




11-13-1890

# Providence Independent, V. 16, Thursday, November 13, 1890, [Whole Number: 804]

Providence Independent

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

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

**Click here to let us know how access to this document benefits you.**

## Recommended Citation

Independent, Providence, "Providence Independent, V. 16, Thursday, November 13, 1890, [Whole Number: 804]" (1890). *Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898*. 584.

<https://digitalcommons.ursinus.edu/providence/584>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the The Historical Society of Trappe, Collegeville, Perkiomen Valley at Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. It has been accepted for inclusion in Providence Independent Newspaper, 1875-1898 by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Ursinus College. For more information, please contact [aprock@ursinus.edu](mailto:aprock@ursinus.edu).



Persistent in the Right; Fearless in Opposing Wrong.

VOLUME 16.

COLLEGEVILLE, PENN'A., NOVEMBER 13, 1890.

WHOLE NUMBER, 804

## RAILROADS.

### PERKIOMEN RAILROAD.

Passenger trains leave Collegeville Station as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA AND POINTS SOUTH.

Milk.....6.35 a. m.  
Accommodation.....8.02 a. m.  
Market.....1.10 p. m.  
Accommodation.....4.16 p. m.

FOR ALLENTOWN AND POINTS NORTH AND WEST.

Milk.....7.50 a. m.  
Accommodation.....9.02 a. m.  
Market.....3.20 p. m.  
Accommodation.....6.47 p. m.

SUNDAYS—SOUTH.

Milk.....6.35 a. m.  
Accommodation.....6.12 p. m.

NORTH.

Accommodation.....7.54 a. m.  
Milk.....7.18 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA AND READING R. R.

SHORT AND DIRECT ROUTE TO PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, NEW ENGLAND, THE SOUTH AND WEST.

On and after Sept. 15, 1890.

TRAINS LEAVE COLLEGEVILLE

(Via Perkiomen R. R., connecting at Perkiomen Junction) as follows:

FOR PHILADELPHIA—week days, 6.35, 8.02, a. m., 1.10, 4.16, p. m. Sundays, 6.35, a. m., 6.12, p. m.

FOR NEW YORK—week days, 6.35, 8.02, a. m., 1.10, 4.16, p. m. Sunday, 6.35, a. m.

FOR PHOENIXVILLE, TOFTSTOWN AND READING—week days, 8.05, a. m., 4.16, p. m. Sundays, 6.35, a. m.

Trains for Baltimore, Washington, the South and West, via B. & O. R. R., leave Girard Avenue Station (P. & E. R. R.) at 4.16, 8.01, 11.27, a. m., 1.34, 4.24, 5.48, 7.23, p. m. Sundays, 4.16, 8.01, 11.27, a. m., 4.34, 5.48, 7.23, p. m.

ATLANTIC CITY DIVISION.

Leave Philadelphia, Chestnut Street Wharf and South Street Wharf.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Week days—Express, 9.00, a. m., 2.00, 4.00, p. m. Accommodation, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sundays—Express, 9.00 a. m. Accommodation, 8.00 a. m., and 4.30 p. m.

RETURNING, LEAVE ATLANTIC CITY

Depot, corner of Atlantic and Arkansas Avenues.

Week days—Express, 7.30, 9.00, a. m., 4.00, p. m. Accommodation, 8.05 a. m., and 4.30 p. m. Sundays—Express, 5.00, p. m. Accommodation, 7.30 a. m., and 4.30 p. m.

C. G. HANCOCK, Gen. Pas. Ag't.

A. A. McLEOD, Pres. and Gen. Manager.

## All is Fair in Love.

Click, click, the sharp needles of the December snowstorm were rattling against the casements of old Mrs. Maple's farm house; pitter, pitter, the last dead leaves of the old sycamore tree drifted down upon the doormat.

It was an old, old house, and Mrs. Maple was an old, old woman. But you will sometimes find tufts of snowy blossoms bursting from aged-lined apple trees, and sprays of greenery on the boughs of century-old oak trees; and so it happened that Minny Maple, the ancient crone's great-granddaughter, was the bud and blossom of her worn-out life.

Old Mrs. Maple owned houses and land and money out at interest; but she was a shrewd old lady and liked to keep her affairs in her own hands. And pretty Minny, albeit an heiress in prospective, taught the district school and took care of the farm dairy out of hours.

"It won't hurt her to work for her living if she is to be rich one of these days," said Mrs. Maple. "I worked when I was a girl."

And upon this dreary December night Mrs. Maple's knitting needles gleamed like steady lightning in the firelight; and her granddaughter Minny sat on a low chair beside her, mending tablecloths, while ever and anon a big drop would splash down upon the darning spots like a glistening globe of dew.

"But, grandmother, why? burst out Minny at last, with blue eyes lifted up like for-get-me-nots drenched in rain, to the old lady's parchment-like face.

"Because I say so," said old Mrs. Maple. And the fire crackled, and the snow clicked softly against the window panes, and the knitting needles made zigzags of light as they flew back and forth.

"But you say yourself, grandmother, that he's a young man," pleaded Minny.

Old Mrs. Maple nodded.

"Without a bad habit in the world?"

And again Mrs. Maple nodded like a Chinese mandarin in a collection of curiosities.

"And forbeared with his farm?"

For the third time Mrs. Maple nodded.

"Then, grandmother, why won't you consent to our marriage?" urged the girl.

"Child," said Mrs. Maple, turning her spectacle glasses full upon Minny's sweet, flower-like face. "I've told you why a half a hundred times. Its because your great-grandfather Maple and his great-grandfather were mortal enemies. Because your grandfather's last words upon his deathbed were: 'I leave my soul to heaven, my money to my dear wife, and my everlasting enmity to Job Crofton!'"

"But, grandmother," said Minny, with a shudder, "that was very wicked!

And surely, the shadow of a tombstone should be a reconciliation?"

Old Mrs. Maple shook her white head. "Your grandfather was a very vindictive man, Minny," said she; "I never disobeyed him living, and I will never disobey him dead!"

"But grandmother," coaxed Minny, with her fresh cheek against the old lady's hand, "he wouldn't know it. How could he?"

"Child, child, your Grandfather Maple knew everything," said the old lady, with a sudden superstitious glance over her left shoulder, as something seemed to rustle at the casement.

"And I do believe his ghost would haunt me if I didn't give good heed to his last words. No, no; against Crofton can never be your husband, and you may as well give up the idea first as last."

And Minny Maple cried herself to sleep that night.

"For I never, never can marry him without Grandmother Maple's consent," she sobbed. "I'll stay single, until my death; but I never can disobey the kind old soul who has taken a mother's place to me and brought me up from a baby."

But the next night there was an apple bee at Deacon Dangerfield's, and Minny Maple was there. Gilbert Crofton did not make his appearance until late.

"Gilbert," said the little fiancee, who sat reproachfully amid a crimson avalanche of apples, "what makes you so late?"

"I've been busy," said Gilbert. "But never mind so long as I'm in time for the Virginia reel."

And they walked home together through the snowdrifts, talking happily of what might be if only Grandmother Maple's adamant heart could be softened.

But, late though it was, with the old clock on the stroke of one, there was a light shining redly from a room window, and through the uncurtained casement they could see Grandmother Maple marching up and down the room like a sentinel on duty, her high-heeled boots tapping on the floor, her fingers instinctively wandering around and around the inside of her empty snuff box.

Minny hurried into the room.

"Why, grandmother," cried she, "whatever is the matter. Here are the logs all burned down to a white ash and the candlewick guttering, and you in such a flutter as never was! What has happened, grandmother?"

Mrs. Maple turned her keen blue eyes upon her granddaughter with an expression like that of a sleep-walker.

"Minny, come in," said she, "and shut that door. Is that you Gilbert Crofton, the great-grandson of Job? Come you in, also. Children," with her old hands shaking as if palsy-stricken, "I've seen a ghost!"

"Impossible!" cried Gilbert Crofton.

"Dear grandmother, you must have been dreaming," soothed Minny, creeping up to her side and drawing her down into the old arm-chair beside the hearth.

"Dreaming!" shrieked the old woman.

"I was wide awake as I am at this moment. I had been over to see Mrs. Muir's sick child, and it was close on 10 o'clock when I got back. And the minute I crossed the threshold I had that queer feeling of some one being in the room creep all over me. And there, sure enough, in the chair opposite, where he used to sit thirty years ago, was your great grandfather Maple, with his old cue wig and his suit of butternut brown, and the very green spectacles that he used to wear for his weak eyes. And he took his pipe out of his mouth and looked at me just as your grandfather Maple has looked at me a thousand, thousand times. And says I: 'Reuben, is that you?' And says he: 'Yes, Lois, it is.' And says I: 'Oh, Reuben, what brings you back to this world?' says he: 'To wipe out the stains of a wicked world.' And says I: 'Are you happy, Reuben?' And says he: 'Yes; and that's the reason I want others to be.' And then I began to tremble all over, and says I: 'Is it anything I can do Reuben?' And says he: 'There's no more offending nor giving offense in the other world, Lois, and Job Crofton's soul and mine are at variance no longer.' Says he: 'Let there be peace, Lois, and let the young man Gilbert be your grandchild's husband.' And then he knocked the bowl of his pipe on the edge of the andiron, as I have seen him do so often, and he got up and walked out of the room

just for all the world like a living creature. I've often heard as ghosts can go through a keyhole, but your grandfather Maple's ghost opened the door, and forgot to shut it after him into the bargain. So, when I roused up enough to know what was going on around me, the floor was covered with snow that had drifted in and the candle was blown out."

"Oh, grandmother, do you think this was real?" cried Minny, with startled eyes.

"Didn't I see it with my own eyes, and hear it with my ears?" demanded old Mrs. Maple. "It's your grandfather's ghost! And I might have known that if he wanted to appear he could, for he had obstinacy enough for anything, rest his soul! You may marry Gilbert Crofton, if you want to, to-morrow, Minny, and perhaps your grandfather's ghost will be easy then."

So the young people were happily married, and Gilbert came to live at the farm, and managed all the old lady's affairs for her, and she lived to be 100 years old before she closed those keen blue eyes of hers upon the matters of this mortal world.

But one day, in turning over the relics of the roomy old garret, Minny came across a red chest, clamped with brass, and faintly odorous of dried lavender and rose leaves. She opened it.

"Oh, Gilbert, look here!" cried she. "My great-grandfather's suit laid up in camphor gum and sweet herbs! Why do you suppose that Grandmother Maple has kept it?"

"I don't know, I am sure," said Gilbert, with a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "Perhaps for the younger generations to masquerade in."

Minny sprang to her feet, a light seeming to illumine her own face.

"Gilbert!" cried she, "did you?"

"No matter," said Gilbert, laughing, "shut up the box, Minny, your grandfather's ghost will never haunt the house again."

And it never did.

## Helpless Women.

The conditions of feminine life among the upper ten thousand foster and encourage absolute helplessness.

Few are the women who in the right sense are strong-minded enough to break through the fetters of their surroundings and think and act for themselves.

Most of them take kindly to the fact that they live in a moral and intellectual cart wheeled by others' hands, and that all their actions must be governed by a prescribed rule.

They like to be waited upon hand and foot, to be ignorant of anything and everything concerning the machinery of life, to be quite unable to pack their own trunks, fold their dresses, and still less do their hair.

The chances and changes of this mortal life, however, often bring about a different state of things, and it is then that these helpless women are most profoundly to be pitied.

It does sometimes happen that a woman has to stay a couple days in town bereft of her husband and also of her maid, and to hear her describe her sufferings on such an occasion provokes the smiles we civilly try to hide.

Accustomed to her country seat and to everything that can be done to prevent her being of use to herself or any one else, she feels quite bewildered at being alone.

Town life to her means coming for the season to the city house where luxury reigns as it does in the country.

But this unforeseen occurrence, necessitating a couple of days at a hotel by herself, is a new and very wonderful event.

We listen as she describes her terrors at having to have a bedroom in a corridor where many others are sleeping, and which, according to her statement, is as lonely as the Sahara desert.

Whether she expects burglars or ghosts in a thronged city hotel it is difficult to make out, for her "nervous" fears are vague, but they necessitate her bolting and barring her door, and result in her not being able to sleep all night.

She relates her experience as if she were indeed deserving of sympathy, but pity mixed with contempt is all we feel as she tells us how dreadful it was having to do her own hair.

For the weak, the sickly, the infirm, we feel very deeply, and more than all for the fact that in their infirmities they require waiting upon and being

attended to in so many ways which must be most trying.

But this woman, young, in full possession of her faculties, in excellent health, and by no means dull and stupid, seems not ashamed but proud of being so helpless, and that excites our scorn.

Imagine a woman unable to do her own hair!

First she describes how hard she found it to brush it, and then, as she tells us how she progressed, the journey from the nape of her neck to the crown of her head, as by her told, is as strange as the adventures of an explorer in an untroubled land.

She professes not to know the value of money, to be quite in the dark as to the geography of the city, and to be frightened at having to trust herself in a cab.

The elevated railway is to her a terrible means of locomotion, filled with cinders and unknown terrors.

If reverses of fortune come, a woman of this kind suffers most keenly, and then, indeed, we feel sorry for her.

She has a certain knowledge of accomplishments and languages, but she has nothing that is of marketable value should she need to earn money for her own support or for that of others dependent upon her.

She has much acquaintance with the ways of society, but little or no knowledge of the ways of the world and how to pilot herself through it.

Of the common, every-day details of life she knows nothing, and she has seen very little of any class but her own.

As often happens she sinks under this oppressive ignorance, and, frightened and fearful, she becomes dependent upon others, and a receiver of charity.

She is not altogether to blame, for class conditions have had much to do with it, but there are some who have sense enough to educate themselves in what will be of use to them should at any time all their props be taken from them.

## Making Yankee Soup.

The day after the surrender of Vicksburg Colonel Eldridge and myself were assigned quarters for the night in an isolated house on the road between Vicksburg and Haines' Bluff. We had been skirmishing all day over the rough Mississippi roads and were hungry and tired. We at once laid siege to the enemy's kitchen, where we were confronted by the indignant family.

The personnel consisted of a corpulent old lady, two pretty daughters and a wrinkled colored aunt. When they realized that we had come for supper and lodging they retired excitedly to a corner of the kitchen, where they held a council of war.

"Look here!" said the colonel, somewhat sharply. "We are hungry. Quit your whispering, and get us something to eat."

The mother stepped boldly from the ranks and confronting the colonel, announced the melancholy fact that there were no edibles about the premises.

"Give us something," replied the famished colonel. "We're not fastidious."

"Well, you see, sah," replied the lady impressively, "first there were our own soldiers, then came the Yankees yesterday, and between the two, they ate us out of house and home."

"This is serious," said the colonel to me in an undertone, and then aloud, "Go out into the shed and bring me in an armful of wood."

Wondering what his scheme could be I went out into the yard and returned with a dozen large faggots. The colonel heaped them upon the extinguished embers on the hearth in one corner of the kitchen, where they soon blazed up brightly. Then taking a kettle to the pump, he filled it with water and set it on the fire to boil.

"What are you going to do?" asked the old lady.

"Make soup!" was the colonel's laconic reply. There was a small grindstone on the dresser. This the colonel laid in the kettle.

The enemy was beginning to manifest some interest in our culinary operations. "What kind of soup am dat gwine to be?" asked the colored servant, with a grin.

"Grindstone soup!" snapped the colonel. He seized a ladle, and lifting the lid of the kettle, dipped out some of the water and tasted it with great gravity.

"H'm!" he cried, addressing me, "not yet strong enough! Will you please get me another armful of wood?"

I did as requested, to the consternation of the enemy, which saw its meagre stock of fuel burn away. After a pause the colonel again raised the lid to taste the mess.

"Ah!" he said, smacking his lips with satisfaction; "that's something like! May I trouble you for a little salt and pepper?"

Amid great tittering on the part of the ladies the condiments were brought.

"That's a queer way of making soup!" cried one of the girls, with a smothered giggle.

"Yes; it's economical. Have you a little flour handy?"

After a moment's hesitation the flour was brought.

"And now a couple of onions, please."

"There are no onions, sah!" cried the lady of the house.

"Then bring in some more wood, George; the stone is not soft yet."

I was just starting to the door, when the commander stopped me.

"Coming to think, I believe there are some onions left," she said, meekly. "Mildred, go and see."

Mildred, the older daughter, disappeared and returned after a while with three fine onions. The colonel cut them into bits, and, with befitting solemnity, stirred them into the soup. I could scarcely restrain from laughing.

"And now, madam, a slice of good fat bacon, if you please," said the colonel.

This was too much for the enemy. The old lady advanced. There was fire in her eye.

"You can't get another thing from us!" she shouted. "You Yankees think you are smart. There ain't any bacon in the house, and if there were you wouldn't get it!"

"Very well," replied the colonel calmly. He gave me a look and I brought in the rest of the wood.

"Here's your pork," said the youngest daughter, angrily.

The day was won. Ten minutes afterward there stood on the table as good and thick a soup as any of us ever tasted. The flavor of the grindstone could not be detected.

## Dying by Inches.

LIFE OF A MINNEAPOLIS BOY GOING AWAY AND PHYSICIANS HELPLESS.

In the home of a carpenter in South Minneapolis lies the emaciated form of a little invalid. His face is as pale as death, and he cannot raise his hand for weakness. From the little body, drop by drop, is oozing out his life blood, and no human means can check the flow.

It is a sad thing to sit by the bedside of a child and see it dying by inches and be unable to do a thing to help. That is what the mother of little Charlie Lindstrom has been doing for three weeks. The little boy's life was despaired of by the doctors long ago. They said he was bleeding to death and he could not be saved. They speak of the poor little patient as a "bleeder."

In some families there is an inherited tendency to bleed profusely at the slightest scratch, while a more serious wound is almost invariably fatal from loss of blood. The life fluid does not necessarily gush from the wound until death ensues, but every little artery, vein and capillary keeps weeping, weeping, weeping the tiniest drops of blood until the system is drained to its source, the heart, and the body is lifeless.

About four weeks ago little Charlie Lindstrom, a crippled lad of 13, was limping along the walk toward his home at No. 3,633 avenue S. Two dogs were fighting ferociously in the street. The stronger brute, a savage bull dog, as the boy approached loosened his hold upon his canine foe, and without an instant's warning pounced upon the little cripple, seizing his thigh with a firm grip. When the lad was rescued from the dog he was carried to his home with a badly lacerated limb.

The father was out at Seattle at work, so the mother with her two little boys was alone. Not aware of the fatal organization of her child, she applied a mother's remedy, and did not call in a physician until three days after the accident, by which time the limb was swollen terribly and still bleeding.

The doctors did their best for the

boy, but every morning when they dressed the sore it showed no signs of healing, and the blood was continually oozing from the wounds left by the teeth of the dog. The father was sent for and arrived. The first of the week all hope was given up, and on Monday night the doctors said the little fellow couldn't live through the night. But he did, and in the morning he seemed to rally a little. The wound showed some signs of healing, and the mother is hopeful that his life may be spared.

Cases of the kind are not numerous, but are sufficiently so to have received the name of "bleeders" from physicians. In these cases, when once started by a wound, the blood can seldom be checked. It had been noticed in this lad and his brother that the slightest scratch bled profusely, and other members of the family had been near to death in a similar manner from loss of blood.—*Minneapolis Journal.*

## Habits of Otters.

Among the hunters and woodsmen who came to Stoddardsville, Penn., with furs and lumber on a recent pleasant day, says a *New York Tribune* correspondent, were several who told good backwoods stories. "While I was trout fishing last summer," said one, "I saw a she otter and two little ones playing along a log that slanted down into the water from the right bank. The mother was so busy with her little ones that she did not notice me, and I stood still and watched them. The wind made lots of noise in the trees, and the old otter seemed to be teaching the young ones how to slide down the log. They had tucked her back and forth half a dozen times and plunged into the pool after her, and it was a pretty sight to see them play. I desired to capture one of the little otters, and, fearing that they would all get scared before long and clear out, I dropped my rod and made a lunge at one of them just as they were about to dive. I had the good luck to grab the one I aimed for, and such a squealing as the mother set up when she swam to the shore and missed one of her youngsters was pitiful. She didn't stay and fight for it, but it flopped and squirmed and bit for its own freedom until I stuffed it into my trout basket. I didn't see anything more of the mother. I've got the young otter yet, and he's as tame as a kitten."

"Talking about otters," said another woodsman, "makes me think of a fight I once saw between two males in Choke Creek. I was near a nice pool, and looking through the bushes I saw a small otter on the lower end of a log. Higher up on the log was a larger otter. I soon saw that the small one was a female and the other a male. She was shy of the big one, and whenever he tried to be friendly by getting nearer to her, she acted so cross that he went back. He got so near once that she cuffed him and then plunged into the stream and swam around for awhile. Then she returned to the log and drove him back to his own spot. It went on in this way quite awhile, and then another male otter came puffing and paddling up the creek till he struck the pool. Seeing the female he crawled upon the log and caressed her. She seemed to take kindly to him, but the moment he spied the other male there was war in the camp. One was just as ready to fight as the other, and while they had it hot and heavy on the shore, the female dived and swam up and down and squealed. It didn't take the new-comer long to lick the other male, and the whipped one turned tail and scampered into the bushes. Then the female joined the boss and appeared to be proud of him. Instead of trying to meddle with them, the desperate otter soon returned, dived into the creek, caught a large trout and swam to the opposite bank. The other two then got a glimpse of me and made themselves scarce in a hurry. I didn't try to hurt them."

## An Age of Action.

This is primarily an age of action, of energetic progressive endeavor to secure to mankind and the world the richest fruits of knowledge and of inventive power; it is an age in which one must do something if he would not prove recreant to the spirit and the prompting of the hour. Life is not the *dolce far niente* existence of an earlier time, and the mere dreamer and visionary is bound to be dropped in the road as an incumbrance with which we can readily dispense. It may not be an

age as romantic as some of the world has seen; but it is one of infinitely greater worth, and of more noble possibilities, for it calls forth the fruits of man's best attainments. The old-time ideas of glory have been supplanted by more worthy and inspiring ones, and the world rolls forward, not as the abiding place of mere senseless pleasure and tinsel pageantry, but as a hive of industrious, intelligent workers, whose genius has well nigh annihilated time and distance, making the heart beats, the aspirations and the struggles of each people immediately known to the others. Humanity thus drawn closer together are working together in a noble rivalry in which every right-minded individual is striving to do his part toward honoring the age and himself. In every field of genius, art and science, work, work, is the order of the day. Mere theorizing, without the practical demonstration of the worth of the theory, is considered a waste of time and is left to those who might otherwise be more mischievously employed. The idler and the shirk are sent to the wall, and the worker, and the worker only, finds a desirable place in the world's estimation. Life means more than mere breathing; it means duties to be assumed and honorably discharged, and the manner in which a man discharges those duties for which nature has equipped him is the measure of his worthiness or unworthiness. All cannot lead; the majority have to be led; and that one man is the superior of his fellows in natural capacity is only credible to himself in so much as he fully employs his superior gifts. Every man can do his part, and doing this he does all that can be expected, and his life is as meritorious as that of his mental superior. Great ability is accompanied with great responsibility. Nature always balances her accounts evenly, and so doing the best we can we fulfill equally our duty, whether that best is a leader or a humble toiler in the ranks.

"Honor and fame from no condition rise; Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

## The Use of Water at Meals.

Opinions differ as to the effect of the free ingestion of water at meal time, but the view most generally received is probably that it dilutes the gastric juice and so retards digestion. Apart from the fact that a moderate delay in the process is by no means a disadvantage as Sir William Roberts has shown in his explanation of the popular tea and coffee, it is more than doubtful whether any such effect is in reality produced. When ingested during meals, water may do good by washing out the digested food and by exposing the undigested part more thoroughly to the action of the digestive ferments. Pepsin is a catalytic body, and a given quantity will work almost indefinitely, provided the peptones are removed as they are formed. The good effect of water drunk freely before meals has, however, another beneficial result—it washes away the mucus which is secreted by the mucous membrane during the intervals of repose, and favors peristalsis of the whole alimentary tract. The membrane thus cleansed is in a much better condition to receive food and convert it into soluble compounds. The accumulation of mucus is especially well marked in the morning, when the gastric walls are covered with a thick, tenacious layer. Food entering the stomach at this time will become covered with this tenacious coating, which for a time protects it from the action of the gastric ferments, and so retards digestion. The tubular contracted stomach, with its puckered mucus lining and viscid contents, a normal condition in the morning before breakfast, is not suitable to receive food. Exercise before partaking of a meal stimulates the circulation of the blood and facilitates the flow of blood through the vessels. A glass of water washes out the mucus, partially distends the stomach, wakes up peristalsis, and prepares the alimentary canal for the morning meal. Observation has shown that non-irritating liquids pass through the "tubular" stomach, and even if food be present, they only mix with it to a slight extent. According to Dr. Leuf, who has made this subject a special study, cold water should be given to some persons who have sufficient vitality to react, and hot water to others. In chronic gastric catarrh it is extremely beneficial to drink warm or hot water before meals, and salt is said in most cases to add to the good effect produced.—*British Medical Journal.*

Providence Independent.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY. COLLEGEVILLE, MONTG. CO., PA.

E. S. MOSER, Editor and Proprietor.

Thursday, November 13, 1890.

LATE election results give occasion for some reflection.

It is clearly discernible to even an obtuse observer of current events that the extensive Democratic gains, resulting in the election of a Democratic Congress by a majority of 71, is potent evidence of the unpopularity of the present administration of the national government, and most particularly of recent Congressional enactments.

The late political cyclone demonstrates this if it demonstrates anything. Tariff legislation in behalf of the few and at the expense of the masses has had its high noon of carnival and gluttonous glutting.

The election of a Democratic Governor in this State was mainly the result of internal Republican strife. The nomination of Delamater forced by Sir Quay was more than many Republicans, who saw in General Hastings the people's choice, could swallow.

Republicanism in Montgomery was rattled and jilted because Delamater headed the State ticket; because some of its leaders assumed to accomplish work which of right should always be done by the people; because a few men inspired by the genius of Quay adopted Quay's methods in forwarding the special interests of special candidates.

President Harrison has appointed Thursday, November 27, as Thanksgiving Day. The President issued the usual proclamation, in which he refers to the "blessings of peace and the comforts of plenty," and so on.

INCOMPLETE official returns give Pat-tison a majority of over 17,000. Col. Louis Arthur Watres defeated Hon. Chauncey F. Black, for Lieutenant Governor, by 12,291 votes, and Colonel T. J. Stewart for Secretary of Internal Affairs, has a majority over Captain William H. Barclay, Democrat, of about 15,000.

The Phoenixville Messenger nominates John Wanamaker for President in 1892, and Daniel H. Hastings for Governor of Pennsylvania in 1894.

EVEN a political organ can get some-where in sight of sober truth—just after election.

SINCE papers, containing lists of articles won as prizes at church fairs have been excluded from the mails under the anti-lottery law, it may be in order some of these days to exclude papers that contain reports of various robberies. Postmaster Wanamaker must be a "hustler," too.

THE Transcript, in the course of an editorial last week, says: "It must be remembered that even if they do not always nominate the people elect."

JOHN JARRET, who was recently engaged in singing praises to the McKinley tariff law and organizing tinplate factories, sailed from New York on Saturday to resume his duties as United States Consul at Birmingham.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 7, 1890. Whew! What a landslide it was. You can hear nothing else but election talk here just now.

They are naturally loud in their demonstrations of joy, for to tell the truth they are even more astonished at the result than are the republicans. They expected to win the House by a small majority, but their most sanguine rainbow chaser had no idea of the tidal wave that went their way.

What makes the republicans take these severe drubbing so much to heart is, that they themselves are responsible for having stated early in the fight that this was a National campaign and that its result would show whether the people condemned or approved of the Administration and the republican majority in Congress.

There is one republican who, if appearances indicate his feelings, is not cast down by the result of the elections, that is Secretary Blaine. I saw him this morning and he was in the very best of humors, and I am told that he remarked to a friend that it was no more than he expected.

Mr. Harrison has taken the result very much to heart, as owing to the report of Mr. J. S. Clarkson, who was assisting the Congressional committee, he had become convinced that his party would retain their control of the house.

Victory has its troubles too. Already there are evidences that the fight among the democrats for Speakership of the next House is to be long, stubborn, and bitter. At the start there are half-a-dozen candidates, Mr. Mills thinks the removal of Mr. Carlisle to the Senate and the death of Messrs. Randall and Cox gives him a mortgage on the Speakership, but his claim will be hotly disputed by those who believe themselves better qualified to wield the Speaker's gavel than the Texan, among them are, Mr. Crisp, of Georgia, who proved himself an able parliamentarian during the last session; Mr. McMillen, of Tennessee, a prominent member of the Ways and Means committee; Mr. Bynum, of Indiana, who obtained a national reputation by being censured by vote of the republicans of the House for the abuse of Speaker Reed; Mr. Springer, of Illinois, who often adorned the Speaker's chair when Mr. Carlisle was Speaker, and Mr. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, who is personally one of the most popular men who ever served in Congress.

It is now officially stated here that it was decided some time ago by the Cabinet that no extra sessions of Congress should be called this month.

Whatever is done it is certain to result in a big row in Congress. The republicans will, of course, want to fix it so as to gain all of the advantage possible in the Fifty-third Congress and in the electoral college, and some of them want the bill to provide for a special election to elect the additional Representatives it will give, in time to take their seats in the Fifty-second Congress. It is not very probable, through of course possible that the bill will go quite as far as that.

The Celestial Districts Solid, Also.

On the night after the election some of the fixed stars and several of the solar system looked rather red to many Democrats who chanced to look skyward. It is suspected that the rest of the universe has gone Democratic, too, and the stellar and planetary inhabitants are painting things red after the manner of their fellow citizens of the earth.

A Farmer Swindled.

EASED OF FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS BY GREEN GOODS MEN.

PITTSBURG, November 9.—A neat piece of work by New York green goods men came to light in Pittsburg to night, when Johann Hirsch opened a package which he thought contained \$5,000 of good money and found five \$1 bills and a hundred slips of blank paper.

Mr. Cleveland's Triumph.

The one man above all others who has reason to feel proud and gratified at the result of the November election is that brave and modest American who formulated for the popular comprehension the doctrine of tariff reform, which the country has at least so enthusiastically accepted.

He knew well what he was doing when that message was delivered. He knew how it would startle not only the timorous and time-serving politicians, even of his own party, but the great mass of people, whom these same politicians had so long misled, so kept in ignorance of the very rudiments of political economy, that they could not at once receive the truth.

His party hesitating for a time, came up manfully to his standard, and a majority of the whole people voted on his side. But the power of entrenched monopoly was still too strong and ignorance and prejudice could not be overcome in a campaign.

The education begun in the Presidential campaign was continued by the debates in Congress. Every newspaper in the country took up the discussion. It was carried on in the homes, in the shops, wherever two or three met together. For the first time the true relations of a tariff to taxation and the cost of living, as well as to commerce and industry, were presented and critically examined.

A Recent and Just Decision.

Postmaster General Wanamaker evidently appreciates the manner in which newspaper publishers are frequently beaten out of money by small souled subscribers. He recently made the important decision that postmasters who fail to notify publishers when subscribers move away or fail to take them from the post office shall be responsible for the subscription.

A Milk Test.

A German test for watered milk consists in dipping a well polished knitting needle into a deep vessel of milk and then immediately withdrawing it in an upward manner.

Thirty Horses Burned.

The big stables, owned by Abraham Beary, in the rear of 1834 Vineyard street, Philadelphia, were totally destroyed by fire at 4 o'clock Friday morning and thirty valuable horses were burned to a crisp.

FOR SALE!

A second-hand piano will be sold at a sacrifice. Apply at THIS OFFICE.

OLD HORSES AND DEAD HORSES

AND COWS will be removed by the undersigned upon request. Highest price paid for worn-out horses.

THEO. M. CASSELLBERRY, Lower Providence, Pa.

New Hat Manufactory.

246 E. Main Street, Norristown, Pa.

The undersigned have in stock all styles of Men and Boys' Soft and Stiff Hats. Stiff Hats all of our own manufacture, therefore we are able to offer the public bargains. All hats guaranteed as represented.

Stiff Hats Renovated.

Our Specialty. We will make your Old Hat like new of the latest styles at a very reasonable price. SILK HATS BLOCKED AND IRONED.

The initials of the name of each purchaser will be put in each hat, free of charge. Call and examine our stock.

LOWNES & WILLIAMS.

NOTICE TO TRESPASSERS!

Notice is hereby given that all gunners and sportsmen are forbidden to trespass upon the grounds of the undersigned:

- John McFarland, Upper Providence.
Jacob H. Landis, "
W. A. Kulp, "
John Poley, "
John Casselberry, "
Ann Brunner, "
Rebecca Garber, "
Irwin Weikel, "
Emanuel Buckwalter, "
David G. Tyson, "
Samuel Longstreth, "
Henry Wisner, "
Davis Zimmerman, "
Dr. J. Hamer, "
Abraham Buckwalter, "
P. Willard, "
John C. Hathaway, "
Jesse Stierly, "
John Whitby, "
Enos Kocum, "
Henry Grubb, "
and for John Harley "
Henry Wisner, "
Davis Rantenbush, "
John Fry's estate, "
Milton M. Wagner (in charge of Col. Durant's place and Dr. Sunderland's field), U. P.
F. R. Deeds, "
Enos Poley, "
John Reiff, "
Isaac Mester, "
D. H. Casselberry, "
Aaron Fry, "
Azariah Saylor, Upper and Lower Providence.
D. H. Landes, West Perkiomen.
J. H. Wanner, Skippack.
A. W. Zollers, "

How We

HAVE DONE

IT.

We ask your consideration of the following points on the question of

CARPETS!

1.—AS TO PRICES.—We went into the open market, bought largely for spot cash and secured all the advantages to be had in price.

2d.—AS TO QUALITIES.—Our trade is so large and our store room so ample that we have put in stock for Fall all grades of carpets. No matter what you need or wish in this particular we can supply it.

3d.—AS TO STYLES.—Our selections of patterns are from all the leading makers. We are not confined to any particular material, so that our assortment is more varied with choicest colorings and designs than ever before.

4th.—AS TO FACILITIES.—We guarantee our work in every respect. We sew and put down carpets, take measurements anywhere, and from years of work in this line are competent to give the utmost satisfaction.

In short we are prepared and able to give you the best goods (we don't keep trash) in honest quantities and of the latest patterns at

Lowest - Prices - Always!

We ask your careful inspection of our stock, confident that we can supply your need in patterns, quality and price to suit.

(It is a good time to buy now. When the McKinley Tariff bill becomes a law an advance in the price of carpets is very likely to be made.)

Call for the "Colchester"

"ADHESIVE COUNTERS."

GRAFF SON & CO., Wholesale Agents, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AT RETAIL BY— W. P. FENTON, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

20my-1

W. L. GEORGE, Practical Barber

And Hair Dresser, opposite Gristock & Vander-slice's Feed Store. Good work guaranteed. Ladies' bangs and children's hair cutting a specialty. Razors put in first class order. A share of public patronage kindly solicited.

18sep2m. NORRISTOWN, PA.

Collegeville Greenhouses.

Bulbs and Plants for Winter Blooming.

- Hyacinth Bulbs—Single and double, 8c. each; 50c. per dozen.
Tulip Bulbs—Extra fine mixed, 40c. per doz.
Harris (Easter) Lily Bulbs—15c. to 25c. each.
Oxalis Bulbs; Dwarf Red, 5c. each.
Chinese Primroses—3c. and 10c. each; very fine.
Chrysanthemums—fine, 15c. to 50c. each.
Carnations—3 kinds, 10c. to 25c. each.
Begonias—40 kinds, 10c. to 50c. each.
Geraniums—20 kinds, 10c. to 20c. each.
Oxalis—potted, Dwarf Red, 10c. each.
Roses—for fall planting, fine 25c. each, reduced from 40c.
Grape Vines, Shrubbery, etc., in variety.

HORACE RIMBY, SEEDSMAN AND FLORIST, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

Every Day in the Year

You will Find Bargains in

Store Goods!

AT THE GENERAL STORE OF THE UNDERSIGNED.

Dress Goods, Muslins, Calicoes, Gingham, Chevots, Table Linens, &c. Castmires, Cottonades, Gents' Furnishing Goods! Marked right down to bottom prices.

Queensware

Groceryware

EARTHENWARE, HARDWARE, &c.

FRESH GROCERIES

IN FULL ASSORTMENT.

A good assortment of the best RUBBER WEAR for Men, Women and Children. Full Stock of BOOTS AND SHOES.

F. B. RUSHONG,

TRAPPE, PA.

NEW COATS

—AND—

=CAPES.=

—IN ELEGANT STYLES OF—

The Newest and Most Approved Shapes and Materials, including

Cloth Jackets,

Seal Plush Jackets,

LONG - COATS!

ASTRAKHAN CLOTH CAPES

And a variety of the Most Fashionable Real Fur Capes in Reliable Goods at Lowest Prices.

LEOPOLD'S!

POTTSTOWN, PA.

No more of this!

of this!

LEOPOLD'S!

POTTSTOWN, PA.

Rubber Shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight, generally slip off the feet.

THE "COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO. makes all their shoes with linings of best lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the rubber from slipping off.

Call for the "Colchester"

"ADHESIVE COUNTERS."

GRAFF SON & CO., Wholesale Agents, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AT RETAIL BY— W. P. FENTON, COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

20my-1

W. L. GEORGE, Practical Barber

And Hair Dresser, opposite Gristock & Vander-slice's Feed Store. Good work guaranteed. Ladies' bangs and children's hair cutting a specialty. Razors put in first class order. A share of public patronage kindly solicited.

18sep2m. COLLEGEVILLE, PA.

AT GOTWALS' STORE, PROVIDENCE - SQUARE,

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 Suits for Men and Boys, which will be made up to please anyone. Fit guaranteed. SATTEENS AND GINGHAMS, PRINTS AND LAUNNS, 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 tailor work as well as for fine dresses. Guaranteed to give satisfaction.

JOSEPH G. GOTWALS.

COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE.

Save your Poultry by using Culbert's Gray Horse and Cattle Powder—Blood Gap Cure for Poultry. A sure Preventative. Purifier, Liver Regulator and general Condition Powder.

Chamois Skins and Sponges--All Prices.

PURE DELMATIAN INSECT POWDER. PURE WHITE HELLEBORE FOR INSECTS.

Slug Shot in 5 lb. Packages. Pure Paris Green. PURE SPICES AND FLAVORING EXTRACTS.

If you want Pure Drugs and of Full Strength, give us a call. A full Line of Proprietary Medicines.

JOSEPH W. CULBERT.

GENTLEMEN, COME AND SEE!

We beg of you to come and see for yourselves. In our Men's Fine Clothing Department we show an elegant line of Sack and 4-button Cutaway Suits in Black Chevots, single and double-breasted Coats, Cassimeres, Worsteds, etc., in all the new and fashionable designs, rich solid colors, dark effects, checks, mixtures, and all the very latest fall effects.

Ready-made Clothing to-day as a rule is better than second-class made to measure garments, and in point of prices you save at least one-half. In buying from our stock you get only the best results of skill and experience.

No matter how prejudiced you may be about ready-made clothing, take our advice and don't place an order for a Fall Suit or Overcoat until you've seen our truly highly finished perfect fitting clothing. We give you choice from more fine suits and overcoats than are carried by any other three houses in the town and give you patches with all suits.

A. Weitzenkorn & Sons,

Pottstown's Best Clothiers.

JUST THINK OF IT! HERE WE ARE AGAIN!

Quality at the Top!

Prices at the Bottom!

This is the Condition of Affairs with us as regards

DRY GOODS,

GROCERIES,

HARDWARE,

&c., &c., &c.

Come see and wonder at the value we give in STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

You will not waste time in going elsewhere before you have seen our stock of

Shoes, - Hats,

FURNISHING GOODS, NOTIONS, &c.

We are showing as fine a line of goods kept in a general store as anyone, at the lowest living prices.

OUR AIM—To keep the best. OUR PRINCIPLE—Fair dealing. OUR AMBITION—To please every one. OUR PRICE—The lowest.

Yours truly,

Beaver & Shellenberger,

TRAPPE, PA.

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.

18sep2m.

Providence Independent.

Thursday, November 13, 1890.

TERMS—\$1.25 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

This paper has a larger circulation than any other published in this section of the county...

It is the aim of the editor and publisher to make the "Independent" one of the best local and general newspapers in the county...

Home Flashes and Stray Sparks From Abroad.

Don't give the idea room in your head that you know all about a single subject.

You may feel quite sure that your views are correct, you may count a majority of noses in your favor, and yet there remains the possibility that you are "clear of your base."

Don't assume too much authority, and if you happen to have plenty of it granted it you don't utilize too much of it all at once.

Once upon a time a man went to sleep thinking about his vast power. Upon awakening next morning he couldn't find it.

Our "purr" is of the opinion that a great many good folks do more talking than thinking before election, and more thinking than talking after election.

Our "purr" is liable to err, however. We have never known him to bark at his shadow, though.

Our "purr" is also of the opinion that a railway station is not altogether a suitable roosting place about train time for those who do not intend to get aboard the train.

Particularly so, if the loiterers are disposed to be noisy and gape at every lady who passes by. See the point? We do, and perhaps can make it a little plainer.

Brother Bardman's political editorials being not altogether too frequent should be appreciated accordingly. Gems are usually valuable on account of their rarity.

A considerable amount of political influence has been suddenly discovered in the vicinity of Roversford. The editor of the Tribune made the astonishing discovery, in the absence of plate-glass we suppose.

Brother Danbly is now a tip-top after-election philosopher. This is owing to the vacation and recreation he gave his philosophical functions during the campaign.

The work of repairing Trinity church, this place, is registering twenty knots an hour in the right direction.

The Collegeville Meat Store has been re-opened. Samuel Gouldy is in charge of the place and is doing a lively trade. See his adver.

Over 1000 bushels of corn from twelve acres of land is the size of farmer M. C. Rambo's crop, Lower Providence. If Brother Roberts doubts this we'll help him to measure it.

Jos. B. Wismer and family, of Hatfield, drove over to this vicinity to visit relatives, last Saturday. Mr. Wismer called at this office.

"We came, we saw, we conquered. That is, our fellows did by voting for the other man."

That's what my Brother Roberts puts it. Cute, isn't it?

Bishop Whitaker will officiate at St. James' Episcopal church, Evansburg, next Sunday morning.

Carriage painter W. A. Valentine is doing up Undertaker Mauger's hearse in fine style.

Samuel Hendricks and wife, of Philadelphia, and a jolly couple to be sure, spent Sunday in town, the guests of A. W. Beard and family and of Mrs. Grubb and daughter. They drove up from the city Saturday.

We direct attention to the advertisement of the law firm of Hobson & Hendricks. Both gentlemen reside here, and both are reliable attorneys.

A supplement accompanied the last issue of the North Wales Record. Editor Johnson publishes a fearless, wide-awake, newsy, newspaper.

John S. Miller, of Harrisburg, a Reading railroad brakeman, was on Friday run over by a coal train and killed at West Spring Mill, Montgomery county.

Fuss & Grater, of Grater's Ford, have started their steam hay press and feed cutter.

Philip K. Markley, of Skippack township, this county, died on Tuesday, Nov. 4, aged 74 years. He leaves a wife and four children. The funeral was held yesterday.

A "Tom Stewart" club has been formed at Reading. The object of the club is to land "Tom" in the Governor's chair four years hence.

Prof. John K. Harley, of Conshohocken, formerly of Trappe, is resigning for publication, his Geography of Montgomery county.

Ex-Prothonotary W. B. Woodward, of Franconia, has failed. He was sheriffed on four executions, aggregating \$1887.

Mrs. Mary Walters, of Easton, reached the centennial anniversary of her birthday Wednesday, last week. A family reunion was held on Sunday.

A Temperance Cantata will be held in the Lower Providence Baptist church on Saturday evening, Nov. 22. The subject is, "The Water Fairies," and promises to be interesting.

A Skippack farmer, anticipating a tumble in the price of wheat as a consequence of the recent Democratic tidal wave, hurriedly threshed out his crop and hauled it to market. On his way to mill enough wheat fell by the roadside to feed a hundred or more hungry chickens, and his neighbors are wondering whether he will be in pocket after all. Skippack chickens are on the lookout for more Democratic victories and more wheat.

Matrimony. Sunday evening, November 9th, by Rev. E. T. Kretschmann, Mr. Edward Broemer, of Schwenksville, was united in matrimony to Miss Flora Schwenk, of Collegeville.

A Sheriff's Levy. Saturday afternoon one of Sheriff Rorer's deputies levied upon the farm, live stock, and crops of F. P. Faringer, near this place, upon a judgment of \$3200 in favor of David Reiner.

Off to Arizona. Miss Ida Clay, of this place, has accepted a position under the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, as Matron of the Indian School at Tucson, Arizona. Miss C., started for Arizona Monday morning last.

Children's Day Exercises. Children's Day exercises will be held at Augustus Lutheran church, Trappe, next Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. In addition to an interesting program by the school, Rev. O. P. Smith, of Pottown, former pastor of the church, will deliver an address.

Butter and Milk. The Farmers' Creamery Association of Worcester, last Friday, paid its patrons 27 cents per pound for the butter value of October milk.

A. D. Wagner, proprietor of Spring Valley Creamery, paid his patrons 28 cents per quart for milk received during October.

Enlarging His Sphere. L. H. Ingram, auctioneer, of this place, has enlarged his sphere of operations. He has been engaged to swing the hammer at the Great Western Bazaar, 224 & Arch streets, Philadelphia, every Wednesday and Saturday of each week. He is making a good impression as an auctioneer at his new post.

125 Years Old. Benjamin Schlichter, of Trappe, has in his possession a case of drawers which he claims is 125 years old, having been for many years in the keeping of his grand parents. He has also a flax brake equally as antiquated as the case of drawers. Mr. Schlichter prizes very highly the relics of a by-gone century.

A Broken Wheel. Last Saturday evening Isaac Longstreth, of Philadelphia, interviewed Esquire Peterhoff, who he returned to his team, standing along Broadway, to discover that one of the car wheels had been turned inside out. The presumption is that a passing vehicle collided with the cart and caused the damage stated. Perhaps some body who is keeping very mum, could tell all about it.

A Moonlight Party. A jolly party numbering nearly two score, from Norristown and Eagleview, quite recently visited the home of Messrs. William and Samuel Rogers, near Limerick Square, where they received a royal welcome. After a season of merriment refreshments were served in abundance. The merry-makers returned home "by the light of the long-chained, silvery moon, being welcomed along the way by the shrill clarion tones of Pattison and Delamater roosters."

Nothing Like Friends. Our townsman, Esquire Fetterolf accepts in quite a philosophical way, his recent defeat for Register of Wills. He is much gratified with the emphatic endorsement received at home, his majority being the largest ever received by a candidate in this township. The "Squire" most heartily appreciates the kindness of both the Republican and Democratic neighbors which they exhibited towards him, and he expresses his sincere thanks to all for their support at the polls.

A Wheelbarrow Ride. Prior to the recent election Messrs. R. P. Baldwin, the turfman, and H. Moore, the blacksmith just below Parkersford, entered into a compact that in the event of Pattison's election Mr. Baldwin would be required to wheel Mr. Moore over the course at the Lower Providence Driving Park, and that if Delamater won the battle Mr. Moore would man the wheelbarrow handles. Next Saturday afternoon the latter gentleman will ride and Reese will push the wheelbarrow. Ex-Mayor Robison, who are informed, will furnish the cigars. Won't it be funny?

Fire Insurance Company Officials. The Montgomery Mutual Fire Insurance Company recently elected the following Board of Managers:—John J. Corson, M. McGlathery, Isaac L. Shoemaker, Daniel C. Getty, Abraham D. Bechtel, Joseph S. Pearce, S. Dresher, Jacob G. Ouster, Septimus Kriebel, James M. Coulston, William H. Jenkins, James Pierce, Samuel Fronhiser. The Board will meet for organization on the 17th of November.

Another Child Burned to Death.

A two-year-old son of Patric Ryan, in Bridgeport, was fatally burned Saturday morning, living but a few minutes after the injuries were received. The little one was in bed and the bed clothing was ignited by coming in contact with a lamp, which the child upset by pulling at the cover of the table on which it stood. The child's screams brought members of the family to the scene, but its skin was burned to a crisp before the flames could be quenched.

A Serious Charge.

Philip H. Stillwagon, a Lower Providence farmer, aged 65 years and a widower, was arrested on Saturday at Norristown, in the act of writing on a shutter of the residence of Miss Clara Bodey, No. 624 Chain street. For the last three years Miss Bodey, who is a school teacher, has been in the receipt of anonymous letters of a most annoying nature, and, in addition, her unknown tormentor has been during all that time scribbling unseemly messages in chalk and pencil over the window shutters of her residence and public places in the vicinity. The police have been working on the case. Stillwagon furnished \$1,000 in bail.

Corn Husking Extraordinary.

Edwin Cleaver, Supervisor of Lower Providence, knocked previous corn husking records into smithereens last Thursday. Full of potential energy he marched into the corn field on Theo. Hallman's farm, near Evansburg, Thursday morning, and began to make the ears fly like dry leaves before a hurricane. After working ten hours, less the time required to go home and take his dinner and return, it was found that he had husked 101 shocks and tied the fodder. During Ed's onslaught he lost both his hat and his corn cutter, and for a period he appeared to be somewhat in danger of losing himself. The great State of Pennsylvania is challenged to produce a more dexterous corn toster than the Lower Providence Supervisor. Each shock husked yielded more than an average amount of corn. If Mr. Cleaver ever fails to secure a re-election as Supervisor he can make a pile husking corn.

Death's Reapings. Chesterfield, son of Wm. Schwartz, died after a lingering and painful illness at the home of his parents, Evansburg, early Sunday morning, aged 20 years. Some time ago the deceased became afflicted with Bright's disease, which was the cause of his death. The funeral will be held to-day (Thursday) at 10 o'clock, a. m. Services at St. James' Episcopal church, and interment in cemetery connected therewith.

Elizabeth Fryer, wife of Daniel Fryer, died at her residence near Mingo, this township, Sunday afternoon, aged 71 years. The funeral will be held to-day (Thursday) at 10 o'clock. Interment in Fernwood cemetery, Roversford. After long continued and severe suffering the loving mother and devoted wife is at rest.

Undertaker Mauger and his assistant, Mr. Shuler, will have charge of the above mentioned funerals.

Mrs. Caroline Umsted, aged 66 years, died at the residence of her son-in-law, Samuel Moore, Green street, Norristown, Saturday evening. The deceased leaves several children. Funeral yesterday (Wednesday). Interment in one of the cemeteries at Trappe.

Daniel Foley, a prominent Democratic politician, and for many years a Conshohocken hotel keeper, died Sunday morning, aged 49 years.

Remember the Literary meeting on Friday evening of this week. Full program, good music, and all invited.

Indian summer has followed the election. Some one has said "even the weather is democratic."

S. C. Freed of Roversford has purchased a horse said to have a record of 2:18. He is bound to beat the liquor men in some shape or other.

Daniel Daub, of this place, captured a 'possum in a chicken coop last Wednesday night. Daniel "played 'possum" that time.

Prof. Stibitz, of Ursinus College, preached a good practical sermon in St. Luke's Reformed church Sunday, from Luke 14: 28-29. The Professor has been nominated in Spring City for pastor.

Roversford and Spring City witnessed a large demonstration in honor of the late victory, on Friday evening, in the form of a parade by the democrats and independent republicans.

A surprise on last Friday evening was tendered Harry W. Johnson, of Parkersford, the 21st mile stone in life's journey. When the party arrived the "host" had retired; a committee was appointed to wait on him in his bed chamber and remind him of this little episode in his history. In "facing the music" he appeared somewhat "surprised," but soon regained his equilibrium. The choir of the Parkersford Baptist church rendered some fine music, of which Mr. Johnson is a member. The immediate relatives and friends, of which the party was composed, spent a very pleasant evening.

The gubernatorial race of which we spoke a few weeks ago is ended. The result is known. The reasons are obvious. The case is a plain one. Whenever the will of the people is ignored or defied, disastrous results will follow. An elderly gentleman once said to Lincoln, "People up our way believe in God and in Abraham Lincoln." What were Lincoln's principles? "I do not control events—events control me," he said, and when the proper time came he grasped his pen and wrote his immortal emancipation proclamation.

When standing on that sacred spot at the Gettysburg dedication he uttered this sublime truth: "Let us here dedicate ourselves anew to the fact that this government by the people of the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth." Lincoln was no "boss," he was a "public servant." In the light of recent events we learn this significant lesson that all "bossism" and unwise legislation is doomed to suffer political ostracism, for there is a power behind the throne—the sovereign will of the people.

Jottings from Ursinus.

MARRIAGE OF FORMER STUDENTS. The Faculty has ordered the removal of the black trimmings in the front of the college.

We said, last week, that the boys would celebrate the election. The type compelled us to say debate. Well, they did both. A parade, a fire, a debate, much hurrahing, almost a fight, a pacification, smoking the pipe of peace; these made up the program for the Wednesday eve after the election.

There were several games of football played this week. The best score was 4-0. This was made in an hour's play. There are many points to be learned in this game.

The officers of the Olevian Society are: President, Sallie Hendricks, '94; Vice President, Jessie Royer, '92; Rec. Sec., Sallie Tyson, '94; Cor. Sec., Lillie Preston, '91; Treasurer, Hallie Vanderville, '91; Critic, Flora Shuler, '94; Editress, Ida Robinson, '94; Chaplain, May Kratz, '91.

On last Friday night the Zwinglian Society elected officers. They are: Pres., Middleton, '92; V. Pres., Miller, '91; Rec. Sec., Kline, '93; Cor. Sec., Watts, '94; Treas., Kalbach, '92; Chaplain, Franz, '94; Curator, Deppen, '94; Editor, Baughman, '92; Critic, Jones, '91; Marshall, Peter.

It is said that Dr. Willard, of Tiffin, O., was called to join our Faculty. It is not known to a certainty that he has accepted.

On Sunday, Bauman, '93, was pleased with a visit from his father and mother.

The persons who were burned out by the recent fire are back in their old places.

This week is the week of prayer, and there is a service every evening.

The Glee Club goes to Lehighton on the 14th. It is whispered that they will go to Norristown about the 20th instant.

Fleck preached in Trinity church, and Dr. Stibitz in St. Luke's, on Sunday.

We have the pleasure of announcing the marriage of three former students of Ursinus. Broemer, '90, was joined in marriage to Miss Flo. Schwenk, Nov. 9, '90. On last Tuesday, Rev. Meminger, of Lancaster, was married to a Miss Hollinger. Rev. H. A. Bomberger, York, Pa., was best man.

Montgomery's Official Vote.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Vote. Includes Robert E. Pattison, George W. Delamater, and others.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Vote. Includes Black's maj., William H. Barclay, and others.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Vote. Includes Charles I. Baker, M. H. Walters, and others.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Vote. Includes George Scheetz, Henry R. Bossert, and others.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Vote. Includes George W. Pawling, George W. Keys, and others.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Vote. Includes Albert Helfenstein, and others.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Vote. Includes Samuel K. Anders, Daniel Yeakle, and others.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Vote. Includes Francis Kile, David Roberts, and others.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Vote. Includes Franklin T. Beerer, Charles K. Aiman, and others.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Vote. Includes Governor—John D. Gill, 381; Lieutenant Governor—Chas. E. Hyatt, 402.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Vote. Includes State Senator—Samuel C. Freed, 405; Assembly—William S. Essig, 435; Ephraim Kratz, 398; Philip Blake, 419; John Davis, 391; Clerk of Courts—Lewis Metz, 402.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Vote. Includes Prothonotary—Samuel P. Middleton, 390; Recorder—Daniel E. Lewis, 394; Register—Edwin K. Ellis, 382; Commissioners—Joseph S. Evans, 387; A. P. Fritz, 394; Director—Henry E. Warren, 386; Auditors—John Foley, 417; Theo. Koons, 409.

Regardless of Cost.

Men's Overcoats, \$3.50. Bloch & Co.'s Clothing House, of Phenixville, quitting business—selling off Men's and Boys' Clothing at less than cost.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale, on FRIDAY, NOV. 14, 1890, at Smoyer's hotel, Trappe, 20 head of fresh cows direct from Lebanon and Lancaster counties. This is excellent stock, selected with care. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, p. m. Conditions by J. G. Fetterolf, auct. C. U. Bean, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale, on SATURDAY, NOV. 15, 1890, at the residence of M. P. Anderson, near Montgomery Almshouse, a car load of fresh cows direct from Cumberland Valley, where the big milkers grow. This is a lot of superior cows. Also a car load of stock ewes, fat sheep and lambs, and 50 shoats weighing from 50 to 100 pounds. Sale at 2 o'clock. Conditions by WELKER & ALEXANDER. All stock delivered free of charge.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale, on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1890, at the residence of M. P. Anderson, near Montgomery Almshouse, 20 fresh cows direct from Ohio. This lot is composed of fine straight cows and extra heavy cows—just the kind to suit all lovers of fine live stock. Sale to commence at 9:30 o'clock, a. m. Conditions by J. G. Fetterolf, auct. H. H. WILL.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale, on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 90, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

Public Sale of Fresh Cows! Will be sold at public sale on FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890, at Parkmen Bridge Hotel, 20 fresh cows from Lebanon and Franklin counties. This lot is composed of fine straight cows, extra baggers and big milkers. Sale at 1 o'clock. Conditions by L. H. Ingram, auct. I. H. Johnson, clerk.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Will be sold at public sale, on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1890, on the premises of Jacob V. Johnson, deceased, in Skippack township, near Cedar, the following real estate of said deceased, viz.: A Farm of 27 acres, more or less, in a high state of cultivation, with good fences and improvements, as follows: A large two-story brick dwelling, suitable for two tenants; a large porch, three stories high, containing 25 horses and 7 cows; large straw house, two good wagon houses, pig stable, carpenter shop, corn crib, chicken house, and spring of never-failing water at the barn. This property has a very desirable location, and everything about the place in good condition. Persons desiring to see the place are invited to call at any time.

PERSONAL PROPERTY: Two stacks of rye, 2 stacks of oats, 2 mows of hay, about 125 ready-made posts, lot of rails, lot of sawed lumber, feed trough and boxes, buffalo robes, horse blankets, horse wood shed, iron kettle, pot rack, lot of cherry boards, and other articles. Also 10 shares National Bank (Roversford) stock, in the name of J. B. Pennsbury, and 2 one-thousand dollar Perkiomen Railroad bonds. Sale to commence and conditions to be made known at 1 o'clock, p. m. sharp.

MARY ANN JOHNSON, C. U. BEAN, Administrators. The H. Moyer, auct. 300c.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE. Will be sold at public sale, on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1890, on the premises, by the executors of the last will and testament of Ann Garber, late of Upper Providence township, Montgomery county and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, all that certain farm, situate in the township aforesaid, near the village of Trappe, a short distance from the Lutheran church, bounded by lands of Josephine Gross, David G. Tyson, Daniel York, John Harkey, Anthony Lee, Poley, and fronting on a public road, consisting of two tracts, containing together 55 acres, 162 perches of land more or less. The improvements consist of a two-story brick dwelling, containing 12 rooms, cellar kitchen, and a large water butte; also high stable, corn crib, chicken house, and other outbuildings. There are on the premises an apple orchard and a variety of other fruit trees, a well of good water at barn, cistern at house, and a stream of water running through a portion of the land. There is also a right to a spring of water on the premises of Josephine Gross, for family use, located near the two houses on this property. This farm is favorably located on account of its nearness to schools, mills, stores, churches, and is about 2 1/2 miles from the railroad station at Collegeville. Any person wishing to view the premises before the day of sale will please call on the undersigned, residing thereon. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, p. m. Conditions by J. G. Fetterolf, auct. H. H. WILL.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE. Will be sold at public sale, on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1890, on the premises, by the executors of the last will and testament of Ann Garber, late of Upper Providence township, Montgomery county and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, all that certain farm, situate in the township aforesaid, near the village of Trappe, a short distance from the Lutheran church, bounded by lands of Josephine Gross, David G. Tyson, Daniel York, John Harkey, Anthony Lee, Poley, and fronting on a public road, consisting of two tracts, containing together 55 acres, 162 perches of land more or less. The improvements consist of a two-story brick dwelling, containing 12 rooms, cellar kitchen, and a large water butte; also high stable, corn crib, chicken house, and other outbuildings. There are on the premises an apple orchard and a variety of other fruit trees, a well of good water at barn, cistern at house, and a stream of water running through a portion of the land. There is also a right to a spring of water on the premises of Josephine Gross, for family use, located near the two houses on this property. This farm is favorably located on account of its nearness to schools, mills, stores, churches, and is about 2 1/2 miles from the railroad station at Collegeville. Any person wishing to view the premises before the day of sale will please call on the undersigned, residing thereon. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, p. m. Conditions by J. G. Fetterolf, auct. H. H. WILL.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE. Will be sold at public sale, on THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1890, on the premises, by the executors of the last will and testament of Ann Garber, late of Upper Providence township, Montgomery county and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, all that certain farm, situate in the township aforesaid, near the village of Trappe, a short distance from the Lutheran church, bounded by lands of Josephine Gross, David G. Tyson, Daniel York, John Har

