SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

Terms---\$1.25 in Advance; \$1.50 after Three Months.

VOL. VIII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1890.

NO. 19.

Journalism is looking up in China. There are now three newspapers lished in that country and there is a prospect that another one will soon be started. The prospectors are waiting until they can find out whether it will fill a long-felt want. In China, by the way, if a paper publishes an untrue statement about any one, not only are the editors punished, but all the read

In 1880 6,048,571 tons of coal were mined in the South, and in 1888 the output was over 18,000,000 tons. Cotton mills have increased from 161, with 14, 323 looms and 667, 854 spindles, in 1880, to 355 mills, with 45,001 looms and 2,035, 268 spindles, while many new mills are under construction and many old ones being enlarged. In 1880 there were 40 cottonseed-oil mills in the South, having a capital of \$3,500,000; now there are 213, with over \$20,000,-

000 invested.

The great town of Shoshong, north of Cape Colony, South Africa, has been abandoned by the entire population of 20,000 persons because of the scarcity of water. A new site for the town was found about 100 miles northwest of Shoshong, and thither the people journeyed with all their personal property and about 50,000 head of cattle. Shoshong was the largest native town in South Africa and pictures of it appear in some school geographies and in Reclus' Universal Geography.

The Argentine Republic now cherishes the expectation that it will soon have a stream of immigration equal to that which has enriched and still swells the opulence of this country. During the first seven months of last year the Argentine Republic received 157,681 immigrants, and a total of 250,000 for the year. "These figures," says the Washington Star, "point to the not distant day when a republic not less powerful than our own will include all the States of South America under its autholity."

With the discovery of sand in the Berkshire Hils of Massachusetts not long ago, which is almost pure silica, a new era in American cut-glass making has begun. Formerly, sand and other materials for the manufacture of the best cut glass were brought to this country from Belgium and France. The only exhibitor of American cut glass took the grand prize in the recent Paris exposition. It is not generally known that the best glass blowers and cutters have been attracted to America on account of the good wages paid. The industry has won a triumph for America in carrying off the World's Fair prize from European rivals.

A company chartered in West Virginia, with a capital of \$1,000,000, had for its object the manufacturing of big steel guns on the Delaware river, near Philadelphia, under the patents of Dr. R. J. Gatling, the inventor of the rapid-fire gun that bears his name. Congress has made an appropriation of \$6,000,000 for heavy guns, and the company intend to make 6, 8, 10 and 12inch guns both for coast fortifications and for naval warfare. They sent to government testing stations, and if they come up to the requirements they must be accepted. Dr. Gatting has a system by which he claims guns can be made much quicker and cheaper than by the present processes, and he alone understands the secret.

The Hartford Courant is of the opinion that "all cities should beware large blocks of buildings nominally fire-proof, but which, as in the recent case at Boston, are so constructed as to be really invitations to the flames. Then the method of fighting fires and especially the modes of egress from burning houses should be improved. As to the equipments of fire companies, it ought to be known that new modes of building residences, offices, theatres and hotels demand new and better arrangements for subduing conflagrations. ington has not suffered as much from fires as many other cities. But this fact should not blind the city to the necessity for improvements in all respects demanded by wise vigilance before it is visited by one of those terrible scourges that have befallen Boston, New York, Chicago and other large cities, and have also swept into the limbo of the lost the property of whole villages and towns in all parts of the Union.

What is a Gentleman.

What is a gentleman? It is not one Knowing instinctively what he should shun, Speaking no word that could injure or pain, Spreading no scandal, and deep ning no

Striving, successfully always to please— One who can tell by a glance at your cheek When to be silent and when he should speak?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one What is a gentleman:

Honestly eating the bread he has won,

Walking in uprightness, fearing the God.

Leaving no stain on the path he has trod Caring not whether his coat may be old, Prizing sincerity far above gold,

Recking not whether his hand may be hard—
Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward? What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth Makes a man noble or adds to his work Is there a family tree to be had Shady enough to conceal what is bad? Seek out the man who has God for

guide, Nothing to tremble at, nothing to hide, Be he a noble, or be he in trade, He is the gentleman Nature has made.

APPLE GATHERING.

BY SHIRLEY BROWNE.

"Why, Cassy, what have you done to ourself?"

Miss Marietta Carstairs might well start as she sat in her cushioned chair by the fire-light, drinking a cup of tea out of the delicate old china which had belonged to Grandmother Carstairs, at the apparition of a tall, slight figure with a man's overcoat buttoned in loose folds around it, so that the skirts nearly touched the floor, a man's boots pulled up over the pretty feet, and a felt hat clapped, in cavalier fashion, on the back of the head.

Cassandra Carstairs burst out laugh-

ing. "Making a man of myself," said sho. "Pretty well done, isn't it?"

Miss Marietta stared harder than

"Is-it a masquerade?" she asked,

"Does it look like it? No," Casndra answered, with spirit, "No; I'm simply going to gather my apples. "Where is Ben?"

"Fiat on his back with rheumatism. And those apples must be marketed at

once, or they'll spoil." "But, Cassy-

"Oh! I know beforehand all you're going to say," declared Cassandra, leaning, in a mannish fashion, with her hands deep in her pockets, against the edge of the wooden mantel. "It isn't a woman's work. Well, I mean to make it a woman's work. After all, how does it differ from nutting or misletoe hunting, both of which are supposed to be eminently feminine accomplishments? Old Jones is coming here to-morrow morning at five o'clock to take them to Weldtown. If they're not gathered, of course they won't be marketed; and those red-heart apples mean not less than twenty-five dollars to us, Polly."

Miss Marietta sighed. "I wish I could help you, Cassy," murmured she. "But I am sure Doctor Harford's hired man would assist you if-'

Cassandra started away from the mantel as if she had been stung by a wasp. "If," she repeated, brusquely. "But what a comprehensive if, Polly! cut off my right hand," she added, "sooner than to ask that man to help us. That haughty, composed pink of

that despises all women who-work!" "Is that the reason, Cassy, that you gather your apples after dark? That he shall not see you?"

perfection—that high-bred aristocrat

"No," sharply answered Cassy. But Miss Marietta could see, in spite of the dusk, the quick scarlet mount to her sister's forehead. "I gather them after dark simply because I don't want all the village tongues gossiping about me. It's my business, and no one clse's, unless you, dear Polly" -kneeling a minute at her sister's side-"it's yours. Just as I'm your tusiness-and a bad business you find me, I'm afraid!"

"But how do you know that Doctor Harford entertains these very hostile sentiments toward us?"

"I know a good many things, Polly, that I can't give rhyme or reason for,' Cassy answered, positively. "Haven't I seen him look at me when I was weeding the onions and husking the pease?'

"A cat may look at a king. Cass!" said Miss Marietta, laughing in spite of herself. "Mayn't Doctor Harford look

"No," said Cassandra, with a stamp of the small, cow-hided foot-for she had borrowed old Ben's farming outsit did not give me any opportunity to exfor this occasion. "He may not!" plain myself."

And then she took up a lantern and box of matches, and went her way, flinging back a kiss to the invalid siste

It was nearly midnight when she returned, flushed and radiant, her hazel eyes shining, her breath coming quick and fast. Miss Marietta, who had fallen into a lady-like doze in front of the smoldering logs, started from her

"Goodness me. Cassy! is that you?" said she.

"Yes." Cassy was unbuttoning the old coat and shaking her feet out of the cow-hide envelopes now stained with the mud of the swampy orchard land.

"Have you gathered the apples?" "Yes. They're all in barrels, close to the bars, ready for Israel Jones when

he comes along, to-morrow morning. Old Ben's nephew, a stout sailor lad just from sea, helped me get them in. We broke the lantern, but that didn't signify-there was a moon when the clouds parted enough for us to get a glimpse of it. The apples ought to bring a fair price; they're in beautiful condition. And, what do you think, Marietta? Jack and I captured an apple-thief-two of 'em-coolly picking our fruit into baskets, and they're safely padlocked into the old ice-house

"Oh, Cassyl thieves! Who are they?'

"Well, naturally, they didn't offer to give us their cards; and Jack Tar and walked them directly off into the icehouse. I led the biggest one by his coat-collar, and my sailor boy hustled the little one along. I think the little chap would have shown fight, but the big one shut him up."

"Cassy, you did that?"

"I and Jack Tar, whose real name, I believe, is Bartholomew Clark. Yes; we made the capture, unassisted and alone, and Bartholomew is going to Squire Patton's to-morrow to have the scamps regularly committed. No. aren't you glad I went out myself to gather the apples?"

"Oh, Cassy, suppose they had had fire-arms concealed about them? Suppose you had been hurt?"

"Oh, suppose, suppose!" gayly mim icked Cassandra. "But I wasn't hurt, as it happened; and now let us go to bed, Polly, for it's past twelve, and I'm tired to death!"

Weary though she was, however, Cassandra was up bright and early the next morning to feed her spring chickens and prepare her sister's breakfast, for the Carstairs girls kept no servants, and there was plenty to do. Early though it was, however, a sturdy young man with a sunburned face stood at the

"What do you want, Bartholomew?" said Cassy, taking in the milk-pail from its hook on the left-hand of the

"The constable's here, miss. He won't take no orders, except from you."
"Where is he?"

"A-waitin', miss, out by the ice-

house door." Cassandra caught her hat from its peg under the kitchen clock-shelf, and

walked in her quick, elastic way by "Jack Tar's" side to the ancient fast ness built into the side hill, once used for the reception of ice.

grizzle-bearded old village constable, "there's some mistake."

"Mistake!" echoed Cassandra, in her clear, loul voice, "but there can't be any mistake. I saw them myself, steal ing my apples. Here's the key of the ice-house. I'm ready to lodge a complaint against them. Why-Doctor Harford-

For, as the constable opened the creaking old door, out walked her clegant next door neighbor with a most inscrutable expression of countenance.

"I plead guilty, Miss Carstairs," said the doctor, brushing the blue mold off his fashionably cut garments, "and I recommend myself-and Tommy, my office-boy here-to the mercy of the court. Yes; it's all quite true. We were picking your apples; but it wasn't for our own benefit. I heard that your factotum was sick, and I knew that you wished to send your apples down by old Israel Jones early this morning. We wanted to do a neighborly act, but we didn't expect to be caught in fla-

grante delicto by you." "Oh, Doctor Harford! but why didn't you tell me who you were?"

"If you will kindly remember, you

"I - called you names!" gasped

"Yes, I believe you did," said Dr. Harford, smiling; and now that Cassandra looked him directly in the face, he had certainly a very sweet smile.

"And," added Cassandra, feeling erself grow cold and hot by turns, "I -hit you with the lantern when you were climbing down."

"And broke it-yes." "And all the time you were trying to do me a favor."

"In a mistaken way, as I now think -yes, I was," said the doctor. "I should have asked your permission to make myself of use."

"And now," cried out Cassy, clasping her hands, "I've shut you up all night in a moldy ice-house—and I've sent for the constable—and I've behaved worse than any gypsy girl could possibly do, even down to using op probrious language and committing assault and battery. Oh, Doctor Har-ford! I never shall dare to look you in the face again."

And she fled up to the house, bursting into a flood of passionate tears, as she went, and ran straight down cellar to hide herself.

"I'll go as a female missionary to Japan," sobbed Cassandra. "I'll enter a sisterhood; I'll never show my face again to any living soul!"

But she did. She neither set sail for Yokohama nor entered a cloister; and the very next day she went out driving with Dr. Harford,

"But why have you always disliked me so? Why have you refused to be introduced to me? Why have you invariably looked the other way when you saw me coming, and run into the house when I came near the garden fence?' asked he.

"I don't know," said Cassandra, in a low voice.

"Is there anything so disagreeable

"No, no," admitted Cassy. "But I thought you looked haughty and supercilious."

"Come," said the doctor, laughing, "that's funny! I thought it was me that you despised! Was it because I was a doctor?"

"Oh, no!"

"Have you anything against doctors,

"Have you anything against me?" he persisted. "Not in the least."

"Then, shall we be friends?" in coaxing voice.

And Cassy agreed cordially. How slight is the dividing line between friendship and love, Miss Marietta Carstairs alone can tell, for she alone was the confidante of both these deadly enemies turned into excellent friends.

Suffice it to say, that when next year's apple gathering came around, Dr. and Mrs. Harford both went out to superintend the operation. - Fashion

Swallows Are Great Pathfinders.

As swallows often fly through long distances at a very great height, it follows that they are excellent pathfinders. they set out for their autumnal journey to the South, as they start at night, but it is supposed that the young birds are taught by the parents the direction in which to fly. It has, however, been quite recently ascertained that a single b.rd is able to find its way back from a very long distance. In the dancingroom of a restau-ateur, in a village not far from Dusseldorf, Germany, a number of swallows have their nests on rafter which runs across the room, under the ceiling. In September last three of the parent birds were taken from the nests, and a gentleman traveling to Berlin took them by train and gave them their liberty at different stations. Each bird had a narrow red ribbon tied round one leg, but all three had by some means torn this off, and were consequently not recognized immediately after their return. After two days, however, all the nests were examined. and it was found that the wanderers

The Colossal Czar.

Both in appearance and manner, the Czar has become a Muscovite of the old Cossack type. He is a colossal figure, being a giant, both in height and girth, quite bald, with a flat nose, an immense sweeping moustache, and a stupendous beard, which flows over his chest, -4r-

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The longest time thus far reported for an incandescent lamp to burn is 10,-

Experiments are being carried out or the Thames river with lifeboats propelled by the reaction of water pumped astern.

The electric lights have reduced the average time of vessels passing through the Suez Canal from 37 hours 57 minutes to 22 hours 32 minutes.

In the purest air subjected to test for the causes which produce the dimming effect of haze there were about 34,000 dust particles found in each cubic inch.

A novel feature of the coming exhibition in Edinburgh will be a working ship railway in which the vessel will be immersed in water while upon the

It is said that ten per cent. of alum, added to plaster of paris while being burned, renders it as hard as marble on setting, and capable of taking a fine

A color test for railway employes has been introduced in the shape of a device consisting of a revolving series of colored glasses lighted from behind by a flame and tinted like the lamps of the signal boxes.

In tanning by electricity the ordinary tan liquid is employed, and the hides revolve slowly through it, while the current from a dynamo traverses the vat and helps the tanning to combine with the gelatine of the skin.

A skillful cork-cutter can produce from 1500 to 2000 corks a day, his only tools being two sharp, broadbladed knives. Machines have been introduced which can turn out about 2000 corks an hour, but they are useless for the cutting of the finer qualities.

A new sort of boot sole has been introduced in Nuremberg, consisting of a sort of trellis of spiral metal wire, the interstices being filled with gutta percha and rosin. They can be fitted with nails like ordinary soles, are fifty per cent. cheaper than leather and wastly more durable.

When Sir J. Herschel was defending the character of astronomical science in view of an error of nearly 4,000,000 miles in estimating the sun's distance, the correction was shown to apply to an error of observation so small as to be equivalent to the apparent breadth of a human hair at a distance of 125 feet.

It is sometimes said that the branches of very old trees are, properly speaking, roots, and that if planted upside down the trees would flourish. Kny, a German botanist, has recently investigated the matter by planting vines and ivy with both ends in the ground and subsequently cutting them at the arch. The experiments were fairl successful, though not in every instance; and Herr Kny intends to continue them with other plants and trees, such as willows, poplars and roses.

Long Range Rifle Shooting.

There is an immense amount of nonsense talked and written about longdistance rifle shooting, and the stories men tell about their own or somebody may be set down as campaign inventions. In fact, the same importance is not attached to long-distance shooting as formerly, for it has been demonstrated beyond doubt that it is comparatively useless, except where the dis tance has been carefully measured and the gun properly gauged for it. It can be readily seen that this would be impracticable either in shooting at game or in a military engagement. To illustrate, the very best long-dis-tance rifle that is made has a fall of forty inches in 500 yards. Now, how many men are there who can accurately calculate such a long distance? And of what use would the gun be in case the marksman's judgment erred fifty vards one way or the other? These considerations have induced the government to change the whole theory and practice concerning the use of long-range guns. The Creedmoor system has been abandoned entirely by the army marks men, and they are now taught the art of measuring distances by the eye, and When firing at targets each man makes his own estimate of distance, a round fires and then all advance, say 50 yards, make new estimates and fire that the soldier really gets experience hat will be of use to him in actual wayfare. — Globs-Democrat.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A BABY'S REPLECTIONS. I'm a very little baby,
Little face and hands and feet; And my mother says she never Saw a baby half so sweet. It is nice to hear them talking In that way, but I can see, Oh, a lot of little babies, Who all look and laugh like me

When I look out of the window There's a baby in the glass, And he waves his hand as I do To the people as they pass; When I put out hands to touch him And to pat him on the cheek,

He will look and act as I do, But he'll never, never speak. There's a baby in the mirror, And there's one in front of mother

These are very funny babies,
Where I go they always come,
But I never hear them talking,
So I guess they're deaf and dumb.

ANIMAL FRIENDSHIP.

A blacksmith named Thomas Rae bought a little black-faced lamb and put it into a field in which were a cow and a little Galloway pony. The lamb took no notice of the cow, but soon began to show great fondness for the pony, which returned its affection, and the two friends kept constantly in each other's company. When the pony was used for riding or drawing a cart the lamb would trot beside it, and if at any time the lamb was alarmed by people coming too near to look at it, it would run under the body of the pony and pop out its little black face from between the forelegs, and look about it in conscious security. At night the lamb slept in the stable, and if separated from the pony would raise plaintive bleatings, which the pony answered by mournful neighings. And just as a dog leaves the society of its own kind to follow man, this little lamb forsook its own species that it might associate with its friend, for on one occasion, when the blacksmith was riding the pony, the lamb, as usual, trotting beside it, they passed a large flock of sheep that was being driven along the road. The lamb never heeded the sheep, but went straight through them with the pony. Another time both pony and lamb strayed into an adjoining field, in which there was a flock of sheep feeding. The lamb joined them for a short time. but as soon as the blacksmith came to drive out the pony the lamb followed without once looking back at its natural companions.

SPARING THEIR STRENGTH.

"Look at those men!" exclaimed Harry Delmar, as he pointed to some trackmen at work. "It takes six of them to carry that iron rail, and they move like snails."

"They are sparing their strength," remarked his father.

"Well, I should say so," declared Harry. "Four of them could carry that rail with ease." "Perhaps they could," replied his

father. "They are sparing their strength, and they are wise." Harry looked at his father, a faint

expression of surprise on his face. "I notice that the foreman does not reprove them," continued his father. "He is satisfied that they are doing an honest day's work. If they worked as you seem to think they ought to work, it is likely they would not be here tomorrow, or not on the next day at They would break down. They must husband their strength so that they can work day after day without abatement. There is speed in method though it may seem tedious. A quick fire soon burns itself out. The tortoise beat the bare in the race. A rocket makes a big fuss, but it comes down a stick. A volcano creates a great uproar, but it remains still a long while afterward Tremendous efforts are soon spent. The 'pitching in' process does not last long. It is wise for us, my son, to spare our strength, whether we labor with our hands or brains. It is the secret of long sustained effort. The energy in reserve is often the en-

ergy that wins and wears." "I see now, papa, that I spoke too hastily," Harry said. "The men are not shirking their work. Yes, they are wise."-Harper's Young People.

Highly Improper.

Husband-Mary, would it be proper for me to say I made the fire, or started the fire?

Wife-Now, John, the idea! When you know that I've built the fire every morning since we got married. - Bing-