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Providence Independent

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

Volume 20.

Collegeville, Pa., Thursday, December 6, 1894.

Whole Number: 1015

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TRAPPE, Pa. Office at his residence, nearly
opposite Masonic Hall.

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PICOTEE.
It was getting dusk when Paul
Maury came out of his cabin at Pine
Ridge and turned his face toward the
mountain. It was to be his last night
in the old camp.

Coming out with a company of
fortune-hunters, he had made his stake
and was rich enough to go back well
fixed.

He was tanned and showed the
effects of a rough life in the gold
range, and he could afford to say
good-bye to the region, and turn his
face eastward once more.

He had not proceeded far when he
heard a footfall behind him, and as it
came nearer he looked around and into
a face as sunburned as his own.

The man who came forward was a
little older than Maury, and they
were speaking acquaintances, little
more, though he was on speaking
terms with nearly everyone else in
the camp.

"They tell me you are going off to-
morrow," said the bearded man who
came up, searching Maury from head
to foot with a pair of eyes that had a
cold, steely glitter.

"I'm going off in the stage to-mor-
row morning, Burton. Really, I don't
like to go, but you know—"
"Yes, we think we know," was the
interjection. "You have struck it
rich, but that's neither here nor there.
You know you've treated the girl."

Maury flushed.
"The girl?" he echoed, confusedly,
"I don't understand you, Burton."
"We mean Picotee," with emphasis.
"You have made love to the red girl
and have broken her heart. If the
wrong isn't righted, we will have the
old chief and his minions down upon
us, and will have to suffer for your
shortcomings."

"Look here, I have never made love
to Picotee, and she will tell you so.
Have you asked her?"
"Well, no. But you see we aren't
blind, Maury, and the way the girl
mopes and goes about silently, makes
things look bad for you. I hear that
you will be married soon after you get
back?"

"That is my secret," replied Maury,
rather tartly, for he did not like to be
put on the witness stand by a man
like Dock Burton. "If I am to be
married when I get back to England
what is it to you fellows here?"
"A good deal. Our safety depends
on you making amends to the old
chief's daughter. You must marry
Picotee."

"Come, you don't mean that,
Burton?"
"We mean that and nothing less,"
was the answer.

And the next moment the speaker
lifted a bronzed hand, and six stalwart
men sprang from the shadows of the
shanties and surrounded Maury.

"You know that we do mean busi-
ness," continued Burton. "We say
you must promise to make Picotee

your wife, or you will leave Pine Ridge
in a manner not very pleasant to you."
Maury seemed to draw his figure to
its true height as he looked into the
stern faces by which he was sur-
rounded.

It was asking too much, and then
he had no attachment for the fair
Indian girl, though he had shown her
some attentions which he was sure she
understood in their proper light.

"I can't do that, boys," said he. "In
the first place, you have turned match-
makers without authority, and then—"
"That's enough!" broke in Burton,
who did not like the young and lucky
miner very well. "You know what we
have agreed to, boys? Where is the
black?"

Covered by several revolvers, Maury
was marched to the edge of the camp
under guard, and a man was found
there holding the reins of a magnifi-
cent black stallion, which fretted
under the cutting bit.

"You know what lies beyond the
camp, Maury. You know where the
waterless waste is, and where the
soldiers perished of thirst three years
ago? Well the home of this horse is
beyond that region, and he will try to
reach it. But you know, too, the
danger that will beset both of you—"

"Both of us?" interrupted Maury.
"Yes, both of us."
Protest was vain with such de-
termined men, and Maury soon gave
up.

In a little time he had been securely
lashed to the back of the impatient
horse, and several men held him, while
Burton standing in the moonlight,
addressed him.

"You will not, you say? You will
not promise to marry the Indian girl
who is dying for you, and thus save
us from massacre? You are de-
termined to go out upon a journey of
death as a Mazepa, and perish some-
where in the desert with the steed that
bears you? So be it, Paul Maury!"

Maury only glared his lips together
and looked at the dark faced crowd.
If they had expected him to weaken
at the last moment, they were mis-
taken. If they had expected a plea
for mercy to part his lips, already
parched, they were deceiving them-
selves.

Maury only looked over their
shoulders towards the glimmering
lights of Pine Ridge, and then sent a
glance across the treeless space which
seemed to beckon him to a terrible
doom.

It was strange that these men
should get into their heads that he
had wooed the Indian girl. They had
been companions, but he never had
made love to Picotee.

She had come into camp, riding a
beautiful sorrel horse, and they had
raced together through the mountains
and had strolled along the river which
cut through the everlasting hills, but
love had never passed the lips of
either.

It was true that Maury had a sweet-
heart in the old country—a fair girl
with whom he was eager to keep a
vow already old—and he has even
told Picotee of this; but she had
shown no signs of disappointment.

The men of Pine Ridge had de-
ceived themselves, and now they were
ready to send him to a dreadful death,
all because they had not asked Picotee
if they should become her avengers.

"Let him go!" suddenly cried
Burton, with a wave of his hand.
And those who held the lash step-
ped back, and the steed with a wild
bound, dashed away with his helpless
burden.

Maury already felt the rope cut into
his flesh; he felt the knots which
seemed to have been placed so as to
give him torture, and with his face
turned toward the stars, he was car-
ried on and on, now underneath a
tree which stood lone and hoary, and
now past a group of cacti that lifted
their spines toward the unipitying
sky.

He knew something about the
country which lay beyond these things;
he knew that a waterless district
stretched on and on toward the
horizon; that by day it was hot as
a furnace and by night the abode of
bands of wolves which kept the dread-
ful secret of more than one unfortu-
nate's doom.

The American Mazepa could only
gaze upwards at the glimmering stars
and think of the heartless cruelty of
man.

The swinging gait of the horse that
carried him across the waste told him
that the animal possessed wonderful
endurance and might carry him safely
across the desert.

It was a long night to the bound
rider.

He saw at last the long streaks of
light that shot from the east and re-
vealed the treeless waste upon which
the sun would soon pour with the fury
of a furnace.

His mouth was dry and parched, his
limbs had swollen from the cords, and
his eyes seemed to burn like balls of
fire.

He could not turn his head enough
to see that he was in a treeless region
that stretched from side to side into
eternity as it were. He saw nothing
living in all that waste—as if every-
thing imbued with life had deserted it
in order to live.

The sun came out and new tortures
began.

Maury thought at times the desert
was crossed by bands of Indians on
fleet horses that bore the fatigue well,
and he had heard Picotee tell how she
crossed it in company with her father
and a lot of young braves.

As the sun soared higher and
higher, Maury grew more and more
exhausted. There were now no cacti
for the black horse to hunt their shade
and not a drop of water for miles.

Maury, with his head lying face up-
ward, suddenly caught sight of a
speck along the distant horizon.

He strained his eyes and watched it,
while he held his breath for fear the
thing would leave him.

"A fitting band of savages," said he,
at last. "A lot of red skins going to
the camps along the mountains."
And then he closed his eyes and felt
the horse plunge along.

He did not look again for fully five
minutes.

The speck had grown larger and
now it seemed to be approaching
him.

Maury never took his eyes from it
a moment now.

At first it looked like a cloud rising
above the horizon as it came on, but
at last it resolved itself into a horse
and rider trying to overtake him.

He spoke to the horse that carried
him, but he had already learned that
his voice only irritated the black,
which seemed to dread the human
tongue, and instead of breaking the
animal's gait it appeared to infuse new
life into the powerful limbs.

It was now a race between the
black horse and the other horse ap-
proaching over the desert.

The man lashed to the black steed
could make no motion; the men of
Pine Ridge had guarded against that;
all he could do was to look and wait.

On came the pursuer, and Maury
watched every move of the chestnut
as he gave stretch to his elegant limbs
and bent every energy under his
rider's urgings.

"It's an Indian," said Maury to
himself, as he looked. "I can see the
war bonnet, and—heavens, I believe it
is a squaw!"

The black had turned his head and
caught sight of the chestnut, and, as
if determined not to be overtaken with
his burden, he threw back his pointed
ears and dashed on again.

But it was to be a long race and a
desperate effort on the black steed's
part.

Poor Maury, with his gaze riveted
upon him, his rider's figure but partially
seen as it was thrown forward on
the sweated neck, alternated between
hope and fear.

There were dark wings overhead,
and they were casting upon the ground
those shadows which the desert
traveler dreads.

He had seen the vultures before he
caught sight of the dark speck along
the horizon, and they had told him
that they would be in at the death
when he and the black fell together.

Suddenly the rider of the chestnut
straightened on the blanket and Maury
let a cry slip through his parched
lips.

"It is Picotee!" he cried. "As I
live, it is the daughter of old Nonanche,
and after all I may have unconsciously
deceived this girl."

He said no more, but again fell to
watching the now revealed figure as it
came on, the chestnut straining every
nerve to overtake and the black put-
ting forth equal effort to escape.

DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.
It was romantic, but impossible.
She was the fifth daughter of Dr. Pilling-
ham of Curzen street, Mayfair, and
he the third son of the Earl of Broad-
moor, with an allowance that kept him
in neckties and cigarettes, together
with a bedroom and "the run of his
teeth" at the family mansion in Gros-
venor square.

Lord Broadmoor had put down his
goutiest foot as heavily as he dared
and thundered "No." And as, in ad-
dition to his lordship, Lady Broad-
moor claimed for Pillingham's attend-
ance for five minutes every morning at
a game of tennis, they were not patients
to be visited rashly.

So Miss Dorothy Pillingham and the
Hon. Guy de Woking had one meeting
to say "good-bye," after which they
were to meet as strangers. No one
quite knew how they had ever met at
all.

"You will neither write to him nor
hear from him," said Dr. Pillingham,
sternly.

"Father, I cannot promise," said
Dorothy, sobbing.

"I don't care whether you do or not;
I'll see to that," said Dr. Pillingham,
and from that day every letter into
and out of the house was scrutinized,
and every walk poor Dorothy took
was in the company of some one stern
and severe.

"If I hear of you communicating
with that girl you will go with a shil-
ling," said the Earl of Broadmoor to
his son.

"All right, governor, keep your hair
on. You've got to hear of it first,"
said Guy de Woking under his breath,
but his father fortunately did not hear,
and soon after sounded Dr. Pillingham
as to how parental discipline worked
in the case of Dorothy.

"A charming nature, Lord Broad-
moor," said the old doctor, "a charm-
ing nature; our affectionate inter-
course is uninterrupted. Every morn-
ing she helps me on with my overcoat,
just as usual, brushes my hat, sees
that my stethoscope is in its place—I
used to be continually forgetting it—
and, though I'll be bound she knows
where I'm going, says not a word."

"I am delighted to hear it," said
Lord Broadmoor. He had not watch-
ed his son's correspondence, trusting
rather to the watching on the other
side, and also to the fact that he had
never seen Guy read anything but a
sporting paper, or write at all, except
under compulsion.

"Very satisfactory," said Lord
Broadmoor, recurring to the subject
ten months later. "All blown over
and ended."

He had been telling Dr. Pillingham
of an excellent appointment in a gov-
ernment office which he had obtained
for Guy.

"I should not have got him a billet
in London," continued his lordship,
"if they had not forgotten one an-
other."

"I hope he likes his work," said Dr.
Pillingham.

"It's the first thing he has persevered
with. There he goes to his office,"
said Lord Broadmoor, as the front
door banged loudly; "but he ought to
be earlier all the same. How late it
is! You, too, must be later than
usual, doctor, I think."

"Is her ladyship ready to see me?"
and he followed a powdered footman
out of the room. When he came down
stairs Lord Broadmoor was standing
in the hall. "I should be obliged, Dr.
Pillingham," he said, "if you would
take a hurried written line from me to
Lady Honoria Shanertha, to condole
with her on Sir Patrick's accident."

"Certainly," said Dr. Pillingham,
slipping the little three-cornered note
into the lining of his hat. "I will put
it here, with one corner projecting; I
cannot forget it then."

"By the way," said his lordship, "I
hope Miss Dorothy does not regard
me as a terrible ogre."

"Tut, tut," said Dr. Pillingham.
"She has forgotten everything, and we
have restored her liberty; she has
been quite civil lately to young Dr.
McGregor. She never would speak to
him before. In fact, I really hope—"

"Quite so. A very suitable con-
nection. Thank you," said Lord
Broadmoor, as he reached his study,
while the footman closed the door on
the doctor.

"My dear Lady Honoria," said Dr.
Pillingham, "a note of condolence
from Lord Broadmoor—the sympa-
thetic outpouring of a kind heart."

"Dear Lord Broadmoor!" said Lady
Honoria, smiling at the old doctor
graciously as she opened it. "How
different the courtly grace and digni-
fied style of our day from the slangy
familiarity of the present time." She
gave a sudden gasp and sank back
upon the sofa. "This from Lord
Broadmoor!" she moaned.

The note fell to the floor; the com-
mencement, written large, caught his
eye at once.

"To me of all people," gasped her
ladyship.

"Certainly not," said the doctor—
she would have turned the scale at
nineteen stone, so "little Dolly Dad-
dicums" was obviously inadequate.

"Written in a foreign hand, and
meant for whom I know not," she
groaned. "Poor Lady Broadmoor,
but stay, you must not read it."

"I have read it," he said, putting it
into his pocket, "and you may take it
from me, Lady Honoria, it was not
from Lord Broadmoor, and he bowed
hurriedly and left the room.

"Take this to your mistress," he
said to the butler in the hall, putting
on his hat, "and say it is the note I
should have given her," and to his
coachman he said, sharply, "Home!"

Ten minutes later Dorothy stood be-
fore her father in his consulting room,
pliant and submissive, her hands
folded together.

"And how long, miss," he exclaim-
ed, "has this attachment been revived?
How many of these infamous missives
have I borne in my hat, to and from
my patient's house?"

"It's a year since you said we must
break it off, father, a year yesterday;
and she must have carried—exactly,"
and she made a mental calculation, "sub-
tracting your month's holiday and the
day you wore your white hat unex-
pectedly, and allowing for leap year,
674."

"And this," he exclaimed, "has
your filial solicitude. You have dis-
graced my name."
"I changed it yesterday."
"What!"

For the first time for twelve months
he saw her smile.

"Allow me," she said, "to introduce
the Honorable Mrs. Guy de Woking,
and at least, dear father," she added,
"for a whole year you have never gone
without your stethoscope."

**NOT A PERAMBULATING
DICTIONARY.**

She was a young teacher from the
east on her way to the western states
to teach school. She had gone away
from home with an idea that her
destination was in "a wild and woolly"
place and that the biggest crop was
Indians. Her ideas rapidly changed
as she was speeding on towards the
road Pacific, she confided her doubts
about civilization to a fellow passen-
ger, a harmless-looking, middle-aged
man, and told him the purpose of her
trip was to teach school.

"Are you prepared?" he asked in
the tone of a clerical examiner to one
about to depart on the long journey
from which there is no end.

"Yes," she said timidly, "I think so.
I have been graduated twice and I
taught a whole year at home."

"Indeed! You have some advan-
tage anyway. Will you permit me to
ask you a few questions?"

"Oh, yes, I wish you would. I
have passed good examinations in the
east, but I don't fully understand
western ideas."

"Well, suppose you tell me what
constitutes glass?"

"Why, white sand and—why, I
don't remember what else. How
queer! I am so sorry. I wish—"
"Oh, never mind. Don't get ex-
cited. It's all right. Where is aluminum
found?"

"Oh, that is mined, isn't it?"
"No; it is a product of manufacture.
What is brass made of?"

The muscles about her mouth
quivered and her voice trembled
slightly as she said:

"I guess its made of copper and
iron, but I don't know. It's so stupid
of me to forget, but I worked so hard
to remember everything and I haven't
succeeded. It makes me feel very
bad."

"My dear young lady you are on
the road to success. You can't teach
the young idea how to shoot any bet-
ter for knowing the composition of all
things probable. Know few things
but know them well. What the west
is flooded with is walking encyclo-
pedias and we've had enough of them.
Just throw off your superfluous
knowledge and you'll succeed."
And she did.

who does not actually ask to know,
that he cannot recover. As that
loving observer of mankind asserts, so
must every one who knows whereof he
speaks assert that people almost
always come to understand that re-
covery is impossible; it is rarely
needful to tell any one that this is the
case.

When nature gives the warning,
death appears to be as little feared as
sleep. Most sick persons are very
very tired; sleep—long, quiet sleep—
is what they want. I have seen many
people die. I have never seen one
who seemed to fear death, except when
it was, or seemed to be, rather far
away. Even those who are constantly
battered, while strong and well, with a
fear of the end of life, forget their
fear when that end is at hand. As
for the act of dying—the final passage
from life to death—it is absolutely
without evidence that the oft repeated
assertions of its painfulness are made.

Most people are unconscious for some
hours before they die; and in the
rare cases where consciousness is re-
tained unimpaired until a few minutes
before the end, the last sensation must
be of perfect calm and rest. It is
worse than cruel to add to the natural

After a recess of three months the second session of the Fifty-third Congress was opened at Washington, Monday, at 1.30 p. m. President Cleveland's message was received and read. The document is an elaborate paper and gives concise information in relation to the condition of every department of the government.

ASPIRANTS from Montgomery county for positions under General Hastings' administration and in connection with the next Legislature were perhaps never so numerous as this year. There are applicants for deputy factory inspector from Norristown, Conshohocken, West Conshohocken, Lansdale, Souderton and Fort Washington and Royersford—eight in all. There is one applicant from Norristown for postmaster of the House of Representatives at Harrisburg. Bridgeport has an applicant for the position of paster and folder at the State capital. Pottstown has three applicants for various positions at Harrisburg.

THE harvests of 1894 have their compensations and lessons. While the corn crop is 170,000,000 bushels less than it was in 1893, the market price is twelve cents higher than a year ago, a fact that gives a value of \$87,000,000 greater to the 1,450,000,000 product in bushels this year than a year ago, the total value being estimated at \$840,000,000. The wheat return in the elevators and in sight is estimated at 525,000,000 bushels, a product 125,000,000 bushels heavier than in 1893, but the price is just twelve cents a bushel lower than a year ago. The crop is great enough, however, to create a situation just the contrary to the difference by which this year's corn value is estimated. Hence the wheat harvest estimate at \$290,000,000 is five per cent. more than its value a year ago. Cotton, the other staple, shows a result the greatest known, but the price is under the figures of a year ago. The average price of 1893 was seven cents a pound, and to-day it is within a fraction of six cents, on a given aggregate value of \$257,000,000. The compensation for the loss in the increased harvest, which brings the money return up to the 1893 figure.

THE second session of the Fifty-third Congress affords the opportunity for defeated Democratic Congressmen to retrieve in a measure the public confidence they forfeited during the first session. Will they profit by experience? In comparing Republican and Democratic incompetency the Philadelphia Times says: "The Democrats, like the Republicans four years ago, come back to their duties defeated by more than a million popular majority, and with only 104 members of Congress saved from the wreck, instead of the 80 majority the party has in the present House. The Democrats were defeated in 1894 for the very same reason which defeated the Republicans in 1890. Each party in turn proved itself utterly unfit to govern the nation wisely, and the people answered misrule by revolution. The Republicans squandered more than a hundred millions of money by the most profligate legislation, and piled up against the Government many more millions of permanent expenditures. The Democrats of the last session did not commit that folly, probably for the reason that it would have been impossible, with a President of Cleveland's stubborn integrity, to have passed successfully any profligate measure; but they were guilty of worse than profligacy. They were guilty of utter incompetency; of all the disorders of mean ambition, and they were especially conspicuous in the absence of statesmanship. They were defeated not wholly because of industrial depression and financial disturbance for which they were in no sense responsible, but had the country been ever so prosperous, they would have been defeated, and justly defeated, because of their lack of statesmanship as exhibited in the first period in our history for more than thirty years when they controlled every department of the law-making power of the Government."

THE expectations of the State authorities that the revenues of the Commonwealth for the fiscal year, ending Friday, would be greater than those of last year, which exceeded by many thousands those of any previous year, have not been realized. The receipts for the year just closed aggregated \$12,873,786.82, while those for 1893 were \$13,252,727.38, a decrease of \$378,940.56. The receipts for 1892 were \$10,873,786.82. The balance in the general fund of the State Treasury available for all purposes at the close of business November 30 was \$5,014,942.18. The balance in the sinking fund was \$66,283.53, making a total of \$5,081,225.71. The balance in the general fund at the close of the fiscal year ended November 30, 1893, was \$4,940,576.79; sinking fund, \$889,731.28.

THE Philadelphia Record has sufficient reason to predict that the value of farming lands within convenient trolley distance of Philadelphia is sure to be advanced by the increased facility of rapid and comfortable transit. City people will want more summer residences; country people will find access to the town more easy; and the interchange of business will be quickened.

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THE report of the Secretary of War illustrates forcibly the fact that the United States has the smallest standing army, in proportion to the population, of any nation in the world. In exact numbers it consisted in October of 2,136 officers and 25,772 enlisted men or a total of 27,908, a number which seems ridiculously small to constitute the acting offensive and defensive force of a nation of 70,000,000 people. And yet both the report and current newspaper accounts of the army's transactions for the year agree that it proved equal to every demand, even to that of preserving the peace and enforcing the decrees of the courts in the face of the most extensive labor disturbance ever known in this country, and that, too, without the necessity of firing upon riotous mobs or inflicting bodily injury upon even the misguided law-breakers. All of which is assuredly gratifying.

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tariff out of politics. A non-partisan commission of experts should be appointed to deal with this subject. It is too bad that we should be periodically torn to pieces over the tariff, and that our business interests should suffer from such constant agitation. No European country is so unwise. But after all, the tariff and the silver question are but minor issues. There must be something else done to meet the changed condition of the terms and to conserve our agricultural and industrial interests, which have been suffering for a long period. The people are discontented and restless; they see vast fortunes piled up by a few men and gigantic corporations levying tribute on the whole country. Something ought to be done, and quickly, in the way of wise, liberal up-to-date legislation, that will get us on the right track as a government and keep it there. The truth is, our legislation does not meet existing conditions. Laws that answered well enough one hundred and eighteen years ago when the nation was newly born are antiquated now. In recognition of the fact that our laboring men and agriculturists should have fair play, I would suggest that a commission composed of an equal number of these two classes, with a like representation of business men, be authorized by Congress, to formulate a plan of legislation and recommend the enactment of such statutes as would be apt to bring relief and to do exact justice among all. This seems a practical step in the right direction, and I expect to advocate some such measure, for it is something that cannot longer be delayed with safety."

A number of members of the present House who failed to get re-elected have demonstrated the wisdom of their constituents in retiring from public life, by applying, by letter, to the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House for their mileage money to be forwarded to them, stating that they did not intend to come to Washington during the short session of Congress. Mileage, as most people know, is allowed Senators and Representatives to pay for their transportation to and from Washington at every session of Congress, and, although the Sergeant-at-Arms knows that most Congressmen travel on passes, the mileage is always paid when applied for in person. But he draws the line at paying mileage to men who remain at home, and has so informed the would-be shirkers. And that isn't all. These men may find themselves unable to draw their salaries for the remaining three months of their term, if they do not come to Washington to attend to their duties. A plan is being talked up by one of the opponents of the income tax to kill that law by refusing to appropriate the money necessary to carry it into effect. Secretary Carlisle estimates that \$500,000 will be needed and he will ask Congress to make an appropriation of that amount for the purpose. It is claimed by those who are in the deal that it will be comparatively easy to defeat the appropriation, if it is done without a record vote. The law has strong and alert friends in both Senate and House who are as good parliamentarians as there are in Congress and they will see that the appropriation gets a fair chance to become a law, and that if it is defeated it will be by an open vote.

THE War is Probably Over. From the New York Press. China is prostrate. The only questions that remain are as to the terms of peace, and where those terms will be dictated. It is evident that Japan does not mean to stop short of Peking, and it is possible that the force recently embarked, and known as the "Third Army," although really a part of the Second Army, is destined for Peking. As for terms, the expense of the war and a heavy money indemnity in addition, besides the cession of territory, including, perhaps, the island of Formosa, have been mentioned by usually accurate observers. These demands would, doubtless, content to any terms in preference to extinction. So far as serious fighting is concerned, the war is probably over.

THE Vanishing Mountains. In a paper which was recently read before the Scientific Congress at Paris, M. De Lapparent expressed the opinion that all mountains will vanish off the face of the earth in course of time. He declared that, if the actual natural forces at work upon our globe retain their present rate, in 4,500,000 years all inequalities of surface will be leveled. He instanced as a striking example the reduction of the Ardennes, which were once a chain of the Alps, but which had already shrunk to their present dimensions at the outset of the Tertiary epoch. The Alps he said, exemplified the youth, the Pyrenees the maturity, and the mountains of Provence the declining years of mountain ranges, while the central plateau of France was typical of their death and dissolution.

WASTED ABILITY. IF THE FARMER HAD KNOWN HE WOULD HAVE ACTED DIFFERENTLY. From the Detroit Free Press. A well-known Congressman, who was a farmer before he went into politics, was doing his district not long ago, and in his rambles he saw a man in a stumpy patch of ground trying to get a plow through it. He went over to him, and after a brief salutation, he asked the privilege of making a turn or two with the plow. The native shook his head doubtfully as he looked at his visitor's store clothes and general air of gentleman of elegant leisure, but he let him take the plow. The Congressman sallied away with it in fine style and plowed four or five furrows before the owner of the field could recover from his surprise. Then he pulled up and handed the handles over to the original holder. "By gravey, mister," said the farmer admiringly, "air you in the agricultural business?" "No," laughed the statesman. "Y'ain't sellin' plows?" "Then what in thunder air you?" "I'm the member of Congress from this district."

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Yes, Why Not? From the New York Herald. By all means throw every practicable safe-guard around men in positions of trust, and lead them not into temptation whether the property committed to their care be money, or diamonds, or dry goods, or railroads; but there is no more need of "safeguarding" bank clerks than others. Why not "safeguard" lawyers, if it comes to that? Every reader will recall the long list of lawyers who within the last few years have embezzled vast sums committed to them in trust for widows and orphans, yet nobody has suggested "safeguarding" them as a class, although it would appear that one of their guild was the chief beneficiary of even the latest bank defalcation.

Abolish the Sinecures. From the New York Tribune. Whatever the professional and so-called practical politicians may say to the contrary, the experience of all parties teaches that the multiplication of offices, even when they are necessary and useful, is a source of weakness rather than strength to the party in power. The more offices are, and the more office seekers there are, and the greater the number of disappointed and disaffected to give trouble and create disturbance. The abundance of patronage lowers the tone of official life, and drags down the electoral contests from the plane of high principle to the level of a degrading and disgraceful scramble for spoils. The voters, of whom the office holders are a small minority, soon tire of that sort of thing and start a reform of their own by turning out the party responsible for it. If the Republican party hopes to continue in power, it must deserve the confidence of the people.

CURES OTHERS Mrs. WILLIAM ROBERTS, Bridgeport, N. Y. writes: "I had not taken your medicine, I would not be here now. The doctors did me no good, I was just a mere skeleton, could not eat, I would have awful pain in my stomach—pain in my side, bowels and chest; soreness in my back and womb; I was weak, nervous, and could not sleep. After I took your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' I commenced to improve. In two weeks could walk about the house—could eat—did not have any more pain in my stomach—threw up my morphine powders. When I first commenced taking the medicine it made me feel worse. I was hoarse, could not speak aloud for three days; as I got better my pains and bad feelings left me and I could sleep good; my nerves got better. Before I took your medicine I kept my bed four months—got worse all the while. I am now quite fleshy and can work all day."

DRY GOODS! 1000 Yards Appleton A Muslin, 1 yard wide, 7c. yard. 1 Case Simpson's Calicoes, in Remnants, 4c. yard. Best Quality Gingham, 4 Yards for 25c. Fast Turkey Red Table Linen, 29c. All-Wool White Flannel, only 30c. yard. Beautiful Patterns, White Apron Plaids, 10 and 12 1/2c. yard. Shirting Calicoes, all styles, 5c. yard. Feather Bed Ticking, 15c. yard. Outing Flannels, 8 and 10c. yard. Nearly All-Wool Cassimeres, 40c. yard. Ready-Made Pants, \$1 to \$3. Shoe Department is Complete Ladies' Shoes, Light and Heavy, from \$1 up. Children's Shoes, 50c. up. Men's Fine Calfskin Shoes, \$2.25, reduced from \$3.00. Men's Working Shoes, very good, \$1.25. FULL LINE OF RUBBERS and GUM BOOTS. Demorest Sewing Machine, in Antique Oak, with all attachments and guaranteed for 5 years, 19.50. CHOICE -- GROCERIES! The finest Rock Candy Syrup, 50c. gal. Try a sample of our 35c. gal. Table Syrup. A good Baking Syrup, 25c. gal. Choice Raisins, 25c. lb. Old Government Java Coffee, 35c. lb. 4 Cans Corn, 35c. 3 Cans Corn, 25c. Early June Peas, 10c. can. California Prunes, 25c. lb. Evaporated Prunes, 2 lbs. for 25c. 3 large Fat Mackerel for 25c. Heavy Poultry Wire, all widths, special prices by the roll. 1 lb. Chewing Tobacco, 25c. W. P. FENTON, 216th COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Keystone Dry Goods Store. WE HAVE THIS DAY MADE NEW PRICES -- ON MOST OF OUR DRESS & GOODS. We Never Made in Over 40 Years Business A Reduction Anything Like It. And hope never to do so again. We now name the prices. All-Wool French Goods, reduced from 87 to 47c. All-Wool French Goods, reduced from 50 to 37c. All-Wool American Goods, reduced from 40c. to 29c. Part Cotton Goods, reduced from 25c. to 19c. Part Cotton Goods, reduced from 16c. to 12 1/2c. Wide Part Wool Goods, last year, reduced from 25c. to 19 1/2c. We have a good assortment of NEWEST STYLE COATS! We have also added to our Bargain Counter at the back part of the store New Goods. Come early to the Keystone Dry Goods Store, Opp. Public Square, Norristown. MORGAN WRIGHT.

-FOR BARGAINS- -GO TO- Beaver & Shellenberger's. Appleton A Muslin, 1 yd. wide, Bleached, 7c. per yard. A Good Muslin, 1 yd. wide, Bleached, 6c. per yd. Best Quality Gingham, at 6c. per yard. Simpson's Calicoes in Remnants. Outing Flannels at 8 and 10c. All-Wool Cassimeres, at 55c. Canton Flannels, at 5c. and upwards. Bed Blankets from 75c. up to \$5.50. Chase's Lap Robes and 5 A Horse Blankets. A FULL LINE OF SHOES. Freed's Make of Boots & Shoes. RUBBER SHOES -- AND -- GUM BOOTS. New California Raisins at 6 cents per pound. 7 lbs. Rolled Oats, at 25c. Floor and Table Oil Cloths. 6 Bars of Good Soap, at 25c. The Best Table Syrup at 40c. A Good Baking Syrup, at 25c. And everything in Groceries and Dried Fruits at -Rock Bottom Prices- Beaver & Shellenberger TRAPPE, PA.

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The Big Holiday Stock IS COMING IN FAST! Now is the time and here is your chance. I am offering them at prices that will make them jump. The LATEST DESIGNS and NICEST GOODS in Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, Novelties, Etc. Never have such goods been shown. Never have greater varieties been offered. Never have prices been so low. I will do better by you in quality and price than anyone else. Silver Thimbles, 20c. Silver Rings, 25c. to \$1.25. Men's Initial Rings; Solid Gold Rings, 50c. to \$50.00. 4 or 5 Gross Steel Spectacles and Eye Glasses. 1 Gross. Fine Frameless Spectacles selling at one-half regular price. If you are asking where you can buy best and cheapest this season, you can get your answer by calling on J. D. SALLADE, 16 EAST MAIN ST., Opposite Public Square, NORRISTOWN, PA.

USE THE COMPOUND COUGH SYRUP to cure your Colds, Coughs, Croup, &c. Corn Cure, 10c. Per Bottle. Prime Sweet Marjoram. Try it. Violin and Guitar Strings. Physicians' Prescriptions and Family Receipts Compounded with care. CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STAMP PLATES. NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. AT CULBERT'S COLLEGEVILLE DRUG STORE. SINCE A LOWER TARIFF HAS REDUCED THE PRICE OF MANY STORE GOODS, I desire the many readers of the INDEPENDENT to score a point in the matter of economy by making their purchases at the Providence Square Store. I quote no figures, but am ready every time to meet you in prices, quality for quality, pound for pound, or yard for yard—with honesty and consistency and our brand and butter taken into consideration. I am able to make clothing cheap as you can buy the same ready-made; secure prices and be convinced. Pantaloons and overalls a specialty. Be sure and don't forget the Keystone Washing Machine—cedar wood, at \$4.50; you are welcome to try it before buying. PROVIDENCE SQUARE STORE, JOSEPH G. GOTWALS, Proprietor.

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Direct to You! - FRY - THE POPULAR - Hatter & Men's Furnisher, ROYERSFORD, PA. Has the Best and Latest Styles of SOFT and DERBY HATS! Always a large assortment to select from. He is also headquarters for Medium and Heavy-Weight Underwear. A few pointers to convince you that the prices are right: All-wool Undershirt at 75c., up. Laundered Shirts, 50c., up. Working Shirts, 20c., up. Give me a call and be convinced. C. E. FRY. COLLEGEVILLE Carriage Works! I have Now Nearly Ready Several Fine PORTLANDT SLEIGHS. Call and see them. Now is the time to look about you and see what you will need in the spring. It will be to your advantage to order early. Extra Low Prices in Painting from now until the first of March next. Repairing of all Kinds a Specialty. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction. Respectfully yours, R. H. Grater.

Art Squares, Rugs, Oil Cloth, Linoleums. Especially attractive to the economical housekeeper is the REMNANT STOCK AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES. Bring along the measurements of your rooms and perhaps you can find enough to cover a floor in these remnants. If you do, great saving will be yours. We invite your visit. We feel sure we can make it a profitable saving to you. I. H. Brendlinger, NORRISTOWN, PA. LEADING DEALER IN Dry Goods, Books, Carpets, Trimmings, and Coats. 213 and 215 DeKalb St. FOR SALE. A good heater, heater pipe and a lot of good stove pipe; will be sold cheap. Apply to A. K. HUNTSBERGER, Collegeville, Pa. If you have anything to sell, advertise it in the Independent

