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WOULD WE RETURN? BY EMMA BENNETT.

Leonora fled down the narrow garden path, her thin dress catching on the bushes as she ran; but she did not heed them, running wildly on, and letting the dress pull itself loose as best it might. She did not stop or slacken her pace until she reached a far corner of the garden and flung herself, panting, upon a rustic bench half hidden among the dark evergreens. Then she buried her hot face in her hands, and trembled with haste and excitement.

It had come at last! After all these years, George Vane had asked her to be his wife. The time had been—but it had gone by long ago—when she half hoped he might, when he first came home from Italy, a youth of twenty-two, bowed down beneath the freshness of his passionate grief. She would have died, oh, so gladly! To give him back his beautiful Italian girl bride. She was seventeen then, and that was fifteen years ago. She could not remember the time when she did not love George Vane.

How long ago it seemed! Her mother was alive then, and not the feeble invalid she had been for the four years before she died. George Vane was her mother's only sister's step-son; he had been left an orphan at an early age. He and Leonora had grown up together, and while George Vane was an affectionate brother, little Leonora fairly worshipped him. When he had finished his college education and gone abroad to perfect his language and to visit noted points in Europe, Leonora nearly grieved herself ill.

Her mother could not accompany him, and thought, beside that, it was a wise plan for the boy to be thrown on himself for a time. She discovered her error too late. As the months went by they did not hear from him so often. He was in Germany, France, Switzerland, finally in Italy, and at Rome. At length, after months of silence, the tidings came from him that he was married to a gloriously beautiful Italian girl of fifteen.

It seemed as if that morning had changed the whole world for Leonora. A pitying sob broke from her even now for that young girl standing there in her mute, despairing misery—fifteen years ago.

They did not hear from him again till one lovely summer afternoon, as they sat on the broad veranda, looking out on this self-same garden, he strode up the gravelled path, and without a word stooped and kissed them both.

They would hardly have known him, two years had made such changes. The boy had become a man. The laugh in his blue eyes had turned to unutterable melancholy; they were lines of grief marked out upon his face, and his voice had lost its gay tone and was subdued and sad.

The two women were too frightened to speak. He sank on the steps at their feet, and crushed his soft hat in his hands. His lips quivered. Finally he broke out passionately,—"I could not stand it any longer, Aunt Estelle! I thought perhaps I could bear it better if I came home!" And then he buried his face in her lap.

"Poor boy! Poor boy!" she murmured, and gently stroked his dark hair.

Leonora moved as if to leave them,

"Don't go," he said brokenly. "I want to tell you."

At last he raised his head, then got upon his feet and paced up and down the long piazza.

"It was all so sudden," he said, "I couldn't realize it—I can't now. Only two months, and then to lose her! It was one of those fevers they have over there. I nursed her day and night, but she never knew me. Oh, Aunt Estelle—Leonora—if you could but have seen her! You couldn't have helped loving her. She was so beautiful—you can't imagine such beauty. She was so sweet, so lovely, so everything—"

And here the poor boy broke down and sobbed aloud.

Leonora sat with the tears streaming down her face.

"And I am here," she thought, "when it would have made no difference if I had been taken, and she whom he loved is gone!"

Presently he went on again. "It hardly seemed that she was mine, before I lost her. We were so happy together, and she loved me so. Oh, my God? What am I to do? How am I to live without her?"

"Don't dear, don't! Try to talk of something else," his aunt implored.

"Something else!" he exclaimed, vehemently. "There is nothing else!"

For days and weeks the two women sat with him on the piazza, or strolled with him in the garden, and listened to his ravings of despair. At first they sought to throw in a word of sympathy now and then, but as the days went on, they learned to listen in silence until he wore himself out.

A woman's love is almost never selfish. Leonora at any moment would willingly have died to bring him back the bride he adored.

When he first showed signs of interest in his old pursuits, what a transport of thanksgiving welled up in the women's hearts!

Even grief, however passionate, must wear itself out. Sometimes the outer world will force us to look on it again, and to realize that no matter what has gone out of it, no matter how changed it seems to us, it still exists, and we must make a place for ourselves in its busy midst.

Gradually they drifted back into the old life. The boyish gaiety had gone from George Vane forever. As the years went on, and they laughed and talked together, even when he and Leonora pelted each other in the garden with snow-balls, as they used to do, she missed the careless happiness, the ringing laugh that characterized his boyhood.

And so the years went on. And had she never thought that he might forget and grow to love and marry her, after all? Yes; but that was years ago.

She had seen him change to a sober business man, a creature who seemed of a different species from the boy to whom she had given her heart at first—a man to whom love and passion seemed far remote.

And now, after she had buried all those youthful dreams, after she had made herself content to be where he was, to hear his voice, sometimes to touch his hand—at those few words he had said to-night all the old mad love had sprung into being, like some fierce volcano that had slumbered for fifteen years.

She scarcely knew herself. Was this the pale, silent woman of thirty-two who had poured the tea so calmly a half hour ago? This woman whose heart beat so madly that she pressed hand against it with all her strength?

Yet it was something that for one little moment she had caught a glimpse into paradise. That is more than falls to the common lot of mortals.

It had been so wholly unexpected. He had risen from the table, while she still sat sipping her tea. Instead of getting his paper, he had stopped by her chair.

"Leonora," he said, and his voice had an almost caressing tone, "since your mother's death, I have been thinking it would be better for us to marry."

She grew deathly pale, and the hand that held the cup trembled. He noticed it, and there was a faint tone of irritation in his voice as he continued:—"Is the idea so altogether frightful to you, Leonora, that you must tremble over it? We have lived in the same house sufficient years, I should imagine, for you to know I am not a monster."

Still she did not speak. He glanced at her and then went on himself,—"I don't expect you to love me—"

"But I do love you, George!" she interrupted passionately. "I have loved you for fifteen years!"

He looked at her, surprised for a moment, but he did not comprehend.

"Yes," he said, "we love one another, after a fashion—a better fashion, I dare say, than half the people who marry love in. It is not likely you would ever care to marry any one else; and as for me—" he sighed—"but never mind that."

He waited expectantly,

"You have not answered me, Leonora; are you willing to marry me? Now that your mother's gone, give me the right to care for you, dear, whatever comes."

"Yes," she sobbed. He stooped and kissed her cheek. "You are a good woman," he said.

Then she heard him go up to his room, and she had rushed blindly, wildly, out into the garden.

For one brief moment she had thought that at last he loved her. For the first time in her life a feeling of bitterness welled up in her heart toward that far off grave in Italy. It had blighted her life when she was a young girl, and now, when she might at last be happy, it was between her and happiness—it always would be. Then she thought of him. What had his life been? He had loved and lost. His bride had been more to him than anything on earth could be. It had broken and spoiled his youth, it had crushed out the capacity for loving, it had changed him into a stern, cold man.

"She sank on her knees by the rustic bench, and clasping her hands, prayed,—

"Oh, God, give him back his beautiful bride, and take me; let me die, O God, in her place! Let me see him with the old happy smile upon his face once more before I die!"

Not a breath stirred the bushes, but she felt a touch on her shoulder and an invisible presence around her, and a voice that did not break the evening quiet fell calm and majestic upon her ear.

"Daughter, thou hast made a strange prayer. Thou hast faith sufficient that it be answered. But, daughter, consider, dost thou think that life will be gained by bringing the dead back to life?"

"Yes, yes!" she answered eagerly. "Anything is gain that will bring happiness to the man I love!"

"So rash and unreasoning are mortals," the voice continued, "that what would cross even the sacred portals of heaven to bring down happiness to one frail human creature."

Then a tender pity came into the voice—the pity of angels for poor, short-sighted humanity.

"Daughter, I may not unveil to thee the future; if thou wilt that this thing be done, that this young girl be brought from the Beautiful City to mingle again amid strife and sorrow, it shall be granted thee."

"With his love there could be no strife or sorrow," she murmured. "It shall be as thou wishest." And the voice was sad and solemn.

"When, when may it be, good spirit? To-morrow?" she questioned.

"We make no note of time. In heaven there is no to-morrow, no yesterday. Choose thine own time, daughter, and when thou prayest as thou didst just now, it shall be."

Again not a stir, not the slightest sound, but the presence of the spirit was withdrawn.

Leonora continued to kneel a long time.

"Until to-morrow he is mine—my promised husband!" she whispered. "Leonora!"

It was his voice calling from the veranda. She struggled to her feet and went to meet him.

"Out in this heavy dew without a wrap," he said chidingly, and drawing her hand within his arm. "Surely, Leonora, you need some one to care for you."

"George," she said, her voice trembling, "I want to tell you something. I don't think you quite understood when I told you to-night I had loved you for fifteen years. I meant it not as brother and sister love—I have loved you as you loved her."

He started at her words; then a fuller sense of their meaning came over him.

"Poor child, how you must have suffered!" he whispered, tenderly. "Yes," she answered him simply.

In the hall he kissed her good-night. "Until to-morrow," she murmured under her breath. "Only until to-morrow."

The thought came to her that she was very happy even with the little love he had to give. Why make the prayer at all? Then she recoiled from herself. Was this the kind of love she gave him? Is love worthy the name that is not sacrifice?

To-morrow came so soon! He was so kind, so thoughtful of her all the day. He made it very easy for her to ask him to walk with her in the garden after tea.

She clung to his arm. "You will never forget how dearly I love you?" She might ask this one thought out of his happiness.

He assured her soothingly that he never would forget.

She sank on the rustic bench, closed her eyes and prayed. In a moment she felt the invisible presence, she heard the voice with its thrill of pity.

"Open thine eyes, daughter. Look! Thy prayer is answered."

She opened her eyes and saw before her a young girl of radiant loveliness. The light of heaven still shone in her eyes. Her face was that of a child's, pure, calm, trusting. Suddenly her eyes and George Vane's met. No glad light came into those innocent dark eyes, no gleam of recognition. There was nothing in this man's stern, cold face to bring back her joyous boy husband.

And George Vane? She had not changed to him, except that she was even more lovely; but he stood regarding her with a look of horror frozen on her face. He had carried her image in his heart of fifteen years, but he had not marked the change in himself. He had fancied that a sweet child of fifteen, whom he loved when he was a careless boy, could fill the heart of a sober man of forty.

Leonora felt a faint feeling come over her, and a sense of darkness closing around her, and for the last time she saw George Vane's face, white and ghastly in the gathering twilight. He stretched his arms despairingly toward her, and cried in a tone of awful agony,—

"Leonora! Leonora!"

Spoiling a Good Story.

A good listener never interrupts, except to applaud, but a poor listener is preferable to the one who spoils a good story by discovering its flaws, which a great many good stories have.

There was a social party gathered on the porch of a pleasant country house, and one of the gentlemen had just told the story of the criminal condemned to death by some ancient ruler. He was to be beheaded, and, as the executioner stood beside him with drawn sword, the culprit was given a goblet of wine to drink.

He turned to the king and asked, as a last favor, that the executioner be directed to hold his hand until the goblet of wine had been drained.

"You have my royal word," said the king. "You shall not die until you have drained the cup."

Thereupon the ingenious criminal dashed the goblet to the stone floor, spilling its contents, and thus deferring his death sentence indefinitely.

The story happened to be new to some of the party, and was greeted with so much favor that another gentleman endeavored to cap it.

"An ancient Persian king," said he, "had brought before him a traitor to the throne, who, after a brief hearing, was condemned to be strangled.

"Mercy, oh, king!" cried the unhappy man.

"No," responded the king, sternly. "You have conspired against me, and you must pay the penalty with your life. The clock is now trembling on the stroke of twelve; when it sounds the hour, you must bid farewell to earth."

Quick as thought the prisoner turned to the clock, which stood by the throne, and, with a mighty push, threw it from its pedestal, and it fell with a crash to the floor.

"I bow to your will, oh, king!" he said, calmly. "When this clock strikes I will die, and not before."

As a tribute to his presence of mind, the king spared the prisoner's life, and after a brief imprisonment gave him his liberty.

"Quite as interesting as the other," exclaimed a lady, when the narrator had finished.

"Shows that there's nothing new under the sun," chimed in another.

"Humph—yes," said a small, quiet man, in the corner, after the comments had run their course; "very good story, and I hate to spoil it, but I must do it."

"What!" exclaimed the story teller. "Yes; must do it. There were no clocks in ancient Persia, so the prisoner could not have smashed one."

Humming Birds.

It seems strange that such tiny creatures should be pugnacious; but so well able are they to wage battle that even king birds and hawks are afraid of them, being compelled to retreat before the impetuous assaults of the small warrior, whose boldness is only equalled by the lightning-like rapidity of his movements, thus baffling any attempt at resistance on the part of the powerful adversary.

The lance-like thrusts of the needle-like beak are usually directed at the eyes of the enemy. It has been popularly supposed that humming birds feed exclusively on nectar obtained from flowers; this is not the case; insects furnish a large part of their diet. They frequently rob spiders' webs of their imprisoned insects, a bit of thievery they are obliged to conduct with

great skill, as they themselves run a risk of getting caught in the webs, and the larger spiders boldly defend their homes against such intrusion.

On the approach of the angry owner the little robber darts off like a sunbeam. The nests of humming birds are usually very compact, most of them cup-shaped or turban-shaped, the materials composing them being chiefly plant-down, interwoven with and strengthened by spiders' webs, and often ornamented by an external mosaic of small lichens. Ordinarily the nest is saddled upon a twig to which it is bound by spiders' webs. Some species make nests resembling tiny hammocks, which are most ingeniously attached to the face of cliffs or rocks. Others hang their nests from tendrils, and, when one side of the small dwelling proves heavier than the other, a stone or piece of earth is adjusted as a weight to establish a balance. These winged pigmies exhibit a high degree of intelligence in concealing their nests, by making them of such natural or materials as will resemble natural excrescences of a branch. The eggs laid are always two in number and immaculately white. Two broods are produced in a season. The gorgeous hues of the humming bird is attributable to the structure of the feathers. Each feather having myriads of little facets so disposed as to present so many angles to the incidence of light, which is thus diffracted or broken up into rainbow tints. In most species the gay coloration is peculiar to males. This brilliancy of plumage makes them valuable for ornamental purposes, and owing to the reckless slaughter of the innocents, certain species are already on the verge of extinction. This does not seem surprising when one learns that three thousand of the skins of the ruby-and-topaz humming bird alone were shipped not long ago from a Brazilian port in a single consignment, while at a public sale of bird-skins, held in London, more than twelve thousand bird-skins were disposed of! There are about five hundred species of this feathered family in the New World, more than one hundred of which is in Ecuador, over half of them being peculiar to that country. Columbia has about one hundred species, and Peru and Bolivia together have ninety-six known species. In the United States only seventeen species exist, the valley of the Mississippi and all the States east of that river possessing only a single kind of humming bird.

A Girl Who Takes Exercise.

There is nothing like healthy exercise to take the jaundice out of a woman's skin and hang out the red streamers of health in her cheeks. Boxing builds a woman up, rounds her arms, shapes up her shoulders and gives her a more graceful carriage. It also makes her more supple, confers on her that lissom grace of which the American rhymesters rave. But a woman who boxes should always be careful to protect her breast with a good thick pad. A woman cannot stand much of a thump in the chest. When women overcome their natural timidity—when they learn that a buff on the nose with a soft glove is not necessarily fatal—they make good boxers. They are very quick, have a great deal of tact and will stand considerable thumping when once warned to the work.

My wife is quite handy with the mitts and I have a nineteen-year-old daughter that could whip a car load of dudes. She has practiced until she has become an expert striker straight from the shoulder and that with the force of a pile driver. An athletic combination visited our town recently (we live in Cedar Rapids) and I took my daughter to see the show. As we walked home she expressed the opinion that she could knock out the star performer and I resolved to give her an opportunity. I invited him to dinner the next day and took care to have several friends present to enjoy the sport. My daughter discussed boxing with our pugilistic guest—a well-known welter weight, whose reputation I will not mar—and he offered to give her a lesson. The gloves were brought out and he proceeded with the lesson.

He did not proceed far, however, until he found it necessary to crawl out from under the piano. In the next bout she broke his guard, got his head in chancery and wound up by sending him crashing through the glass door of a bookcase. No, I don't subsidize a policeman to guard my house while I am out on the road.—Interview in St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A Poor Mathematician.

"Yes," said the society lady at a swell affair the other evening, "I've crossed the Atlantic Ocean eleven times."

The smart young man adjusted his eyeglass and said: "Ah! Born in England, I suppose?"

"No, indeed! Why do you ask?"

"Because, if you were born in this country and had crossed the ocean eleven times, you'd be on the other side now, don't cherknow?"

The lady figured a moment on the tips of her pretty fingers, blushed violently, and fled.—Yankee Blade.

She Became Green.

Mr. Green was a good-looking man, very; he dressed well, was posted up in matters of business, and had the reputation of being a very smart man. But Mr. Green had lived thirty years without a wife. It wasn't his fault, for he was fond of the society of the fair sex; owned a fine house which he rented for his board, and there were many marriageable ladies in the village.

How happened it, then, that Mr. Green remained in a state of single blessedness? Want of courage. Mr. Green was a coward among the ladies.

True he could hold a skein of yarn, offer his arm and do escort duty in the politest manner. He had seen half a dozen women he would have married, or would have married him; but he never could muster sufficient courage to ask either of them whether she would or not.

One evening he was visiting at the Widow Smith's. Widow Smith! Not yet twenty-six years had flown over her head, and yet she had been a widow three years. She was pretty, and sighed for a companion; and many a time had she remarked to her friends that she wondered why Mr. Green did not get married. He was an occasional caller at her house, and would have married her at an hour's notice. But she did not know it. He had never whispered to her of love.

He could talk about the crops, the growth of the village, the industry of the young men, and all other matters which the widow did not care to hear about, but one thing which would have struck her ear as the sweetest of sounds, he never mentioned.

On the evening in question, the widow was excessively annoyed by her domestics. Hardly was Mr. Green seated when Kate appears at the door.

"Mrs. Smith, if it please ye," said the domestic, "will ye look into the kitchen for a minute?"

"Yes, Kate."

Scarcely had Mrs. Smith returned when the bushy head of John, the hired man, was thrust in with,—

"Mrs. Smith."

"How I hate the name of Smith!" said the lady.

Mr. Green's handsome eyes dilated for a moment—he opened his mouth and exclaimed in hurried accents,—

"Make it Green, dear madam! Pray make it Green!"

In less than a month there was no Widow Smith in our village.

He Was the Big Party Himself.

A story is told of a gentleman prominently connected with one of the big foundries in Pittsburgh. The gentleman in question is an unusually large man, very tall and far around. Finding himself caught in a little town about twenty-five miles from Pittsburgh one night, with no train going to the city, and being very anxious to reach there at eleven o'clock, he hired for an express down the track to stop for him.

"We stop for officials only," came the answer.

Quick as a flash went the second telegram.

"Will you stop for a large party?"

"Yes," was the reply, and the long express slowed up and stopped when it reached the little town, and the gentleman complacently stepped aboard.

"Where is the large party?" inquired the conductor, with wide open astonished eyes, as he gazed about the empty depot.

"Ain't I large enough?" chuckled the delighted new passenger.

The conductor glared and then burst into a hearty laugh as the fitness of the application burst upon him.

In the Geology Class.

They had kept for many weeks a piece of bread, till it was hard and black as coal, wherewith they intended puzzling their usually suave and imperturbable professor. Young Hawtry set it out among his collections on the day their specimens were to be examined.

CHAIRMAN HARRITY makes the public declaration that there is no position in the Cabinet he would accept, and that he likes his present position of Secretary of the Commonwealth.

JAY GOULD, the multi-millionaire speculator and gambler, died in New York, Friday. The editorial from the Philadelphia Times, republished in another column, exactly expresses our estimate of the man, and of men of his stamp.

IN New York Harrison's plurality in 1888 was 14,373, and Cleveland's plurality in 1892 is 45,333. The most significant feature of the returns of 1892 is in the fact that there were 94,746 votes cast outside of the two great parties. The Populists polled 36,929 and the Progressives 17,674 votes.

The greater portion of the Public Ledger building, Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire Tuesday night, involving a loss of \$250,000. The valuable relics were nearly all rescued from the flames by volunteers. Mr. Childs gave \$5,000 and a midnight supper to the firemen who worked so hard to save the building.

THEY are still figuring on the vote in California. The latest computation gives Democratic electors an average plurality of 271. This makes it probable that while the highest will have not less than 2,000, the lowest may fall below the highest on the Republican ticket and thus give Harrison one of the electors. Fortunately there is nothing depending on these details. If the election had been as close as most people expected, we should not have had it settled yet.

NEXT year will be an off year politically in Pennsylvania. Candidates for the office of State Treasurer only will be voted for. In this county, however, there will be a sufficient number of offices to fill to make the campaign interesting. Commissioners, Recorder of Deeds, Clerk of Courts, Prothonotary and Register of Wills are to be chosen in the fall of 1893, and ere the swallows come again numerous candidates, representing both parties, will leap into the political arena.

THE two houses of Congress convened at Washington at noon Monday for the concluding session of the Fifty-second Congress. On Tuesday President Harrison's last annual message was received and read. The message reviews the condition of the various departments of the government and reiterates at some length Mr. Harrison's pre-election arguments in favor of a protective tariff. It is apparent that the President is not in harmony with the recent verdict of the voters of the country.

ANOTHER grade-crossing disaster, causing the death of two and the wounding of nine persons, was added to the long list Sunday night. The crossing at American street and Columbia avenue, Philadelphia, was the scene of the terrible accident which additionally emphasizes the imperative need of overhead or underground railway crossings in cities, towns, and country districts as well. Railway crossings at many places are veritable death-traps, nothing less, and their abolition should be forced by public sentiment.

EX-GOVERNOR HENRY M. HOYT died at his residence at Wilkesbarre, Friday, aged 62 years. Six months ago he was stricken with paralysis, and three months later he had another stroke. Since then his decline was rapid. His career as Governor of Pennsylvania was not marked by any special acts of prominence, doubtless owing to the fact there was no occasion for unusual exhibitions of Executive talent. As a soldier he won the distinction which aided him in reaching the Governor's chair. Those who knew him best are unitedly of the opinion that he was a philosopher and statesman of profound attainments.

Two rather unique characters in the Republican fold—the Hon. John Dalzell, of Allegheny, and the Hon. John Robison, of Delaware county, are candidates for a seat in the United States Senate from Pennsylvania. The courage exhibited by the aspiring pair deserves recognition somewhat out of proportion to their prospective chances for promotion. Sir Matthew Quay controls all the leading strings and when the time comes for the cat to jump it will be ascertained by sundry anti-Quay Republicans that he will a clear majority of about fifty over all competitors in the Senatorial race. Pennsylvania is still bossed by the old bosses at the old stand, with all the machinery kept well lubricated by the subservients who receive their reward from time to time. And Montgomery county is in the swim, too.

FINE DISTINCTIONS.

From the Chester News. There are some differences with fine distinctions. When a poor man dies through drink, it is delirium tremens. With a well-to-do man it is alcoholism. With a rich man the doctors make it out a case of general debility.

BROTHER ROBERTS calmly views the recent disaster through his editorial glasses and arrives at the conclusion that the ruins do not necessarily preclude the possibility of future rehabilitation, and more glory in coming days for the Republican party. We rather incline to Brother Roberts' view of the situation, although we cannot altogether sanction his plan of reconstruction—comprising a half score of propositions. There is too much governmental paternalism necessarily associated with some of your propositions, Brother. The Government has its hands more than full now, and if the management of the telegraph lines is to be added, with the railway systems and other corporate enterprises in prospect, the Government might as well be delegated with sufficient authority to supervise all the business interests of the country, and what then? Then it would be the people of, for and by the Government. Come, Brother Roberts, you are certainly not ready to fall in with the Populists. The Republican party isn't dead; only faintly and variously wounded. That's all.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2, 1892.

Those who have been predicting that this session of Congress was to be an unusually dull one were away off in their calculations, as all indications now point to one of the most interesting short sessions we have ever had, and there are lots of things, controlled largely by circumstances, that will actually make things exciting as well as interesting, should they get taken up. The Senate will open the session with a fight over the anti-option bill, which was passed by the House at the last session, that promises to last until noon on the fourth day of next March, unless it shall adopt some sort of a rule to limit debate, which it isn't very likely to do. The lobby that is trying to work up Senatorial sentiment against this measure is already here plentifully supplied with money by the great commercial exchange of the country, the members of which are personally interested in the defeat of this bill, and any known friend of a Senator, can have all the champagne, terrapin stew, Havana cigars, and other high-priced luxuries that he will accept from these lobbyists.

Immigration and the reports of the committees which have been investigating the Homestead and other labor troubles, will come in for much interesting discussion, in both House and Senate, and it is expected that the fear of cholera next year will prove a very strong, if not a winning argument in favor of the proposed bill to be reported from the Senate committee on immigration, suspending all immigration for a period of one year from March 1, 1892. It is regarded as about the only way to keep out the cholera, which medical experts say will certainly make its appearance in Europe again next summer, and it gives Congress a year to devote to the immigration problem, which is growing very intricate.

The idea of this session passing a bill providing for a tax on all annual incomes in excess of \$5,000 has not only been broached, but it is actually being seriously pushed by some of the most energetic members, and present indications are that it will easily get through the House, unless Mr. Cleveland, who is understood to be opposed to it, shall call a halt, and even then the chances are that there would be some eye-opening talk on the subject, both in the House and in the Senate. The alleged violation of the Monroe doctrine by the management of the Panama railway will give the Congressional spread-eagle orators an opportunity which they will be sure to make the most of. There are hints, too, that some highly sensational statements may be made by hard-headed business men, who take no stock in spread-eagleism, when this matter is taken up by Congress, as it is certain to be very early in the session.

One source of wrangling which usually consumes much time when the Senate and House are opposed in politics will not make any trouble this time. The appropriations to be made will not be available until the first of next July, by which time the democrats will be in full control of all government expenditures; therefore the republican Senate will not be disposed to increase the appropriation bills passed by the House.

The death of Rev. J. W. Scott, father of the late Mrs. Harrison, whose funeral took place in the East Room of the White House yesterday afternoon, recalls the sad fact that more funerals have been held in the White House since it was occupied by President Harrison than in all the time previous to his inauguration since it was built. Early in the administration there was the funeral of the Tracys, mother and daughter, then that of Mrs. Harrison, and now that of her aged father. Besides these, there have been seven other deaths in the families of those connected with the White House since the beginning of the Harrison administration.

Notwithstanding the interruption caused by the illness and death of Dr. Scott, President Harrison expects to have his annual message to Congress, which will be quite as long as the one sent last year—more than 15,000 words—ready for delivery by Tuesday. It will be largely devoted to an accounting of his four years' stewardship of the government.

The democrats are still piling up reasons why an early extra session of the Fifty-third Congress should be called by Mr. Cleveland. Some of them are national, but the greater number are purely personal or political in their nature. For instance, Speaker Crisp and his friends favor an extra session because it would make his re-election almost certain, because there would not be time to organize the opposition. That is one of the personal reasons. It is said that an early extra session could pass bills admitting Arizona and New Mexico as States and authorizing them to hold elections in time to have them elect Senators early enough to take their seats at the regular session. That is another personal reason. Some democrats would expect to gain four Senators, although some republicans claim that New Mexico would elect a republican legislature.

HOW ABOUT PARTY REGENERATION?

From the Lancaster Examiner. Some of our great contemporaries are discussing the future of parties—a common topic after an election. Future parties will simply be what the social evolution of the people makes them, and as no one can see what this will be, the comradism had better be given up and placed away with the late comet speculations.

HIS BODY IN THE RUINS.

LANCASTER, December 4.—Ed Murr, of Warwick, near Lititz, returned home last night under the influence of liquor, and, as was his frequent custom, he began to amuse himself by beating his wife, who took refuge, with her children, at the house of a neighbor, Murr remaining alone in the house. At an early hour this morning the building was discovered in flames and was completely destroyed with all its contents. Murr's body was found in the ruins, burned to a crisp. Mrs. Murr and her children, besides being deprived of their only support, lose all their possessions.

STILL IN FORCE.

AN OLD LAW IN RELATION TO TRESPASSING STILL IN FORCE.

"SECTION 3.—If any person or persons shall presume to carry any gun, or hunt on any enclosed or improved lands of any inhabitant of this province, other than his own, unless he has been licensed by the Justice of the Peace within the province, or by the Justice of the Peace of any one or more justices, before any Justice of the Peace, he shall, for every such offense forfeit the sum of forty shillings."

The above law was enacted by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, on April 9, 1760. It is still in force, and its operation can be, and often is, invoked to protect the owners of land, and to prevent and punish such trespasses as gunning upon the lands without the consent of the owner or owners thereof. The gunning nuisance is now being inflicted upon the farmers of the county, and it is particularly opportune that the above-law be published.

BAGS INSTEAD OF BARRELS FOR SUGAR.

The Philadelphia Record states that the Sugar Trust has contracted with John T. Bailey for 5,000,000 bags to take the place of barrels for the shipment of refined sugars. The bags will be delivered in New York, New Orleans, and Boston, as well as in Philadelphia. This is by far the greatest bag contract ever made in the United States. Philadelphia is the center of this important industry. The trust's reason for the change from barrel to bag is that the bag costs less and weighs considerably less than its old-time competitor. The weight of the bag is only 14 pounds, that of the barrel 23 pounds. Thus the difference in freight alone for carrying refined sugar to its destination would pay several times over for the bag. In this view of the innovation the bag really costs the trust nothing, but comes to its hand with a profit ready made. This is the way to blow the local cooperation industry has ever experienced, and almost wipes out that business in Philadelphia. Flour now goes to Europe in bags, and is retailed in the same way. Sugar brought here from the West Indies and Hamburg come exclusively in bags, which, after being cleaned, are used for paper stock. The Spreckles were the first to introduce the bag business in the East. The trust saw the advantage at once and took immediate steps to have its output shipped in the cheaper way, soon as it gained control of the refineries.

DE MORTUIS.

From the Philadelphia Times. The directors of the various corporation with which Jay Gould was associated will no doubt pass the customary resolutions of regret, eulogizing the personal and official qualities of their deceased friend. And yet it ought to be plain to any guardians of financial interests that if Jay Gould was a man to be commended and his methods imitated, the property of no corporation is secure.

When a burglar breaks into a bank and carries off the securities, we put him in jail, if we catch him, as a matter of public safety. When a man robs an institution from the inside, it depends largely on the extent and boldness of his operation whether his future be a prison or a palace. When Gould looted the Erie Railway his methods were not one bit more honorable than those of a train robber, but he got away with so much that he was able to give up nine millions of securities to avoid prosecution and from that time his fortune was assured. And now his fellow-citizens praise him, not as a highwayman, but as a great financier, and he will be buried in the odor of sanctity.

There is but one conclusion to be drawn from this, that success is the only condition of respectability. It is small wonder that the ethical standards of the financial world are low, that a large part of the world is engaged in constant efforts to swindle and rob the other part and that many poor men are disposed indiscriminately to doubt every rich man's title to his wealth. It is one of the gravest dangers to our social organization that men who amass wealth dishonestly are able, when once they have amassed enough, to go in for respectability and to live down their earlier record, not by any sort of restitution but by the mere power of wealth.

To say that they should not be blamed because others would do the same if they had a chance, only makes it worse. That is just the evil of their example, or rather of the example of those who accept them. It is not easy to say just what we ought to do with men like Jay Gould, but one thing we certainly ought not to do with them. We ought not to overlook the immorality of their methods or to allow it to be assumed that there is one standard of morals for the poor and quite another for the rich.

LIFE IS CHEAP.

From the New York Herald. Submarine boats are no longer a novelty, flying machines are confidently predicted, and a hundred miles an hour electric road from Chicago to St. Louis is already projected. And yet amid all this whirl of progress and invention three more brakemen were yesterday mangled while coupling cars.

A MILLION A WEEK FOR FRAUD.

From the New York Times. These (the pension) rolls ought to be investigated and purged of fraudulent claimants. There are those who declare that one-third of the list is fraudulent and that at least \$50,000,000 a year is squandered upon persons who have no legitimate claim upon the government.

A TIE ON THE TRACK.

LANCASTER, December 5.—Last night an attempt was made to wreck a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad just west of Gordonville. The first section of the day express, which was late, passed east and the second was an hour and a half behind. A tie was placed upon the track after the first section had gone by for the purpose of wrecking the second section, but a freight train passed before it. The front wheels of the locomotive were thrown from the track after the tie had been pushed for 200 yards and for several hours the track was blocked.



Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her like one Raised from the Dead. Long and Terrible Illness from Blood Poisoning. Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an anatomy 5 years ago, and soon terrible sores broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 78 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once improved; soon she got out of bed and walk. She says: 'I became perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now a well woman. I weigh 128 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment, as almost like one raised from the dead.'

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always preferred.

-DO-YOU-WISH-ANY-OF THESE?

MEN'S KNIT JACKETS—\$1.25, \$1.65, \$1.85, \$2.50, \$2.95—according to size and quality.

MEN'S CAPS—Heavy Cassimers at 35 and 50c. Fur from \$1.25 up.

LADIES' CLOUDES—Hand knit to order, because we can't get them fast enough to have any stock.

GLOVES—Full line in every kind for men, women and children. A man's knit wrist, warranted buckskin, at \$1.00 a pair.

CLOTHES STUFFS—For any garment for any member of any family, in good country assortment.

OVERCOATINGS—For men or women, boys or girls. A good wearer, heavy weight, 4 1/2 a yard.

UNDERWEAR—Cotton, 3/4 woolen, and grey and red woolen in various qualities.

SHIRTINGS—Pleeced chevrons, in remnants, going fast but many here yet, 11c. yard.

BLACK SATINE REMNANTS—Imitation of 20c. Henrietta at 9c. a yard.

HEAVY UNBLEACHED MUSLIN—Yard wide, 6c.

APPLETON A MUSLIN—6 1/2 cents.

GREY PRINT REMNANTS—Another case opened and assorted ready to be sold.

KULP & WAGNER, GRATER'S FORD, PENNA.

New Dress Goods!

Our reduction sale continues and attracts so many customers and enables us to sell so many MORE GOODS than can be done at regular full prices, that we have decided to keep it up until thousands of new customers have been made to realize the fact that OUR STORE is the place for RIGHT SORT OF GOODS at the LOWEST PRICES POSSIBLE.

We have a choice and varied assortment of New Dress Goods for Autumn and Winter, including eight grades of BLUE STORM SERGES!

And a great variety of other new sorts, from the lowest priced up to the finest Silk and Wool novelties in beautiful combinations of shades in

Diagonal, Cords, Dots, Mixtures, and Stripes

In much FINEER GRADES than are kept anywhere else in Pottstown.

Our New Coats which we had made to our order during the summer are coming in, and we will show the best variety ever shown in Pottstown at the very lowest prices.

Leopold's, 254 HIGH ST., POTTSWOWN, PA.

AGENTS WANTED. Salary and expenses paid. Address W. & T. SMITH CO., Geneva Nursery, Geneva, N. Y. Established 1846.

Fall & Winter Announcement!

Having in View the Purpose of Quitting Business, we have Determined upon

A Great Reduction in Prices

Dry Goods, Cloths, Cassimeres, TO REDUCE STOCK!

We will sell you goods at prices that will surprise you, quality considered. Of course you won't miss an opportunity to save money. Remember our stock is large and varied.

FULL STOCK, AS USUAL, OF—Hosiery, Crashes, Table Linen &c. &c.

Bed Blankets from 90c. a pair, up. Underwear for Men, Women and Children.

Hardware, Crockeryware, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Wall Paper, &c.

Freed's Hand - Made Boots and Shoes FOR MEN. A large stock of Rubber Boots and Shoes, all sizes. Ladies' and Children's Dogskin Kid Shoes in Great Variety.

GROCERIES—Always the Best! Heckler's Self-Raising Buckwheat; good Syrup Molasses at 25c. per gallon. Head Light Oil, 10c. per gallon. Five gallon lots.

Don't forget the reductions we are offering. Money saved in buying is money earned, every time.

Reaver & Shellenberger TRAPPE, PA.

THE PLACE TO BUY Furniture, Carpets,

Bechtel's Warerooms!

WE ARE DEVOTING OUR WHOLE TIME AND ATTENTION TO THE

Housefurnishing Business

IN ALL ITS BRANCHES, Therefore we are better prepared to meet the wants of our customers than any other place in the county. We are now prepared to show a complete assortment in

Brussels, Ingrain and Rag Carpets, SMYRNA, MOQUETTE and other rugs at astonishingly low prices.

My customers have been convinced in buying Furniture as well as Carpets, that they can buy cheaper at our place than at any other place in the county. We are now prepared to show a complete assortment in

Bed Springs, Mattresses, Feathers, Bedding, Sideboards, Sinks, Lounges, Couches, Fancy Bookcases, &c.

Shades made to order and hung. Picture Frames made to order, always a good stock of moulding on hand. Have now added a fine assortment of

OIL CLOTHS

To our extensive stock. Any new work made to order. Upholstering and all kinds of repairing done at very low prices. Moving attended to.

Give us a call, learn our prices, and be convinced. John L. Bechtel, COLLEGETOWN, PA.

SPECIAL BARGAINS

FOR THE SUMMER!

DRY GOODS!

Chalices, 5 and 6c. yd.; Dress Gingham, 8 and 10c. yd.; Apron Gingham, 4 yds. for 35c.; Toweling, 5 yds. for 50c.; Beautiful Outing Flannels, 10c. yd.; Men's and Boys' Outing Shirts, 25 and 30c.; actually worth 50c.; Men's Wool Pants, \$1.25, cheap. Fast Black Dress Shirts, only 50c.

Large Assortment of Shoes!

Ladies' Oxford Ties, with tip, for \$1.00 and \$1.25. Oxford Ties for Children and Misses, 60c. and 80c., are just the thing for hot weather. Extra Strong Tennis Shoes, 50c.

Freed's Hand - Made Shoes, For Men, at \$1.25, is a splendid wearer.

WE ARE SELLING Lots of Wall Paper!

All New Styles, 5 and 6c. and 8 and 10c. Glits with Borders to Match.

—There is still a great demand for the— DEMOREST SEWING MACHINE!

Anyone wanting a First-Class Machine couldn't do better than ordering a No. 3 Demorest, only \$19.50.

Groceries — the Finest Selected!

4 lbs. Fine Head Rice for 25c. Nice Light Brown Sugar for 35c. Extra Fat No. 2 Mackere!, \$1.35 a bucket of 100 lbs. Beautiful presents given away with Golden Rod Baking Powder, only 15c. a box. Our Garden Flower Tea is excellent, with lovely gift, only 1c. a quarter. Three Bottles of Hires' Root Beer Ext. for 50c. 3 Cans of Tomatoes, 25c. 3 Cans of Corn, 35c.

A Pound of Excellent Cheering Tobacco for 25 Cents.

Screen Door, Well Made, With Spring and Hinges, only \$1.25. Window Screens, 25 and 30c. Full line of Drugs, Oils, Paints and Hardware. Fresh Cement always on hand. Calcined Plaster, Painters' Sand, &c., at

W. P. FENTON'S, COLLEGETOWN, PA.

THE KAIN Perfect Washing Machine!

The Kain Washing Machine is Guaranteed to Wash Dirty and Streaked Clothes Clean.

It will wash anything from a lace collar to a bed quilt; it is constructed upon the principle of hand washing, and is very rapid in its work.

It saves clothes, time, patience, labor and soap. Trial given, if desired. Apply to

SAMUEL G. GRIFFIN, AGENT, 29 West 3rd St., Mont. Clare, Pa.

J. E. DAVIS, Blacksmith, AT THE OLD STAND JUST ABOVE PERKIOMEN BRIDGE.

All Kinds of BLACKSMITHING DONE IN THE BEST MANNER. Horseshoeing a specialty. 14 and 15th Sts.

SILVERWARE

COMPLETE TEA, DINNER AND DESERT SERVICES. CAKE, BERRY, FRUIT AND CEBERY DISHES.

A SUPERB ASSORTMENT COMPRISING ALL THE LATEST IDEAS OF THE SEASON.

NEW STYLES PARTICULARLY CONSPICUOUS for Elegance and Distinctiveness.

G. LANZ'S, No. 211 DeKalb Street, Norristown, Pa.

There is a Lively Movement in WATCHES, RINGS,

Etc., and judicious buyers will do well to study it closely. Such an occurrence as this indicates something out of the ordinary course and, therefore, worthy of special attention. Who can withhold the most ardent admiration from our magnificent display of beautiful articles calculated to catch the eye of the most fastidious and persnickiest of men? It doesn't require a small fortune to buy a Good Watch or Ring. A little money properly expended, will go far in this direction as in any other. Why should it not? When you can purchase a Ladies' Chatelaine Watch with a Fine Filled Watch from \$8.00, with a 15-year guarantee, and Gents' Gold Splendid Initial Ring, Solid Gold Rings from \$1.50 up, with real stones; a Splendid Initial Ring, Solid Gold, \$1.00.

J. D. SALLADE, 16 E. Main St., NORRISTOWN.

COLLEGETOWN DRUG STORE. THIS IS THE PLACE TO GET—

Pure Persian Insect Powder, White Hellebore and Paris Green.

LARGE ASSORTMENT of SPONGES & CHAMOIS SKINS TAR CAMPHOR for storing clothing and robes, keeping insects out.

Mixed and Plain CANARY SEED. An assortment of TOILET ARTICLES, such as Hair Brushes, Tooth Brushes, Tooth Powder, Tooth Wash, Platin and Fancy Soaps, &c. Try a bottle of our Florida Water.

A Full Assortment of Pure and Fresh Drugs.

JOSEPH W. CULBERT.

Don't Get the Idea

That You CAN BUY Your Goods CHEAPER in the Cities Than You Can in the Country.

For it's a wrong notion, for a few simple reasons. The Store Expenses are greater by one-half in cities than in the country, and you are likely to buy old stock. The City Merchant is looking for the big profits (as he calls them) to close out his old stock. DON'T suffer such an imposition as that. For a definite explanation, go to the

PROVIDENCE SQUARE STORE,

Where a Fine Stock of All Goods usually kept in Country Stores can be seen, and where the LOWEST PRICES Always Rule.

JOSEPH G. GOTWALS.

FOR FURNITURE

CARPETS, -:- BEDDING

House Furnishing Goods,

GO TO Markley's Grand Depot ROYERSFORD, PA.,

The Cheapest Place in the Country.

Prime Geese Feather and Cork Slavings Always on Hand.

Young Housekeepers Furnished with Goods from Cellar to Garret.

NEW OAK AND WALNUT ROOM SUITS, more than a dozen different kinds, good quality and low prices.

A big line of new styles in Sideboards, Plush and Carpet Lounges, Parlor Suits in Great Variety, and at Prices that will astonish You.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED OUR STOCK OF New Fall Dress Goods!

Beautiful designs, good assortment & low in price. Ready-Made Clothing, Notions, Dry Goods, Groceries, New Dinner and Chamber Sets, Hanging Lamps, &c.

Over 100 New Styles Brussels and Ingrain Carpet, Rag Carpet and Matting Rugs, etc.

Our aim is to please customers and save them money. We welcome you and ask you to visit our various departments.

E. L. MARKLEY 211, 213 & 215 Main St.

P. S.—For a limited time only I am giving away free a life size Crayon to every customer purchasing goods to the amount of \$10. This crayon is handsomely framed and is worth \$10 in a retail way.

COLLEGETOWN Carriage Works

R. H. GRATER, Proprietor.

A Hand-Made Carriage at Factory Made Price.

A dealer's commission means cheaper material used and less care in construction.

I have now nearly completed one four Passenger Electric Spring Piano Body Buggy.

Storm Brewster Combination Car, absolutely the finest buggy gear in the world, with either Piano or Corning Bodies; Leather and Rubber Top.

White Chapel and Single Phaeton. These are the finest lot that ever stood in this shop.

Call and give us your order, get just what you want right from the mechanic. The prices are down to the very bottom.

Repairing of all kinds will receive prompt and careful attention.

OYSTERS IN EVERY STYLE —AT— Perkiomen Bridge Hotel. Meals at All Hours. Ladies

Home Plashes and Sparks From Abroad.

If the trotting blood of Geezle-ville ever boils again somebody should see that the track over in the woods isn't muddy.

If there happens to be good sleighing the matter might be settled then.

Buyer—This doesn't seem to be a very good fit. Dealer—Vot do you expect for two tollars and a helluf? An attack of eblipepsy.—Brooklyn Eagle.

It has only been eighty-one years since the first tomatoes were introduced in America. The original plant was cultivated as a vegetable curiosity at Salem, Mass.

Mr. G. K. Plank, of Trappe, who has been seriously ill for some months, is still in a critical condition.

A big black bear, supposed to have escaped from a land of gypsies, is at large in the hills of Northern Chester county. Where are the heroic bear hunters of Limerick?

Dr. David L. German, of North Wales, devotes much of his time to mushroom growing. He has recently put a 3-horse power boiler in his establishment.

The more liquid a man puts down his throat the less chance there seems to be of drowning his voice.—Ex.

The most acceptable Christmas gift for the older folks is a pair of gold spectacles. Optician Kline of Spring City can supply you and guarantee every pair to give satisfaction or money refunded. With R. H. Kline, Jeweler, 47

Mr. Henry Weikel, of Fairview Village, recently had a cataract removed at the Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, and he is again able to read. Mr. Weikel is over eighty years of age and remarkably vigorous.

Upper Salford has a man 95 years old who voted for Cleveland. Probably the oldest voter in the State.

John G. Gwaltens, of Yerkes, has purchased 95 acres of land (a part of the Zimmerman farm) of Adam Mench for \$2,400.

The Lower Providence Presbyterian Sunday school has decided to continue throughout the entire winter. The Christmas festival will be held on the evening of December 29.

The Reading Railroad system, as now organized, has 8,394 miles of road, 80,000 acres of land, about \$300,000,000 in bond and capital, and 130,000 men in its employ over five times the standing army of the United States.

Mary A. Ellis, aged 20 years, of Reading, has subsisted entirely upon milk for the past eighteen months. She is in fairly good health.

The assessed valuation of coal lands of Schuylkill county has been definitely settled by the County Commissioners, who place them at \$16,604,756; improvements, \$502,805; and breakers, \$1,639,500.

Mrs. Sarah Kiple, of Scranton, is 99 years old and has smoked since she was 20. She has spent a thousand times as much in tobacco as in doctors' bills.

William Penn was a frugal man, but the tower that's to hold the statue up on the Quaker City Hall will cost two million dollars—that is, if the contractors can go on holding up the city.—N. Y. Recorder.

RELIGIOUS. M. E. church, Evansburg. Sabbath school at 9:30 a. m., every Sabbath. Preaching, 10:45 a. m., and every Sabbath evening at 7:30.

Episcopal service at St. James' Evansburg every Sunday at 10:30 a. m., Sunday School, 2 p. m. Also a service at Royersford at 7 p. m. Rev. A. J. Barrow, Rector.

Preaching next Sunday morning at Augustus Lutheran church, Trappe, at 10 o'clock, and in the evening at 7:30 o'clock. Regular monthly meeting of the Pastor's Aid Society on Saturday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

Preaching at St. Luke's church, Trappe, Sunday next at 10 a. m., and 7:15 p. m. Subject: "Angiology." The Holy Communion will be administered at St. Luke's on Sunday morning, December 18. Preparatory service Saturday afternoon, December 17, at 2:30.

DEATHS. Mrs. Catharine Schreuren died of pneumonia at her home in Wilkesbarre, this State, Tuesday evening of last week, aged 64 years. Deceased was the mother of F. Schreuren, tonorial artist, of this place. Mr. Schreuren left for Wilkesbarre Monday of last week, arriving there previous to his mother's death. Mrs. Schreuren was ill only four days.

After a protracted period of much suffering, Hannah L. wife of Charles M. Hunsicker, of Ironbridge, died early Thursday morning of gangrene of the foot and catarrh of the stomach, aged 46 years, 11 months and 13 days. Husband and four children survive.—Sheridan, Henry, Annie and Horace. Deceased was the daughter of John B. Landis, of near Grater's Ford, and has five brothers and five sisters living. The funeral will be held to-day (Thursday) at 10 a. m. Interment at Trinity cemetery, this place.

Isaac K. Kulp, of Creamery, died on Wednesday of last week, aged about 71 years. Three children survive him. The funeral was held Sunday in interment at the Upper Providence Memorial cemetery, this place.

Deafness Can't be Cured. By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedy. Deafness is caused by inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, it has a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and until the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to the normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Deafness is caused by inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, it has a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and until the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to the normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Deafness is caused by inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, it has a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and until the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to the normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever.

These figures represent the number of bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, which were sold in the United States from March, '91, to March, '92. Two Million, Two Hundred and Twenty-Eight Thousand, Six Hundred and Seventy-Two bottles sold in one year, and each and every bottle was sold on a positive guarantee that money would be refunded if satisfactory results did not follow its use. The secret of its success is plain. It never disappoints and can always be depended on as the very best remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc. Price 50c, and \$1.00. At J. W. Culbert's Drug Store.

Strength and Health. If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. "La Grippe" has left you weak and you use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their function. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the better remedy. Price 50c, and \$1.00. At J. W. Culbert's Drug Store.

MARRIED.

Matthias Bean, son of John K. Bean, of Fairview, and Miss Annie Kaufman, of Norristown, formerly of Juniata county, were married by the Rev. C. K. Brodhead, on Thur. day. The couple will reside at Eagleville.

FARM SOLD FOR \$10,000.

John T. Cox recently sold his farm, near Oaks Station, comprising about one hundred acres of land, to John Smith, of Philadelphia, for \$10,000. We are told that Mr. Smith is in the market for one or two more farms in that locality.

THE SHERIFF-ELECT.

Sheriff-elect A. D. Simpson will soon remove to Norristown. He will sell his personal property on Wednesday, December 21. The coming Sheriff has bought a three-story brick house, corner of Oak and Stanbridge streets, from Joseph T. Miller, in which he will reside. Mr. Simpson is a juror at court, this week.

MEETING OF TURNPIKE OFFICIALS.

The managers of the Perkiomen and Reading Turnpike Company held their quarterly meeting at the Saylor House, Pottstown, last Friday. The business transacted was mainly of a routine character. F. M. Hobson, President of the Company, and John D. Saylor, Superintendent of the Lower Division, were present at the meeting.

A BREAK DOWN.

Grant Barry and a companion from Eagleville were driving down Main street, Norristown, Monday morning when one of the forward spindles of their buggy broke, pitching the occupants out upon the street. The horse fortunately was a very quiet animal and was soon under control, to which fact the young men attribute their escape from any serious injury.

SKIPPAK COAL.

We are informed that several property holders of Lower Providence, whose lands extend to Skippak creek, are about making preparations to sink a shaft with a view of prospecting for coal, specimens of the black diamond having been found in that vicinity. The Skippak hills may contain veins of coal. We'll know more about it later, very likely.

CRIMINAL COURT.

The December term of Criminal Court opened Monday at Norristown before Judge Swartz and Weand. The Grand Jury selected Alfred Brooke as foreman and Adam Youngman as Secretary. The Constables made their usual returns. The Court in its instructions to the Grand Jury announced that it was a matter of public congratulation that the list of criminal cases at this term of court was unusually small.

LIVE STOCK ASSOCIATION MEETING.

The yearly meeting of the Upper Providence Live Stock Association was held at Gross' hotel, Monday. The managers convened in the forenoon and reviewed the labors of the Association for the past year. Treasurer Priest's statement relating to the finances showed a balance on the right side. At a meeting of members in the afternoon all the old officers were re-elected as follows: President, John D. Saylor; Secretary, John Wanner; Treasurer, Horace Priest; Managers, J. W. S. Gross, B. F. Garber, Jesse Stearly, and S. E. Daub.

A CHARMING SOUVENIR.

We have received recently a little Souvenir Book, illustrated in colors and devoted to the description of the business of The Youth's Companion, and especially illustrating the new building, which is just completed and occupied. Every one who is interested in the paper, and we know that the number of families in our vicinity who take it increases year by year, will desire to see and read this bit of history concerning a favorite paper. Any new subscriber may obtain the Souvenir book free by asking for it at the time the subscription is sent. The paper will be sent free to January 1st to all who subscribe now, including the Double Holiday Numbers. Price \$1.75 a year. Boston, Mass.

NEW TRUSTEES.

Governor Pattison has made the following appointments of Trustees of the Norristown Hospital for the Insane: John T. Dyer, Norristown; Dr. Joseph Thomas, Quakertown; Thomas Bradley, Philadelphia. The appointments are to fill unexpired terms. Mr. Dyer succeeds Mr. John Slingluff, who was appointed by Governor Beaver. The others are reappointments. Mr. Bradley is the present Treasurer of the Board. Mr. Slingluff made vigorous efforts to be retained as Trustee, but Governor Pattison finally decided in favor of Mr. Dyer. We wonder if civil service had anything to do with Mr. Slingluff's defeat.

A LYCEUM PROGRAM.

The Lyceum connected with Augustus Lutheran church, Trappe, held their regular monthly meeting on Thursday evening, Dec. 1, at which time the following very interesting program was rendered in the presence of a large audience: Hymn, Come Thou Almighty King; Prayer, Rev. E. T. Kretschmann; Recitation, The Ship on Fire, Bertha Wismer; Essay, Washington Irving, Elmer Rambo; Solo, The Nightingale's Song, Miss Dora Evans; Recitation, The Runaway, Annie Rauler; Solo, Home Again, Miss Lillie Rhoades; Recitation, The Neglected Call, Mr. Gills; Solo, The Good Shepherd, Miss Weist; Recitation, An Old Maid's Prayer, Charlie Kepler; Essay, The Indians of North America, Mr. Miller; Solo, Dolly's Revenge, Mr. M. L. Wanner; Reading, Mr. W. F. Long-acre; Recitation, The Sleeping Sentinel, Miss Kate Hallman; Solo, I Alone the Cross Must Bear, Miss Evans; Essay, The Druids, Mr. Ralph Johnson.

2,228,672. These figures represent the number of bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, and Colds, which were sold in the United States from March, '91, to March, '92. Two Million, Two Hundred and Twenty-Eight Thousand, Six Hundred and Seventy-Two bottles sold in one year, and each and every bottle was sold on a positive guarantee that money would be refunded if satisfactory results did not follow its use. The secret of its success is plain. It never disappoints and can always be depended on as the very best remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc. Price 50c, and \$1.00. At J. W. Culbert's Drug Store.

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GREAT IN CIGARS AS WELL AS IN OTHER THINGS.

The report of the Commissioner of Internal Revenue shows that Pennsylvania is now the greatest cigar manufacturing State in the country. The number of cigars manufactured in the State during the last fiscal year was 1,232,890,889, which was nearly 100,000,000 in excess of the number manufactured in New York State and about four times as many as the number in any other State.

TWO COONS.

H. H. Schlichter, proprietor of Limerick Centre Hotel, has caged and on exhibition a pair of live coons. They were captured along the Skippak and are finely developed specimens of the coon family. Aside from hotel keeping and landlording, Schlichter always has an open for choice live stock. At present he has a large Holstein cow that he thinks will yield 24 quarts of milk per day. The animal was shipped from Crawford county by J. Brunner a short time ago.

RE-ELECTED CHAIRMAN.

At a meeting of the Republican County Committee at Norristown, Monday, County Chairman A. D. Fetterolf, of this place, was unanimously re-elected, no other name having been thought of in connection with that position. Walter M. Shaw, of Norristown, and Paul J. Kugler, of Lower Merion, were elected to succeed B. Witman Damby, of Skippak, and Walter S. Jennings Esq., of Norristown, who declined to be re-elected Secretaries.

A NEW VAULT.

The new vault in the Episcopal cemetery, Evansburg, built by order of Hon. H. C. Boyer, ex-Treasurer of Pennsylvania, was completed last week by the contractor, Jacob Diener, the extensive dealer in granite, of Reading. The structure is a very substantial affair, ten feet by four feet eight inches in height, and is built of New Hampshire granite, with marble and brass trimmings. The inside doors are of marble and the entrance or main door, six feet seven inches high and three feet five inches wide, and 4 1/2 inches thick, is of granite and weighs 1400 pounds.

A HORRIBLE DEATH.

Annie Albright, aged 30 years, of Phoenixville, employed at Lees & Sons' Mills, Bridgeport, met with a horrible accident at that place Friday night. She was taken to Charity Hospital, Norristown, where she died early next morning. Miss Albright was on her way to the station to take a train for home, and was walking on the south bound track. Noticing a train approaching she stepped to the other track, when she was struck by a passing freight car. She was drawn under the wheels and eight cars passed over her body. The left arm was torn completely out, several ribs were fractured, the collar bone broken and the limbs badly contused. In spite of all these injuries the patient retained consciousness for some time.

MUST MAKE AN EARLIER START.

The local politicians of the boroughs and townships of Pennsylvania must make, by reason of the new law, an earlier start than heretofore in the campaign work to be consummated in February. In townships the nominations must be certified to the Auditors who will have in charge the preparation and distribution of the ballots which will be printed in groups as at the last election—at least ten days prior to the election. This is another commendable feature of the new law. The custom of nominating tickets a day or two before election must now be relegated to the rear where it should have been placed long ago. The cost of the printing and distributing the tickets in each township will be paid by the County Commissioners.

SOSA'S NEW MARINE BAND.

This celebrated musical organization, whose leader, Mr. Sousa, was at the head of the old Marine Band at Washington for years, will render a delightful concert in the Opera House, Pottstown, next Saturday afternoon, December 10. In the line of choice public entertainments Saturday's concert will be the leading event of the season at Pottstown. Some of the soloists were members of Gilmore's band and are players of the highest ability. In relation to the New Marine Band the Boston Herald of November 21, said: "It is not remembered that a more delightful concert of its kind has ever been heard in Boston. With the exception of the incomparable Gilmore, no conductor has been able to accomplish with an American military band anything approaching the artistic and marvelously finished interpretation of classical and popular music by Sousa's band."

IN HYMEN'S CHAINS.

The home of Jacob T. Tyson, near Fairview Village, was the scene of a happy event, last Wednesday. The occasion was the marriage of his only daughter, Lizzie Ida, and J. Rutherford McHarg. The ceremony was performed at noon, by the Rev. C. R. Brodhead, in the presence of about fifty invited guests. The wedding march was played by Miss L. Kate Plush, of Arcola. The ushers were Messrs. J. H. Hallman and A. Detwiler. The bride was dressed in blue bengaline, and wore a bouquet of bride roses. A reception followed the ceremony. The dinner was served by Stiles, of Norristown. Among the many gifts received, were two silver water pitchers, a valuable clock, an ornamental table, a handsome lamp, set of solid silver spoons, silver tea service, three silver butter knives, silver cake plate, and many other handsome and useful articles in silver, glass, linen, and bric-a-brac. A check for \$500 from the bride's father was among the presents. The happy pair left, amid a shower of rice, at 4 o'clock, for Washington and other southern points. May their voyage through life be a long, prosperous, and happy one.

HOTEL PROPERTIES GROWING IN VALUE.

We observe a decided upward tendency in the valuation of hotel properties, doubtless caused in a large measure by the high license law, the effect of which, generally speaking, tends to monopolize the business, particularly so in the larger towns and cities.

James Keeler has sold the Phenix Hotel at Phoenixville to Jacob F. Wall, landlord of the Washington House, for \$70,000.

The hotel Norwood, at Lansdale, has been sold by E. K. Krouthamel to R. C. Lowmes, of West Point, for \$24,000. The place was bought about eighteen months ago for \$17,500. Since then various improvements have been made to the hotel.

The Broadway House, Lansdale, has been purchased by A. G. Freed of I. B. Schultz for \$21,000. About a year ago it was sold for \$16,000.

A. B. Shultz has purchased of Jos. Anders, Jr., the hotel at Centre Point, Worcester. The figures are not given. John Grady has sold his Royersford hotel and restaurant property to Cipey Steer, of Lansdale, for \$17,500.

John C. Cole, proprietor of the Valley House, Skippak, has sold that hotel to Henry G. Croll, landlord of the upper hotel of that village, for \$8,000. Mr. Cole paid \$7,000 for the place four years ago.

A. H. Seipt, of Skippak, has sold his hotel at Bethlehem for \$14,000. Fifteen years ago he paid \$8,000 for the property.

And the hotel business is booming. When reaction sets in some folks will lose considerable money.

CELLAR THIEVES AND STORE ROBBERS.

Monday night a number of cellars in the village of Skippak and vicinity were robbed of eatables and more than one larried lacked the usual supply of provisions next morning.

The same night the general store of E. S. Nyce & Brother, at Harleysville, was broken into, and goods to the value of \$200 stolen by the villains who go from place to place, mutilate doors and windows and steal. The time is coming when citizens of rural districts will be compelled to adopt some sort of police or detective system whereby housebreakers and store robbers may be more easily apprehended than at present.

AT THE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

The trustees of the Hospital for the Insane at Norristown held a meeting Friday. The statement of expenses for November showed that it required \$32,344.01 to conduct the big institution, which also derived a revenue of \$1,632.35 for the products of the farm and work shops during a corresponding period of time. After the transaction of some minor business the report of the auditing committee was read showing that the amount of money in the hands of Treasurer Bradley at the balancing of accounts October 1, 1891 was \$50,656.15. During the year the receipts for conducting the various departments were \$370,272.56, and \$490,546.45 were spent, leaving a balance this year of \$30,382.56.

PERSONAL.

Messrs. D. L. Rambo and J. Warren Kooker, of Philadelphia, spent Sunday in Trappe.

Mr. J. Vincent Rambo, of Lee, Massachusetts, who is identified with the extensive marble interests of F. Gross of that place, is visiting his mother at Trappe.

A. H. Fetterolf, Ph. D., President of Girard College, and Mr. Horace Fetterolf, also of Philadelphia, were in town Sunday.

Mrs. George Faringer and son, of Norristown, were the guests of F. P. Faringer and family, this place, Monday.

Miss Anna Harley, of Lower Providence, was tendered a surprise party, last Thursday evening, by a number of her friends.

Isaac Anderson Shupe, son of I. M. Shupe of Evansburg, was delighted by the presence of a surprise party. Friday evening. The little folks had a good time.

REAL ESTATE SALES.

Deeds for the conveyance of Montgomery county realty have been recorded as follows: Upper Providence—Albert D. Simpson to Jos. T. Miller, of Upper Providence township; message and lot of land containing 16,736 square feet, \$2500.

Norristown—Joseph T. Miller to Albert D. Simpson, of Upper Providence township; message and lot 16 1/2 x 170 feet, \$3400.

Upper Providence—Frances Crossbey to Oliver Hallman, of Upper Providence township; house and lot of land containing 4375 square feet, \$1550.

Norristown—Lydia Butz, administratrix, to William Remaly, of Whitpain township, house and lots 160x220 feet, \$110.

Norristown—Elliston M. Daniels to William H. Slingluff, of Norristown; message and lot 32x138 feet, \$8000.

DEATH OF G. R. FOX ESQ.

Gilbert Rodman Fox, the senior member of the Montgomery County Bar, and one of the ablest attorneys in Eastern Pennsylvania, died Sunday morning at his home, 9055 Swede street, Norristown. His illness was short, although he had not been at his office since the 13th inst, when he had an attack of grip which greatly enfeebled him. His death was due to a cold that developed into bronchitis, a disease which, in his shattered health, he was unable to resist.

Mr. Fox was born at Doylestown March 27, 1817. His father was John Fox, who was from 1830 to 1838 President Judge of this judicial district, then the Seventh. His mother was Margaret Rodman, daughter of Gilbert Rodman, who resided in the lower end of Bucks county and was a prominent man in his day. G. R. Fox was lame from childhood, as a consequence of hip disease, but he inherited his father's ability, and was always regarded as one of the wisest counselors and the most careful and painstaking lawyers at the Norristown bar. Of late years Mr. Fox was seldom seen in the Criminal Courts, and his was not a frequent figure in any of the courts. He, however, enjoyed an extensive and lucrative practice of a character that seldom called him from his office.

It has been ascertained that the comet traveled in a straight line and pursued a more consistent course than many of our modern prophets and teachers.

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Rev. E. Clark Hibbsman preached an interesting sermon last Sunday in St. Luke's church, Trappe, from Acts 17, 11. "Those things" refer to the redemption work of Christ. Paul's effectual preaching at Thessalonica among the Greeks excited the Jews to envy, when he went to Berea, where he uttered the language of the text. The Bible, the only correct standard of religious truth. Therefore, search the Scriptures. Meditate upon them. Compare the different parts in order to work a perfect whole. Blot out the Bible and you break the mirror in which we behold ourselves; extinguish the light in our pathway; sheathe the sword of the spirit; and the will of God; remove the only rule of faith and practice. There would be no comfort in affliction, no cheering promises in the hour of death; no hope of a blessed immortality beyond the grave. The Bible is the only standard by which to test your religious opinions and to gauge your spiritual development.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chubbins, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is warranted to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price, 50c per box. For sale by J. W. Culbert, Druggist, Collegeville, Pa.

YOU NEED WORK? If you are not well interested in it, you can make \$75 to \$150 monthly, provided you work with a little vigor, pluck and push. Stock complete, steady work; pay weekly. Elegant outfit free. Experience unnecessary. Address, E. H. DeFOREST & CO., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

CROWNED WITH SUCCESS.

The bazaar and oyster supper in Gross' Hall, Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings of last week, for the benefit of the Collegeville Fire Company, proved to be quite a successful enterprise, the result of which is most satisfactory to the members of the Company, who zealously put forth their best efforts, and very creditable to the citizens of this place who cheerfully and liberally bestowed their patronage. The weather was pleasant and the "boys" were favored with a large crowd every night. The hall was beautifully decorated with red, white and blue bunting. There were two booths—the candy booth, draped in pale blue, behind which stood Misses Lillian Gross, Sallie Hendricks, Margaret MacGregor, Alice Gross and Laura Koons, charmingly dressed in pale blue Empire costumes; and the fancy and flower booth—representing Japan, which was draped in bright figured cloth and illuminated with Japanese lanterns. The ladies in charge of this booth were Misses Allebach, Lachman, Weinberger, Laros, Vanderslice and Mrs. Hunsicker. They were dressed in gay colored gowns and wore tiny fans in their hair, so that the effect was indeed beautiful. The cake stand was in the efficient charge of Misses Culbert and Titzel. The long table and the smaller ones were waited on by Misses Lizzie and Grace Gristock, Nora Casselberry, Annie Zimmerman, Laura Robinson, Bertha Meyer, Bertha and Frances Moser, and Messrs. Harry Johnson, Harry and Abram Allebach, George Zimmerman, Howard Faringer and David Culp. The amount taken in was \$252, and the amount cleared is about \$170, which will nearly extinguish the debt of the Company.

FROM LIMERICK.

Mr. Isaiah Landis and Miss Ada Raudenbush, of Yerkes, were the guests of C. W. Johnson and family last Sunday.

Messrs. Hicks and Stubblebine, of Ursinus College, spent last Saturday at Peter W. Keifnyder's.

William Iselt, of Royersford, is building a stone ice house and excavating for an ice pond on the Walnut street road along Mingo creek.

Harry Bean, of this place, while driving a lively team in Boyertown, collided with a vehicle coming in an opposite direction, by which one of the front wheels of his buggy was wrecked, which caused the horse to run away at a furious rate of speed. Mr. Bean realizing his dangerous position, threw himself out of the wagon, fortunately escaping with several severe bruises in the face. The horse was caught after running about two miles in the direction of Pottstown.

MILL AT PRIVATE SALE.

The Collegeville Roller Flour and Chop- ping Mill, Warhous with railroad siding, dwelling house and 35 acres of land, on the Perkiomen creek and Perkiomen railroad, belonging to the estate of F. J. Hunter Worrall, dec'd. Apply to FRANK M. HOBSON, 1000 Collegeville, Pa.

M. H. GRATER, Auctioneer.

FAIRVIEW VILLAGE, PA. I will give all engagements my best efforts. A share of patronage solicited.

ANTHONY RICHARDSON, Real Estate, Insurance AND GENERAL BUSINESS AGENT.

508 SWEDE STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA. Farms bought and sold, or exchanged for city properties. 1000 Collegeville, Pa.

NOTICE TO GUNNERS! The undersigned hereby give notice that all gunners and sportsmen are forbidden to trespass upon their premises: Upper Providence, Dr. James Hamer, Irwin Welkel, A. D. Beff, W. A. Kulp, Enos Yocum, S. M. Prizer, Jr., A. D. Wagner, Davis Zimmerman, Abram Backwalter, David G. Tyson, P. Willard, Charles Tyson, F. Fry, D. H. Grubb, J. K. Harley, J. W. Sunderland, John McFarland, David Buckwalter, Henry U. Wismer, Isaac Stierly, Samuel Stierly, Jesse Stierly, Davis Raudenbush, H. Ashenfelter, Upper and Lower Providence, J. C. Saylor, Lower Providence, Edw. E. Plush, Horace Ketter, John G. Shere, Samuel Helmer, Albert Casselberry, Isaac Rahn, I. Z. Reiner, A. G. Saylor, A. H. Auer, Peter Saylor, F. R. Deeds, Aaron Fry, William Smith, D. H. Casselberry, Harry Warren, George Whitworth, T. J. Davis, Wm. Amos, John S. Smith, Garret Stemple, A. K. Harley, John Polzer, A. C. Detwiler, S. D. Alderfer, S. C. Gouley, J. H. Wanner, Jacob H. Tyson, A. W. Zollers, N. D. Johnson, D. G. Landis, Worcester, Perkiomen.

THE LITERARY SOCIETY expects to render the following interesting program on Friday evening of this week, Dec. 9. Readings by Henry Kittenhouse and Elma B. Rambo; Declamations by Samuel Kittenhouse and Jacob L. Markley; Essay by Lillie H. Johnson; Solo by M. R. Wanner; Dialogue led by Louie E. Rambo; Answering referred questions; Duet; Paper by editor; Debate: Resolved, "That the world is growing better." Affirmative, Samuel Kittenhouse, C. W. Johnson and David Kittenhouse; Negative, Willie B. Johnson, Henry Kittenhouse and Ralph L. Johnson.

We think that certain ministers overstepped their clerical bounds on Sunday evening, November 27th, by preaching on the possibility or rather probability of the comet striking the earth, thus exciting the feelings of their hearers to such an extent as to cause them to imagine they saw premonitory symptoms of approaching dissolution and to spend a sleepless night in view of the threatened event. It is not the office of the minister to encourage superstitious notions and beliefs by proclaiming the conflicting theories and conjectures of men as facts. Surely this is a zeal not according to knowledge. Matthew 24: 24 refers to a class of prophets who by signs and wonders try to deceive the very elect.

Ours is not the blind faith of the pessimist, but the strong abounding and christian faith of the optimist who believes that everything in Nature is ordered for the best and that he who made and controls the world will in his own good time apply the torch for its final conflagration. In the meantime we may learn a lesson from the true virgins by keeping our lamps trimmed and burning, and then if he comes in the first, or the second or the third watch, we will be ready; for it will be a very inopportune time to say the least to go and buy oil when the cry is heard: "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye to meet him."

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