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Providence Independent, V. 14, Thursday, October 4, 1888, [Whole Number: 693]

Providence Independent

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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 14.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A., OCTOBER 4, 1888.

WHOLE NUMBER, 693.

THE DOUBLE.

Jonathan Savage, having bought a house out of town and comfortably established himself and family therein, found himself one morning in that state to which the father of a family residing in the rural districts is so often reduced—cookless; Maud Matilda Emmelinner, who had condescended to accept the place, having departed in wrath because of a bitter argument concerning the pudding.

"So, bring a new cook home with you, dear," said Mrs. Savage, as she gave him her parting salute. "I can't leave the children, you know, while sister Olivia is away, and I can't take the whole tribe with me."

Mr. Savage promised to do his best and, having made a promise, he never broke it; but his task was a hard one. Not a cook, of all who sat airing their heels in the intelligence office, would condescend to accept a situation in Pottsville. Contemptuous glances, sniffs and scornful twists of the head were his portion, whether he made his modest request to Bridget, Gretchen, Mary Ann or Dinah. Even a French-woman, who represented herself as being able to do anything, and willing to oblige, clasped her hands and exclaimed:

"The country! Ah, gracious heaven! Monsieur must see the absurdity—but, no."

And poor Mr. Savage was in despair, when there at last stood before him a small and very dark-colored girl, who, having listened to his explanations and remarks, replied to them by asking if there were other servants.

"Well, no," said Mr. Savage, "there are not, but—"

"Then, of course, I have a bed room to myself?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said Mr. Savage. "Then I'll come," said the girl. "I'll just take the directions, and then—"

"But you'd better go up with me," said Mr. Savage.

The girl hesitated a moment.

"I may tell my friends I'm going? I'll not be gone a moment," said she.

Mr. Savage assented. The girl departed, but returned in a few moments, and Mr. Savage took his new cook home in triumph, to the great joy of Mrs. S., who watched them from the nursery window as they came up the road.

When questioned by her new mistress the girl proved respectful and apparently capable. She stated that she had been a slave before the war, and was brought up as a cook by "ole missus." She gave her name as Peggy and declared herself anxious to suit.

And, having given satisfactory answers to all interrogatories, she took her way to the kitchen, where she set herself zealously to work at dish-washing without delay.

"Perfect treasure," Mrs. Savage declared; "decidedly a perfect treasure."

There was no cause to change their opinion next day nor the next. On the third night, however, Mr. Savage was surprised, on alighting from the train at the depot, to see Peggy, in her black straw hat and water-proof cloak, standing on the platform. He addressed her but she did not answer him, and he hastened home, wondering what had happened that the "treasure" should have been dismissed so suddenly. To his surprise Peggy opened the door for him.

"Well, Peggy, you must have walked fast to get here before me," he said, pleasantly.

Peggy made a courtesy, but said nothing.

"I saw you at the depot, didn't I?" said Mr. Savage.

"Please sir, I don't know," said Peggy.

"You've been there?"

"Not to my knowledge, sir."

"Her way of being polite and leaving it all to me," said Mr. Savage to himself. But, though he discovered that Peggy had not left the house all day, he could scarcely believe that he had not seen her.

That very evening another odd thing happened. Little Tom Savage, going to the barn to look for a lost chicken, came in with a story.

"I thought I saw a ghost, mother," he said. "It was standing by the well, looking ever so funny, but just as I was going to look I saw it was Peggy, all wrapped up in something."

"Peggy has been standing just there chopping beef ever since you went out," said his mother, pointing to the kitchen door.

It was no more Peggy than it was a ghost, but the boy persisted in his statement. He was so obstinate indeed that he was sent to bed in some disgrace for contradicting his mother.

Mr. Savage slept late next morning and was aroused by the breakfast-bell. As he hurried down stairs, consulting his watch he saw the door of the servant's room, which opened on the platform of the stairs—the room being built over the kitchen—standing slightly ajar, and as he looked, a black face, encircled by a night cap, peeped out, and a black hand, with a white frill about it, pushed its way. Peggy's face, Peggy's hand, without a doubt.

"Had to get breakfast yourself, my dear?" said Mr. S., as he took his seat at the table.

"Oh, no," replied his wife. "Why did you think so?"

And at that moment Peggy, in her ordinary dress, walked into the room with a plate of cakes in her hand.

"Singular," said Mr. Savage to himself, but made no further explanation.

It was a month since Peggy's entrance into the family, and she had given every satisfaction. Still it was plain to be seen that something was the matter.

Aunt Olivia had returned home and every one was well, but Mrs. Savage looked anxious. So did her sister. So did Mr. Savage.

The ladies exchanged mysterious glances with each other, and the gentleman often shook his head warningly at his eldest boy, when he had just opened his lips to say something.

Mr. Savage often asked his wife what troubled her, and she frequently said:

"Why are you so serious, my dear?"

At last Olivia was found in hysterics in the hall, and matters grew too serious to be kept quiet any longer.

"I must know what it is," said Mr. Savage.

"Don't tell him," sobbed Olivia.

"I don't see why you should be ashamed of it," said Mr. Savage.

"You can't help it. It's nerves, I suppose. We'd better send for a doctor."

"I'm not nervous," sobbed Olivia.

"Oh, dear! dear!"

"There now," said Mr. Savage. "I declare I can't bear it any longer. My dear, poor Livy has taken to ghost-seeing, and she's so affected me that I really have imagined something of the sort myself. She sees a black woman exactly like Peggy over and over again, when Peggy is somewhere else to my certain knowledge, and I've seen the same thing twice. It's an optical illusion, I presume; I've read of such things."

Mr. Savage turned pale.

"My dear girls," said he, "Tom is as bad as you are. I've been threatening to flog the poor fellow if he frightened you with his stories; but he sees Peggy in the barn, in the meadow, here, there everywhere; and he speaks to her, and she does not answer; and then he runs home and finds her in the kitchen or where not, and naturally feels oddly about it. I myself have seen the same thing twice."

"You have!" cried Mrs. Savage.

"You!" screamed Olivia. "Oh, I'm so thankful I'm not crazy, then!"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Mr. Savage; "oh, dear, no! You see it is becoming plain to me that a certain old superstition of which I have read is founded on fact. You've heard of people who had doubles. Peggy evidently has a double. The wraith does not speak, you say. That coincides with all the stories on the subject. Yes that's the solution of the mystery. Peggy has a double."

"But we can't keep such a mysterious girl about the house. It's like hiring a ghost," said Mrs. Savage.

"Suppose we talk to Peggy?" said Mr. Savage.

The proposition met with favor. Peggy was sent for, and came at once.

"Now, my good girl, I don't want to frighten you," said Mr. Savage, "but something odd has happened. Did you ever have anything said to you about yourself—for instance, that you were seen where you never went, you know, or something like that?"

"Oh, yes," said Peggy—"yes, sah, to be sure; I always heard the same story. There's two of me. It scares folks, but I can't help it!"

"Don't it frighten you?" asked Mrs. Savage.

"I'm used to it," said Peggy. "Bein' two of me got me lots of scoldings when I was owned by old Marsa, 'cause, you see, I can't help where tother one of me goes or what it does."

"Yes she has a double," said Mr. Savage; "yes, yes. Very singular—very."

"I'm sorry, Peggy," said Mrs. Savage "but it frightens my sister very much, and we shall be obliged to part. You've been a good girl, Peggy. I'll pay you up to the end of the month, but I can't bear ghost seeing any longer."

"Very well, ma'am," said Peggy. "I'll pack up. You must excuse there being two of me; I can't help it."

"Very singular," said Mr. Savage.

"Very—very—very."

Peggy went up stairs to pack her clothes and came down with her bundle.

"If you'd like to look over my things, ma'am," said she, "there they are. If there is two of me, why, I'm honest."

Then Peggy slowly proceeded to spread upon the floor her worldly possessions, principally aprons and what seemed like carpet rags, several pictures cut from newspapers, a lump of bees-wax and a piece of pink-tinted soap.

"Nothing that ain't mine," she said; "and there's my pocket."

She turned this receptacle inside out as she spoke and spread out her hands.

"I'm honest, if there is two of me," she said again. "I can't help that."

"Ma!" cried Tom, just then bursting in at the door. "Peggy is going over the bridge with a big bundle—oh! why, here is Peggy. Oh! my, look."

The three elder folks rushed to the window and stood solemnly gazing out.

In the room beside them stood Peggy with her black calico dress, pink calico apron and round black hat and a bundle under her arm.

Over the bridge, slowly as a phantom should, passed Peggy's double—black dress, pink apron, round hat, bundle and all. They all saw it at once. It was frightful. Miss Olivia sunk into a chair, trembling. Mrs. Savage grasped her husband's arm. Tom fairly yelled—even the sterner man turned pale.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy," he quoted solemnly.

"Yes, marse," said Peggy. "Good morning, all."

Away she went, and those to whom she bade adieu breathed more easily when she had left the house.

"The most curious thing I ever heard of," said Mr. Savage. "I shall write an account of it for the *Scientific Investigator* and a letter on the subject to my friend—the mesmerist. Most mysterious indeed!"

But it turned out that there was not anything mysterious about it, after all. Peggy had a twin sister who looked so much like her that they could not be told apart, and when Peggy was well away Mr. Savage found that there were many articles of jewelry and bric-a-brac missing. Peggy's sister had the stolen things done up in the bundle that looked so much like Peggy's, when her double was seen going over the bridge. Mr. Savage did not pursue the twins and they were never seen again.

Chinese Printing.

THE ART HANDED DOWN IN ONE FAMILY FOR CENTURIES.

A correspondent of the North China Daily News of Shanghai describes a printing establishment which he found in a village in the interior, about one hundred and fifty miles from Shanghai. The printing was being temporarily carried on in the village temple, and moveable type only was used. In the large central hall of the temple were placed about twenty ordinary square tables, on which the cases of type were spread out, very much after the English method, only taking up much more room. At the time of the visit one man was engaged in setting up type, another was printing. The form stood before a table, on which was what might be called the Chinese "case." It was a solid block of hard wood, about twenty-two inches long by fifteen inches broad and perhaps three inches deep. The inside was hollowed out to the depth of about a quarter of an inch, this depression being still further hollowed out into grooves about three-quarters of an inch deep. The block had twenty-nine of these grooves, each filled to the depth of a quarter of an inch with ordinary stiff clay. With his copy before him, armed with a small pair of iron pincers, the compositor began his work; character after character was transferred from the case and

firmly pressed into the clay. When the "form" was complete a flat board was placed on the top and the characters pressed perfectly even and level with the surface of the wooden block, the edge of which was cut to form the border generally found around every Chinese page.

The printer has now received the form and carefully brushed his ink over the type. Taking a sheet of paper he pressed it down all over the form so that it might be brought in contact with every character. He then removed the sheet, and examined each character carefully adjusting those which were not quite straight with the pincers, and apparently never touching the type with his fingers. After sufficient copies had been struck off the type was distributed, each character being returned to its particular box. The type in the form was of three sizes, each character being kept in a place entirely by the clay in which it stood. They were cut out of some hard wood and were perfectly square. The writer was told that the art of printing in this way had been handed down in the same family since the Sung dynasty, more than six hundred years ago. No strangers were ever taught, apprentices being always taken from the same clan. They were open to take any work at the rate of about 1s. a day, which included the two men, type and ink, but not paper. They were then printing family registers. The custom in that part of the country is to hire the printers, who bring their type and set up their printing establishment on the spot. In this way the same business had been carried in one family for six centuries, and during this time moveable type only had been used in the manner here described.—*Home Journal*.

A Tribe of Long-Haired Blacks.

Lieut. Leinart, who accompanied Capt. Van Gele in his recent journey which solved the greatest remaining problem of African geography, has returned to Brussels, bringing full details of the trip by steamer for ninety-nine days on the Mobangi river. The expedition proved that the Mobangi is identical with the Welle-Makua river, and is, therefore, the greatest northern tributary of the Congo. It settled the question of the destination of the Welle-Makua, which for years was believed by many geographers to flow into Lake Tchad. The explorers found one of the most fertile and populous regions of Central Africa, and they met some remarkable tribes, whose peculiarities distinguish them from any other peoples yet discovered in the dark continent. *Le Mouvement Geographique* prints the report of Capt. Van Gele and interesting details added by Lieut. Leinart.

On October 27th last the expedition, composed of four white men and fifty-seven native boatmen and soldiers, left Equator Station, on the Congo, and started up the Mobangi on the little steamer En Avant, the first vessel launched on the Upper Congo. The steamer had in tow a native war canoe with a capacity of 100 men, on which part of the expedition was quartered. About 450 miles up the river they reached the Zongo rapids, the furthest point attained by Grenfell, and there their exploration began. In the next thirty miles they passed a series of five rapids, at two of which they were compelled to take the machinery out of their vessel, unship the paddle wheels, and drag her with great difficulty on rollers over land. Three weeks were required to pass these rapids, above which the broad, majestic river did not offer a single noteworthy obstruction in the remaining 200 miles of the ascent. The country, writes Capt. Van Gele, is very beautiful. The river which for long stretches is over a mile in width, with an average depth of 20 feet, is bordered by high hills, on whose gentle slopes are hundreds of huts which in the distance have the appearance of chalets. Here and there are seen in the branches of lofty cotton-wood trees buildings made of branches and grass which are used merely as posts of observation, and which doubtless gave rise to the romantic rumors Grenfell brought home of aerial dwellings on the upper Mobangi. The first new tribe the explorers discovered were the Bakombe, who are said to extend over a large region between the Mobangi and the Congo.

The Bakombe are remarkable among all the black races of Africa for their unusual growth of hair, which many of them arrange in the form of large oblongs. Others wear their hair down their backs in many long thin braids, which are frequently fastened together. Capt. Van Gele makes the surprising statement that he saw some persons with hair nearly 5 feet long. Lieut. Leinart says he saw some women who tied their long braids around their arms, and that this remarkable custom did not seem to inconvenience them at all as they engaged in their usual occupations. No such abundant head coverings have been found among any other tribes in Africa.

For about 140 miles, midway between 4° and 5° north latitude and north of the big bend of the Congo, the river flows almost due west, and new tribes are met along the banks. Capt. Van Gele calls this stretch of the Mobangi valley the most fertile and populous part of Africa he has visited. "I have not seen elsewhere," he writes, "such an affluence of provisions. Everywhere are endless supplies of bananas, maize flour, sorgham, sweet potatoes, arachides, yams, beans, sugar cane, sesamum, tobacco, honey, sheep, goats and fowls. My men had poultry in the pot every day. Our boat was sometimes loaded down with presents of food, and throughout the journey I did not touch one of the sacks of rice I had taken with me from the equator."

Here the river is at its width, and it is thickly dotted with islands, all inhabited and under cultivation. Conical huts, like those among some tribes on the upper Welle-Makua, begin to appear by thousands. They are grouped in villages, sometimes forming wide streets that are very neatly kept and again built in large circles in the centre of which is a high mound of earth from which their speakers address the popular assemblages. The largest of these tribes is the Banzy, who as workers in iron are equalled by few African tribes; their iron products are noteworthy for their great variety and superior workmanship. They make lance and arrow heads, harpoons, axes, hoes, spades, knives, bracelets, chains, pipe bowls, beads, little bells, and many other articles. They are also skillful workers in ivory bracelets and pins a foot long. The Banzy is the only tribe found in Central Africa whose women deface the upper lip by the insertion of the pebele, a practice that is very common among the tribes east and south of Nyassa.

These large tribes for about 150 miles along the river were very friendly, though they had never seen white men before. They were frightened neither by the steamer nor by the shots that were often fired at the ducks and other game in the stream. Often fleets of thirty or forty canoes would paddle out to the steamer offering food for sale. At the town of the head chief of the Banzy tribe another rapid barred the way, and it was necessary to tow the steamer up stream by means of a stout cable. The natives gathered by thousands to watch the operation. They pointed out spots where dangerous rocks lurked under the surface. They hauled in their fish nets that were in the way, and laid hold of the cable with right good will, while the fetish men on the bank made favorable invocations. When the En Avant was safely past the rapids the natives raised enthusiastic cheers, and many of them shook hands with the Europeans, and felicitated them upon their success.

The most striking contrasts are found among African tribes who live almost side by side. A year before Wissman was fighting his way through the savage Bateteta tribe south of the Congo, who, he says, are as suspicious as wild beasts, and he can compare them with nothing except savage dogs. Van Gele, too, had reached the end of his peaceful advance, and he was now destined to make his way for seventy miles further up the Mobangi, constantly menaced and at last attacked by fleets of war canoes. The Monbongo and Yakoma thought the expedition were Soudanese slave hunters, who it appears, have reached that country from the east on their devastating raids.

On January 1 the En Avant struck a rock, knocking a hole in her bow, and during the five days that the expedition was encamped on an island repairing damages it was repeatedly attacked both by land and water by the furious natives. Fortunately the whites were usually able, by volleys of musketry, to drive the savages off before they had come within arrow range.

Many of the natives were killed, and in their land attacks they left not a few of their dead on the island. Among the few losses of the expedition was the killing of the son of an important Congo chief.

It was decided not to venture further. At the point where the En Avant turned down stream again she was 69 miles due west of the place where Junker had turned back on the Welle-Makua. Junker reported the river divided into so many channels by numberless islands that it was impossible to estimate its breadth. At the point reached by the En Avant the river was about a mile and a quarter wide, and no river in Europe emptied into the sea so large a volume of water as this mighty river, 1,500 miles long, contributes to the Congo.

The Holy Land.

JERUSALEM OF TO-DAY AS AN AMERICAN SEES IT.

JERUSALEM, August 7.—What other history can awaken more interest than that of the holy city? Notwithstanding its present prostrate condition Jerusalem still arrests the attention of thinking men. Here at each moment, the breathing Book of Nature unfolds mysterious chapters, and now, as in the days of Solomon, a wonderful Parchment unrolls itself before the historian. The capital of God's promised land remains a field of inexhaustible attractiveness to the religious and skeptical alike, with its strange annals and awe-inspiring legends.

Nine centuries before our era began the decline of the Hebrew commonwealth. With the secession of the ten tribes the decay of Palestine set in. From that time till now, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Turks, Crusaders and others, have, each in their turn, stricken her without mercy. After three thousand years of bloody wars and bad government the Fair Land of Canaan has become a naked, parched and desolate vassal of the Sultan's Empire.

Instead of the proud, dauntless and unalloyed race that once gathered around its bubbling fountains, we encounter today, filthy and cringing beggars—mongrel types of Syrian, Arabic and European admixture.

The population of Jerusalem is pre-eminently cosmopolitan and its architecture truly kaleidoscopic; in fact, the only homogeneous features about the town is its revolting dirt. You no sooner enter Jaffa's gate than the disgusting condition of the Holy City assails your every sense. Its narrow and indescribable filthy streets are paved with uneven and greasy stones, over which moves an unsavory mass of human beings, camels, donkeys, goats, dogs and hens. In the walls are black holes, in which fierce-eyed merchants guard a few pennies' worth of shop-worn merchandise, the whole suggestive of hyenas in their caverns rather than men in their sandal or spice stores.

Now and then you pass a temple erected around something or other that tradition has rendered sacred. The finest building is the Mosque of St. Omar, erected upon the site of Solomon's Temple and around the "hanging rock" whence Mahomet ascended into heaven. The Koran records that the Prophet was taken away from Medina by an angel one night, while asleep beside his wife, and brought to the said rock, whence he ascended heavenwards. Twenty minutes after he was again lying by her side while relating his wonderful adventure. Owing to this legend Jerusalem became a second Mecca. Omar's Mosque contains some columns and ornaments from the famous Temple. Many Jews, Christians and Mahometans yearly undergo the hardships of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem and with equal fervor these poor souls repair to their respective places of devotion; to spots rendered sacred by the childish imagination of the people or through the cunning invention of monks.

A visit to the renowned landmarks of Judea has a tendency to efface the solemn impression upon the mind by the reading of the Bible. Places that the Holy Book has described as grand, noble and holy, become, to the faithful, small, ignoble and unholly; to others, subjects of derision. The doubt as to the exact theatre of this or that scene and the daily contention over its authenticity among the various sects here evoke feelings of veneration in inverse ratio with the reflective powers of the

pilgrim. From the time of Christ's death to the early part of the fourth century existed a chasm in the history of Jerusalem which theologians complicatedly bridged over with the fancies of Eusebius and Serome. About the year 325 St. Helena came hither and built a basilica over the exact grounds where stood Mount Calvary, the tomb of Christ, the whipping post, the stone upon which he was annointed, the cistern containing the cross, and so on "ad nauseum." Everything at its precise place and encircled within the walls of a cathedral of medium size. I should prefer to advance the opinion that the sacred relics and localities were selected to fit the architecture of the building rather than allow such nonsense to go by unchallenged.

Proofs of human gullibility can be found at every step throughout the land of Israel. Footprints of Christ are too common to be noticed, but marks of angles' fingers and holes whence holy fire issues yearly, may still attract the attention of some tourists. One is bewildered and does not know whether to laugh or weep at such absurdities.

The Jews still come to lament the loss of their parental domain where their nation reaches the zenith of its glory. Every Friday in a narrow alley called "The Jews wailing place," they assemble to mourn over the decadence of their race. You cannot but be touched at the sight of these men and women weeping bitter tears while imploring the forgiveness of God. There is something sublime in the consistency of the Israelite character. Anathematized throughout the world during the past twenty centuries, God's chosen children still retain their hopes in him and believe that his anger will be appeased, and their former greatness restored to them. Such constant devotion finds no parallel in human history. More than half of the present population of the city of Jerusalem is Hebrew and the principal trades are in their hands.

Turks do not hesitate to take measures against the peaceful invasion of the Jews. The Mahometan theory of fatalism is proving its validity every day and it is the current opinion among men versed in Oriental affairs that the Holy city will soon change hands. Perhaps the sons of Israel have an interest in the matter. Qui verra, verio?

LOUIS LOMBARD.

Tricks of Birds and Dogs.

Two incidents are related by a London paper which seem to indicate that animals are able to think and carry out a plan. They occurred in India. A rough terrier, when given a bone, was sent to eat it on the gravel drive in front of the bungalow. Two crows had sought often to snatch the meat from the dog, but had always been defeated. Finally, they discussed the matter in a neighboring tree, after which one of them flew down and pecked at the dog's tail, and while he was attending to this matter, the other one came and seized the bone.

The same dog had a favorite seat, of which a visiting dog had frequently deprived it. One day the terrier, having found his seat thus occupied, flew savagely out of doors, barking at a supposed enemy. As the intruding dog rushed out to take a part in the fray, the terrier hastened back to secure possession of his seat.

A Gentle Hint.

Wife—What is the mending and repairing company that is advertised in the paper, John?

Husband—It is a company that has been formed to meet a long felt want. Garments in need of repair and buttons and things are taken in and fixed for a small sum.

W.—A good thing for bachelors, I should say.

H.—(Grimly, after attaching his pantaloons to his suspender with a safety pin)—And for married men, too, my dear, for married men, too.

Duty Before Pleasure.

First Policeman—Are you going to the concert next Sunday evening?

Second Policeman—Sacred concert? F. P.—Yes, the programme includes some fine old ballads, a negro minstrel sketch, recitations and comicities by Buffoon, the noted humorist.

S. P.—Ah! I wish I could go.

F. P.—Going to be on duty?

S. P.—Yes, I've got to prevent the salvation people from singing hymns in the street.—*Boston Courier*.

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Blacksmith, Horse Shoer & Gen'l Jobber
IRONBRIDGE, PENNA.
New Shoes per set, \$1.25. Hand-made Shoes at corresponding figures. Moving Shoes, per set, 50 cents. Four wheels set for \$1.50. All kinds of light and heavy work done in the best possible manner. All work guaranteed. Mill Picks sharpened and warranted. Give me a call. 19ap6m

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Rag Carpet woven to order in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed. Good Rag Carpet for sale at reasonable prices.

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Insurance placed for one, three or five years in the largest and most reliable Stock Companies, at best rates. No assessments. Life and Accident Insurance policies a specialty. 28aply

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This old and popular hotel still furnishes the best accommodations for man and beast. The bar always supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Rates, \$1.50 per day, and from \$4.50 to \$6.00 per week.
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Arcola :- Mills!
Perkiomen R. R., Pa.
The undersigned has taken possession of the
Arcola Flour and Grist Mills
—AND—
COAL AND FEED WAREHOUSE!

The flour mill has been put in good repair, and farmers can have their wheat converted into flour, or exchanged for the best flour. The Arcola Mills have always taken the lead in making the best burr flour. Will always be kept on hand a full line of all kinds of
- Mill Feed and Coal -
OF THE BEST GRADES.

Mr. Whitworth, as miller, will have charge of the mills, and all the business pertaining thereto, in my absence, with authority to sell at figures as low as the lowest. Favor us with your orders.
I shall still continue to handle Fertilizers. I have to offer this fall something special in the shape of a Natural Guano, from South America. It has been selling at about forty dollars per ton; it must be sold this fall. Farmers, come and examine it. It is an excellent article as a grain and grass fertilizer. Will offer it at a great reduction.
F. P. FARINGER.
28jun6m

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ALL THE TIME, IN
HARNESSES!
BRUSHES
SOAPS,
OILS,
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GREASE,
WHIPS,
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Blankets,
Robes,
Lap-Covers
Fly-Nets,
All the Best Grades of Working and Driving COLLARS, at
Detwiler's, Upper Providence Square.

Call and examine our stock and ascertain prices before going out of your latitude to make your purchases. Repairing attended to promptly. The best material used.
Headlight Oil, Cigars and Tobacco.
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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,
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Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St. Phila. Pa. Ease at once, no operation or business delay. Thousands cured. Send for circular. 29puly

THE GUERNSEY BREED.
The cattle of the little island of Guernsey bear its name; but if a visitor to the island asks about the cattle there, he will probably be told that they are of the Alderney breed, or that they are identically of the same breed as those of the adjacent island of Alderney. It is indeed true that the cattle of these two islands are very closely allied; the islands themselves are in the same judicial district, the same laws govern the importation of neat stock, and occasional transfers of stock take place. This, however, does not make Guernseys Alderneys. There is really no such breed as the Alderney; but that name, as has often before been explained, was given in England—and more or less in this country—indiscriminately to any of the Channel Islands—that is, to both Jerseys and Guernseys. Stringent regulations prevent the introduction of breeding cattle from anywhere else; even those of the sister island of Jersey are subject to the embargo, and are not regarded as of the same race; though in Jersey the cross with the Guernsey has been taken and valued, and the regulations which enforce the immediate slaughter of any cattle capable of breeding which are brought to the island from anywhere else do not apply to those of the other islands of the Channel Islands group. Thus it would appear that in the opinion of the islanders themselves the Guernseys are the choice breed of the Channel, improving the Jerseys, but not themselves benefited by the Jersey or any other cross.

They differ greatly from the Jerseys in many respects. They have little or none of that peculiar deer-like style and expression which characterizes the Jerseys. They are coarser in bone, heavier in carcass, larger every way, and naturally less precocious. They are allowed to first calve at about two and a half years old, which gives them more size and probably also a tendency to carry flesh. Their breeders are not unmindful of the facts that the size of the calves and the aptitude of the cattle to make beef and turn off well when their usefulness in the dairy is from any cause at an end are matters of no small importance to the so-called common farmers—that is, to all who are obliged to study closely the economies of farming. The Guernseys are pre-eminently the farmer's cow for cream and butter production, and for coloring the butter of other cows. So strong are the rare characteristics (prepotency) that grades even only half breeds possess the best qualities of full bloods in a remarkable degree. It might be inferred that the Guernseys are not a good-looking breed; the contrary is true of many specimens. There are, indeed, among them not a few whose sloping rumps, big heads, and heavy limbs are not ornamental; but, as these are likely to be the very best milkers and butter cows of the herd, their defects are easily overlooked, or even magnified into virtues or points of beauty. For instance, the long head and broad, square muzzle are regarded as characteristics of value, if not of beauty; and one can hardly visit a Guernsey herd, either in this country or on the island, without having this feature pointed out and dilated upon. The colors which predominate in Guernsey cattle are yellow, reddish yellow, fawn, brown shading to nearly black, light fawn, and yellowish fawn dun of various shades—never, however, inclining to gray, as is usual among Jerseys. These colors are more or less mingled with white, which is most frequently met with upon the belly and flanks, and legs, switch and face. A star, or rather a triangular spot, in the forehead, with a white switch, are regarded as characteristics, even though scarcely any other white is obvious. Solid colored cattle occur; but the fashion has never set decided in that direction, and as useful points have so greatly the preponderance in the estimation of Guernsey breeders it is earnestly to be hoped that they will not lend themselves to the folly of placing a fictitious value upon any color points. The skin of the Guernseys is soft, pliable, and unctuous, and abundantly supplied with "yolk," which is almost universally of a rich orange-peel color. The udder, acrotum, and the nearly hairless parts, like the spots between the fore legs and brisket and around the eyes, have a similar rich yellow glow; while the muzzle, which is characteristically black in the Jerseys, is white or buff in the Guernseys, and usually encircled by a fillet of light, short hair, though this marking is much less conspicuous than in the before-named breed.

The Guernseys are certainly deeper average milkers than the Jerseys. It cannot be said, perhaps, that they give richer milk, but it is much higher colored, and will impart its beautiful tint to the butter of a number of common cows, being in this respect decidedly superior to the Jerseys. As to the quality of the butter, aside from color, there is nothing to choose between them; and as to which will give the most butter upon a given quantity of

feed, that has never been determined. Cow for cow, the Guernseys have the advantage in size, and would probably on that account not produce so much in proportion to their live weight. As a breed, the cows have excellent udders and teats which fill a man's hand. Many are well marked, according to the Guernon theory. They hold out well in their milk, are quiet, docile, and tractable both on the tether and in the pasture; in short, for general usefulness as butter yielders, they are nearly perfect.—Farming World, Edinburgh.

BUTTER MAKING.
Here are the directions for making butter, according to the committee appointed for the purpose by the late conference of the New York Dairy-men:

It is important that the cows should be adapted to the purpose. The breed should contain the proper elements for making butter. As proper feed they recommend a mixture of bran, corn, oats, will feed and peas, with a small amount of linseed and seedmeal.

This feed should be mixed in proper proportions. The cows should be fed and milked with regularity. The water should be pure, the stables well ventilated, the cows kept clean, and the most careful and painstaking care had in all places for cleanliness. The cows should be milked if possible always by the same person. As soon as the milk is drawn it should be set for the cream. The utensils should be scalded always after being used, and kept perfectly clean and sweet. The cream should be raised within twenty-four hours, after which it should be kept at a temperature of 45 degrees, until the ripening process begins. To perfect the ripening, warm the cream up to a temperature of 62 degrees, and stir it frequently. Then churn at a temperature varying from 62 to 68 degrees according to the season and surrounding temperature. No cream should be added after the ripening process has begun. When the butter has come about the size of wheat grains, draw off the buttermilk and put it in cold water. Agitate the butter a little, then draw off the water and repeat this process until the water runs clear. Take the butter out carefully and weigh it. Then place it on the worker and salt one ounce to the pound. Then work the salt in and pack the butter immediately.

Farmers, wives, boys, girls, appreciate your country homes. Be thankful for the pure, fresh air you breathe—be thankful for the many, many blessings you are now enjoying, blessings which thousands long for, and cannot have. It cannot always be clear. The rains and storms are necessary to perfect the products of the soil, so are trials and cares necessary to develop what is in us.

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A full supply of Coal of all sizes constantly on hand, from the best mines in the Schuylkill Region.

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Flour AND Feed
PROMPTLY DELIVERED AT THE LOWEST PRICES.

Corn, Oats, Chop Corn, Cob Meal,
Cracked Corn, Middlings, Screenings, Bran, Cotton Seed Meal, Barley Sprouts, and everything usually kept in a flour and feed store. Also

Clover and Timothy Seed,
Seed Corn, Seed Oats, Lime, &c.
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3-29-1y FRANK REES.

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—LOOK TO—
YOUR INTERESTS!
"A penny saved is a penny made." In buying a fertilizer buy a phosphate that shows the highest analysis, a poor phosphate cannot possibly analyze well. You cannot get "blood out of a turnip," nor can you get value out of a phosphate that only shows a comparative commercial value far below its selling price, which you see is the case with most fertilizers made.

Trinley's Animal Bone Phosphates!
Show a commercial value of from \$6 to \$8 per ton above the selling price, the State chemist giving it the highest valuation of any made or sold in the State for the price. Therefore buy where you get the most for your money. My phosphates are honestly made from animal bone, reliable and lasting.

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TRAPPE, PA.,
Attends to laying out the dead, shroud-making &c.

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Are guaranteed to be light running and are supplied with a SPEED REGULATOR that is Safe, Reliable and Durable.

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Which is now almost indispensable for convenient supply of water.

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Engineers, Machinists and Iron Founders,
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I have the largest and best selected stock of Spectacles and Eye Glasses in Montgomery county, ranging in price from 25c. to \$10.00. Gold Silver, Rubber, Steel, Blued, Bronze, Nickel, and everything in the optical line.
Oculists' Prescriptions filled at short notice.
Beware of Peddlars, who carry inferior Spectacles and Eye Glasses which do more harm than good, and charge three times their value.

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Our Facilities for Executing

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are such as to enable us to do strictly First-class work promptly and at reasonable prices. The Job Work done at the INDEPENDENT office favorably compares with that done anywhere in the County. Favor us with your orders and we will do our best to serve you well.

If you have anything to sell and want to sell it and if you want your neighbors and the rest of mankind to know that you have something to sell and want to sell it—no matter what it is—

ADVERTISE
—IN THE COLUMNS OF THE—
"PROVIDENCE INDEPENDENT"

The best advertising medium in the middle section of Montgomery county. Wherever the INDEPENDENT circulates it is eagerly scanned by interested readers. It is read by at least 3500 people every week, and its circulation is steadily increasing. Money judiciously invested in an advertisement in its columns will bring you liberal returns.

A public sale of Personal Property advertised in the INDEPENDENT will not fail to attract the attention of numerous people and bring together plenty of buyers. Advertise.

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\$1.25 per annum, in advance. You will get the worth of your money and more or less happiness into the bargain by subscribing and paying for the INDEPENDENT, the paper that stands on its own bottom and says what it has to say without fear or favor. The INDEPENDENT contains all the news of a local and general nature it can get hold of, and all opinions worthy of space. If you want a live, wide-awake nineteenth century local and general newspaper with opinions of its own, subscribe for the PROVIDENCE INDEPENDENT.

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COLLEGEVILLE, PA.
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White and Yellow Pine, and Hemlock
LUMBER,
Various grades, dressed and undressed.

SHINGLES, split and sawed.
PICKETS, CEDAR AND CHESTNUT RAILS.
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FLOUR,
Corn, Bran, Middlings,
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MARBLE WORKS
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ALL KINDS OF MARBLE WORK
AT REASONABLE PRICES.

Monuments and Tombstones, of Italian or American Marble or Granite, in the finest and latest designs.

Galvanized - Railings,
For Enclosing Burial Lots, of different descriptions. Particular attention paid to Marble Work, for the bases of
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All work Guaranteed to give Satisfaction, and put up in a workmanlike manner. Any design furnished desired on Monuments or Tombstones. Work can be seen at the yard, or the different Cemeteries in the neighborhood, that has been turned out at the ENTERPRISE WORKS. Call and see me, and get prices. My expenses are low; therefore I can sell accordingly. My motto: "Low prices and fair dealings."
RESPECTFULLY,
D. Theo. Buckwalter.
June 8-ly.

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The Hunsicker Company,
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Fresh Bread, Rolls &c.,
EVERY MORNING.

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Different flavors, during the Season.
Parties, Pic-Nics and weddings supplied at short notice, on reasonable terms.

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—BUTCHER, AND DEALER IN THE BEST—
BEEF, —
VEAL, —
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