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The debt of New York city is now \$98,663,072.

A Philadelphia physician says peanuts, taken moderately and thoroughly chewed, are good for brain-workers.

The annual production of eggs in the United States equals in money value the country's annual total production of iron.

It is said in Paris that old toppers and those accustomed to alcoholic stimulants were the least affected by the influenza, while the strictly temperate suffered the most.

The secretary of the National Prison Association estimates that the census of 1890 will show a prison population of nearly one hundred thousand, an increase of about thirty thousand in ten years.

The Armour in Chicago did a packing business of \$60,000,000 last year, which was \$5,000,000 in excess of 1888. Six thousand men were employed, and paid \$3,000,000. The firm killed 1,200,000 hogs, 600,000 cattle, and 250,000 sheep.

Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota has the only herd of buffaloes now in existence. There are fifteen animals in the herd, and they are corralled on a farm about four miles from Yankton, at the end of a railroad built by him and used by the public for excursions.

An English company called the Newfoundland Colonization and Mining Company has acquired 64,000 acres of land in Newfoundland, which were granted to the Anglo-American Telegraph Company in 1854. Some of the grants contain coal beds and various minerals, and others are adapted for agriculture and lumbering. The company has been organized by a number of prominent men, who expect to be able to attract a large stream of immigration to the colony.

Bishop Stenhouse, the leader of the Canadian Mormons, has written a protest against the proposal of an independent republic for Canada. The Latter Day Saints are afraid they might be interfered with should Canada become an independent nation or a portion of the American Republic. Stenhouse was formerly a member of the Canadian Legislature and resigned his seat to become a Mormon. He is now the recognized head of the Canadian Mormons, and his manifesto is issued from the Mormon settlement at Cardston in the Northwest Territories.

Rifle bullets are now photographed in their course by means of the electric spark. The camera is taken into a dark room, which the bullet is caused to traverse. As it passes the camera it is made to interrupt an electric circuit and produce a spark, which illuminates it for an instant and enables the impression to be taken. The wave of condensation in the air before the bullet and the rarefaction behind it are visible in the photograph, and can be studied by experts, thus enabling the form of ball or rifle which minimizes the resistance of the air to be selected.

The credulity of the foreign nobleman has been brought out by a swindling matrimonial scheme. A bureau sent out a circular advertising an American heiress list of \$20,000,000 and invited the aforesaid nobleman to come forward, pay a fee and be married to one of them. Thousands of letters were sent to the "Bureau" from titled beggars who wished to scoop in American booty. After all, queries the New York World, why shouldn't commercial transactions like that be conducted on a cold business basis? They are not, but there is no reason why they shouldn't be.

The enmity of Russia to anything of a German origin becomes constantly more and more marked. Efforts have been made to prevent the use of the German language in Russian territory, and now the feeling has taken a new turn. There has been a considerable immigration of Germans recently into Northern Russia, and the authorities, in order to put a stop to it, propose to levy a high tax upon each foreigner taking up his residence in Russia. The sum of \$1000 a head is spoken of, the design being to make it absolutely prohibitory. The objection to German immigration is that the new-comers are, as a rule, intelligent, and carry with them ideas of a liberalizing tendency.

Snow Flakes.
Where do they go,
The melting flakes of the bright, white snow?
They go to nourish the April showers;
They go to foster the May-time flowers;
Where the roots of the hidden grasses grow,
There do they go.

How do they go?
Drop after drop, in a silent flow,
When the warm rain falls, and the winds are loud,
And the swallow sing in the rifts of the cloud,
Through the frozen veins of the earth below

They softly go.
Why do they go?
Because Dame Nature will have it so!
More than this, truly, I cannot tell;
I am neither a seer nor an oracle!
When all is answered, I only know,
That they come and go!
—Kate Putnam Osgood, in *Wide Awake*.

THANKFUL'S TRIALS.

"I'm sure," murmured Thankful Pennypacker, "I don't know what to do."

Thankful Pennypacker had come to the far West on what the facetious inhabitants of Blue Gulch would have called "a wild-goose chase."

She was one of the great majority of unemployed women in the State of Vermont, and her cousin, Squire Todd, had heard from his nephew's wife, who had a sister at Blue Gulch, that there was a district school-teacher wanted there.

"Chance for you, eh, Thankful?" said Mrs. Todd. "Better get off as fast as ever you can, or it'll be snapped up. Such positions don't go a-begging long."

Thankful looked up with big, wistful eyes.

"It's awful cold weather to go West, isn't it?" said she, a little timidly.

"Oh, if you're afraid of a little cold wind and a snow flurry or two!" said Mrs. Todd, elevating her nose.

And Thankful packed her trunk at once, and departed.

"Ain't it rather barbarous, mother," said the squire, "to send the poor gal way off West in such a blizzard as this 'ere'?"

"Well, Joshua," said his helpmeet, "she's been here two good months now, and we want her room for your Aunt Eliza, that's got money to leave some day; and, besides, Dr. Lothair's a coming pretty soon to visit old Doctor Jennings' folks next door, and it's just as well to have Thankful Pennypacker out of the way."

Squire Todd's lower jaw dropped.

"Why?" said he, in amazement.

"Why?" mimicked his wife. "Well, give me a man for solid thick-headedness! Hain't you got a darter of your own, and ain't Thankful Pennypacker a pretty gal, if she is past five-and-twenty year?"

"Oh," said the squire. "Matchmak- in', eh!"

"Well, call it what you please," said Mrs. Todd. "Anyhow, it's time Electra was settled in life, and it's just as well to have Thankful Pennypacker off somewhere else."

But when the Vermont girl reached Blue Gulch, old Mr. Wendell, the chairman of the board of trustees, professed himself exceedingly sorry, but the position had just been filled by a half sister of his own.

"We always give Western girls the preference," said he.

So poor Thankful went back to Squire Todd's nephew's wife's sister, in a frame of mind widely different from her name, and uttered the piteous sentence that heads our story.

The nephew's wife's sister was called McCray—a stout, cheerful body, with bright blue eyes and a double chin.

"I declare to goodness, Miss Pennypacker," said she. "I feel sorry for you, but I hain't a minute's time to spare a-listenin' to what Miles Wendell said just now. Two o' the Chinamen have gone, and Bridget won't stir into the dinin'-room as long as Wong See is there. It's strange how she and the Chinese hate each other. And the train is due in forty minutes, and eighteen mealers have telegraphed ahead."

"Can't I help you?" said Thankful.

"You? Why, you're an educated lady," said Mrs. McCray.

"That's no reason I can't cook a fricassee, or bake a pumpkin-pie," said Thankful, smiling in spite of her troubles. "And I have no especial prejudice against Wong See; so I'd as

soon go into the dinin'-room and see to the tables as not."

"Well, I'd be mortal obliged to you if you would," said Mrs. McCray, with a great sigh of relief. "Here's one o' my big white kitchen aprons to tie over your black serge dress, so it won't be spiled; and you'll find Wong See very teachable and docile."

So that Miss Pennypacker was flying around presently in the neat, cool rooms of the railway restaurant, where long tables, draped with white, were decorated with evergreen and holly-berries, and the glass and crockery, albeit of the coarsest, was sparkling and clean.

The Blue Gulch meal station, as Mrs. McCray told Thankful, was celebrated all along the line for its pigeon-pies, its toothsome waffles, and its dainty bits of home-made cookery.

"And now you're here to sort o' keep Wong See straightened up," said she; "I can give my whole mind to the waffles." A keen wind howling down the railway cut; a cloud of drifting snow, sharper than needles and pins; and then the shriek of the train. Wong See adjusted his clean white tunic and rubbed his hands.

"Supper allee readee," said he. "Misses Cray she got waffle all cookee." "Och, the haythen Chineel!" said Bridget, in her den behind the tea and coffee holder, as she scowled unutterable things at the smiling Celestial.

The passengers rushed with one accord for the warm, cozy, savory-smelling dining-room, for the fame of the Blue Gulch waffles had penetrated far and wide—when all of a sudden there was an exclamation, a pause, a confusion.

"What is it?" said Thankful, who, with swift hands, was carrying tea and coffee this way and that.

"A gentleman has slipped on the icy car step," said Mrs. McCray. "I reckon likely he's broke his leg or arm or something. Here, Miss Pennypacker; you come to the waffle-irons. I'll just stop and see what the trouble is. McCray ain't never on hand at an emergency."

When the train had gone, the hurt passenger lay in a little white-curtained room up stairs.

Doctor Felton had set his broken arm and bandaged his sprained ankle. "If you have moderately good luck," said he, "you need not be detained more than two or three weeks. And the people here are very kindly and respectable. They'll make you fairly comfortable, you'll find."

The wayfarer uttered a groan, but there was no appeal. On all the earth there is no autocrat like a country doctor.

Mrs. McCray was kind and motherly. Wong See, with his little almond-shaped eyes and perpetual smile, proved to be a capital nurse; and after a little the patient got used to his captivity.

"Who is it I hear singing down stairs at times?" he asked, one day.

"Well," said Mrs. McCray, "it's our Bridget. Does she disturb you? She will keep singing 'Nora, My Nora,' say what you will, and—"

"No, it isn't that howl," said the sick man, with a shudder. "It's some one singing bits out of the 'Trovatore'—little sweet trills and runs like a nightingale."

"Oh!" said Mrs. McCray. "I reckon that's Thankful."

"And who is Thankful?" "Miss Pennypacker. My sister's husband's uncle's cousin, that came all the way from the State o' Vermont to teach deestrick school, and when she got here another woman gobbed it up—the situation, I mean."

"Oh!" said the invalid. "Yes, thank you, Mrs. McCray! If you'll put the lemonade pitcher on the table, I can reach it myself."

The big Michigan rose on the porch of the Todd farmhouse was all in blossom when Doctor Lothair came at last to make the long-promised visit to his friend, Doctor Jennings.

"But it ain't no use!" sighed Mrs. Todd to Electra, her daughter. "He's bringin' a wife with him, I'm told—a bride all the way from Dakota Territory."

"Humph!" said disappointed Electra. "A regular wild Indian, I guess. But, for all that, I'm sort o' curious to see her. Let's go in to night, mother, when they're through tea."

So Mrs. Todd and the squire donned their best clothes, and Electra put on her newest set of fish-scale jewelry,

and they all trudged over to "Jenningses' house," when the sun had set and the whip-poor-wills began to sing.

"Why, ma, look there!" said Electra. "It's cousin Thankful, sure's you're born, settin' on the piazza, and—"

"No, it ain't!" said Mrs. Todd. "Yes, it is! Why, how on airth come she here!"

Thankful came running down the steps.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Todd, secretly planning within herself how to avoid inviting Thankful to the house. "The fur West seems to hev agreed with you. Mercy, how red your cheeks be! S'pose you took advantage of the chance to come back East with Doctor Lothair and the bride. Where is she?"

"The bride?" Thankful's cheeks were redder than ever. "Oh, didn't you know? I am the bride!" "You?" echoed Mrs. Todd.

"Yes. Come in and I'll introduce you to my husband."

Prosy old Doctor Jennings treated the visitors to a long account of the whole thing—from Doctor Lothair's accident at Blue Gulch to the wedding, where Wong See waited, and Mrs. McCray cooked the game and entrees. It was quite a romance, he declared.

And Squire Todd stopped on the way home to indulge in a hearty laugh.

"To think," said he, "what a mortal hurry you was in to get Thankful out of the way of this very man, so't Electra could hev a clear chance."

"Judge Todd," snapped his wife, "you shouldn't laugh out so loud and coarse! It's dreadful vulgar!"—*Saturday Night*.

Functions of the Coconut.

In the arts and economics of South Sea Island life, the first place is taken by the feathered coconut which lines the white sand of the beach or nestles in the gorges of the precipitous mountain sides. Polynesia knows no want, can almost conceive of no luxury, without the province of the coconut to bestow. At once food and drink, it builds the islander his house and canoe; for one it lids the thatch and for the other the sail and rigging; it clothes him and provides him baskets in which to carry his food; it makes him an armor that will turn the sharpest arrow and the keenest spear; cradled in the feathery leaves as a babe, fed and housed and clothed and equipped for war from it as a man, at death he returns again to his cradle of infancy and is buried in a leaf. It is the characteristic feature of every view, the centre of all histories and the ornament of every tale. Bathing its roots in the salt sea, it lines every beach with tapering; trunks that never grow straight skyward, as if they had been designed by their leaning and step-like leaf scars to make it all the easier for the indolent islander to climb for his natural food. Securely wrapped in its fibrous husk it floats unharmed through leagues of stormy seas and grows on any sandy islet where the rain never falls to be in time the support of whole communities who know not the taste of fresh water. About the feathery plumes of this tree of great resource group all the essentials of an island life.—*N. Y. Herald*.

A Split Gold Coin.

"Two tens for a twenty, please," said a gentleman to the cashier in the county treasurer's office.

The cashier took the "twenty" and rang it on the counter. It had that peculiar dull ring that characterizes counterfeit coins. He rung it a second time, and then inspected it critically.

"Is it bogus?" asked the owner of the coin.

"Oh, no," answered the cashier; "it's good as wheat, but split."

Continuing, he said: "That is the first split \$20 I ever ran across. The stamping machine at the mint sometimes comes down too hard on the coins and splits them; but it is seldom the larger coins split. It's mostly 'fives' that suffer. But they are very careful at the mint, and stop every split coin they detect. Now, in the thousands of dollars handled here every year, I rarely find a split coin. I don't think I've found more than four or five in a year, and, as I say, the coins were mostly \$5 pieces."

The split \$20 looked perfect, and, so far as the eye could detect, bore no flaw of any kind. The only fault with it was in the "ring," and the split made it sound "dead" when thrown on the counter.

All They Know.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know;
And where the land she travels from?
Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace;
Or o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights, when wild northwesterners rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave!
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go?
Far, far ahead, is all her eamen know;
And where the land she travels from?
Away,
Far, far behind is all that they can say.

—Arthur Hugh Clough

HUMOROUS.

A weather report—thunder.

A "boil" on the stove is worth two on the neck.

The tailor trade is a fitting occupation for anybody.

Patti's lowest notes reach as high as \$4000 every night.

There is a good deal of hemming done by seamstresses and hawing by teamsters.

Almost every man takes his day off, but we never heard of him bringing it back again.

Since young Jinks began visiting Miss Brown, the parlor lamp in the Brown domicile is the latest thing out.

A good many people speak as they pass by who had better keep still unless they can say more pleasant things.

Quillpen—Hello, Scribbler! Are you still living on that first story? Scribbler—No, I'm up in the attic now.

First Small Boy—We had a fire at our house last night. Second Small Boy—That so? F. S. B.—Yes. Pa had a star's hair.

Woman is running man a pretty close race in the arts and sciences, but she'll never get the knack of sharpening a lead pencil down fine.

Doctor—Ah, yes; I see you have lung trouble. Patient (hopeless consumptive)—Excuse me, doctor, but it strikes me that it's no lung trouble.

He—What did your father say when you told him that we were engaged? She—Oh, Augustus, you must not ask me to repeat such language!

An exchange says that "Sauerkraut never ranks among groceries." All the same, it is strong enough to rank almost anywhere it may be placed.

Clerk—I want an increase of salary. Employer (wearily)—All right. Any thing else? Clerk—And I want to get off an hour earlier every day, so I can spend it.

Fame may be ornamental, but it isn't much use to the man who has to hustle seventeen hours out of the twenty-four for his daily bread, with the pie never any nearer than the horizon.

Benefactor—If you are a good machinist, why do you not work at your trade? Tramp—I can't bear the annoyance of being waked up by a factory whistle at 5 o'clock every morning.

Tailor—You promised me faithfully yesterday morning that you would call in and settle for that suit last night, if it rained pitchforks. Customer—Yes, I know; but it didn't rain pitchforks.

Lawyer—Your uncle makes you his sole heir; but the will stipulates that the sum of one thousand dollars must be buried with him. Heir—(feelingly)—The old man was eccentric; but his wishes must be respected, of course. I'll write a check for that amount.

Anxious Wife—Doctor, how is my husband? Doctor—He will come around all right. What he needs now is quiet. I have here a couple of opiates. "When shall I give them to him?" "Give them to him? They are for you, madam. Your husband needs rest."

Both Worked Hard.

Brown—You wouldn't be so extravagant if you knew how hard I have to work for my money.

Mrs. Brown—And if you only stopped to think, you wouldn't say such a thing. Just see how hard I had to work to get the bonnet you complain about. Why, I had to visit about a hundred stores before I could find one to suit me.—*Epoch*.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A scientist says that the Panama canal will turn the gulf stream and make Great Britain a land of icebergs and Polar bears.

The rainfall for Washington, D. C., during December was only thirty-nine hundredths of an inch. For the entire eastern section of the United States the fall was from 30 to 90 per cent. below the normal.

German chemists have discovered in the cocoon a fatty substitute for butter, and it is being produced in large quantities at Mannheim. One factory turns out 6000 pounds per day, worth fifteen cents per pound.

The canal to connect the North Sea at the mouth of the Elbe will, when finished, be 61 miles long, 85 feet broad at the bottom, nearly 200 feet at the water level, and of sufficient depth to take the largest German war vessels.

A physiologist in France has been observing the working of flies in flying, and has arrived at the conclusion that the wings of a fly make about 330 beats per second, and that such a fly can travel at the rate of one kilometre per minute.

Experiments in oiling the waves have been so successful that all life-boats in England will be required to carry a gallon of vegetable or animal oil, and a distributor of approved pattern, for throwing the oil on the sea in rough weather.

The relative values as foods of the grains named below are given by Professor Wiley as, first, wheat; second, sorghum; third, maize; fourth, un-hulled oats. Sorghum-seed furnishes a flour like buckwheat that makes passable bread, and is coming into considerable use.

In Lawrence, Kan., a comparison by means of a photometer between the brightness of the full moon and that of the arc lights in use in that city, showed that at an average distance of 100 feet from the light of the lamp the brightness was twenty-five times that of the full moon.

In sinking artesian wells in the Desert of Sahara, Africa, water-bearing strata has been reached at a depth of 230 feet, at which a steady flow of about 5,000 gallons per minute has been obtained. This water is brackish and unfit for drinking, but it answers very well for irrigation.

An insect in the ear may be drowned out with tepid water or killed by a few drops of sweet oil. If anything hard gets in the ear, double a stout horse-hair, place the head on one side and drop the loop into the ear, move it about until it catches the object and then draw it out.

The owl has no power of motion in its eye, the globe of which is immovably fixed in its socket by a strong, elastic, hard, cartilaginous case, in the form of a truncated cone; but in order to compensate for this absence of motion in the eye, it is able to turn its head round in almost a complete circle without moving its body.

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 existences.

The Deadly Cold Bed.

If trustworthy statistics could be had of the number of persons who die every year or become permanently diseased from sleeping in damp or cold beds, they would probably be astonishing and appalling. It is a peril that constantly besets traveling men, and if they are wise they will invariably insist on having their beds aired and dried, even at the risk of causing much trouble to their landlords. But the peril resides in the house, and the cold "spare room" has slain its thousands of hapless guests, and will go on with its slaughter till people learn wisdom. Not only the guest, but the family often suffer the penalty of sleeping in cold rooms and chilling their bodies at a time when they need all of their bodily heat by getting between cold sheets. Even in warm summer weather a cold, damp bed will get in its deadly work. It is a needless peril, and the neglect to provide dry rooms and beds has in it the elements of murder and suicide.