SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

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It is said that the French government has got to a pass where it will soon have to borrow largely.

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The universities of Italy are complained of for the inferior grade of education to which they allot diplomus.

It is predicted by the Engineering News that 14, 000 miles of railroad will be built in this country during the present year.

There were deposited at the mint in R'o de Janeiro, Brazil, recently, nearly five wagon loads of silver plate that had belonged to the ex-Emperor.

It appears that the expedition sent to Africa to observe the total eclipse of the sun achieved a failure after all, owing to clouds that completely veiled the face of the sun.

Secretary Proctor has ordered that the field or union of the National flag in use in the army and navy shall consist, after July 4, 1890, of forty-two stars in six rows of seven stars each in a blue field.

Armless and legless Mary Goodwin of Sugar Island, New Brunswick, is dead. In her youth she developed a fondness for sewing and became an expert in the art, using. only her mouth for cutting her material, threading the needle and doing all the acts involved in fine sewing. She was over 50 years old.

English stoats and weasels are being exported to New Zealand from England in large numbers to kill off the rabbits. and the rats, which have been food for the stoats and weasels in England, are increasing enormously in some districts. There is talk of a movement to prevent the exportation of any more rat destroyers.

The prevalence of drunkenness in Russia has become so great as to attract the attention of all Europe. The Government refuses to take any active steps toward checking the evil, owing, it is alleged, to fear of losing the revenue from the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors. There have been 300 deaths in Olessa alone during the past year directly due to the excessive use of such intoxicants.

An old couple, perhaps the oldest in the world, died not long since in the thick along the river, having been village of Monastir, France. The man was 135 and his wife 123 years. The couple lived in a house which they had built themselves exactly a century ago. Adjoining the house was a little garden plot which in process of time has developed into a wood with trees 90 and 100 years old, trees which the husband planted himself and constantly tendel to the day of his death.

Carnegie, Phipps & Co., of Pittsburg, Penn., have instituded a series of experiments on a new process, which if successful, will produce armor plates of such strength as to render vessels equipped with them shot-proof. The process, according to the Pailadelphia Inquirer, is a secret one, but it is understood, while the plates are not rolled from cold ingots, it is somewhat similar briers and other thorns which clung to to the cold rolling process and will me like the hands of a drowning man. greatly strengthen the material. The I had not gone 25 feet before I saw a results of these experiments will be sent

Chatter, Cliatter, and No Matter. Deep within the wooden bord Of a vale I strayed one day, Sic Drawn on by the aweetest : Wafted through its shady was "Chatter, cnatter, And no matter," Was the song it seemed to say. As I wandered, grew the music

Yet more clear and sweet to me Till I found a bubbling brooklet Gliding onward to the sea; "Chatter, chatter,

And no matter," Gliding onward, fresh and fre In a pool its waters tarried, Silent, by a mossy bank, Where the weeping willows drooping Singing rose and dipping sank; Chatter, chatter, And no matter,'

Breeze-kissed branches rose and sank. Standing on its brim I pondered, Dreaming on its perfect glass, Till I seemed to see beside me, Gazing down, a joyous lass; "Chatter, chatter, And no matter, With the pool her looking glass.

Then the years seemed swiftly fleeting, Once again, but aged, stood The woman now, a-looking backward, Thinking of her maidenhood; "Chatter, chatter, And no matter,'

In her long passed maidenhood Far out from the wooded valley. Then I journeyed to the sea, Where I heard the tides a-beating Crooning now a song to me; "Beating, Beating,

Time a-fleeting, From the brooklet to the sea. -W. M. Hazeltine, in Yankee Blade.

An Extraordinary Discovery

"When I was a youngster and asked my father for money he used to tell me that money didn't grow on bushes, and until the summer of 1881 I believed him," said a well-known resident of Belleville, whose pretty cottage overlooks the placid Passaic. "I changed my mind in that year, however, upon discovering, to my extreme satisfaction, that 'at least on one occasion money could be picked from bushes with as much ease as I could pick ripe raspberries. It was on the Fourth of July, and on that day the woodcock season opened. I was out early with my setter Belle, and we crossed the river to pick up some birds that I had located in the little strip of alders a short distance above the Jersey City water works. It was a dry season, and the birds were driven there by lack of moisture along the mountain brooks and in the woods.

"I had killed four birds, when Belle came toward me with a \$10 bill in her mouth. You may imagine my surprise. I took the bill from the intelligent brute, examined it, and found it moist with dew but perfectly good and whole.

"You know a good thing when you see it, Belle,' I said. 'Go and see if there is any more like it there,' and she started off at a brisk trot. I watched her and saw her spring up and pluck something from a bush in the thicket. A moment later she was at my feet with a \$20 note in her mouth, holding it as tenderly as she would a bird. I was utterly astonished, and plunged wildly into the thicket, regardless of the cat \$10 bill app'e tree and just ahead was another sprout decorated like a Christmas tree, with bills on every thorn.

Down near the foot of the tree was Then I think she wandered through the a fluttering strip of blue silk, evidently the hem of a woman's dress. Up to this moment I had been too busy to think. but this rag set me to wondering. How on earth could a woman get into that thicket, I thought, and getting down on my knees I found the prints of narrow, sharp-heeled shoes in the moss-covered turf. It was a woman sure, and after securing the last note in sight I followed the trail, picking from the bushes on either side of the way an occasional bill. A hundred yards from the locust tree, the track led to the edge of the river between two water willows, and in the soft mud for several feet from the shore I could see foot prints leading out towards the channel. I went back through the willows and assured myself that the tracks were not Sun. doubled, and then I walked up and down the river's edge for a quarter of a mile hunting for further traces of the feminine boots. There were none, and, conluding that the wearer must have committed suicide, I returned to the willows and began a search there. 1 walked out in the tracks as far as my hip boots would permit me to go, and much further than I could see bottom in the dirty water. Then I was satisfied that whoever she was she had drowned herself after disposing of her wealth. I returned to the locust then, and tak-

ing up the strip of silk rolled it up carefully, and put it in my vest pocket. 'I was in no mind for shooting, and was about to start for home when I thought of Belle, and whistled for her. She did not come, and I moved on through the thicket. As I passed an opening I caught sight; of her stanchly pointing, and walking up flushed and missed a wood cock. The bird circled out over the river and plunged back to the thicket somewhere in the neighborhood of the willows. ' I was vexed at missing the bird, and determined to get it if there was a chance. So, sending Belle ahead, I pushed on toward the willows, and was soon gratified to see Belle point sgain. This time I killed the bird and sent Belle after it. She retrieved the dead bird beautifully, and, dropping it at my feet, made another dash into the brush, and a moment later came back with an alligatorskin hand-bag, which she held in her mouth until I took it. I opened it and found it one-quarter full of money in bills of a large denomination. Besides the money there was a small morocco case containing a hypodermic syringe, a small bottle labelled morphine and containing a few grains of the drug, a pair of kid gloves, a button hook, and a dream book. That was all. Not a scrap of writing or anything to betray the identity of the owner of the bag and money. In returning toward the road I plucked a piece of a gray ostrich tip from the branches of a tree and found a ladies' watch neatly bedded in a boll of moss with the chain carefully coiled around it. 1 kept my eyes

open then and looked at every inch of the way, following the footsteps carefully and coming out on the road without finding anything more. "I went straight home, carry ing the

bag in my hand, and when I got in my bedroom I locked the door and began to empty my pockets on the bed. When the last bill was in sight I arranged the bills according to their denomination and began counting. There were thirteen one-hundred-dollar notes, one five hundred, seventy-four fifties, eighty twenties, fifty-three tens, and nineteen fives. or \$7725 in all. "Now I don't believe anybody will be surprised when I say that I kept that money. I commenced spending it the afternoon of the day I got it. I put \$100 in my pocket and went to Newark, and as a natural consequence got on a Fourth of July spree and did not show up at home until my money was gone and I had borrowed 10 cents from a friend. That was on the morning of the 7th, and I felt like a fool. I made up my mind then to take care of every remaining dollar. It was the basis o what I have got now, and I think I

brush in a state of exhilaration, finally brought up in the river. She left me a fine legacy, and it is all owing to old Belle there that I stumbled on it. She shall have the best of everything as long as she draws breath. The only thing that ever worried me about the money was a superstitious fear that it would bring me no luck. I haven't had an unluckly day since 1 found it, and it enabled me to leave the bench and go into business for myself, besides buying a mortgage on the house I am living in, which I afterward bought outright. Buying the mortgage looks like going at it the wrong way, but I can assure you that I enjoyed shaking it at my landlord and threatning to foreclose it."-New York

A Monster Tree.

A correspondent from Minnesota writes that a tamarack tree (larix Americana) has lately been found which measured seven feet eight inches in cir. cumference four feet above the ground, and was estimated to be 125 feet high. the largest cedar (thuja occidentalis) observed by the same correspondent, measured ten feet four inches in circumference at four feet above the ground, and was about seventy feet high. Both these trees grow near a brook of constant spring water, and in alluvial soil, rather stony.

A monster elm tree stands on the Avery Durfee farm in Wayne County, N. Y. Two feet above the ground it measures thirty-three feet ten inches in circumference, and five feet above the ground twenty feet and ten inches. It is sixty feet to the first limb and the total amount of lumber in the body of the tree is 16,250 feet. Eighty years ago when the farm was cleared, this tree was left as a landmark. It was then a giant among the surrounding forest trees.

A correspondent in Glenellen, Tenn., sends us the following memorandum with regard to a large tulip tree recently cut down near that place. The smallest diameter across the stump, three feet from the ground, was seventy-eight inches inside the bark, which showed 604 layers of annual growth, with only thirty-eight layers of sap wood occupying a width of an inch and a half. The diameter increased three inches in the thirty years, beginning with the 536th year of the tree's age, and six inches in twenty five years, beginning at a period when the tree was eighteen inches in diameter.

A Busy Preacher.

If there be any busier man in New York than Rev. Morgan Dix of Trinity Corporation he would, says a correspondent of the Richmond (Va.) Dispatch, do well to step up and be identified. Besides attending to the vast routine business of the Trinity Corporation, with its \$20,000,000 invested, preaching regularly, marrying people, visiting the sick and officiating over the dead, he is called upon by men and women of every walk in life for advice on all sorts of questions. No matter how early you go to his office in the morning you will find adozen or twenty people ahead of you. They all want to see the distinguished rector of old Trinity in person and explain to ir va ious scheme im t

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

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

BIRDS AND BUGS FOR FLOWERS.

Flowers are fading as trimmings for evening dresses and the fashion is setting toward birds and insects. Flights of jet swallows are seen fleeing across the skirt of an evening dress. Perhaps the bodice will be ornamented with a swallow, too. Huge butterflies made of jet, gold tinsel or of pearls and iridescent beads, are made large enough to c me right across the front of the bodice of an evening dress. The wings are outspread and the butterflies are said to be modelled from natural spe cimens. Smaller butterflies hover about the shoulders and on the skirt. - New York Telegram.

THE DRESSMAKER'S COMMISSION. The fashionable dressmaker, it is stated, demands of the retail dry-goods stores a percentage on even the smallest purchase. In order to allow this the merchant must raise the price of all his goods as much beyond the regular retail price as is the amount of her percentage. She frequently buys goods for her customers and on these she clears her percentage. But the merchants' trouble does not end here. Every excuse for changing goods purchased by customers, will be resorted to, and as soon as a change is made an allowance of percentage is demanded. Some old merchants have steadily resisted the demands of the dressmakers to tax customers for their benefit, and have been boycotted in effect in consequence. The merchant, in this case, is a money loser, as thousands of dollars of custom is thus turned away from his door, but he is saved much petty annoyance. - New York Tribune.

PECULIARITIES OF THE SEXES.

The professional funny men never seem to weary of pointing out the little peculiarities that distinguish the one sex from the other. We are told that although a woman's hand is more delicate than a man's, she can hang on to a hotter plate; and that she will never employ a button where she can use a pin, while a man won't use a pin while he can tie himself up with a piece of string. While there is no doubt just as much truth as wit in these sayings, if the paragraphers had considered the garments of the different sexes they would have found a better vehicle for marking distinctions.

When a woman puts on a new gown it is one of the happiest days of her life, while a man feels uncomfortable until he has grown used to his new clothes. But this is not the most peculiar thing about new clothes. When a woman so garbs herself she is brand new from head to foot. She is a symphony in silk, or wool, or cotton, as the case may be.

A man is entirely different. Even when he puts on a full suit his hat or his boots are apt to be old enough to spoil the effect as a whole. When all these things are brand new his cravat will have a frayed edge, or his gloves be shabby with wear. A man with a \$10 silk hat on his head and a 6-shilling gingham umbrella in his hand is not an anomaly, but a woman who robbed Peter to pay Paul in such a way would have her sisters in the streets all twisting their necks off to stare after

and then you are ready to see, or be seen by anybody, and you are not so much dressed that you cannot dust the little dainty belongings in the parlor or dry the silver and class as it is so carefully washed on the breakfast table. Keep the wrapper for your bedroom, for the time when you are a little tired and alone, but do not under any circumstances permit yourself to get into the habit of wearing it through the early morning hours when you want to look as sweet and be as bright as that sweetest of blossoms-the morningglory. -Ladies' Home Journal.

EVOLUTION OF MODERN BEAUTY. All peoples agree that beauty lies in health and proper vigorous proportion, to speak roughly, says Elizabeth Bisland in the Cosmopolitan Magazine, and yet women as fragile as thistle-down, and consumed with a wasting disease, have at times a beauty more potent than that of the rosiest young maiden. Helen, the daughter of the gods, was most divinely tall and fair and Cleopatra was "little and black," it is said, and kingdoms were thrown away for both of them. There is one thing very certain: The amount of feminine beauty in the world has increased enormously since the days of Helen and the Serpent of Old Nile. Men do not leave their homes and fight ten years for even the most radiant beauty today; nor do the great conquerors think the world well lost for any modern smile.

In the days of Helen, and even of Cleopatra, beauty was very probably far more rare than now. Women, in all but the wealthiest classes, were illy protected from the discomforts that destroy beauty and harden and coarsen feminine loveliness. They did heavy, manual labor, were poorly fed or protected from wind and weather, and, like the peasants of many of the Latin nations today, while they may have had a certain beaute du diable in the first flush of youth, the radiance quickly died and left them ugly servants and beasts of burden. Therefore, when a woman arose who possessed the true beauty that age cannot wither nor custom stale, men went mad after her, fought to possess her, and possessing her thought the world but a bubble in comparison. Selection of this sort was, of course, constantly at work improving the type, and the survival of the fittest, age by age, lifted up the general plane of beauty. As civilization grew, women no longer trudged with heavy burdens through rain and blinding heat after nomad husbands, and their feet grew delicate and slightly arched. The richer wives resigned the coarser labors to their servants, and used their fingers only to spin delicate threads, to make rich needlework, to knit, to thrum the strings of mandolin and lute, to curl the silken tresses of their infants and smooth the brows and bind the wounds of their lovers and warriors. The paims grew, like Desdemona's, moist and tender; the nails, no longer broken with coarse labor, gleamed like the delicate, transparent nacre of a shell. The skin, protected from the sun and wind, grew fair and clear as rose leaves, the lips ruddy and soft. Their hair, carefully washed and tended, wound itself into vine-like curls, and took the

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to Washington, where the plates will be tested by the government. If the experiments are successful the patentee of the process will be paid a royalty of \$25 per ton, the highest royalty ever paid for any iron or steel process.

In forty counties in the State of Illinois there are said to be over 40,000 members of the Farmers' Mutual Benefit and Co-operative Association. In that State they are crecting elevators and co-operative stores. They are also extending their organization to all the States and are forming new lodges or associations very rapidly. They alrealy reach and cover more than ten States. This association, the Dry-good Chronicle thinks, is likely to become one of the most powerful agricultural societies in this country, if not in the world, and railway and in the purchasing of goods in large quantities from both first and second hands. Probably it will also exert great influence in shaping legislation with regard to railways. It is which were so widespread a few years 800.

"I went right to work gathering in the fruit. There were tens, twenties, fifties and hundreds twisted around the

twigs, stuck on thorns, or crowded into the crotches of limbs. Several bills were scattered over the ground near by. and while I was gathering them Belle brought in a ten and a twenty from some distance ahead. I heard a gunshot some distance behind me, and it spurred me on to extraordinary industry while the money market was easy. I plunged ahead, picking bills from the bushes as I went along and shoving them into the pocket of my shooting coat. I came across two more little trees trimmed with greenbacks, and then located a regular savings bank one which will have much influence in directing transportation of products by locust, with a trunk ten inches in diameter, completely covered with bunches of cruel thorns down to within a foot of the ground. The thorns were plastered all over with bills, many of which were stained with blood from virtually a new name, with new feat- the fingers of the person who placed ures added, for the granger lodges, them there. I believe I picked up \$1800 from this tree, and not a bill

w as less thana five.

have doubled it twice since. I have told this story to two or three persons and I am not afraid to tell it to the world, provided my name is not used and I don't get a horde of beggars after

"If anybody can establish ownership of the money I stand ready to pay it over. My theory is that some drugcrazed creature from New York got off the train at Arlington and wandered up the river to the woodcock thicket and then took another dose of morphine. for the first time Jast evening.

bles. The writer of this waited two hours in his office the other day for an opportunity to get a word with him on a matter of private business. In per-

sonal appearance, Dr. Dix is one of the most srriking men in New York, and always attracts a great deal of attention. He is a strong preacher, a deep thinker, and his voice has lost none of the charm that made him famous as a preacher. While not exactly the fashionable preacher, he is called upon by society to officiate at weddings that are unusually profitable. His personal income is enormous, and he has a comfortable fortune. He gives away a great deal of money, and has helped more young men to get on in the world than any preacher of the day.

Very Inopportune.

Sister-You ought not to have sung that song about a hat last night just as Mr. Smith was coming in, Tommy.

Tommy-That song, "Where did you get that hat?" why I don't see why I should not sing that. Most all the boys sing it now.

Sister-But it was very much out o place. You ought to have perceived that Mr. Smith was wearing a silk hat

her. - New York Sun.

THE WRAPPER HABIT.

It is the easiest thing in the world for a girl to get in the habit of slipping on a wrapper in the morning, attending to whatever househould duttes she may have to perform, and not real. ly dressing herself until she wants to go out or the middle of the day has been reached. There is a use for the wrapper, of course, but its use isn't for you to regard it as a something you can "pitch on" and be untidy in. Don't "pitch on" anything you wear. Clothes have an effort in your habits as well as your personal appearance, and the girl who is willing to eat her break fast in a loose, untidy wrapper will soon think it no disgrace to leave her hair up in papers an hour or so longer. or, horror of horrors, go without washing her face until later in the day. You do not believe you will ever come to it.

Well, it's the first step that counts, and just as soon as you conclude that how you look before father doesn't make any difference, just so soon are you in a fair way to fall into very untidy habits. Remember that the simplest of dresses neatly made and whole, only takes a minute more to assume,

mooth gleam of silk. Sufficient food gave rounded contours; long hours of soft slumber sprinkled the dew in the violets of their eyes, and the movements of dance and gay motion made their limbs slender and supple, and at last ine modern beauty was evolved.

FASHION NOTES Yokes and guimpes of velvet go with velvet sleeves.

Large-flowered and small pompadour flowered brocades are among the new silks.

Feather boas and stoles and triple capes of cloth will be much worn with wool gowns.

Small bonnets are worn on dressy escasions and in the evening, larger on 4 and hats for street wear.

Many of the new silk petticoats are trimmed with flots of ribbon and cascades and ruffles of lace.

Heliotrope velvet slippers, with pink silk stockings, are a new fancy of those who like that sort of thing.

Tartans, Scotch colors in broad stripes, and bordered robes are the pronounced novelties in woolen stuff .. Narrow side panels of silk are sometimes introduced in the pleated or plain skirts of wool, tartan or striped gowns,