gasped with pleasure at
my first glimpse into that sacred
apartment. It was the most beau-
tiful room I have ever beheld. The
floor was tinted a pale gold color,
and strewn with soft white rugs.
All of the furnishings were gilded,
and exquisitely painted with great
clusters of creamy roses. In an
arched recess stood a couch fit for
a queen, in its faint gold carvings
and filigree intricacies, spread with
a gold-colored satinen coverlet, and
plated high with downy pillows of
cream and gold. But the chel
d'œuvre of this wondrous jewel box
was the dressing table, on a raised
dais in a lighted nook, like a pried
diem. This golden marvel was in-
laid with mother of pearl and
draped with costly lace, while
strewn over its surface were two
score of solid gold toilet articles,
of which I do not even know the
names. Powder boxes set with un-
cut gemstones. Brushes encrusted
with pearls and turquoises. Such a
lavishness of luxury as is seldom at-
tained even in a favorite's apart-

THE INDEPENDENT

TERMS --- \$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Thursday, March 2, 1899

John H. Bartman is authorized to collect accounts due The Independent, and receive the names of new subscribers.

CHURCH SERVICES.

Episcopal service at St. James, Evansburg, every Sunday at 10.30 a. m. and 7 p. m.

St. Paul's Memorial Protestant Episcopal Church, Oaks Station, Rev. J. Douglas, rector.

First Baptist Church, Rev. J. S. Tomlinson, pastor, Sunday School at 9.30 a. m.

St. Luke's Reformed Church, Trappe, Rev. L. Messinger, pastor. Weekly services as follows: Sunday School at 9 a. m.

Lower Providence Presbyterian Church, Rev. C. R. Brodhead, pastor, Sunday School, 9.30 a. m.

Lower Providence Baptist Church, Rev. E. W. M. G. P. Perry, pastor, every Sunday, 10.30 a. m.

United Evangelical Church, Trappe, Services next Sunday at 2.30 p. m.

Trinity Church: Wednesday evening, prayer service at 7.30 and the C. M. monthly business meeting at 8.30 o'clock.

Home and Abroad. Meeting of Town Council. To-morrow (Friday) evening.

When the newly elected members will take their seats and Council will be organized for another year.

May the Borough Fathers get on swimmingly.

Observe the numerous public sales advertised in this issue of the INDEPENDENT.

Sales advertised in the INDEPENDENT were well advertised every time.

Fair prices are being realized for live stock, farming implements, etc.

The annual sale of N. H. Benjamin & Co., Phoenixville, Thursday, March 9, at 5 p. m.

There will be a fox let-out at Fryer's Fruitville hotel, on Saturday, March 4, at 2 p. m.

Another very readable contribution from Miss Zollers, formerly of Trappe, now of Oklahoma Territory, on the editorial page.

John H. Casselberry, of Lower Providence, is looking lots of orders for fruit, shade and ornamental trees. He represents Hoopes Bros. and Thomas, of West Chester.

Tree planting is becoming more popular every year.

Rev. William J. Finck, of Anderson, Indiana, visited friends in this borough and Trappe last week.

John W. Bickel, of Norris-town, is preparing to write a history of the Bickel family.

Ninety-five per cent. of all the toothpicks made in the United States are framed from white birch timber in Franklin county, Me.

The sheds at Blue Bell Church were blown down on Sunday evening by the high wind.

Mock turtle soup and possum lunch served free at Beckman's hotel, Trappe, Saturday evening next.

At the recent election Amos E. Baker was elected Supervisor of Upper Pottsgrove by a majority of one vote.

The storm, Sunday night, lifted the roof from the barn of J. W. Holmes, in Norristown.

John Hambrecht, a retired resident of West Norristown, died Saturday, aged 69 years.

Senator W. P. Snyder, of Spring City, has introduced a bill providing for an appropriation of \$43,000 for the new Phoenixville Hospital.

Thomas Graham, of East Elm street, Norristown, celebrated the 80th anniversary of his birth on Monday evening.

Over 400 signers have petitioned the Reading Railway Company to place a flagman at Keliance crossing, near Southport, the scene of a recent fatality and numerous narrow escapes.

Public Sale of Horses.

Murray Moore sold at public sale at Beckman's hotel, Trappe, Monday afternoon, sixteen Missouri horses, at an average price of \$69.38 per horse.

Proposed Loan Defeated.

At the February election the proposition to increase the bonded indebtedness of Ambley in the amount of \$18,000 was defeated by 22 votes.

High School Building to Be Enlarged.

At a special meeting of the Norris-town School Board, Friday evening, it was decided to build an addition to the present High School building.

A Raceoon Killed.

Monday night F. W. Scheuren and Joseph Cole, of this borough, and E. M. Cleaver, of Lower Providence, succeeded in shooting a large raccoon in the woods near Cassel's school house, Skippack.

Hotel Property Sold.

The Lamb Hotel, in the borough of Trappe, was sold by J. B. Smoyer, at public sale last Saturday for \$7200.

An Arm Crushed.

Frank Hammer, a brakeman on south-bound freight No. 78, known as "The Buck," on the P. & R. Railroad, had an arm crushed while coupling cars at Birdsboro, Monday afternoon, and will lose the arm.

Township to Be Divided.

A petition has been circulated praying for a division of Frederick township into two separate townships. It is now divided into two election districts.

The Last Rites.

The funeral of Clement G. Fetterolf, whose death was announced last week, was held Wednesday afternoon at 3.30.

Alms-house Affairs.

A regular meeting of the Directors of the Poor was held at the Alms-house last Thursday. Orders passed for the payment of bills aggregated \$2031.42.

An Early Easter.

Easter this year will come April 2, an early date. March 22 is the earliest date upon which Easter can come.

A Horse Ran Away and Froze to Death.

Several days after the famous February blizzard Wilson Hedrich, of Skippack, wrote to his friends that the animal broke loose from the sleigh and could not be located.

An Upper Merion House Destroyed by Fire.

The large mansion house of Sam'l Tyson, in Upper Merion township, near King of Prussia, was destroyed by fire Saturday evening.

Trappe Politics.

Trappe has for years been far-famed by reason of its old Lutheran church, the burial place of the Mullenbergs, Governor Shunk, and other distinguished men, and it is a good place for human habitation.

Money Wanted.

Not to invest in bonds, mortgages, or other securities, but money with which to meet our obligations. If we had the authority to coin or lithograph different forms and denominations of notes, we could worry along without the many hundred dollars due us in comparatively small amounts from numerous individuals, but we are not living in that kind of a world.

W. C. T. U.

The Collegiate W. C. T. U. will hold its regular monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. E. A. Krusen on Tuesday afternoon, March 7, at 2.30 o'clock.

Died at the Alms-house.

Abraham Harley, one time a resident of Hoversford, and also of Limerick township, died of old age at the Alms-house Tuesday.

\$100 REWARD.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh of the Bladder.

Wanted.

A girl to do general house work on a farm. Apply to or address Mrs. J. J. BECITTEL, Yerkes, Pa.

For Rent.

Four acres and 12 Acres near Shannonville. Apply to ALBERT CRAWFORD, Shannonville, Montg. Co., Pa.

For Rent.

A good farm of 145 acres. Apply to J. H. Y. and E. M. ZIMMERMAN, Near Providence Square, Montg. Co., Pa.

For Rent.

For rent on reasonable terms. Full particulars call on JOSEPH C. JOHNSON, Providence Square, Pa.

For Rent.

A room for rent, formerly occupied by D. C. Shuler, Trappe, Pa. Apply to E. G. BROWNBACK.

Woman's Missionary Society.

The regular business meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of St. Luke's Church, Trappe, will be held in the lecture room Saturday afternoon, March 4, at 3 o'clock.

Died at Ninety-Four.

Mrs. Catharine Finkbeiner, one of the oldest inhabitants of the county, died Sunday evening at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. David Funk, Norristown, of old age and dropsy.

Never Too Old to Practice Benevolence.

Last Thursday afternoon interesting exercises were held at the Lutheran Orphans' Home, German town, in connection with the celebration of the eightieth birthday of Henry Lehman, of Norristown.

Excitement Near Grater's Ford.

An obstreperous tenant defies a constable, but is overpowered and taken to jail.

Wedding Bells in Skippack.

A pretty home wedding took place at the residence of Mr. Joseph S. Wismer, in Skippack, Wednesday last week, when his daughter, Miss Barbara T. Wismer, was united in wedlock to Mr. Daniel B. Cassel, of the same township.

Iron-bridge Notes.

Mrs. Thomas Lowmes, a long resident of this place, but for recent years living with her son in Philadelphia, died last Friday morning at the age of 96.

The Last Rites.

The funeral of Mrs. Seldormidge, who died last week, was held on Sunday evening, and interment was made on Monday at St. John's Lutheran Church, Centre Square.

Alms-house Affairs.

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Meeting of Stockholders.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Collegeville Ice Manufacturing Company was held at the residence of Dr. E. A. Krusen, the Secretary of the Company, last Thursday afternoon.

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From Fairview Village.

J. Kramer, residing on the M. Grater lot, has started huckstering and will soon move to Jonas Wilce's place.

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Public Sale of Carriages, Harness, Etc.

Will be sold at public sale, on THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1899, at the Market House, Phoenixville, Pa., about one mile east of Collegeville, the following personal property: 4 Horses; 2 Iron greys, 8 years old, weighing about 2500 lbs. each.

Public Sale of Personal Property.

Will be sold at public sale, on TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1899, at the residence of the undersigned, in Skippack township, Montgomery county, Pa., about one mile east of Collegeville, the following personal property:

Public Sale of Personal Property.

Will be sold at public sale, on FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1899, at the residence of the undersigned, in the borough of Collegeville, the following personal property: 4 cows, one of which is a Friesian cow, weighing about 1000 lbs.

Public Sale of Personal Property.

Will be sold at public sale, on FRIDAY, MARCH 10, 1899, at the residence of the undersigned, in the borough of Collegeville, the following personal property: 4 cows, one of which is a Friesian cow, weighing about 1000 lbs.

Public Sale of Personal Property.

Will be sold at public sale, on THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1899, at the residence of the undersigned near Oaks Station, in Upper Providence township, the following personal property: Three Horses; No. 1, bay mare 6 years old, 16 hands high, an active driver and an extra fine, strong puller.

Public Sale of Personal Property.

Will be sold at public sale, on THURSDAY, MARCH 9, 1899, at the residence of the undersigned near Oaks Station, in Upper Providence township, the following personal property: Three Horses; No. 1, bay mare 6 years old, 16 hands high, an active driver and an extra fine, strong puller.

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RAILROADS.

Philadelphia & Reading Railway

Engines Burn Hard Coal—No Smoke

IN EFFECT OCTOBER 4, 1898.

Trains Leave Collegeville.
For PERKIOMEN JUNCTION, BRIDGEPORT AND PHILADELPHIA—Week days—6.29, 8.31 a. m.; 12.43, 5.39 p. m. Sundays—6.39 a. m.; 6.13 p. m.

FOR ALLENTOWN—Week days—9.03, 10.24 a. m.; 3.22, 6.24, p. m. Sundays—8.30 a. m.; 6.13 p. m.

Trains For Collegeville.
LEAVE PHILADELPHIA—Week days—7.26, 9.21 a. m.; 1.36, 5.31, p. m. Sundays—7.06 a. m.; 6.21 p. m.

LEAVE BRIDGEPORT—Week days—8.26, 9.59 a. m.; 3.27, 6.04, p. m. Sundays—7.53 a. m.; 7.08 p. m.

LEAVE PERKIOMEN JUNCTION—Week days—8.47, 10.12 a. m.; 3.00, 6.25, p. m. Sundays—8.13 a. m.; 7.28 p. m.

LEAVE ALLENTOWN—Week days—4.35, 7.10, 10.50 a. m.; 4.35 p. m. Sunday—4.35 a. m.; 4.55 p. m.

ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.

Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut Street wharf and South Street wharf, for Atlantic City:

Weekdays—Express, 9.00 a. m., 2.00, 4.00, 5.00 p. m. Accommodation, 8.00 a. m., 6.30 p. m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a. m. Accommodation, 8.00 a. m., 4.45 p. m.

Leave Atlantic City Depot: Weekdays—Express, 7.33, 9.00 a. m., 3.30, 5.30 p. m. Accommodation, 8.15 a. m., 4.00 p. m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 7.30 p. m. Accommodation, 7.15 a. m., 4.15 p. m.

For Cape May, Sea Isle City and Ocean City: Weekdays—9.00 a. m., additional for Cape May, 4.15 p. m., for Sea Isle City, 5.00 p. m., for Ocean City, 4.15, 5.00 p. m. Sundays—Chestnut Street, 9.15 a. m., South Street, 9.00 a. m.

I. A. SWEIGARD, EDSON J. WEEKS, Gen'l Superintendent. Gen'l Pass. Agent. Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.

Every Day

A BARGAIN DAY.

Our experience in our bargain days has made us think there is a demand for GOOD PHOTOGRAPHS AT BARGAIN PRICES.

So, for a SHORT TIME, we will make every day a bargain day, and give every man, woman and child a chance to be photographed.

Here are the prices:
No. 3 Miniature Cabinets, 6 for \$5.00.
Special Finish Cabinets, 6 for \$1.00.
Extra Special Cabinets, 6 for \$1.50.
Mezzo Finishes, 6 for \$2.00.

Special sittings and by appointment, Extra Mezzo and Platinotype Finishes, \$3 and \$4 per dozen.

GEO. W. DAY,
DeKALB, Just Above Main St., NORRISTOWN, PA.

Furniture

Fresh From the Factories, now on Exhibition at the

COLLEGEVILLE Furniture Warerooms!

We are now prepared to offer our customers goods at prices never before heard of.

Our line of Chamber Suits, at prices ranging from \$12 to \$50, are the best in the market, and are well worth inspection.

Parlor Suits in Hair Cloth, Brocade and Silk Tapestry, from \$15 to \$50, are hard to be equalled.

Sideseats, from \$5.50 to \$30, in Solid Oak, fancy tops and plate glasses, are the best.

Dining Room Chairs, Fancy Rockers, Lounges, Conchors, Hat Racks and Fancy Book Cases, that cannot fail to attract your attention, both in quality and price.

We carry a full line of Rugs, Carpet Sweepers, Toilet Sets, Fancy Lamps, Dinner and Tea Sets.

Bed Springs, Mattresses, Pillows, Bolsters, Feathers and Bedding of all kinds.

Our line of Carpets is complete. Best Ingrain at 50 cents; good at 40 cents; fair at 32 cents.

Picture Frames made to order.

Window Shades of all kinds. We are selling a good Spring Roller Shade at 25 cents.

Make your selections early, while stock is complete.

Repeating and upholstering attended to promptly. All goods delivered free.

"PHONE NO. 15."
John L. Bechtel,
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Carriage Works!

R. H. GRATER, Prop'r.

I am building only what has been ordered at prices as low as possible. It will be to your interest to order if in need of anything in my line.

All kinds of Carriages and Business Wagons.

First-class PAINTING and VARNISHING at Reasonable Rates.

LETTERING and SIGN PAINTING.

Repairing of all kinds will receive prompt and careful attention.

JOHN S. KEPLER,
Undertaker & Embalmer

TRAPPE, PA.

My past experience at the business having proven satisfactory to those whom I have served, I feel encouraged to continue my efforts in the same direction. With a feeling of much appreciation for favors received in the past, I hope to merit the future patronage of the public.

Will meet trains at all Stations. Orders received by telephone or telegraph. 9-5

PRICES REDUCED

: Davis' Blacksmith Shop :
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Four new shoes, any style or shape, put on for 90 cents.

J. E. DAVIS.

When in Norristown, Pa.,

STOP AT THE

RAMBO HOUSE,

(Opposite Court House).

First-class Accommodations for Man and Beast.

Stabling for 100 horses. Rates reasonable.

Both English and German spoken.

P. K. Cable, Proprietor.

John L. Burkert,
PROPRIETOR OF

HARTRANFT HOUSE,

NORRISTOWN, PA.

Old and new patrons cordially received.

Ample accommodations for man and beast. Terms reasonable.

Make the Hartranft House your headquarters when in town. 12ma.

DEISHER'S

BAKERY

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Fine Bread & Cakes.

FULL LINE OF CONFECTIONERY!

Ice Cream, Water Ices, and Sweets in Season.

Frank H. Deisher,
21oc. COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Samuel R. Mowrey,

(Successor to Fox & Mowrey.)

WM. H. GRISTOCK'S SONS,
(SUCCESSORS TO GRISTOCK & VANDERLIEBE.)

Collegeville, Pa.,

DEALERS IN

White and Yellow Pine, and Hemlock

LUMBER,

Various grades, dressed and undressed.

SHINGLES, split and sawed.

PICKETS, CEDAR AND CHESTNUT

RAILS.

Lehigh and Schuylkill

JOHN L. BECHTEL,
FURNISHING

Undertaker & Embalmer

COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Orders entrusted to my charge will receive the most careful and painstaking attention.

22an.

99c

PRICES REDUCED

: Davis' Blacksmith Shop :
COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Four new shoes, any style or shape, put on for 90 cents.

J. E. DAVIS.

A Word of Warning

The trouble with thousands of women is not "female weakness," although many physicians suppose it is. The real trouble lies in the Kidneys, Liver and Bladder. Doctors often fail to effect a cure, simply because they don't know as men can ascertain for themselves if their Kidneys are diseased.



Simply fill a bottle or glass tumbler with urine and let it stand a day and a night. If there is a sediment at the bottom, something is wrong with the Kidneys. If there is a desire to urinate often—if there is a pain in the small of the back—if the urine stains linen—look out! The Kidneys are diseased.

Ladies can take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy with perfect assurance of relief. It will cure them of Kidney, Liver and Bladder disorders just as certainly as it cures men.

Mrs. G. W. DAVENPORT, of West Troy, N. Y., says: "I was troubled with my Kidneys, and suffered intense pain in my back and loins. The wife of Dr. Robinson, pastor of the First Avenue Methodist Church, recommended Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I got some, and have used it ever since, with the result that I am greatly benefited. All pains have left me, and I am like another person."

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DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

THE ROAD SURFACE.

The function of a pavement or road surface is very imperfectly understood, even in sections where stone roads have been in use for long periods. It is commonly supposed that a wet spot or bog will become dry if filled in; that a road may be made anywhere simply by making a shallow trench of the desired width and filling it with stone, and that the surface of a stone road needs to be "protected" from wear by covering it with loose screenings, sod, earth, or any old stuff that is handy in hot weather.

To these erroneous notions are due many failures to get durability and satisfaction from attempts at road building, says "L. A. W. Bulletin." The importance of drainage is not fully appreciated in most sections, but it is at the bottom of successful road construction, and neither permanence nor economy is possible if it is not amply provided for. A wet spot must be thoroughly drained before a road is carried over it, or it will always be wet, at least in the wet season, no matter what else is done to it. Water under a road bed is as fatal to the life of a road as water in a man's lungs is fatal to his existence.

The not uncommon practice of allowing a roadway to be lower than its sides makes it little better than a mere drain, for water settles on the surface, quickly softens it and prepares it to be cut up by every passing vehicle. A raised and crowned road bed which will shed water readily is essential. A dry base with a slightly arched cover of stone capable of shedding the rain is requisite for a dry, permanent structure.

The stone roadway is not only to serve as a roof for the material beneath, but is to take the wear of traffic and not to be covered with other material as a "protection" to it. In places where earth is used for "binding" purposes and little regular attention is paid to the roads and sprinkling is not done in dry weather, the road surface breaks up rapidly under the influence of the sun. It is then that it has heaped upon to "protect" its quantities of fine screenings, or earth and stones, and sometimes even clay and sod from the gutters. The result is a poor road for months, unworthy of the name of "macadam."

If complete drainage is secured at the outset, the road crowned and systematically cared for, with sprinkling in dry weather, and is thoroughly rolled as laid, without the use of clay to bind it, it will perform its functions satisfactorily and prove a valuable investment of lasting worth.

DIGESTIBILITY OF CORN AND COB MEAL.

A comparison of the constituent substances and their digestibility of corn meal and corn and cob meal will make the matter perhaps plain. Cornmeal contains about 13 1/2 per cent. of water, 1 1/2 per cent. of ash, 3 1/2 per cent. of fat, 9 1/2 per cent. of protein, and 70 per cent. of starch, etc. Corn cobs contain about 10 1/2 per cent. of water, 1 1/2 per cent. of ash, 2 1/2 per cent. of protein, one-half of one per cent. of fat, and 55 per cent. of starch, etc. It will be noticed that the cornmeal contains nearly four times as much protein as the cob meal, and seven times as much fat. Of indigestible crude fibre the corn meal contains but 2 per cent., while the corn cob meal contains 30 per cent. It will be noticed, therefore, that there is nearly one-third of the cob meal that is indigestible, but it contains a fair proportion of digestible matter, however. The corn and cobs are ground together because greater digestibility is thus secured to both substances, while the mechanical action of the cob meal is considered an advantage.

MIXED FEED FOR HOGS.

The Dairy Commissioner of the Dominion of Canada says: "I have found the best results to be obtained from using such grains (a mixture of peas, oats, barley and corn; or a mixture of peas, corn and bran) ground very fine, and soaked for not less than thirty hours before they are fed. I think hogs should be kept so as to permit, and even to cause them to take a good deal of exercise until after they weigh more than one hundred pounds each. In the growing of young pigs it is important that they should receive a daily allowance of skim milk for six weeks or two months after they are weaned. Skim milk is the great flesh forming or muscle and bone-forming food; and if the young pigs are stunted in these regards at that time they cannot be developed into the best class of hogs, no matter what breed they may be of. In my judgment it is highly important that the quality of Canadian hogs, in regard to proportion of lean flesh and firmness, should be maintained and improved, if the best customers for hog products are to be secured and retained.

PLOWING TO KILL GRASS HOPPERS.

In presenting helpful and timely notes on a few of the many insects against which farmers may have

cause to use preventive measures, the Michigan station advises as follows:

The best known remedy for grasshoppers is fall plowing for the destruction of the eggs. Where this practice can be regularly carried on over large areas the grasshoppers are not likely to become troublesome, but there is always some stump or neglected lane which would be difficult or impossible to plow, or else there is some farmer who will refuse to plow his land, and these lanes and unplowed lots will furnish places for the hatching of enough locusts to infest an entire neighborhood.

The eggs are laid in pods containing about twenty-five or thirty eggs. These pods are made of mucous, which is given out with the eggs during the process of laying and dries down hard, becoming brittle and impervious to moisture. The eggs are thus provided and waterproof covering about three-fourths of an inch long and smaller in diameter than a lead pencil.

The pods are concealed in holes in the sod in which they were formed. These fragile little pods of eggs are open at the upper end, providing a place for the escape of the young locusts. Now if the sod be plowed under most of the egg pods are turned round side up, besides being buried so deep that the young locust will never be able to escape. Then, too, many are broken, and moisture thus gains entrance and leads to the destruction of the eggs. It is likely also that the plowing will expose many to their natural enemies, such as birds, shrews, mice, etc.

A good rolling after the plowing and dragging will pack the dirt so tight that very few will escape. To be of the most value the plowing must be general. No strips along fences, no lanes of any size, and no clearings containing brush and stumps should be allowed to seed the rest of the farm.

When it is absolutely impossible to turn the sod under in these places, recourse may be had to another remedy—viz, poisoned baits. Bran mixed with paris green, using 1 1/2 to 2 pounds of the poison to 25 pounds of bran, should be stirred up with water to the consistency of dough. Sometimes cheap molasses is added to make it stick together better. This is made up into small balls and placed about the field. The greatest care must be observed for a long time after using these baits that no live stock or poultry be allowed to gain access and if it is impossible to completely exclude them it is best not to use the baits.

"MILK STAINS" AMONG HOGS

Too little attention has been paid by breeders and farmers to the milking quality of their brood sows, says a correspondent in the American Swineherd, and yet of all things to be taken into consideration in selecting brood sows this characteristic is the most important. Maternity is the function of a brood sow, and failing in good milking capacity, she fails to fulfill this function. Did you ever note that the sow that is the kindest, most careful mother, is always the one that gives the biggest flow of milk, and the sow that gives little or no milk is careless, forgetful and negligent of her litter. Well, it is a fact, and has a very natural explanation. The sow with the large, extended udder full of milk finds it a relief to have it drawn off by the pigs frequently, and she most gladly responds to the call of the little fellows for a lunch as often as they want it. She is careful of and grateful to them for the relief they will give her. The other sow finds no such comfort for her litter, since she has no need of that kind of relief; on the contrary, the frequent demands of the half-starved pigs are unpleasant to her. She becomes irritable and cross at their persistent calls for more. She would much rather be left alone, go off by herself, eat her fill and lie down undisturbed while she converts it into pork on her own back instead of her pigs. Consequently, at weaning time you will find her in pretty good shape, while the pigs are all roots. But the other sow and her litter, how do they look? Just the reverse; the pigs are big, sleek and fat, and the sow is apt to be the "runt."

KEEPING EGGS.

Did you know there is nothing better than last year's oats in which to pack eggs for winter use? It is not safe to use new oats, they must be a year old. I know of nothing more clean, convenient and sure. I kept eggs thus packed in early fall, until Easter one year, and the box was moved thirty miles over rough roads in midwinter.

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