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### Providence Independent, V. 17, Thursday, February 4, 1892, [Whole Number: 868]

Providence Independent

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ACCEPT THE TRUTH WHEREVER FOUND. DO RIGHT FOR THE SAKE OF RIGHT.

Volume 17.

Collegeville, Pa., Thursday, February 4, 1892.

Whole Number: 868.

J. W. ROYER, M. D., Practising Physician, TRAPPE, Pa. Office at his residence, nearly opposite Masonic Hall.

M. Y. WEBER, M. D., Practising Physician, EVANSBURG, PA. Office Hours—Until 9 a. m.; 7 to 9 p. m.

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

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

D. R. E. PLACE, Dentist, 311 DEKALB ST., NORRISTOWN, PA. Branch Office—COLLEGEVILLE—Tuesday, every week. Gas administered.

Cheapest Dentist in Norristown. N. S. BORNEMAN, D. D. S., 209 SWEDEN STREET, (first house below Main Street, NORRISTOWN, PA. (Formerly of Boyertown.)

EDWARD E. LONG, Attorney-at-Law, and Notary Public, Settlement of Estates a Specialty. Also general Real Estate Business.

AUGUSTUS W. BOMBERGER, Attorney-at-Law, Land Title and Trust Co., Building, Nos. 608 and 610 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

HOBSON & HENDRICKS, Attorneys-at-Law, NORRISTOWN AND COLLEGEVILLE.

J. M. ZIMMERMAN, Justice of the Peace, COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Legal Papers, Bonds, Deeds, &c., executed and acknowledged.

JOHN S. HUNSIKER, Justice of the Peace, RAHN STATION, PA. Conveyancer and General Business Agent.

W. M. PEARSON, Auctioneer, PHENIXVILLE, P. O., Pa. Residence near Black Rock, Upper Providence. Will do my best to fill every engagement satisfactorily.

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

DAVID BROS., Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters, OFFICES—1224 North 10th St., & 2816 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia. Country work a specialty. Estimates furnished.

L. B. WISMER, Practical Slater, COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Always on hand roofing slate, slate flagging, and roofing felt. All orders promptly attended to.

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

TIGER HOTEL, Fourth & Vine Sts., Philada. This old and popular hotel still furnishes the best accommodations for man and beast.

JOSEPH STONE, Carpet Weaver, COLLEGEVILLE HOTEL. Rag carpet woven in any style desired. Satisfaction guaranteed.

BENJAMIN CROWTHER, Rag Carpet & Rug Weaver, LOWER PROVIDENCE, P. O., Pa. Carpets for sale. Old Ingrain carpet cut and reweave.

MAGGIE MACGREGOR, Dressmaker, COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Will take work at home or can be engaged by the week.

MRS. S. L. PUGH, TRAPPE, Pa., Attends to laying out the dead, shroud-making, &c.

SUNDAY PAPERS, The different Philadelphia papers delivered to those wishing to purchase in Collegeville and Trappe, every Sunday morning.

HORSE CLIPPING!, Horse clipping done in the best manner by an experienced hand at 310, PERKINSON BRIDGE HOTEL.

F. W. SCHEUREN, Tonsorial ARTIST!, COLLEGEVILLE, PENNA. Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing, &c. Ladies' Bang Cutting a Specialty. The best establishment in town. Parlor Opposite Post Office.



W. L. GEORGE, COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Shaving and Hair Cutting Parlor. RAZORS PUT IN FIRST-CLASS ORDER. Opp. Gristock & Vanderslice's.

SCRAP IRON, Cash prices paid for Scrap Cast Iron, delivered at the foundry: Machine cast, 50 cents per 100; stove and plow cast, 25 cents per 100; wrought scrap, 35 cents per 100.

MR. MAXFIELD'S LESSON, BY KATE S. GATES.

been in Halifax," thought Mr. Maxfield, as he washed. "No use trying to do everything to-day, you'll get used up," he said, burying his face in the long towel as he spoke.

"Don't fret about me. Take care of your papers, and I'll see to myself," was the icy reply, and Mr. Maxfield subsided.

He repeated his efforts at night, but with no better success. "I'll try the phetion to-morrow, but I don't know as even that will fetch her," he thought as he lay down to sleep. Accordingly he began at the breakfast table.

"I've been looking over things and figuring a little, Hannah, and I don't know but I could spare you enough for that phetion, if you want it."

Hannah passed him his coffee as coolly and unconcernedly as though he had spoken of buying a pound of cheese, or something like that.

"You would like that, wouldn't you?" queried Mr. Maxfield anxiously. "No, John Maxfield; at present I wouldn't even look at it. I meant exactly what I said, and I still mean it."

"Blame it!" thought the unfortunate man, "she is bound I shall apologize, and she won't forget what I said about the phetion either. If she would only ask if I've found them, so that I could sort of explain it along easy, and not have to come out plump and say I was so mistaken."

But Hannah had no intention of doing any such thing and the day wore on in comparative silence.

To-morrow would be their wedding anniversary. Were they to spend that day of all days in this fashion? Mr. Maxfield tossed restlessly upon his pillow most of the night. Mrs. Maxfield appeared to sleep the sleep of the just, whether she did or not.

Morning dawned at last, and Mr. Maxfield made up his mind that since it must be done, it must. "But it will be the toughest job I've struck for one spell," he said, as he meditated in the barn.

He tried his best to think of some easy way of putting it, but he gave up in despair at last and started for the house on a run. Mrs. Maxfield was in the kitchen busy picking chickens, and there was a suspicion of redness about her eyes, and she had not gotten any further in her work than she was when he went out half an hour ago.

"I—was a blasted fool, Hannah!" said Mr. Maxfield as quick as he opened the door before he could lose his courage.

"O, John!" said Mrs. Maxfield, dropping the chicken to the floor and springing to meet him. "O, John, I am so thankful!"

"The dickens you are! Well, that's a pretty go," said he, trying to laugh, but feeling rather misty about the eyes himself.

"You know what I mean," sobbed his wife. "I thought you wouldn't ever say anything, and I didn't know, and I wanted you to be sorry, and love me just the same as you used to. O, John, don't you?"

"I guess I do, Hannah, and I was mean; but I shall not be sure of any thing again in a hurry. And you're going to have a phetion, and anything else you want."

"I don't feel now as if I cared, whether I ever had anything or not. O, John, you don't know how thankful I am!"

"Maybe not," responded her husband. "Maybe not; but I feel as if the whole Rocky Mountain range had been lifted off my shoulders. I have learned one lesson anyway, and I don't believe I shall forget it in a hurry."—Farm and Home.

Will Gradually Grow Milder. A reverse of season is supposed to take place upon this earth once in every 10,500 years, due to the varying inclination of the earth's axis.

Some Scientific Reasons for Total Abstinence. When proof of any stated fact in science is to be sought we not only weigh in the balance the authorities for and against with reference to number and ability, but we also consider the date of their utterances.

"How are you getting on with your baking?" he queried, as he performed his ablutions at the sink. Mrs. Maxfield took a pie from the oven and carried it to the pantry without vouchsafing any reply.

"I wish those everlasting papers had existed than is found in the discoveries of science concerning the nature of alcohol and other narcotic poisons. These truths are the reasons for total abstinence. They constitute what is known as "Scientific Temperance."

exists than is found in the discoveries of science concerning the nature of alcohol and other narcotic poisons. These truths are the reasons for total abstinence. They constitute what is known as "Scientific Temperance."

In the light of these discoveries true temperance may be defined as the moderate use of things which are wholesome; entire abstinence from those which are not. Science has proved alcohol not to be a stimulant in any true sense, but a narcotic poison. It deadens or paralyzes the brain and nerves according to the amount taken.

All narcotic poisons have the power of creating an ever increasing appetite for themselves. Therefore alcohol is a dangerous and seductive poison. "The character of a substance does not depend upon its quantity but upon its quality," says the celebrated Dr. Richardson; therefore the character of alcohol in wine, beer or cider is the same as the character of the alcohol in stronger liquors, and this is why the use of the former has, in thousands of cases, by degrees created an alcoholic appetite which at last became quite beyond the control of the victim.

Because these lighter drinks contain alcohol they are dangerous and seductive.

Nothing is commoner than to hear drinking "too much" condemned, while moderate drinking is commended. If those who do this understood the true nature of alcohol they would know that any of it is too much, because it is the nature of a little alcohol to create an appetite for more. It is not, primarily, the weakness of the drinker but the nature of the drink that causes drunkenness.

If alcohol is a poison it cannot be a food. Dr. H. Newell Martin, of Johns Hopkins University, says of it: "Is alcohol a tissue-forming food? To this the answer is certainly not so far at least as useful tissue is concerned. Alcohol cannot build up albuminous material, since it contains no nitrogen, and such material constitutes the essential part of muscular, glandular and nervous tissues. Is alcohol a strengthening food? To this the answer is also no. Alcohol in small doses excites brain and muscle, and may for a time good them to overwork or to work when they should be resting. But as it nourishes neither of them the final result is bad. The brain and muscle are left in an injured state. Any substance to be considered a food must not be injurious to the structure or action of any organ, otherwise it is a poison, not a food."

"When water," says another writer, "comes into contact with living tissues, they absorb it and are satisfied. Water is a natural drink and quenches natural thirst. When alcohol is brought into contact with living tissues it irritates them and creates thirst. For this unnatural thirst there is no natural limit." "Only natural appetites have natural limits," says Dr. Felix Oswald. "All true foods satisfy the appetites, but it is the inherent nature of alcohol to create an appetite for itself which cannot be satisfied. All poison habits are progressive."

Much is said about curing the drink habit of this nation by introducing the use of light wines. There never was a greater fallacy. It is not the nature of the alcoholic appetite to submit to any such letting down method. Drinkers abandon the weaker liquors for the stronger, but are not likely to reverse the process. And where the idea is to supply with these wines those who are not yet in the drink habit, the fallacy is equally great. The alcohol in them is the same in its nature as that in the stronger liquors and would, when used freely, show in numerous cases its progressive tendency.

But the rapidity with which the craving for alcohol grows varies with the individual. Owing to the long prevalence of the drink habit many individuals inherit an appetite for alcoholic beverages. Those who know anything of the law of heredity understand that inherited tendency is not always from immediate progenitors. Every one who drinks a glass of wine may not become a drunkard, but there is no one living who can be absolutely sure, even if he uses the lighter liquors with extreme moderation, that he may not in time acquire the appetite which it is the nature—the treacherous nature—of the alcohol in them to create.

On the other hand there are thousands of unfortunate concerning whom all are agreed. There is no question in any mind as to the extreme folly of their using any alcoholic drink in any quantity. Total abstinence is undeniably right for them. But the raging appetite within, and the continuous temptations from without mock their poor efforts. Who shall save them? Not the moderate drinker, for he is perhaps their greatest enemy, because of the market he persists in maintaining, and beside, he must often, in obedience to natural,

immutable law, himself take his place in their dreary ranks. Who then shall help them before they are past all help? The intelligent total abstainer. He whose generous soul says, with St. Paul: "If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth," and whose instructed mind sees a danger common to all in the use of beverages, or of anything else which contains in any quantity a treacherous and seductive poison.

N. B. All school text-books on physiology and hygiene which are endorsed by the W. C. T. U. contain the above truths.

MARY F. LOVELL, Superintendent of Department of Scientific Temperance Instruction for Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Pennsylvania.

The Unexpected. A DEAR GIRL COOKS HER HARE BEFORE CATCHING IT.

Scene—A family sitting room. Dramatis persone—Young lady, brother, father, mother, parrot. Enter young lady with a sealed letter in her hand.

"Here is a letter from Fred Blossom. It is post-marked Omaha. I never expected to hear from him again."

Mother. "He is persistent enough if that is all."

Father. "You were a goose to refuse him, Edith. Young, good looking and with plenty of money, he's a catch for any girl."

Brother. "Don't you do it, sis. He's the biggest prig in fourteen counties. Tell him to stop asking you to marry him."

Parrot. "Rats!" Edith. "I've refused him twice."

Father. "There's luck in odd numbers, I've heard say."

Mother. "Read the letter."

Edith. "Oh, it's the same old, tedious story. I suppose I might as well say yes. He's bound to worry me into marrying him."

Parrot. "You're another."

Father. "He'd give you a fine home and a carriage to ride in. Don't be silly, Edith. You'll never get such a chance again."

Edith. "I—believe—I—could—love—him—if—I—married—him. Well, then, this time it shall be yes. Dear Fred! How happy it will make him to hear me say yes at last."

Brother. "Read the letter, sis."

Edith. "Oh, yes, the letter." Breaks the seal and reads slowly: "DEAR MISS EDITH: You will be gratified to know that I am at last cured of my foolish passion for you, and am soon to be married to the sweetest and prettiest girl in Omaha. We will expect your congratulations. FRED BLOSSOM."

Tableau Vivant—Curtain falls to slow music.—Detroit Free Press.

Skinned Alive. THE ATROCIOUS CRUELITIES PRACTICED BY SEAL HUNTERS.

E. H. Wells thus described an incident which he witnessed last spring while crossing the North Pacific, from Kodiak Island to Sitka, Alaska, in a sealing schooner:

"We all gathered around the gasping creature as it lay upon the deck, while one of the hunters, an experienced hand at skinning seals, bared his long, sharp knife and prepared to remove the pelt."

"He made several cuts about the flippers, when I interferred. The seal was breathing hoarsely, its chest rising and falling spasmodically. 'Kill that beast,' I exclaimed, 'before you skin it!'"

"He obeyed, or attempted to, by cutting a long gash across the creature's throat."

"Blood flowed forth in torrents and covered the deck. The struggling ceased and I thought that death had ensued. The hunter proceeded with his skinning operations and the pelt was about one-third removed when I was horrified by another loud gasp from the seal and a renewal of the heaving of the chest. Evidently it was not dead and was undergoing torture."

"Kill it!" I cried, and a man with one long, slashing cut ripped the animal open and partially disemboweled it. Then, with dexterous movements of the knife, he rapidly continued to remove the pelt, and had almost separated it from the body when another noise came from the seal. Its mouth opened and it breathed hoarsely once more.

"I could scarcely believe my eyes! There lay a creature alive, yet skinned, disemboweled and its blood lying in pools on the deck."

"Cut its heart out!" I ejaculated, unable longer to bear the sight of the apparent suffering.

"The hunter reached his hand inside of the carcass and plucked forth

the heart. It was warm and throbbed regularly. Cut loose from the body and held out in the hand, it continued to pulsate, the valves opening and closing for full three minutes with un-failing regularity. It was a gruesome sight.

"But the seal was now dead. He no longer breathed nor moved. A feeling of relief swept over me."

"Do they usually die that hard?" I demanded.

"Oh, yes," replied the hunter coolly, "they always act that way when we skin them."

"I felt like skinning the cold-blooded wretch then and there. He had no compunctions when cruelty was concerned. He told me the truth, how ever."

"Thousands of seals are taken every year by schooners in the Northern Pacific and Behring Sea and are skinned alive by their heartless captors, who will not take the trouble to kill them. The creature dies harder than almost any other animal, and, as it is warm-blooded and sensitive, no doubt undergoes a torture equal to any that could possibly be inflicted. There is no semblance to unconscious muscular activity in its case as in the turtle."

"The pelt of that fur seal whose capture I witnessed has by this time been dyed and probably now adorns the shoulders of some fair girl or matron who would shrink from inflicting pain even upon a mouse."—Chicago Herald.

No Baby Act for Him. A WOUNDED BRAKEMAN DOES NOT CRY TILL URGED TO DO SO.

Pat Conley was rear brakeman on a Southern Ohio Railroad train that broke in two while he was on deck. He made for the brake wheel to keep the rear section from dashing into the forward part of the broken train. The brake chain snapped, he was thrown off the car before the wheels and in an instant had both legs cut off below the knee and one hand severed.

What was left of him was hurried upon the engine to the station, fortunately very near at hand. The stumps were amputated and dressed without anesthetics, the call being too sudden and summons too hasty to procure them, if the man's life was to be saved at all. Pat never uttered a sound. Quivering with pain, white and perspiring with agony, he never so much as winced. Gangrene set in and the arm had to be taken off above the elbow. But the brakeman uttered never a moan.

Late one night, when he was still weak from the second operation, the hospital cot on which the shattered form lay broke down. The patient fell to the floor, the bandage was loosened upon his leg, the ligatures burst, and but for the quick action of the nurse Pat Conley would have bled to death.

When the surgeon arrived the brakeman's face was drawn with anguish. He was so weak from the loss of blood that it grew doubtful whether life could be coaxed back into his frame. Everything that could be done was attended to at once.

Fainting, sick, racked with inexpressible torture, the poor fellow looked up at the surgeon, who was compelled to stoop to his pillow to catch the feeble words. In a whisper that was inaudible to the rest of the room, Pat murmured: "Doc, how—long—ought a fellar stand this before he hollers? I can't stand it—much longer without—cryin', but I don't—want—to do the baby act."

"For God's sake, Pat," cried the doctor, "cry if you want to. It'll do you good."

Then for the first time in all these days of pain Pat turned his thin face to the wall and wept like a child.—Omaha Bee.

In the Arms of a Corpse. HORRIBLE TALE OF SHIPWRECK AND SUFFERING IN THE CHINA SEA.

George J. Merchunt, mate and the only survivor of the crew of six on the ill-fated schooner Pearl, which was run down and sunk on August 5 in the China Sea by an ocean steamer, was interviewed at his uncle's home on Pelham street.

"The Pearl," he said, "was a small trading schooner of 140 tons, and usually touched ports among the Philippine islands, but on the last voyage we were chartered at Pampay for Hong Kong with a general cargo."

"Nothing of any account happened until the night of the disaster, when we were within eight miles of our destination."

"At 8 o'clock that evening the barometer went down rapidly, and we made ready by reducing sail to meet a tornado."

"Myself and a man named Mayo were on watch at 11 o'clock, and at that time we were hoisted to under a

two-reefed foresail, the wind having increased to a gale.

"Suddenly we saw two side lights a half mile away, and, fearing a collision I told Mayo to get the 'flam' lighted while I would arouse the crew."

"Before the 'flam' could be lighted the steamer was upon us, striking the Pearl on the Port side and cutting her almost in two."

"We began to sink, I cut the lashings of the boat, turned her over, but we could not launch her, as Mayo's arm had been broken by flying timber. 'We got into the boat and she floated off. I saw the steamer back astern and then proceed on her course, notwithstanding that I yelled myself hoarse for aid."

"In a few minutes the schooner sank head foremost, and we came very near being drawn down."

"We were alone on the ocean, as not one of our shipmates could be seen clinging to the wreckage of our vessel. But worst of all, we had neither oars, water nor provisions."

"The heavy sea that was running at the time broke over the boat, and I tore up the bottom boards, fastened them to the rope at the bow and threw them overboard. These answered as a drag and kept her head up to the sea."

"All that night we huddled together to keep warm, expecting each moment would be our last."

"Morning dawned, but it was a sad dawning, as Mayo, overcome by the pain of his broken arm, lay stretched out in the bottom of the boat gasping for the want of a drink of water."

"Throughout that day many an anxious glance I cast over the waters. There was no sail in sight, and the delirious cries of Mayo were something awful. Then the storm abated. Next morning I found myself clasped in the arms of the corpse of Mayo."

"This was terrible, yet he must be buried. So I raised the body as gently as possible and launched it into the sea."

"I watched the body sink, but what was my horror when it rose face upward. Having nothing for a sinker I took one of the boards and paddled away from the terrible sight."

"I think it must have been about noon that day when I became delirious for I remember quite plainly of yelling to a fleet of imaginary ships as they passed, but after that all was a blank."

"How or when I was rescued I do not know, but when I came to my senses I was on board a large Chinese junk, and seated beside me was a good natured coolie with a fan, who motioned me to keep quiet."—Boston Post.

Johnny's Bulge on Grandpa. HE KNEW HOW TO SAY HIS PRAYERS TO SUIT HIMSELF.

Johnny is a chubby-faced youngster who for the past six years has been the light of an East Side household. Johnny has a keen sense of humor, but his occasional pranks have not always met with the appreciation on the part of his mother to which he thought they were entitled. Johnny has been properly trained, and perhaps over-trained, by his fond parents, and with the perversity of children has developed a strong prejudice against saying the little prayer his mother has taught him to repeat before retiring.

Several weeks ago the little fellow made a visit to his grandparents in the country. He was led away at bedtime by his grandfather, who had instructions from home concerning the evening devotions.

But grandpa is very deaf, and white-robed Johnny decided to introduce a change in the programme, so as he knelt by the bed he began: "Come, little boy blue, come blow up your horn. The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn," and repeated to the end that familiar jingle of the nursery.

"That's a good boy, Johnny," said the old man as he tucked him into bed, "always say your prayers, and you will grow up a good man," and Johnny winked the other eye as he chuckled over his little joke.—Rochester Democrat.

The Hidden London. Underground London is far more wonderful than underground Paris. Take for example, its 3,000 miles of sewers, its 34,000 miles of telegraph wires, its 4,500 miles of water mains, its 3,200 miles of gas pipes, all definitely fixed. Yet not even these compare with the vast cellars arena beneath the feet of the pedestrian. In Oxford and Regent streets alone the capacity is said to exceed 140 acres.

Henry George lived for several years in a house in San Francisco owned and once occupied by a brother of Ward McAllister. It was in this house that "Progress and Poverty" was written.





