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Providence Independent

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Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 15.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A. SEPTEMBER 5, 1889.

WHOLE NUMBER, 741

BETWEEN TWO HORNS.

BY SARAH P. PRITCHARD.

"I tell you, Sussan Swing," said Captain Rose, "there ain't a man that lives between the Two Horns as would let his boy not bigger than your'n go out in a boat to-day. Don't you do it. 'Tain't no kind of weather for that slip of a lad to go foolin' with them big billows as sweeps around old Dull Head. Why, look yourself, woman. You can see them more than four miles away dashing and lashing the shore."

As Captain Rose spoke he pointed with his right hand in the direction of one of the two headlands between which Dull Haven lay.

"And no dory in the harbor," he continued, "could weather Bright Head (pointing toward the headland at the left), not if Cap'n Hezekiah himself was a row'n of it. You'd better take them row-locks out and hide the oars if he won't mind without your doing it."

"I can't bear to do it," said Mrs. Swing. "Richard will be so disappointed. He set his lobster pots yesterday, and he hasn't slept all night in his eagerness to go out early and haul them. Don't you see, Captain Rose, it's Saturday and two whole coaches full of summer boarders came last night to the Bright Head House, and he can get a big price for his lobsters to-day. My poor Dick has worked so hard making the lobster pots himself, and it seems like cutting off the boy's reward to say 'you shan't go to him.'"

"S'pose you do feel weakish 'bout it, Susan; but you don't want that ere boat to be picked up adrift and no boy in it, do ye?"

"You know I don't, Captain Rose," she said. "If I hadn't loved him do you think I'd get up before daylight to see the lad off?"

"Hush," said the Captain. "Here he comes, and he's fastening his straw hat to his buttons. He sees there is wind ahead."

It was a morning in June, and the sun was not risen, but the glory of his coming was in the east and on the sea.

As he came down the pier, the oars on his shoulder, and securing his straw hat by a string to his jacket, the old Captain said: "He's a fine lad, Dick is, and well worth the saving."

"Good morning, Captain Rose," called out Richard. "Good for lobsters, do you think?"

"Better for lobsters than 'tis for boys," ejaculated the Captain, removing his broad brown hands from his pocket and lying one of them on the lad's shoulder as soon as the latter came within touching distance. "I say, Dick Swing, that you are not going out in that cackle shell of your'n this morning," he announced.

"I certainly am, Captain Rose," returned the boy. "It's a little rough, but like as not the wind will come right around before I get half way to the ledge, and I should think you would know better than to scave my little mother here half to death, see, mother," he said, gaily, "I have an extra oar and one thole pin, yes, two of them, in case a row-lock gives way, and I've got a lot of extra courage about me that I can't exactly show you unless you come with me."

This he said looking out to sea, for he did not feel like looking either at his mother or Captain Rose.

"Dick," said Mrs. Swing, approaching the pier's edge as the owner of the little boat proceeded to bestow his lunch basket and extras under the bow.

"Well, mother," returned Richard, looking up.

"I wish you would not go," she said, her tones full of beseeching.

"Why, mother? Do you want my seven new lobster pots to be carried off to sea?" he asked. "How could you have the heart to ask me? If this wind keeps on blowing I shall lose them every one."

"That's true," ejaculated Captain Rose. "I never thought of that. It's just right, this wind is, to drag them off, but you never can haul them in alone. You'll be sure to be dragged overboard."

"No, I shan't. Come along with me if you want to help," laughed Richard.

"Humph! I should sink that craft before we got out of harbor," said the Captain; though if I wasn't so heavy I would go." Captain Rose weighed a trifle less than three hundred pounds, and had left the sea after fifty years of faithful service.

Not another person was in sight.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the Captain. "If you insist on going, I'll stop on my way up and ask Captain Danforth to look out for you, and if he thinks you're getting into trouble to sail after you."

"Thank you, Captain."

"Dick," said his mother, "can't you let the lobster pots go?"

"Couldn't possibly," smiled the boy. "Could you have the heart to ask me? Will you cast me off?" he called a second later.

"Wait a minute," exclaimed Mrs. Swing. "Fetch your boat close up. I want to speak to you, Dick."

The boat received the necessary impetus, and touched the side of the pier. Mrs. Swing had scented herself on the topmost layer of logs forming the wharf and leaned over as though to speak confidentially to her son.

"Dick," said his mother, "hold fast, I'm coming," and into the boat she dropped before either Captain Rose or the dock or Captain Richard in the boat had knowledge of her intention.

"What under the sun, mother," cried the boy, "do you mean?"

"I'm going with you, Dick, to keep you from falling overboard when you haul in," and she seated herself in the stern, calling back as the tide floated the boat out. "We depend on you, Captain Rose, to send after us if we—if it gets two rough," she gasped, with a dash of spray in her face.

"Ay, ay?" cried the Captain, and he took off his hat and swung it, he scarcely knew why.

Of all women in Dull Haven, from the eldest to the youngest, Mrs. Swing most feared the sea. To live beside it, to watch its every mood delighted her but to venture on it for pleasure she was never known to do.

A moment's peace she never knew when Richard, her only son, was exposed to the treachery of the waters, but rather than to mar his wild delight in wind and waves this unselfish mother concealed as much as possible her anxiety for him.

Richard was not selfish, and had he imagined what his mother was at that moment suffering would have put the boat about and tied it forever at the stake rather than cause her this agony.

Just as the boat got well into the toil of the waves the sun arose, shedding such brilliance on the waters that Mrs. Swing, who sat facing it, was dazzled and well nigh failed to see in time a gel net into which the boat was running.

"See any boat ahead, mother?" questioned Richard. "You may keep a good look out for me. I've got my ranges right and can fetch the lobster grounds every time."

"Is it far?" questioned his mother, shuddering.

"Not very; just outside Dull Head.

I reckon we'll fetch it," dipping his oars for a full stroke and then letting the boat slide up to the summit of a rolling wave, a trick he had caught from Captain Hezekiah Danforth, the master boatman of Dull Haven.

The wind grew stronger and stronger, and the waves every moment increased in size. Even Richard glanced sideways more than once with ill-concealed anxiety as the long billows came tumbling on, and just then getting a glimpse of his mother's face he beheld it so blanched with terror of the sea that it seemed to him his mother was no longer in the boat with him.

"Dick," she gasped as his oars missed stroke and sent the spray over the boat.

"Dick, I'm afraid to go on."

Dick glanced backward. He had pulled about a mile from shore and was midway between the two headlands familiarly spoken of as the horns. Dull Head was surrounded by an even accumulating mass of breakers, and Bright Head caught the sea on its precipitous sides, sending it backward in fountains of foam, and all the four miles that lay between the two points were rolling miles of billows.

Sitting with his face landward Dick had not fully felt the danger.

Now, the lad could not repress a shudder as he said: "I don't believe I could find the buoys in such a sea, and nobody could haul in the pots. I believe I'll put about."

"Oh, do I, Richard, there comes an awful one!" and Mrs. Swing slipped down from her seat into the bottom of the boat and hid her face from the oncoming wave.

Richard gave a mighty pull at the oars to keep the boat head on, and it rode that wave in safety only to meet

new ones, into whose depth the tiny shell rolled to be completely hidden from the sight of two men who were standing out on the Dull Haven pier. One was Hezekiah Danforth, the other was Captain Rose.

"If there was only a tug in sight to help them," groaned Captain Rose.

"Why didn't you dun a little common sense into the woman if she didn't take any naturally," scolded Captain Danforth, "or shut her and the boy up somewhere."

"I told her, but I declare when I was young I could have brought down them oars in half the time it takes Jim to fetch 'em. I say, 'Kiah Danforth, ain't that boat trying to put about?"

"It acts like it, John, but it will get swamped just as sure as guns if—no, it's going on. There's nothing else to do. I never in all my life saw a time when there wasn't a sail in sight."

The boat's gone! No! There it comes up again!"

Suddenly a cry for a helping hand was raised among the bystanders, and willing hearts went forth from the land.

"Every second tells. It's a race for life!" called out Captain Danforth. "Jim you'd better get in. You're strong if one of us tuckers out you can take hold."

All ready lay the boat, a dark green surf boat, a boat that could stand heavy seas, and the two men and boy who had nobly volunteered were not long in starting off.

"Success to you. Fetch 'em back alive!" called out Captain Rose.

All at once the pier at Dull Haven seemed thronged with people. The news had spread that Mrs. Swing and Richard were out alone on the sea.

As they watched the dim, dark speck now rising upon the swelling waters and as quickly vanishing from sight, not one of the little throng but knew the danger of the tiny boat. With breathless eagerness they watched the surf boat as its two rowers stood at the oar urging it onward.

"It's down the harbor now. They're catching it. It's an awful wind for June. Do you think they are gaining on them? That mile of a boat will never live till they get there," were some of the remarks heard as they passed on.

As for Captain Rose he went panting up the hill into the town, climbed into the belfry of Dull Haven church, as far up as he could go, and watched through a spy-glass the progress of the mere speck in the distance and the toiling helpers so far behind.

After a few minutes he realized that Captain Danforth, although doing his utmost, could not reach the periled ones in time to save them and he said to himself:

"The boy is doing well, but he can't hold out. I must do it." Captain Rose's little daughter had followed her father into the church and climbed the belfry stairs.

"See here, Dolly," he said, "can you look through here and keep sharp watch? No, you run—you can go quicker than I can," and the Captain scribbled a message on the back of an envelope, and giving it her bade her make haste to the telegraph office. "You tell Johnny Blake it's to save a life and it must go ahead of everything."

Dolly Rose did not need to be told twice. She ran every step of the way, and rushing into the telegraph office flushed and eager, cried out:

"Mr. Blake, here, send this quick. Richard Swing and his mother are going to drown, and it's to save them." The operator took the envelope and read:

Captain True, steam tug Good Heart, Cromwell Harbor. Steam out at once in search small boat—woman and boy in it—off Dull Haven three miles; going against the wind; can't last long.

"All right," said the operator, clicking away at his machine for a minute or two, and then exclaiming: "It's done. Wait a minute, sis, and I'll tell you whether or not he gets it; wire runs right down to the wharf."

The minutes went by. Ten had passed when the answer came back:

"Steam up; start at once; go myself." TIMOTHY TRUE.

The operator did not stay to write it. "Run quick and tell your father Captain True is gone already," he said.

Dolly ran, saying to every one she met: "They'll be saved! They'll be saved!" The child got up to the belfry stair, and couldn't utter a word. She

could only smile and bow her head and try to get out the message, which she did at last.

Captain Rose's eye was on the speck. He dared not take it off lest never to find it again. Meanwhile, the news got abroad that Captain Rose had telegraphed to Cromwell for a tug, and the burden of fear grew lighter.

In the little boat again and again had Richard tried to turn his head toward the land, but with each trial it took in so much water that he was forced to give up the attempt. Nothing could be done but keep off and face the boiling sea. Very few words were spoken. Mrs. Swing kept bailing as fast as possible, with only the shell of a horseshoe crab to work with.

At length came a wave like a small hill, up which the boat rode gallantly, and then suddenly Richard shouted:

"They're coming for us, mother. I see a boat just outside the harbor."

Then the tears sprang to Mrs. Swing's eyes. She stopped bailing for a moment to look towards the shore. All she could see was a wall of water shutting out the land.

"Courage, mother," Dick said.

Every rise and fall of the oar was a prayer; every dip of the poor old crab shell was a petition for life.

Out from Cromwell Harbor, seven miles to the eastward, and hidden from sight by Bright Head, steamed the tug Good Heart. Never had it's Captain stood watching the sea with more earnest gaze. Never was steam applied with more generous hand. 'Twas the woman and the boy in the boat out at sea that lived in the gaze, in the steam and in the fuel, and Good Heart bore away with cordial speed till Bright Head was won and weathered.

"I see it!" shouted the Captain though how it lived to get there is more than I know," and he gave direction to steam outside.

Richard's attention was so divided between the billows and the land and the friendly boat, and Mrs. Swing was so intent on bailing, that neither of them saw the tug until it was upon them, and a hailing voice shouted:

"Hold on till we pick you up."

It seemed as if a voice from heaven had spoken. Even bluff old Captain Rose in the belfry of the church ejaculated, "Thank God!" as he saw the tug come to.

The shock of the call, the sight of the black, throbbing tug, friendly as they seemed, yet came near swamping the boat, for Richard let it turn, and the last strength he had was put forth in holding it up to the wind until a line was cast off, and even then he had no power to make it fast. It was Mrs. Swing who tried to obey the commands that came but could not.

Finally the tug's boat was lowered. It was no easy task to get to leeward and board the Good Heart, which held its breath, bracing itself against the waves almost as a thing of life to do its kindly office. Richard and his mother had been saved.

"Give 'em a signal! Give 'em three!" and the steam whistle blew three shrieks that went over the bay and up the harbor and over against the meeting house steeple, until old Captain Rose fell down upon his knees to utter the first prayer of thankfulness his little Dolly had ever heard him offer.—*New York Graphic.*

SUNNY SLOPE.

"I wonder what that means, now?"

There had been some little excitement in the bank of Hillman during the half hour preceding this remark, and now the two men who controlled its affairs—Messrs. Jenks and Barton—were in the private counting house, looking rather blankly into each other's faces.

Mr. Jenks, who made the first remark, was moved thereto by the fact that old Josiah Hillman, who was the richest man in the county, and had heretofore kept with Jenks & Barton the largest sum of money of any of those who put their funds into the bank, had driven up and presented a check for the exact amount. It was so large a sum that it had made some little stir before it was handed through the little window.

"I wonder what that means, now?" Mr. Jenks said, with a long face.

"I think," said Mr. Barton, who always spoke very slowly, as if weighing each word, "that Josiah Hillman is a little off his head. He's sold his interest in the factories."

"And did not deposit one farthing of

the purchase money here. I thought that was odd."

"He is turning everything into money—gold. He gets gold for every dollar. I believe he means to go abroad and take his fortune with him in gold."

"Is Sunny Slope for sale?" asked Mr. Jenks, quickly.

"Not that I have heard. Want to buy?"

"Yes. It is the prettiest place about here. By the way, have you had any news about Craige?"

Mr. Barton frowned ominously.

"Why should I have any news about him?"

"I thought perhaps Hattie. Young folks will be young folks, you know."

"I know," how the frown deepened—"that my daughter Harriet has been forbidden to correspond with Craige Hillman, and that the childish engagement between them no longer exists."

"Then he has lost everything—love and all!" said Mr. Jenks, hastily.

"Poor boy! poor ill-treated boy!"

"Why does he oppose his father?" asked Mr. Barton, so hotly and hastily that Mr. Jenks looked at him in utter amazement. Never had he heard words come from his partner's mouth with such rapidity. "Why cannot he humor the old man's whims for a few more years? To throw away half a million of money—over I don't believe one cent less would cover Josiah Hillman's fortune—for a chimera?"

"Stop!" said Mr. Jenks, suddenly.

"Do not call Craige Hillman's resolve by such a name. He feels that he is called to the ministry by gifts God-given. Fortunately, his mother's fortune, small as it is, will enable him to live in simple comfort, and study for the ministry."

"Well, I must be off," said Mr. Barton, uneasily; "we cannot agree upon this subject, so we will not discuss it. Hattie sees what is best."

Did she? Mr. Barton made his boast that in his own family his word was law. A tyrant in a household is a power to be dreaded, and there was not one of Mr. Barton's family who did not shiver at the sound of his slow, ponderous step, and measured voice. When the son and heir of the richest man in Hillmanwood pretty Hattie, Mr. Barton's eldest daughter, for his wife, no one smiled more genially upon the young couple than the old banker.

But when Craige utterly refused to take his father's business, and devoted his life to the open service of his Creator, Mr. Hillman's wrath was not greater than that of Mr. Barton's. Hattie was forbidden ever to think of her lover again.

She was a little blue-eyed mite, with soft, golden curls, a slight, graceful figure, below the medium height, and a shy, timid manner. A girl to be easily cowed and kept in subjection, every one thought. Yet the tearful note to Craige contained these words, amidst a framework of loving expressions:

"You, who are sacrificing everything for duty, will not ask me to control my father while he has the right to control my actions. In two years I shall be twenty-one. If you still love me, come for me then, and I will be your wife. I shall never cease to love you and pray for you."

It was pretty to see how her character developed after sending the letter. She made no attempt at clandestine correspondence, asked no questions about Craige, was quietly helped as she had always been in her home. But she was more self-reliant, less timid and shy, eager to learn all household mysteries, and learned to sew upon her own dresses and bonnets.

"I may be a poor man's wife," she said, once, when teased about her new fancies, "and if so, I must be my own milliner and dressmaker."

For three months after Craige Hillman left his home his father spent all his time in gathering together all his wealth in gold. It began to be the subject of much comment, and many shook their heads wisely.

"He'll be murdered in his bed some night," they said, and were elated with their spirit of prophecy when one morning the entire household force of Sunny Slope rushed into Hillman to tell of an awful midnight tragedy.

Josiah Hillman had been murdered in his bed! It was a hideous, brutal murder, every mark of robbery and cruelty being left in the room.

Craige was summoned from the theological academy, and found himself heir to Sunny Slope only. Every vestige of the gold was gone. In vain

the house was searched; no will was there, and not one of the thousands of gold coins the old man had gathered together.

Jenks & Barton knew of three hundred thousand dollars in bonds that had not yet been sold, but they were as good as money in the hands of the thief, and they, too, were gone.

Craige shut the house up after the funeral, put the matter into the hands of the police, and returned to the academy. He studied hard and conscientiously, but with a pure heart, a noble intellect, and a firm resolution to keep his self-imposed vows; he was but human, and he grieved for the lost love, and for the wealth that would have given him the power to do so much good.

The two years had passed which finished Craige Hillman's course of study, and he entered the ministry. He saw Mr. Barton, and once more received a stern refusal to his suit.

"Your private fortune will barely clothe and feed you," said the old banker, "and you may not have a salary for years."

"I shall sell Sunny Slope, and it ought to bring a good price."

"It may and it may not! But I will not have Hattie disturbed. She has forgotten all the past folly!"

But when Craige returned home in the garden of Sunny Slope a little figure waited for him.

"You love me still, Craige?" she said in answer to his rapturous greeting.

"I have never ceased to love you for one hour."

"Then I will be your wife whenever you will. I am of age now, and I have a right to decide my own life—Craige," she said earnestly. "I would not say this if my father had real reason to forbid me to love you."

He told her his plans to sell his old home and try to get a parish in some western city, and they parted with loving vows of constancy.

Perhaps Mr. Barton may have felt before in his life the sensation of utter amazement, but certainly it was never stronger than when Hattie, two months later, told him that Craige had sold Sunny Slope to Mr. Jenks, and accepted a parish in Wisconsin, adding simply:

"I shall marry Craige to-morrow, father, and we start for our new home the next day."

The old banker's rage was past description, but his little blue-eyed daughter, tearless and resolute, only repeated her rebellious words.

"Craige has done nothing to forfeit the consent you once gave him to marry me," she said quietly. "He is the same man, nobler, truer, more worthy of respect and love. I know my life will have its privations, but I do not fear them."

"Will you brave your father's curse?" sputtered the old man.

"I do not think you will curse me," she said, gently. "I have obeyed you always, but I am of an age now to decide for myself."

And he did not curse her. Finding her resolute, he gave a grudging consent and, "to save appearances," the family appeared at the church when the quiet wedding took place. Old Mr. Jenks pressed a check into the bride's hand at parting.

"I am a miserable old bachelor," he said, shaking Craige's hand warmly, "but I can sympathize with young people. Years ago, if one heart had been as true to me as Josiah's has been to you, my old age would not be so lonely."

The parish in Wisconsin proved no sinecure. It was in a comparatively new settlement, and Hattie's housewifely accomplishments were called in to full activity, not only for her own home, but to help many an overworked wife and mother who had to learn that emigration meant the facing of new and hard labors.

They were very poor, the salary being small and the price of Sunny Slope being put in the Hillman bank for a rainy day. Their charities were self-denials always, and they rested but little upon the length of their purse. But after three years Craige received a letter from Mr. Jenks, the owner of Sunny Slope. He wrote:

"In making an alteration in my house, Craige, I tore down a portion of the chimney wall of your father's room. In a cavity, plastered over, and papered so as to defy detection, I found what we had supposed lost forever—your father's fortune. What-

ever he intended to disclose concerning this hiding place was prevented by his sudden death. Need I say that Sunny Slope is again for sale, if you and Hattie return to it?"

"Oh, Craige!" Hattie cried, "how can we leave our work here!"

"You shall decide," he said. "Remember it will be a life of perfect ease and luxury at Sunny Slope."

"But here we have one of usefulness. Oh, Craige," as possibilities began to unfold themselves, "we might build a church! Think of a real church instead of benches in a barn!"

"And a school house," said Craige, "where little Miss West need not live all winter in terror of draughts and neuralgia."

My story is written. Long ago Mr. Jenks passed away, leaving Sunny Slope to Hattie. The Bartons live there, and Hattie makes flying visits, and sends her children to be petted by their grandparents, aunts and uncles; and when the year's work is done there is little left of the year's income, though there are a few people in his parish who live more simply or more faithfully than Craige Hillman and his wife.

—*New York Ledger.*

Homing Pigeons.

A "homing club" is devoted to the rearing and training of pigeons, which process is called "homing." In Turkey where the art is supposed to be carried to its highest perfection, the procedure adopted is this: The person who has charge of rearing and training them takes the young pigeons when they have got their full strength of wing in a covered basket to a distance of about half a mile from their home; they are then set at liberty, and if any of them fail in returning home from this short distance, they are considered stupid and regarded as valueless. Those that return home are then taken to greater distances, progressively increases to 1000 miles, and they will then return with certainty from the furthest parts of the country. In England it is customary to keep these birds in a dark place for six hours before they are to be used. They are then sparingly fed, but are given as much water as they care to drink. The paper on which the message is written should be carefully tied round the upper part of the bird's leg, but so as in no wise to impede its flight. In olden times the custom was to suspend the message from the wing or round the neck.

During the siege of Paris in 1870 carrier pigeons were employed to carry messages beyond the German lines; very long documents printed by micro-photography on flimsy indestructible by water, and weighing only a few grains, were thus transmitted with great success. The ordinary rate of flight of the carrier pigeon is believed not to exceed thirty miles per hour, but instances are on record where ninety miles have been covered in that time. When thrown up the birds rise, and when it has reached a good flight will at first fly round and round, evidently for the purpose of finding some well known landmark, and then make off, continuing on the wing without stop or stay, unless prevented, till its home is reached. Thus pigeons, when loosed from a balloon at a great height, have, after flying round and round, returned to the balloon for want of objects to guide them in their homeward flight.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Flossie is 6 years old. "Mamma," she asked one day, "if I get married, will I have a husband like pa?"

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, Sept. 5, 1889.

MONDAY last was the first legal recognition of Labor Day in Pennsylvania, and in many sections of the State the holiday was fittingly observed.

At West Chester, Tuesday, Thomas S. Butler was nominated Law Judge by a vote of 129 against 25 for A. P. Reid.

THE Democratic State Convention is in session at Harrisburg, at this writing. The indications are that Ex-Congressor Bigler will be nominated for State Treasurer.

THE founding of the Old Log College (which subsequently became Princeton College) at Hartsville, Bucks county, over a century ago, is being impressively commemorated this week. President Harrison and members of his Cabinet are in attendance.

A DISPATCH from London, dated August 30, reads: "Advises from Yokohama state that disastrous storms have recently occurred in Wakayama. Ten thousand persons perished in the floods following the storms and 20,000 were rendered homeless. The loss of property was enormous.

At Reading, Tuesday, Judge Hagenman was defeated for the nomination for Judge. G. A. Endlich was the successful candidate. After twenty years' service on the bench Judge Hagenman will be compelled to retire. Ex-Congressman Erantrout was bent on revenge, and he seems to have captured a good share of it, as the Democratic candidates nominated, Tuesday, were principally friends of his.

C. D. GRAHAM, the Philadelphia cooper, lightly cased in his barrel boat, went over Niagara Falls, Sunday morning, and twenty-five minutes after the start he was picked up in Bass Rock eddy at the foot comparatively unharmed. It was a very foolish and hazardous undertaking; nevertheless Graham's perseverance and pluck commands a certain amount of admiration.

At the limestone quarry of Peter Callahan, at South Bethlehem, New York, on Monday, the largest displacement of rock at one blast ever made in this country was accomplished. Twenty-two thousand tons of rock came crashing down. The force used was one ton of dynamite, placed in several holes and driven to the depth of thirty feet in the solid rock.

WHAT well-directed training schools can accomplish is illustrated in the case of the dairy schools of Denmark. The government has for years spent over \$50,000 yearly for the maintenance of dairy schools. The result has been an immense improvement in dairy product, and a lively demand for Danish butter. Within twenty years Denmark's exports of butter have increased from \$2,100,000 to \$18,000,000 per annum.

THE London strike continues and the toiling thousands are exerting the power they hold against the tyranny of those who seem to have no regard for the rights of labor. As the strike now stands it is said to be one of the most remarkable in the history of industrial movements. The trade of the mighty city has not only been paralyzed but the city has been brought to the verge of a famine. In the meantime the dock companies are resisting the demand of the strikers.

THE number of delegates in attendance at the Prohibition Convention held at Harrisburg, last week, may be accepted as an evidence that the cold water advocates have not only survived the deluge last June but that the drenching there has served to make them even more enthusiastic and persistent now. Their candidate for Treasurer will be in the company of the defeated after the November election, and his associates will include some quite prominent politicians of some other parties.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our regular correspondent. WASHINGTON D. C., Aug. 30, 1889.—There is a great clamor on the part of the various State Republican associations of Washington for "recognition." During this week meetings have been held by the associations and plans considered for ousting the enemy. The members in no measured terms denounce the retention of turn-coat republicans, who either went over to the enemy during the Cleveland administration or else maintained a masterly inactivity. These State associations are of necessity constituted of government clerks and inasmuch as most of these organizations died during the

Cleveland administration, and were only recognized after the last election, it appears amusing to see the members pose as martyrs and lick imaginary wounds. In the terse slang of the street, the heads of departments are "on to" these associations. They are generally conducted by a clique of four or five and are rarely representative of the employees from the State they claim to represent. This was true of even the boasted New York Democratic Association of Mr. Cleveland's administration, which had but a short popularity, and was speedily known as the "Albany Association," a name given it by "Sunset" Cox, who may be said to have had his own personal and private convictions concerning the friends of Mr. Cleveland who had known him in Albany and who cut such a wide swath here for a year or so.

All this rage of the association is due to personal disappointments. After the last election, two thirds of the republican holdovers, hundreds of whom were from doubtful States like New York and who failed to go home to vote, expected nothing less than to be chiefs or assistant chiefs of divisions. Hundreds talked vaguely of getting paid for sufferings and services by appointment to places in some other department. That these things have not been done is a great and sore disappointment. Men who have not been home to vote for ten years and who have never paid one dollar of political assessments since Mr. Cleveland's inauguration, expect promotion purely on political grounds. Sympathy for them is wasted. Even if to the victor belong the spoils and departmental clerkships belong among the spoils, it goes without saying that people who had nothing to do with the victory except wait for it, are not entitled to the spoils.

The movement suggesting the removal of General Grant's remains from New York to Arlington or the Soldier's Home meets with approval generally outside of New York City. The failure of New York to provide a suitable monument has disgusted General Grant's old friends and associates everywhere. There is very little doubt but that Mrs Grant will consent to the removal and Congress would make ample provision for the tomb. The statement of the New York papers that General Grant frequently expressed a desire to be buried in that city appears without foundation. General Grant seldom alluded to such matters and even in his last illness, did not mention any preference. He did, however, in war times after expressing a desire to eventually rest at West Point. What he felt in after life, it is hard to tell, he was cosmopolitan. He belonged to no city but to the Nation. Born in Ohio, reared in Illinois, educated at West Point, in a long war, afterward a resident of Washington and finally of New York, only the wish of his family and of the American people as a body, should be consulted as to his final resting place.

The President has been invited by Miss Clara Barton to visit the Red Cross headquarters at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and will probably come before his return from Deer Park. Later in the season, probably during the extra session of Congress, an effort will be made to secure a visit of representative legislators to the scene of the Johnstown disaster. President Harrison is one of the members of the Red Cross Association, being president of the board of Consultation, while the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury are the trustees of the association. This arrangement has existed since 1882.

Miss Clara Barton president of the association, is a familiar figure in Washington, where her enthusiasm, courage and organizing ability have long been recognized. She is a woman whose whole life is sacredly devoted to succoring the victims of war and disaster. Walter P. Phillips general manager of the United Press, is secretary, and George Kennan, the eminent Siberian traveler and magazine contributor, is treasurer. Congress will be asked, at the next session, to establish headquarters for the American National Red Cross in this city. The Red Cross has now no official headquarters, though most of the executive officers live in this city, including Miss Barton.

Our Foreign Commerce.

For the last fiscal year the value of imports of merchandise amounted to \$745,127,475, as against \$723,057,114 during the fiscal year 1888, an increase of \$21,170,362.

The exports of merchandise amounted to \$742,401,799, as against \$695,954,507 during the fiscal year 1888, an increase of \$46,447,292. The increase of our exports was mainly in the following articles: Cotton (raw), provisions, animals, wool and manufactures of mineral oils, iron and steel, and manufactures of cotton. The increase of imports was mainly in the following: Coffee, sugar, wool, and manufactures of hides and skins, seed, hemp, and silver ore. There was a decline in the imports of iron and steel, vegetables, and manufactures of cotton.

The value of exports for the year was greater than any other year since 1883, and was only exceeded by the exports of 1881, 1882, and 1883. The value of imports was the greatest in the history of our commerce, exceeding our exports by \$2,725,677. Our exports of gold and silver amounted to \$94,641,533, our imports to \$28,963,073, an excess of exports of \$65,678,460. The number of immigrants arriving during the year was 438,614, as against 539,315 for 1888, a decrease of 101,201.

Natural gas as a fuel has been in use about fifteen years. There are now employed in its transmission for fuel purposes 27,350 miles of pipe mains. In Pittsburgh alone there are 500 miles, and the consumption of gas there represents an annual consumption of 7,000,000 tons of coal.

How Old Are You?

Girls of a marriageable age do not like to tell how old they are; but you can find out by following the subjoined instruction given by the Chester Local News. Let the young lady do the figuring. Tell her to put down the number of the month in which she was born, then multiply it by two, then to add 5, then to multiply it by 50, then to add her age, then to subtract 365, then to add 115, then tell her to tell you the amount she has left. The two figures to the right will denote her age, and the remainder the month of her birth. For example, the amount is 823; she is 23 years old, and was born in the eighth month (August). Try it.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

Two Hebrews own the site of ancient Babylon, where their ancestors were captives and slaves.

There are over 11,000 millionaires in the United States, according to a recent estimate. Hotel clerks and plumbers are not included in the list.

An English trader at Ngove, on the southwestern coast of Africa, has for some time a young female gorilla, whose docility is described as most remarkable. Jeannie, as the baby gorilla has been named, sleeps with her master, and tries to follow him wherever he goes, weeping like a child if left behind. She recently accompanied him on a journey of twenty miles or more, walking all the way. She has acquired many civilized tastes and habits, and will drink tea, etc., out of a cup of glass, displaying the utmost carelessness not to break the vessel.

Wide Awake for September opens the new serial by Susan Coolidge, a story for girls who have their living to earn; it is called "A Little Knight of Labor"—one of those stories that are enjoyed equally by young and old. The Peppers serial by Margaret Sidney is full of good times and exciting happenings, as is usual with the Peppers household. An article that will be read with interest relates to "Maria Mitchell at Vassar," and is written by one of her old pupils; there is a good portrait of the famous woman astronomer. Miss Risley Seward gives the last of her Around the World Stories—perhaps the most entertaining of them all; it is entitled "My Dinner at Kensington Palace—an amusing glimpse of royalty. Madame de Meissner, in "The Story of the 'Magic Flute'" relates a romantic incident in the young life of Mozart. Lieut. London tells a bright Indian story, "The Race Between Mr. Deer and Mr. Antelope." Mrs. Kate Upson Clark has an amusing account of a mother's experience with three boys and three birds, entitled "Three Robins." Wide Awake is \$2.40 a year. D. Lothrop Company, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER, OF NORRISTOWN. Subject to Republican rules. Edwin S. Stahlnecker, 41y.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER, OF NORRISTOWN. Subject to Republican rules. A. C. Codshall, 15au.

FOR SHERIFF, OF UPPER PROVIDENCE. Subject to Republican rules. A. H. Brower, 181y.

FOR SHERIFF, OF NORRISTOWN. Subject to Republican rules. A. L. Ebert, 181y.

FOR SHERIFF, OF WHITPAIN. Subject to Democratic rules. Wm. C. Blackburn, 181y.

FOR SHERIFF, OF WHITPAIN. Subject to Democratic rules. Joseph C. Beyer, 181y.

WM. CRATER, Paper Hanger, WITH W. H. BLANCHFORD, COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Over 1000 pieces of paper and border in stock to select from. All the latest styles and novelties. Come and examine the stock. 201u

STORE GOODS

AT FIRST COST!

For the Next Thirty Days

A LARGE VARIETY OF STORE GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT

FIRST COST!

AT THE Old Perkiomen Bridge Store Stand!

For decided bargains in Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, &c., an early visit will save you money. Mrs. H. C. Schwenk, 181y

NOTICE!

GRATER'S FORD, PA., Aug. 14, 1889. Notice is hereby given that the undersigned retires from the business of General Merchandise, having disposed of the same to Emma L. Kulp and Charles A. Wagner, who will continue the business at the same place, and all debts owing to the undersigned will be received by the new firm. The undersigned also expresses his thanks to his friends and customers for their long and liberal patronage during his business career, and wishes that they continue the same to his successors. ISAAC KULP.

PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

GRATER'S FORD, PA., Aug. 14, 1889. The undersigned have this day formed a partnership for transacting business in General Merchandise, under the firm name of Kulp & Wagner, at Grater's Ford, Montgomery county, Pa. KULP & WAGNER.

We assure the friends and patrons of the stand that the change of name shall make no change to them, for we have the promise of our predecessor that he will still assist in the management of the business. We shall try to maintain the high standard of fair dealing and integrity which have been leading traits of the store since its establishment by Mr. Kulp in 1869. Our announcements to the public will be made as were our predecessors, chiefly through our customers. KULP & WAGNER.

JUST RECEIVED

A CAR LOAD OF High-Grade Fertilizers

From Tate, Nutter & Wittichen, Baltimore, Md. Rose Bone Phosphate and Fish Guano. Will be sold at \$2 and \$30 per ton. These Fertilizers are strictly first-class. Hand in your orders early.

Also Trimley's High-Grade Fertilizers.

We are also selling Choice Timothy Seed at \$2.25 per bushel, and all kinds of Feed at remarkably low prices. Call and see us and we will do you good. P. P. FARINGER, Yerkes, Pa. 29au3t

RUPTURE DR. J. B. WISMER'S CURE GUARANTEED. Office Hours 9 to 12.

Maryland's Exposition.

Elaborate preparations are being made for the great Exposition to open at Baltimore, Monday, September 9th and continue until Saturday, September 14th. A monster parade, Industrial and Civic, with 200 floats and over 50,000 men in line, will be one of the features of the first day. A Sham Battle, Grand Concert and Massed Band Concert in which 50 bands will take part, Dedication of the Post Office by the President and Cabinet and Maryland Grand Ball are on the program for Thursday, the 12th. The Bombardment of Fort McHenry is arranged for Friday, the 13th. Eight United States Men-of-War, the Maryland Oyster Navy and 500 men will be in the engagement and something realistic can be looked for. Some of the best stables in the country are entered for the races which take place each day, on the Pimlico Track. The railroads are making low rates and the B. & O., with its usual liberality, announces that excursion tickets will be sold to Baltimore from all stations on its lines east of the Ohio River, for all trains September 7th to 14th inclusive, at one fare for the round trip, valid for return passage until September 21st, inclusive. 29 3t

POLITICAL.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER, OF NORRISTOWN. Subject to Republican rules. Edwin S. Stahlnecker, 41y.

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WM. CRATER, Paper Hanger, WITH W. H. BLANCHFORD, COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Over 1000 pieces of paper and border in stock to select from. All the latest styles and novelties. Come and examine the stock. 201u

J. M. ZIMMERMAN, Near Collegeville, Pa., DEALER IN Milk, Butter, Cottage Cheese, &c. Vegetables in Season.

Pure milk delivered every morning to residents of Collegeville and vicinity. Butter and cheese delivered Wednesday and Saturday mornings. 183epm

'89. GREAT REDUCTION '89. AT THE COLLEGEVILLE GARDENS!

In order to make room to build more green-houses, we make the following special offer of Greenhouse and Bedding Plants. We have some very nice plants yet in stock:

- Berzonias, 15 to 20 cents each. Coleus, 5 to 5 cents each. Chrysanthemums, 15 cents each. Geraniums, 8 to 12 cents each. Penzance, double, 15 cents each. Verbena, 4 cents each. Alyssum dwarf, 4 cents each. Basket Plants, 5 cents each. Fuchsias, 15 cents each. Gladiolus bulbs, 50 cents per dozen. Heliotropes, 15 cents each. Pyrethrum Aureum (fever few) 4 cents each. Roses, 25 to 60 cents each. Tuberoses bulbs, 10 cents each. Other Flower Plants at Low Prices.

VEGETABLE PLANTS: Late Cabbage, 30c. per 100; \$2.50 per 1000. Sweet Potato Sprouts, 25c. per 100. Celery Plants, 30c. per 100.

Vegetables in Season, Wholesale and Retail. SLUG SHOT, Sure death to Insects, 5 lbs., 25c. FREDERICK C. PRIZER, Florist, Seedsman, Grower of Vegetables and Vegetable Plants, 31ar COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

SHOEMAKER'S "OLD RELIABLE" Largest Stock of Shoes

For Men, Ladies and Children, of all kinds, to be found in any country store, and in quality and price we take the lead. Men's Brogans, \$1.00. Shoes for Ladies and Men from \$1.25, up to \$5.

QUEENWARE CROCKERYWARE Earthenware, Hardware, Forks, Rakes, Shovels, Spades, &c.

FRESH GROCERIES IN FULL ASSORTMENT. Good Rice, 4 pounds for 25 cents; Peaches, 3 pounds for 25 cents; good Corn, 3 cans for 25 cents. No trash left in stock.

F. B. RUSHONG, TRAPPE, PA.

THE LARGEST Assortment of Goods!

EVER OFFERED IN TRAPPE!

DELAINES, CHALLIES, GINGHAMS, PRINTS, AT BOTTOM PRICES. OUR STOCK OF CLOTHS and CASSIMERES Was never More Complete.

MEN'S FURNISHING GOODS! In Complete Variety. Special Bargains in Ladies' Misses' and Children's Shoes. Men's Fine Shoes! Men's Flow Shoes!

Large Stock of Summer Hats! Queensware, Glassware, &c., Linseed Oil, Lubricating Oil, Paints, Hardware, &c., &c.

GROCERIES: Always the best. Choice Evaporated Peaches, 10c.; Prunes, 6c.; Canned Corn, 6c.; Canned Tomatoes, 5c.; Raisins, Apricots, Currants, cocoanuts, &c., &c., &c. Headlight Oil, 12c. per gallon.

Beaver & Shellenberger, TRAPPE, PA.

THE FOOLISH MAN. Filled with dismay at the frequent and large shoe bills for his children he resolves to KNOW why it is that his neighbor Mr. Wiseman succeeds; he learns from him the secret is buying the GENUINE "SOLAS TIP SHOES."

THE WISE MAN. For the children. Gold Medal First-Class Award at World's Fair, N. Orleans. Above is the trade mark which must always have our full name on the sole of every pair "SOLAS TIP AND JOHN MURRELL & CO., PHILA. (Copyrighted).

Ladies' and Gents' Shoes! Direct from Keystone Shoe Manufacturing Co. Every pair guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded.

Freed's Celebrated Hand-made Shoes. Sole Agent for Snag Proof Gum Boot, price \$2.75. Do. \$3.50 per pair and warranted to wear well.

DRY GOODS: Large stock Cashmeres & Cottonades for spring. Beautiful shades of Tricot dress suitings, only 25c. yd., double width. Gingham, 4 yds. for 25c. All grades of Muslins and Canton Flannels. Best Tickings, 12c. to 25c.

GROCERIES! Maple Sugar Syrup, 50c. gal. Extra Baking Syrup 40c. gal. 4 cans corn, 25c. 3 cans tomatoes, 25c. Choice evaporated peaches, 2 lbs. 25c. Valencia raisins, 3 lbs. 25c. Fresh Rolled Oats, 5 lbs. 25c. Try our choice Rio Coffee, only 25c. A handsome gift given away with every 1/2 lb. of Garden Flower Tea, 15c. quarter. Also large stock of wooden ware, hardware, drugs, oils, paints, hardware, and a specialty of fresh cement and calcined plaster.

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EVER OFFERED IN TRAPPE. Dress Goods, Muslins, Calicoes, Gingham, Cheviots, Table Linens, &c. Cassimeres, Cottonades, Gents' Furnishing Goods! Hats, Caps, &c. and the

Largest Stock of Shoes

For Men, Ladies and Children, of all kinds, to be found in any country store, and in quality and price we take the lead. Men's Brogans, \$1.00. Shoes for Ladies and Men from \$1.25, up to \$5.

QUEENWARE CROCKERYWARE Earthenware, Hardware, Forks, Rakes, Shovels, Spades, &c.

FRESH GROCERIES IN FULL ASSORTMENT. Good Rice, 4 pounds for 25 cents; Peaches, 3 pounds for 25 cents; good Corn, 3 cans for 25 cents. No trash left in stock.

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You will find just about what you want. IN THE LINE OF STAPLE DRY GOODS

You can see over 200 different styles and qualities for Suitings for Men and Boys, which will be made up to please anyone. Fit guaranteed. SATTEENS AND GINGHAMS, PRINTS AND LAWNS, FOR THE LADIES.

Choice - Groceries - for - Everybody. Favorite Sewing Machine. Save 50 per cent. by buying Sewing Machines at Gotwals' Store, Providence Square. I sell the Favorite, the best in construction and most easily operated. It runs very easy, and is adapted for tailors work as well as for fine dresses. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. HARDWARE for the builder. A full line of the very best Mixed Paints, (a guarantee sold with every gallon), and in fact anything you want from a needle to not an anchor. Come all and examine our goods for yourselves. Yours very truly,

JOSEPH G. GOTWALS.

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Strictly Pure Spices and Flavoring Extracts. ANTI GASP MIXTURE, For the prevention and cure of gasps in poultry. For the prevention and cure of gasps in poultry, is especially good during moulting season, invigorates the system and starts the fowls to laying sooner than without its use. POULTRY POWDER, Cures cholera, roup and kindred diseases in poultry. GRAY CONDITION POWDER, An excellent remedy for diseases of horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. Increases appetite, promotes digestion, kidney and liver. Purifies the blood, removes humors, restores health to the system.

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TO OUR PATRONS IN THE Country and the public generally.

We have made arrangements for taking measurements and laying Carpets in the country. A new delivery wagon has been put in service and our upholsterer will personally take the measure of any rooms, will make the carpets and put them down. No matter where you are in the country, we are prepared to call at your home and take the entire charge of fitting your carpets.

All you have to do is SELECT CARPETS from our stock, which comprise a COMPLETE ASSORTMENT of Carpets, Rugs, Plain and Checked Mattings, of the latest and choicest patterns from all the leading makers, all of which are sold at the

LOWEST PRICES!

Our Upholsterer has had 18 years' experience in the business and we guarantee our work in every particular. Reliable in Quilts, Perfect in Work, Lowest Possible Prices. We are prepared to give entire satisfaction. You are invited to call.

BAUGH'S RAW BONE MEAL \$25 Phosphate

NOT CASH PRIZES NOR COSTLY FERTILIZERS. BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MANURES. BAUGH'S ACTIVE ORIGINAL MANURES. BAUGH'S DOUBLE EAGLE PHOSPHATE. For sale by RUTZELL & BAINE, COLLEGEVILLE.

AND ANIMAL BONE. BAUGH'S PURE RAW-BONE MANURES. BAUGH'S ACTIVE ORIGINAL MANURES. BAUGH'S DOUBLE EAGLE PHOSPHATE. For sale by RUTZELL & BAINE, COLLEGEVILLE.

NEW DRESS GOODS! SPECIAL BARGAINS! COLLEGEVILLE Furniture: Warerooms!

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Imitation Suites as low as \$16. Parlor Furniture, latest styles, to suit all tastes, at the lowest figures.

Always in stock at Blanchford's a COMPLETE VARIETY of all kinds and grades of Furniture for any room in any home. Mattresses, Bed Springs, Bedding, Comforts, Feathers, Bolsters, pillows, &c., &c.

Rag, Ingrain, Stair BRUSSELS - CARPET AT PHILADELPHIA PRICES. All kinds of repairing and upholstering done promptly at reasonable prices.

Furniture delivered free in first-class order. Carpets sewed and put down if desired. W. H. Blanchford.

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TEETH, - - \$6, \$8 and \$10.00 PER SET. Before going elsewhere make it a point to visit us, compare our work, prices; see testimonials. MRS. S. L. PUGH.

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Bottom Prices for Sheetings, Table Linens, Tickings and Towelings. Howard Leopold, POTTSTOWN, PA.

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Office Hours:—until 9 a. m., 7 to 9 p. m.

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Office Hours:—until 9 a. m., 1 to 3 p. m.; 6 to 8 p. m.

J. R. UMSTAD, M. D.,
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Branch Office: COLLEGEVILLE, Monday and Tuesday. Gas administered.

Cheapest Dentist in Norristown.
N. S. BORNEMAN, D. D. S.,
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below Main St.
NORRISTOWN, PA. (Formerly of Boyertown.)
The only place where Pure Nitrous Oxide (Laughing Gas) is made a specialty for the painless extraction of teeth. Artificial sets from \$5 to \$10. English and German spoken. apl8

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Attorney-at-Law,
No. 4 PENN STREET, TWO DOORS ABOVE
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AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER,
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Room 23. Take the Elevator. Dec. 17, 1 yr.

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Justice of the Peace
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CONVEYANCER and General Business agent.
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Conveyancer and General Business Agent.
Clerking of Sales attended to. Charges reasonable. 27jan-

JOHN H. CASSELBERRY,
Surveyor and Conveyancer
Sales clerked; sale bills prepared. Orders by
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Practical Slater!
RAHN'S STATION Pa.
Dealer in every quality of Roofing, Flagging,
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L. B. WISMER,
Practical Slater!
Collegeville, Pa. Always on hand roofing
slate and slate flagging, and roofing felt. All
orders promptly attended to. Also on hand a
large lot of greystone flagging.

CHAS. H. DETWILER,
Veterinary Surgeon & Dentist
(GRADUATE OF THE ONTARIO VETERINARY
COLLEGE, TORONTO, CANADA.)



Dentistry a Specialty.
Symptoms are tossing of the head, tongue
jolling, drawing on one rein, frothing at the
mouth, discharge from the nose and eyes, ab-
normal growths, etc.
Diseases of all Domesticated Animals treated.
Particular attention given to Lame Horses.
Lame Horses will be treated at the Infirmary if
persons desire. Castration of Horses and Colts.
Special attention given to Surgical Operations.
A first-class supply of Medicine always on hand.
Telephone, Collegeville Exchange No. 1.
Office and Infirmary at my father's residence,
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W. M. PEARSON,
Auctioneer,
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Black Rock, Upper Providence, Montg. county,
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LESSONS WILL BE GIVEN ON THE
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Country work a specialty. PHILADELPHIA.
Estimates furnished. 29mtr

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Rag Carpet woven to order in any style desired.
Satisfaction guaranteed. Good Rag Carpet for
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W. H. RINGLER,
Blacksmith and Horseshoer,
IRONBRIDGE, PA. All kinds of blacksmith
work done promptly and to the satisfaction of
customers. Four new shoes, \$1.30. I will re-
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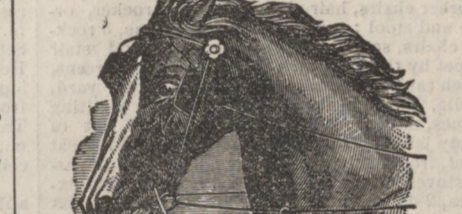
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This old and popular hotel still furnishes the
best accommodations for man and beast. The
bar always supplied with the best liquors and
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All the Best Grades of Working and Driving
COLLARS, at
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Call 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.
John G. Detwiler.



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—A FULL LINE OF ALL KINDS OF—
HORSE - - GOODS,
Including blankets, lap covers, whips, fly nets,
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New Harness of every description made to
order of the best material promptly. Good stock
and good workmanship guaranteed. No matter
what you may want in the line of harness or
horse goods in general, I can furnish you with
the same at right prices. Light and heavy Col-
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Department of Agriculture.
FOR FARMER AND FARM.

Under favorable circumstances nature
is supposed to be self-sustaining. Where
the entire vegetable product of a
farm is fed upon the farm and the
urine and excrement carefully hus-
banded and judiciously returned to the
land the actual loss is not large. This
not being the case, however, and as
our population is largely collecting in
towns and cities where excrement and
sewage are carried to waste, thus ef-
fecting an absolute waste for the
country farm, the question becomes an
important one, "How shall we main-
tain the fertility of our farms?"
In time of Abraham and Lot, wealth
consisted in "flocks and herds," now in
"stocks and bonds." The produce of
virgin soils of the West by rapid rail-
road transit is now thrown into sharp
competition with the more costly pro-
duction of the worn farms of the East.
All this emphasizes the question above
named, and farmers need to bestir
themselves and study the problem
opened before us.

It is an admitted fact that the con-
tinued growing of the same crop upon
land is unwise, is exhaustive. Hence
the natural question is as to a judicious
system of rotation.

A point of prime importance is to
adopt a system which shall secure and
profitably utilize a frequent recurrence
of forage crops of which red clover as a
recuperative crop probably stands at
the head. Thus, the farmers of West-
ern New York follow wheat by clover,
and when the soil is well filled with
clover roots there is material available
as plant food, when plowed under, for
a succeeding crop of wheat.

In New England a very common
practice has been to turn under sod-
land, plant corn with a moderate dress-
ing of stable manure, then follow with
potatoes, using a "special-fertilizer,"
succeeded by a grain crop, usually rye
or wheat, seeding at the same time
with 10 quarts of timothy and 4 to 6
quarts of medium red clover per acre,
to be mowed two years and then be put
through a similar rotation. These
crops with good management are usu-
ally remunerative, but the ultimate
success of this system depends largely
upon the profitable feeding of the for-
age upon the farm and thus returning
as far as possible what has been ab-
stracted from the soil.

Any system which ignores contin-
uous depletion must lead to deteriora-
tion and ultimate failure. Therefore
we strongly favor dairying as an es-
sential aid in carrying out the idea of
restoring in urine and excrement those
elements to the farm which are con-
stantly being taken out by continuous
cropping. Something can never, by
human means, be produced from nothing.
A pond with a free outlet but no
inlets will soon become dry; and the
same principle holds true on the farm.
Therefore it is often good policy for
the farmer to make liberal and judicious
purchases of bran, oil-meal and other
feeds from the use of which he can see
a profit, and also an essential aid in
maintaining the fertility of the farm.

But aside from these wise and im-
portant returns to the farmer to aid in
restoring lost fertility, the forage crops,
by their effect upon the soil in filling it
with their ramifications of roots acting
upon the soil and sub-soil, mechanically
and otherwise, are a most important
factor as a restorative agent, and never
in any system of rotation to be over-
looked. Hence frequent reseeded
with clover and the grasses cannot be
too strongly emphasized.

Experience seems to show that with
all crops a continuous repetition is not
wise; for two reasons—first, because
of the withdrawal of the required ele-
ments in the soil to make just those
crops; second, the presence of fungus
and insect parasites, as is often the
case, induced to the injury of a re-
peated crop. We find this true with
annual crops. We find it no less true
with regard to orchards. Hence the
apple may follow the peach or the pear
the apple, or vice versa, but to repeat
on the same site is folly. But no or-
chard has as good promise repeated
after any other orchard, as on new
land.

In conclusion we advise to convert
vegetable into animal products as far
as practicable, in order "to let one
hand wash the other." And also to
invoke the aid of recuperative forage
crops to be fed on the land or burned
under, as the special circumstances
may demand.—P. M. Augur, Connecti-
cut State Pomologist.

TROUBLE WITH COWS.
The Western Rural publishes a
column of suggestions on the treatment
of diseases in cows, from which we con-
dense the following:
Bloat is simply carbonic acid gas in
the first stomach. The cause is too
rapid eating, and usually happens when
the cow is first turned out to rich pas-
ture. Two ounces of liquid ammonia
in a quart of distilled water will some-
times neutralize the gas. The common

remedy and surest is to puncture the
pauch. Prevention, however, is better
than cure; and, therefore, don't let her
over-eat.

When cattle have foul in the foot,
remove the loose matter with a knife
and wash with a ten per cent. solution
of carbolic acid. If fungus appears,
apply equal parts of blood root and
pulverized alum.

Feed oatmeal and boiled potatoes in
cases of dysentery. Oil meal is also
good. For the looseness give powder-
ed charcoal, or if that does not check
it give the following, in warm gruel:
powdered oak bark, one ounce; pre-
pared chalk, two ounces; powdered
catechu, two drams; powdered ginger,
four drams, and powdered opium, one
dram.

**NOTICE TO FARMERS AND
HORSEMEN!**
The Farmers' Driving Park of Lower Provi-
dence is now open for the season of 1888, and
the undersigned hereby cordially solicits the
patronage of the public. Horses, broken to
harness or not, will be taken and carefully
handled and driven, and no effort will be spared
to give every horse the best possible attention.
Further particulars and rates given upon applica-
tion.

A yearly meeting of the holder of a
ticket or receipt to be the track for
one year, can be obtained by the payment of \$5.
The track will be positively closed to the public
on Sundays.
R. P. BALDWIN, Proprietor.

MAMBRINO HASSON.
Premiere—Mambrino Hasson was sired by
Ref's Mambrino Pilot, he by Mambrino Chief,
he by Mambrino Paymaster, he by Mambrino,
he by Imported Messenger. Mambrino Pilot's
Dam by Alexander's Pilot, Jr. Dam of Mam-
brino Hasson, by Hason of Salem, Ohio; he
by Imported Imum. (An Arabian horse pre-
sented to President Van Buren, by the Emperor
of Morocco); Dam of Hason by Uffilly, he by
American Eclipse. His colts took first
premium at the State Fair in 1886;
also at West Chester last fall; also at
Pottsville and Doylestown. His colts
took the Grand Prize at State Fair in 1886.
The colts that Mr. Phillips had at the Fair last fall
were by Hason, and he has taken first
premiums at the State Fair twice.
MAMBRINO HASSON will make the season
of 1888, at the Farmers' Driving Park, at
Lower Providence, Pa. Mares not proving
with colts will be mated the next season free
of charge. Mambrino Hasson took the first
premium at the Penn. Agricultural State Fair, at
Pottsville, Pa. 1887 and 1887, for the finest bred
colts of the year; he also won the 230 race at
Pottsville, Pa. making a record of 230; he
has always sold in 225.
He is the first season the services of
Mambrino Hasson are offered for \$25.00. Up to
this time it was \$50.00.

Maxey Cobb, Jr.
BAY STALLION—Star, and hind ankles
white, 15 1/2 hands high. Foaled August 22,
1882. Bred by Ezra Venable, Moorestown,
New Jersey.
PEDIGREE—Sire Maxey Cobb (record, 2:13 1/2).
Dam, May Queen, by John N. Miller's Old Em-
pire, bred by Alfred Scatterthwaite, between
Shelton and Crosswicks, N. J. Second Dam,
May Day, by old Henry May Day, (sire of the
dam of Lucy, 2:18 1/2). Bred by Aaron Harker,
Vincentown, N. J. Empire was the sire of the
dam of Flora Windsor. Record, 2:30, Waverly
Park, N. J., September 21, 1878. Maxey Cobb
Jack, son of Long Island Black Hawk. Em-
pire was sold to have been sired by Canadian St.
Lawrence. His dam was said to have been the
dam of Lady Moscow.

Will make the season at Washington Square,
Montgomery county Pa., at \$35 a mare.
JOSEPH C. BETH,
NORRISTOWN, P. O., Pa.
Telephone No. 76. 16ma-

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WHEAT MIDDINGS
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RYE FEED!
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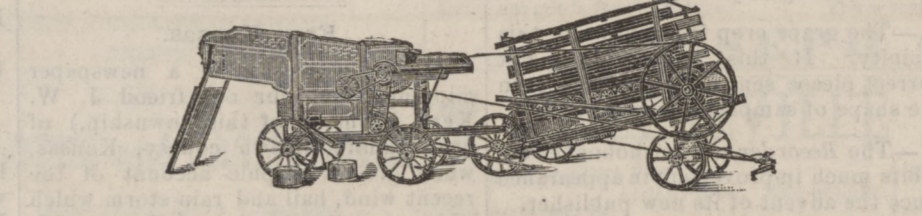
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we feel assured that we can give every patron
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various forms of
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published in a book,
"DON'T BE HURRIED
TO BUY," containing 100 years
experience which they do
not possess. They will
wonderfully and quickly
relieve any unfortunate
sufferer, who is being
suffered under DR. THEEL'S
Notice. Write of call.

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To thresh wet grain has always been a difficult matter, but we have in the Dwarf Junior entirely
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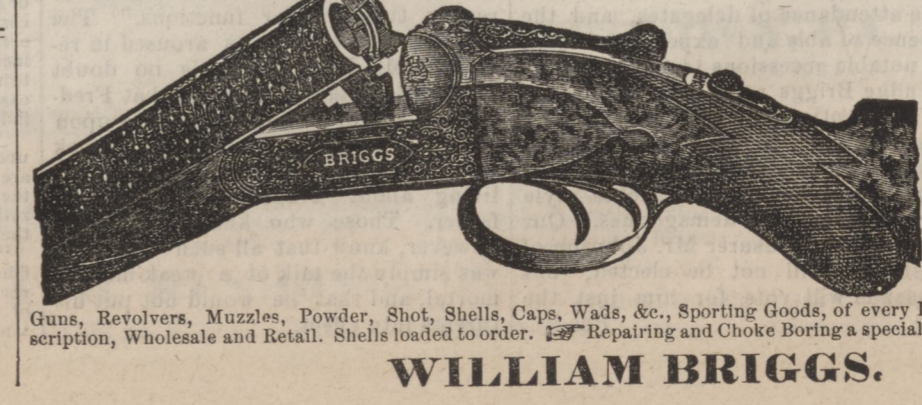
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RESPECTFULLY,
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