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The women of Milton, Ore., put into nomination a full set of women for the city elections.

The new state of Washington complains that it has too few lawyers in its legislature, and consequently business does not progress.

Of the 400,000,000 population of countries recognized as belonging to the civilized world, about 150,000,000 are now under republican forms of gov-

Quinine drove a victim of influenza to suicide in Hartford, Conn., and many physicians are inclined to the belief that the use of this drug in excess is worse than the disease.

Apropos of the epidemic of influenza, it is noted that the visitations of this disorder have been preceded by a similar disease among horses. It is curious to observe that a distemper of this kind has been actually prevailing among horses in London for some time.

Stanley sees fine prospects for railways in Africa. According to his estimates 800 miles could be laid down for \$17,000,000. This mileage would open to commerce four great river basins, with a total area of 2,370,000 square miles, and a total population of 80,960,000. Of the resources of the region he speaks in the highest terms.

We made four new States last year, a greater number than for any other year since the foundation of the Republic. and there are a greater number of applicants for statehood on hand in spite of the recent heavy reduction in the list than in the early years of the nation. The year 1889 and probably a few years of the immediate future promise to be the great state-making period of the Republic.

A meeting of landowners and farmers has been held at Stettin, Germany, at which it was agreed that, so great is the scarcity of farm laborers, it will be absolutely necessary to arrange for the importation of an adequate number of Chinese, and a committee was appointed to confer with the Chinese minister at Berlin on the subject. The rural districts of Prussia have been so depopulated by emigration and other causes that the farmers are really compelled to obtain foreign laborers without further

The human family today consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals. In Asia, where man was first planted, there are now about 800,000,000, an average of 129 to the square mile. In Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile. In Africa there are 210,000,000. In America, North and South, there are 110,000,000 relatively thinly scattered and recent. In the islands, large and small, probably 10, -000,000. The extreme of the white and black are as 5 to 3, the remaining 700,000,000 being intermediate brown and tawny.

"Unless the Colombian Government is careful," says the San Francisco Chronicle, 'it will find itself in difficulties with the United States. It has seized some American vessels, apparently upon planation is demanded by the state department. A few months ago the Colombians got very saucy and proposed to whip the whole continent, beginning with the United States, but it was supposed that they had thought better of

Now they have waxed valiant again, it seems, and are swelling and strutting about as though they were somebody. Perhaps they may have to receive a lesson to teach them the difference between a little country and a big one.'

The Washington Star thinks "the London Lancet has inspired some of the London correspondents of American newspapers with the fear that cholera will come next summer in the wake of the Russian influenza. Cholera is now in Persia and Kurdistan, on the borders of Turkey in Asia and Russia in Asia, and not so very far from Great Britain's Indian possessions. It is certainly a duty of these three powers to be more than usually watchful for the next seven or eight months. As the grip has affinities with diphtheria and typhoid fever it would also be well for our own people to put their bodies in sound. fighting condition and make their domiciles wholesome by removal of all decaying matter and the free use of

After the Storm.

The wildest storm must spend its force, The baffled winds pause with a moan, For sunshine struggling through the mist Clasps the tired earth in shining zone.

So stormy grief will rob of light The soul that prays for morning's dawn Through black despair in deepest night,

Till hope, and love, and life secm gone.

Tis then the morning's golden splendor Dispels the gloom, illumes the way, Whilst dreamy voices, low and tender Whisper, sad heart, behold a perfect day

LOITY'S ADVENTURE.

I was quite young when I went out to service-only sixteen-and I was quite frightened at the idea of going among the grand folks; but father had not left much, except debts and mortgages, when he died, and mother was feeble, and there were all the little children to be taken care of; and Neighbor Ford told me that they

wanted a parlor-maid at the court.
"There ain't so much to do," said Farmer Ford, "and twelve dollars a month."

"But a servant!" said mother, and she put her black stuff apron to her eyes and began to cry in that weak, incertain way she had.

"We're all of us servants, Lydia, to the Lord," said Neighbor Ford, "And if every one of us does his duty in the state of life where it pleases God to put us, there ain't nothing more to be

"Mother," said I, "only think of it! Twelve dollars a month. How much it will help us! Oh, mother, I am so glad!"

"The child looks at it right," said Neighbor Ford. 'She's got more sense than you have, Lydia!"

So I went to Christall Court. There was a housekeeper there, and a butler, and seven servants besides me, and I soon learned to perform the duties of my place neatly and well.

Mrs. Christall's maid used to give ma many useful hints-she was a quiet, substantial Englishwoman whom the family had brought from foreign parts with them. But her brother fell ill, and she went home to nurse him, and there came a fine French mademoiselle in her place, whom they called Mademoiselle Veronique. She spoke two or three different languages, dressed hair like a fashion plate, altered over Mrs. Christall's bonnets and dresses until her wardrobe seemed twice as large and varied, and had a score of other accomplishments at her finger ends. Mrs. Christall said she was "a perfect treasure;" the old housekeeper laughed until her sides ached, at Veronique's stories; the footman fell deeply in love with her, and all the other maids copied her dresses, repeated her smart sayings, and strove, in various ways, to imitate her. But I kept quietly aloof. Somehow I was afraid of Mademoiselle Veronique. She had great, luminous green eyes like those of a cat; she showed her teeth, in glistening double rows, when she laughed, and, although she was always priding herself on her complexion. I am quite sure it was powder and

She came smiling to me one nightit was of a Sunday evening, I remember, when I was sitting by the window masses of evergreen on the lawn. what mother and the children were do-

"Here is ma petite Lottee," she said. "The shy bird who shrinks away from me always. But I have eyes. Lottee. and I have already made myself to perceive that you are very prettee. Ah! Say I not the truth? And you shall put a rose in those brown braids, Lottee, and dance tonight. Peter is going, and Felix and Amanda: and the coach man, who proves himself most amiable will take us in the wagonette.

"But it is Sunday evening," said I. Mademoiselle Veronique made

"We are not Puritans, Lottee," said she. "We have all been to the church today. Why not make a little simple enjoyment tonight. like the peasants of ma belle Normandie? Madame dines out; the children, with their good, heavy-headed nurse, will be asleep-

.Did Mrs. Christall say-"

"Madame knows nothing-absolutely nothing," reiterated Veronique, impa-"Are we poor servants to be always slaves? Come, ma petite. The good Felix especially wishes to dance with you, and I have promised him that you will be there.

Felix was the upper gardener who was in charge of the green-houses and

graperies; a spare, livid-faced, man, whom I especially disliked.

"It is Sunday evening," said I; "I do not wish to go. I have been brought up to spend Sunday evening quietly at

And Mademoiselle Veronique's persuasions, flatteries and blandishments

They all went. I could hear them returning at one o'clock in the morning, tiptoeing past my bedroom door; and their descriptions of the festive gathering at the breakfast-table next day were enthusiastic in the extreme.

"There's to be a hop Friday night week," said Felix, "with a band from Mincaster. Lotty will go this time, I am quite certain, if I ask her; and Mr. and Mrs. Christall will be in New York that night for the Charity Ball."

I looked gravely at him.

"Do you think it will be right, Felix?" said I. "Oh, bah!" Mademoiselle Veronique

interjected, with extreme disgust. "I'm quite sure there can be nothing wrong about it," said Felix.

"Then, why do you not ask Mrs. Christall boldly to let you go?" I ques-

They looked blankly at one another -and before they could answer, Mrs. Hood, the housekeeper, came in, and

a signal for silence was passed around.
'Friday night week!" It came before we knew it, almost. Mr. and Mrs. Christall went to the Charity Ball, the latter so superbly dressed that the servants gathered in a little group behind the butler's pantry door to see her go out in her diamonds and pink silk. Old John, the elder coach man, was to wait at Slington station to bring them back at 3 o'clock-the other coachman, Thompson, was in league with Veronique and her friends, and was to harness up the wagonette as soon as the coast was fairly clear for Veronique, Hatty, Julia and Felix.

"And Lotty might go, too, if she only would," said Hatty, reproactfully.
"I don't think it's right," said I.

Mrs. Hood had gone to see her daughter at Slington, leaving the house in Julia's charge, for Julia had been there some time and was regarded as quite trustworthy; the old butler always went to bed at nine; so that when the wagonette was off I was the only person left about the place. And I had hardly seated myself by the fire with needlework before there came a tap at

the door. I started, for ' was nervous and easily frightened, and the house seemed unnaturally large and lonesome in the quiet evening silence. It was a little boy-a stunted, big-eyed creaturewhom I did not remember to have seen in the neighborhood before.

"Are you Letty Lee?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered, in surprise.
"It's your mother," said he. "She's fell on the ice and broke her leg. She

wants you right off." "How did it happen?" I cried, burst-

ing into tears. "Who told you?" "I can't stay," said he. "They' ve sent me for a doctor, and I ain't to de-

lay a second." And off he scudded, his small figure sceming to lose itself in the black

Johnson, the butler, slept like a log of wood, and there was no one else about

"I can just run down home and be back in half an hour." thought I. So I locked the door, saw that the fire was all right, and started off across the dark copses and frozen fields.

At the mill I saw a light burning, and stopped to inquire of old Mr. Dawson, whose wife was our nearest neighbor, as to the extent of the accident

"Is mother much hurt?" said I. He looked amazed, and I proceeded to explain myself more fully.

"They've fooled you, my girl," said he. "I've just come from there-and your mother's as well and sound as ever she was in her life."

A sudden light seemed to flash across me. Something was wrong. There was some under-current of malicious purpose bidden under all this tissue of falsehood. And I saw in the eyes of Harry Dawson, the miller's tall son, who stood beside me, that he, too, shared my ideas.

"Father," said he, "all isn't right. Call the Ford lads. Let us go up to Christall Court with Lotty."

"Eh?" said Mr. Dawson.

"I don't know what I do suspect

little | father," said Harry, hurriedly buttoning his coat. "But I know all isn't as it should be."

We came up to the Court, a little band of us, in the frozen silence of the winter night, and found that it was as Harry Dawson had suspected. Christall Court was in the possession of three men whose tools, scattered around, proclaimed them to be professional burglars, while the poor old butler, fast asleep at the top of the house, never dreamed that aught was amiss. But, expert as were these thieves, the sturdy strength and superior numbers of our party were too much for them. They were overpowered and bound-and when the wagonette came home with its load of cross and sleepy servants, it served to carry the captives to the county jail.

It proved that one of them was Veronique's brother-and that the Frenchwoman herself was in league with them. Veronique left the country, abruptly; all the other servants, except Mrs. Hood, Old John and the butler, were discharged-and I am Mrs. Christall's own maid, now.

To be sure, it isn't much of an adventure, but such as it is, I have told it as plainly as I could remember. - The

Thirsty Travelers' Tree.

A European traveler, on his way from the coast of Madagascar to the capital, Tanaparivo, in the interior, had emptied his water-flask and was suffering from thirst. He asked one of the natives of his party when he should be able to obtain water.

"Any time you like it," said the native, smiling.

The European saw no signs of springs or water; but the native conducted him to a group of tall, palm-like trees, standing in a cluster on the edge of the forest, with straight trunks and bright green, broad leaves growing from the opposite sides of the stalk, and making the tree appear like a great fan. The white man gazed admiringly at the

"You think it is a fine tree," said the native, "but I will show you what it is

He pierced the root of one of the leaf stems at the point where it joined the tree with his spear, whereupon a stream of clear water spurted out which the European caught in his water can, and found cool, fresh and excellent to drink.

The party having satisfied their thirst and taken supper, the native who had spoken went on,

"This tree, which is good for us in more ways than one, we call the travelers' tree."

"But where does the water come from that the tree contains," asked the white man. 'Is it taken up from the soil?"

"Oh, no," said the native. leaves drink in the rain that falls on them and when it has passed all through them it becomes very pure and sweet."

The Earth Growing Larger.

The earth, traveling in its orbit around the sun and onward with the entire solar system around some unknown and still greater centre of attraction, is constantly traversing new regions of space, which it depletes of meteoric dust and meteorites, thus steadily-no matter how slowly-increasing in diameter. Now let this growth continue till the earth has just twice the attractive power which it now possesses, we should then have twice the number of meteorites and double the quantity of dust falling annually upon it than

Fortunately for our heads, the earth has not yet attained very formidable dimensions, but we may look upon it as an established fact that it constantly gains in weight, and that in proportion to such gain its attractive power steadily increases.

The attractive force of the sun is so enormous that a perpetual hail of meteorites and a torrent of dust particles must rush upon it from all directions, and some of the foremost observers are now of opinion that these falling bodies are the sole cause of the sun's

In the light of this theory our earth is a young and growing, not an old and dying planet; a planet with a future, which ought to be cheerful news to all of us, although we shall not live to reap the benefit of it, and the sun, far from being on its last legs as an expiring luminary, is steadily gaining in heat and lighting capacity. - American Geolo-

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Artificial glaciers as a means of storing water for irrigation have been pro-

Adolph Sutro of San Francisco is trying to solve the quinine problem on his estate by raising cinchona trees, from the bark of which quinine is extracted.

Miss Proctor of Lima, Ohio, has patented a process by which it is claimed 10,000 cubic feet of illuminating gas can be extracted from one barrel of Lima oil.

The mineral called turfa, or brazolina, lately discovered in Bahia, furnishes an oil akin to petroleum, a paraffine suitable for the manufacture of candles, and a good lubricating oil.

The hydrocarbon process of treating iron so that it will not corrode, is said to cost less than one-half of that of galvanizing, while the durability, under similar conditions, is considerably extended.

A method of treating pine leaves for the purpose of converting them into a pulp for the manufacture of a strong and superior paper by exposing the leaves to the action of steam under pressure has been successfully tried.

The peculiar odor of Russian leather which enables it to resist the ravages of insects, arises from the employment of an oil obtained by the dry distillation of the bark of the birch tree, the oil being worked into the flesh side of the leather by means of suitable tools.

Recent observations of the waters of Great Salt Lake prove conclusively that the statements made that no form of animal or plant life exists in the lake are erroneous. No fish or other large form of animal life has been discovered, but the presence of vegetable organisms in the lake may be considered a fact from the abundance of animal exist-

Dr. Alanus, leader of the German vegetarians, has abandoned the diet on the ground that a purely vegetable diet interferes with the proper functions of the arteries. The French physicians Monin and Trielli confirm this view, and say it causes chalky degeneration of the arteries on account of the too great preponderance of mineral salts.

Signor Schiaparelli, the eminent Milan astronomer, well known for his researches on the shooting stars and on the canals of the planet Mars, has announced that after ten years' investigation he has ascertained that Mercury has a rotation like that of the moon. Its rotation on its own axis and that round the sun synchronize, so that it as the moon does to the earth.

The Economical Chinese.

The Chinese are pre-eminently economical, whether it be in limiting the number of wants, in preventing waste or in adjusting forces in such a manner as to make a little represent a great deal. The universal diet consists of rice, beans, millet, garden vegetables and fish, with a little meat on high fes-

Wholesome food in abundance may be supplied at less than a penny a day times thousands of persons have been kent alive for months on about a halfpenny a day each. This implies the existence of a high degree of culinary skill in the Chinese.

Their modes of preparing food are thorough and various. There is no waste; everything is made to do as much duty as possible. What is left is the veriest trifle. The physical condition of the Chinese dog or cat, who has to live on the leavings of the family, shows this. They are clearly kept on starvation allowances.

Another example of careful, calculating economy is the construction of the cooking pots and boilers, the bottoms of which are as thin as possible that the contents may boil all the sooner, for fuel is scarce, and consists generally of nothing but the stalks and roots of the crops, which make a rapid blaze and

The business of gathering fuel is committed to children, for one who can do nothing else can at least pick up straws and leaves and weeds. In autumn and winter a vast army of fuel-gatherers spread over the land. Boys ascend trees and beat them with clubs to shake off the leaves; the very straws get no time to show which way the wind blows before they are annexed by some col-

Light and Love.

If light should strike through every darkened place
How many a deed of wickedness and

shame Would cease, arrested by its gentle grace

And striving virtue rise, unscathed by The prisoner in his cell new hopes would

frame,
The miner catch the metal's lurking

trace,
The sage would grasp the ills that harm our

And unknown heroes leap to sudden If love for one short hour had perfect sway,

How many a rankling sore its touch would heal,

How many a misconception pass away
And hearts long hardened learn to feel;
What sympathies would awake, what feuds

If perfect love might reign for one short -New Orleans Picayune.

HUMOROUS.

It is better to have a turnup nose than a cabbage head.

The flannel shirt is so modest that it shrinks from day to day.

Is a gun thought to be doing great execution when it hangs fire?

A prudent man is like a pin; his head prevents him going too far.

When the man said figures do not lie. he did not allude to figures of speech.

Culture does not make a gentleman. A regular beet may be a cultivated

"Silence is golden," said the wit who wrote and sold his joke, instead

A morning paper asks, "Is the Indian dying out?" He is not dying out so much as formerly. As he becomes more civilized he goes in to die.

Inquisitive Citizen-What's the matter with the man? Been run over by a railroad train? Ambulance Surgeon-Worse than that. He was caught among the women in a bargain rush at Seller's.

A good thing can be carried too far. A Boston man, who had been told that he was about to die, asked the doctor for his bill, saying that he did not wish to depart from his life-long rule, "Pay as you go." Station Master-Come, come, my

good man! You mustn't walk on the track. Tramp (disgustedly)—The conductor says I can't ride, and you say I can't walk. What's your blamed old road here for, anyhow? Mamma-Bobby, I noticed that your

little sister took the smaller apple. Did you let her have her choice, as I told you to? Bobby-Yes, I told her she could have the little one or none, and she chose the little one. Young lady (to editor)-I have such

a pretty little story with me. Can you use it? Editor-Oh, certainly; we can use anything here. (To office boy) Jimmy, put a few more manuscripts in the stove; the room is growing cold.

Always Employed-Benevolent Person (to tramp)—What do you usually do in the winter time? Tramp-Wait fer summer. Benevolent Person-And what do you do when summer comes? Tramp (resignedly)—Begin to wait fer winter.

Cremation reduces the human body to a little paper of ashes which a postage stamp will carry any distance within the bounds of the country. Stingy people can congratulate themselves on the economical rates of travel in store for their remains.

Feeling For Animals.

The power of feeling for animals, realizing their wants and making their pains our own, is one which is most irregularly shown by human beings. A Timon may have it and a Howard be devoid of it. A rough shepherd's heart may overflow with it and that of an exquisitely fine gentleman and distinguished man of science may be as utterly without it as the nether millstone. One thing I think must be clear-till man has learned to feel for all his sentient fellow-creatures, whether in human or brute form, of his own class and sex and country or of another, he has not yet ascended the first step towards true civilization nor applied the first lesson from the love of God. -Picayune.

THE gunning dog belonging to Jacob Hendricks, of Swamp, Berks County, Pa., was stolen a few nights ago and tied to a tree in the woods. covered it was nearly famished, and had almost gnawed the tree down