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**Providence Independent, V. 23, Thursday, December 23, 1897,
[Whole Number:1173]**

Providence Independent

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

Volume 23.

Collegeville, Pa., Thursday, December 23, 1897

Whole Number: 1173

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

M. Y. WEBER, M. D., Practising Physician, EVANSBURG, Pa. Office Hours: Until 9 a. m.; 5 to 8 p. m.

E. A. KRUSEN, M. D., Homeopathic Physician, COLLEGEVILLE, Pa. Office Hours: Until 9 a. m.; 5 to 8 p. m.

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

DR. B. F. PLACE, Dentist, COR. MAIN AND DEKALB STREETS, NORRISTOWN, PA.

Cheap and Reliable Dentistry. DR. N. S. BORNEMAN, 209 SWEDER ST., NORRISTOWN, PA.

DR. FRANK BRANDRETH, (Successor to Dr. Chas. Ryckman.) DENTIST, ROYERSFORD, PA. Practical Dentistry at lowest prices.

F. G. HOBSON, Attorney-at-Law, NORRISTOWN AND COLLEGEVILLE. All legal business attended to promptly.

EDWARD E. LONG, Attorney-at-Law, and Notary Public. Settlement of Estates a Specialty.

MAYNE R. LONGSTRETH, Attorney-at-Law, and Notary Public. Land Title and Trust Company Building, 228 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

HARVEY L. SHOMO, Attorney at Law, No. 225 MAIN STREET, ROYERSFORD, PA. All legal business promptly attended to.

GEORGE N. CORSON, Attorney at Law, TIMES BUILDING, NORRISTOWN, PA. All legal business promptly attended to.

JOHN T. WAGNER, L. C. WILLIAMS, WAGNER & WILLIAMS, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, 8 E. AIRY STREET, NORRISTOWN, PA.

J. M. ZIMMERMAN, Justice of the Peace, COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Legal Papers, Bonds, Deeds, Ac., executed, and acknowledgments taken.

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

EDWARD DAVID, Painter and Paper-Hanger, COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Estimates furnished and contracts taken.

I. P. LATSHAW, Painter and Paper Hanger, COLLEGEVILLE, PA. Estimates furnished and contracts taken.

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

DANIEL SHULER, Contractor and Builder, TRAPPE, PA. Contracts for the construction of all kinds of buildings executed.

A. J. TRUCKESS, VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, PROVIDENCE SQUARE, PA. Organs tuned and repaired.

JOHN H. CASSELLBERRY, Surveyor & Conveyancer, All kinds of legal papers drawn. The clerking of sales a specialty.

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

W. J. THOMPSON, PROPRIETOR OF COLLEGEVILLE MEAT STORE! Beef, Veal, Mutton, Pork, and Dried Meats always on hand.

F. W. WALTERS, Contractor and Builder, TRAPPE, PA. Contracts for all kinds of buildings executed.

JOHN M. LATSHAW, VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC, TRAPPE, PA. Also Practical Organ Tuner, having had an experience of 20 years.

PASSENGERS And Baggage, Conveyed to and from Collegeville Station. Charges reasonable.

J. VINCENT POLEY, ARCHITECT, 420-422 SECOND AVENUE, ROYERSFORD, PA. Plans and Specifications prepared on short notice.

LITERARY, EDITED BY FRANCES G. MOSER.

THE COUNTRY ROAD, From the busy haunts of farmer-folk It starts on its winding way,

DR. FRANK BRANDRETH, (Successor to Dr. Chas. Ryckman.) DENTIST, ROYERSFORD, PA. Practical Dentistry at lowest prices.

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THE CONVERTED VILLAGE.

BY GEORGE N. CORSON, ESQ.

Where now the College stands, in earlier days There stood the School, and simpler were the ways;

The Boarding School, the village life and pride, Boasted a Female College for a bride— But younger in years, as a bride should be—

Along the road-side a little old school The village master taught by ancient rule; Little old house like a little old nurse—

Oh! who were gathered there? "Where," ask not me, "Are they of eighteen fifty-two, and three?"

And other fruits freshly: thus confirms The law of Nature, that the world is true; Will ever work eternal change and strife.

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ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY R. E. YOUNG.

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ARE YOU WAKEFUL?

IF YOU ARE HERE ARE SEVERAL WAYS TO BRING SLEEP.

It is not proposed to discuss here those serious cases of obstinate insomnia that often tax the ingenuity and weary the patience of the most skillful specialist,

Sleep is produced by a shrinking of the brain cells so that they are no longer in communication with each other, and wakefulness consequently results when these cells are in a state of excitement,

Often, however, a person must work at night. In that case, he should stop some time before going to bed, and if he must work late, it is better to stay up a short time in order to secure an interval of rest before trying to sleep.

"Your manager—at once!" he breathed. "Your manager!" he repeated, as a swell of applause drowned the man's reply.

"The manager? In that box over there. What name shall I say?" "Gilbert Hartley—the author of this play!"

He followed him round winding corridors and up to the door of a box. Two gentlemen were just emerging laughingly when the white faced man and whiter faced woman barred their way.

"Not yet! I demand," said Gilbert, pointing, "the identity of the man who writes himself the author of that play?"

"Why," said one coolly, "I happen to be the author. Anything amiss?" "You!" Hartley, looking like one just risen from the grave,

The finale was at hand. The audience, little dreaming of that side drama, sat spellbound. Then—then a crazy, unmistakable cheering rose to the roof.

"Author! Author!" went up. The situation was critical, the manager stupefied. "The author," with Marion's wide, pleading eyes upon him, hesitated.

"No fraud at all! I bought that manuscript in a crude state from a man who claimed to have produced it. There is nothing discreditable!"

"His name?" "I—I—I—I—I cannot give it. He was here just now. Prove that he stole it, and I am willing to divide all!"

The cries for "Author" were growing deafening, when Marion gave that little scream of realization and said: "He was here—Gilbert, look—Mainwaring! He came for his money that day! He stole the papers for spite, thinking you might never know! Deny that name if you can!"

"Madam, I can't." Swallowing a lump, he gripped Hartley's hand. "Sir, my reputation is at stake. I must appear with you as joint author, but I promise you two-thirds of all royalties."

TRIUMPH OF LOVE IN ART.

A STORY OF HOW LOVE PRODUCED A MASTERPIECE.

A century since, in the north of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was sculptured face of wondrous beauty.

It was long hidden, until one day, the sun's light, striking through a slanted window, revealed its matchless features. And ever after, year by year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was thus illuminated, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history.

When the cathedral was being built an old man, broken with the weight of years and cares, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof.

One day they found the old man asleep in death, the tools of his craft laid in order beside him, the cunning of his right hand gone, his face upturned to that other marvelous face which he had wrought there—the face of one whom he had loved and lost in his early manhood. And when the artists and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face they said: "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this!"—The Humanitarian.

Romantic Miss—"Do you love me well enough to battle for me?" Ardent Suitor—"Aye, against a thousand."

"Well, Mr. Bigfish is paying me a good deal of attention. Would you fight him for me?" "Yes, I would."

"Could you defeat him?" "No; he'd probably thrash the life out of me."

"Mercy! Well, never mind. I'll take you without any fighting, and, oh, do please remember, my darling, promise me on your honor that if you ever see Mr. Bigfish coming you'll run."

Rev. Dr. Primrose—"You say if you had a good suit of clothes you would be able to make a living?" Weary Raggles—"Yes, sir. Deny I wouldn't chase me away from the free lunch."—New York Sunday World.

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