

SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. VIII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1890.

NO. 39.

A whaling captain who has been up among the Eskimos says that all the children are now taught to speak English as soon as they can talk.

The American Dairyman asserts that no organizations in the United States have multiplied more rapidly in the past ten years than the sick-benefit, funeral-aid, death-benefit and other kindred societies.

An official report shows that there are 283 Indian schools in the Dominion of Canada. Of this number 84 are managed by the Church of England, 80 Roman Catholic, 33 Methodist, 10 Presbyterian and 6 undenominational.

A numismatist suggests that a certain coin—say the fifty-cent piece—issued during any administration be stamped with the head of the President of that date. They will thus serve as an aid to history, as do the coins of ancient days.

Von Moltke, whom the Atlanta Constitution calls the greatest soldier in Europe, says that the long-predicted war is bound to come. He thinks that it will be a war of the masses against the classes. If such a war comes, it will be short, cruel and bloody.

Northern lumbermen are picking up all the Southern timber land they can get, as they figure out a general advance in Southern timber within a few years. Heavy shipments of Southern hardwoods are being made into Michigan and other Northern States.

An anti-gambling league is announced as forming in England, the Earl of Aberdeen to be the first President. The qualifications for membership will be an agreement for the annual payment of a shilling and the signing of a pledge "to abstain from betting."

A Pennsylvania drove a lot of boys who were teasing his mule out of his field. He then returned to condescend with the mule, when the animal kicked him once, killing him instantly. "Gratitude," sagely comments the Chicago Herald, "is not the mule's redeeming trait."

The farmers of Ottawa and Cloud Counties, Kansas, have adopted resolutions asking the Government to lend them money at two and a half per cent. to the amount of one-half the value of their farms, and declaring that if this request is not granted they will pay no taxes or interest after December 1, 1890.

A Hoosier maiden sued Charles Johnson for breach of promise. Charles acknowledged the engagement, but proved that he broke it only after seeing the plaintiff knock her father down because he asked her not to go barefooted around the house. The jury were only five minutes returning a verdict in his favor.

The New York Times observes that the old fashion of working out the road tax has become a mere farce in most rural regions. The only rational plan is to have highways made and repaired by contract under the supervision and after the plans of a competent engineer. The taxes paid for this purpose will be far more than repaid to every farmer by the improvements to the roads.

Some strange judicial proceedings are reported from Queensland, Australia. The presiding judge was in a hurry to get away, and tried cases continuously for thirty-six hours. At one stage all the available jurors were occupied considering verdicts, and, not to lose time, the judge ordered the doors of the courtroom to be locked, and then impounded every person in the audience qualified to serve. Many of the jurors were so exhausted by continuous service that they fell asleep in their seats, but the trials went on.

General Verdy Duvernois, the German Minister of War and one of the ablest of the younger Generals of the German army, is, as his name implies, of French descent. He is descended from a Huguenot family expelled from France by Louis XIV.'s revocation of the edict of Nantes. It is a striking example of the folly of religious and political proscriptions, remarks the Chicago Herald, that the descendant of one of the French exiles should be the man destined to prepare the plans for the next German invasion of France. It is also singular that two of the foremost men in the German army to-day should be of foreign birth. Von Caprivi comes of an Italian family.

TO-DAY.
You ask me why my face is bright
To-day?
What can put my gloom to flight
To-day?
Why is my heart so free from care?
Why do I tread as if on air?
Oh, mother mine, the earth is fair—
To-day.
Three little words have made me glad
To-day.
Nothing in life can make me sad
To-day.
Place your dear hands upon my head,
Bless me and kiss me. Grief has fled.
My darling loves me—so he said.
To-day.
—Henry F. Golden, in Bedford's Magazine.

SPRIGGS'S INVENTIONS.

"Spriggs is to work now on something fur weavin' silk, they say," remarked Jim Bates, as he cut a fresh quid of tobacco. "That's the tenth machine he's invented that I can think of, to say nothing of the cyclometer and horse-rake that didn't work, an' the wagon-jack most of us was fools enough to lend him money on. I hain't had any faith in inventions since then, I can tell you."

"'Twas that trick of flyin' up an' hitting you in the face as soon as it got out of order killed that," reflected the storekeeper. "He'd ought to be'n made to pay damages fur puttin' the thing on market. An' that powder-and-shot rat-trap that fired off into Charlie Smith's leg when he forgot it and went into the buttry in the dark was just as bad. They can talk about 'Spriggs's inventions'—it's my opinion a man that'll spend his time fur twenty years putterin' over things that never bring him in a cent ain't any more or less than a crank."

"That's so," assented several in the crowd, recollections of the various times when they, too, had been victims of "Spriggs's inventiveness," lending emphasis to their words. But old, bearded Jerry Tolles, seated in the farthest corner of the store, roused up to shake his head with a confidence that all the defective wagon-jacks and rat-traps in the world could not unsettle. He believed in the inventions. He always had believed in them since the days when he was hired man for John Spriggs's father, and John himself played truant from school to stay all day in the shop and study out wonderful contrivances of wood and wire. He had been hit in the face with the wagon-jack, and out with the can-opener, and "kicked" with the new kind of gun; he had given ten dollars for John's rat-trap, and used the alarm clock till it burst; but his faith in their final success never wavered. "The boy'll mount to somethin' yet," he muttered, feeling in his pocket for the old clay pipe. "He'll make his way in the world."

"If he does 'twill be Polly that pints it out for him," grunted Jim Bates. Polly was John Spriggs's daughter, and, in the vernacular of the village, "had common sense fur her an' him both." Scrogville was proud of Polly. Not only was she the handsomest girl around, the smartest and the best cook, but she was city educated. At least she had spent six months at the home of her uncle in New York, and that amounted to the something. There had been fabulous stories of Polly's success in society during that stay in the metropolis; and though some of the more skeptical in Scrogville affected disbelief on the subject of her being introduced to the Mayor and participating in the Charity ball, it was the recollection of the season in New York, even more than her black eyes and stirring ways, that inspired the neighbors with pride and admiration.

"If it wasn't for her father's being what he is, and every dollar she earns going to help him along, I wouldn't say a word against Charlie's taking such a fancy to her" declared Mrs. Smith that evening, when her husband recounted the conversation at the store. "But whoever marries her will have to marry him, too; an' the way things are—"

and the good woman ended her sentence with a sigh, and firmly resolved not to have Polly stay at her house again, even if she never had any sewing done. Mrs. Smith was not the only careful mother who had deemed it prudent to resort to this extreme measure; and it is highly probably she would have held to the resolution had it not been for the unexpected arrival, one washing-day afternoon, a few weeks later, of Mrs. Latham and Mrs. Latham's little girl. Mrs. Latham was Mrs. Smith's cousin, and lived in the city. Her husband was foreman in a shop, and Mrs. Smith had planned to have baked chicken and cream pies, and the front parlor open every day, when they came to visit her. No wonder that now, with both visitors to entertain—Daniel coming on a later train—and cake and biscuit to be baked for tea, Mrs. Smith forgot her fear lest "Charlie should make a fool of himself," and sent down for Polly Spriggs. "Though I don't know what you'll think of my wanting you to do housework," she said, anxiously, upon that young lady's arrival, "and if you're going to take it amiss, just tell me; but with that child, who's enough to try the patience of a saint, unless she changed from what she was last time, and her mother so easy she'd let her burn the house down without saying a word, I don't see what I can do."

Polly had taken off her hat. "I had as soon do housework as to sew," she replied, cheerfully. "And it's only two o'clock now; plenty of time to put things in order and have something baked for tea. You stay in the other room, Mrs. Smith, and leave the kitchen work for me."

And Mrs. Smith left the kitchen with the serene consciousness that the biscuits would be as light, and the tea-cakes as delicately flavored, as if she herself had made them. So heartfelt was her gratitude, that half an hour later, when they had exhausted the subject of city life, the neighbors, and piecing bed quilts, she surprised her cousin by waxing eloquent over Polly, Polly's father and Polly's wrongs. It took nearly an hour to tell the story, allowing for the interruptions occasioned by little Effie, who was of an inquiring disposition; but Mrs. Latham was interested, and listened delightedly.

"And wouldn't it be a surprise to everybody if her father's inventions did turn out to be worth something, after all?" she exclaimed. "Things like that have happened. I read of a man of that kind getting twenty-five thousand dollars for a patent once."

"He won't," declared Mrs. Smith, shortly. "We used to think about it at first (look out, child, don't drop that vase); but there's be'n more than a dozen come to look at his inventions, different times, and they all agreed they wa'n't worth the stuff that was put in them."

"I suppose they ought to know," reluctantly admitted Daniel's wife. "Effie, dear, don't cut holes in the sofa. I'm afraid Cousin Ann won't like it." And Daniel says that there isn't one thing out of a thousand like that that pays. But I always think of what might happen. And you know there is a chance."

Mrs. Smith tiptoed to the kitchen door. "Polly's a good girl to work, if nothing else," she declared, coming back well pleased with the look of the creamy custard and nicely browned biscuit. "She's as quick as a flash of lightning."

"Yes, and so handsome," chirruped Mrs. Latham. "If she was only as rich as some of the girls that—"

"Mamma!" it was a wild shriek of terror and pain. Effie, in her endeavor to find out where the smoke went, had stood too close to the open fireplace, and her thin muslin apron was in a blaze. "Help! Save her! Water! Where's the water? Oh, my baby, my baby!" shrieked the frantic mother, at that instant hardly less sane than the child, who was running wildly about the room. Mrs. Smith rushed into the kitchen, screaming as she went: "Fire! Help! Fire! She's burning to death!"

"Who?" gasped Polly, dropping her armful of wood with a crash. The next instant, before Mrs. Smith had time to realize her purpose, she had rushed into the other room, caught the frantic child, and wrapped her in her woolen dress skirt. It was only for one minute. In the next, Mrs. Smith had deluged them with water, Polly was ruefully regarding her burned hands, and the fire was out. But that minute made the inventor's daughter the heroine of Scrogville.

They talked about it at the store, and the sewing society, and on their way to church. The weekly paper devoted half a column to a description of the incident, and the H. S. S. Association presented her with a copy of "Les Miserables" as a testimonial of her valor and courage. As for Effie's father—"I'm not a rich man," the big, broad shouldered mechanic declared, when his wife, with the tears running down her cheeks, told him the story, "but some way or other I'll try to make up to that girl for what she's done for us. If there's anything in her father's inventing that any amount of my work can fix into paying him ordinary day wages for the time he's spent on it, I'll find it. And what's more, he won't have to reckon with anything but the gross proceeds. The expenses I'll pay out of my own pocket."

And that was how the investigation commenced. From the first Scrogville people did not put much faith in it. It was a very thorough one. All John Spriggs's inventions, brought from garret, storeroom and barn, were examined, taken to pieces, studied, put together again, turned this way and that, and experimented with in every possible combination. But the more Mr. Latham worked the less hopeful he became. And after a week of patient labor he was forced to agree with the others who had tried that "the inventions wa'n't worth the stuff they were made off." He came into the Spriggs's kitchen that day looking rather crestfallen.

"No; there's nothing in them," he said, in answer to Polly's inquiring glance. "Nothing that I can find, and I used to call myself a good hand at that sort of thing. It can't be helped. But I wish I hadn't said anything about it now."

John Spriggs looked up from his work with a reassuring smile. He had been the least interested of any in the investigation. "Oh, you needn't be," he responded, cheerfully. "It was very kind of you, very kind of you; but it's hardly to be expected you'd find anything of consequence in these old contrivances of mine. Now, this weaving machine, when I get the idea worked out, Mr. Latham, I wouldn't take twenty-five thousand dollars for the patent."

Daniel rubbed his head. "I s'pose you, Mr. Latham, you won't mind acceptin' a little money from me, Miss Polly, for the time you couldn't work on account of your hands? But I'm sorry—what are you doing?"

Polly was unfastening a jar of pickles. She turned around. "It is a cover father fixed for me because it was such hard work to unscrew the others. You press on this spring, you see, and it slips right off."

"It's ever so much easier than the old way. Why, what's the matter?"

She was hardly prepared for the excitement with which Mr. Latham sprang to his feet. "My land! my land!" he exclaimed. "Here you and your father have been putterin' along for months, not knowing from one day to another where the next meal was to come from, and right here using an invention worth a whole fortune in itself. Heavens and earth! wa'n't there anybody to tell you about it?"

Mr. Spriggs laid down the wrench he had been using. "Do you mean the can cover?" he asked, calmly. "I did think of it, but it wouldn't be good for anything you wanted to keep air tight. You—"

"Air tight?" interrupted the mechanic. "Air tight? And do you mean to say a man who's got such a taste for inventin' machines with one thousand five hundred parts to them didn't know enough to put a rubber around and make it air tight? That's the invention, Miss Polly, and I bet my bottom dollar it makes your fortune!"

"Wa-al, it does beat all what luck some people have," observed Jim Bates to the usual audience at the store, a few months later. "Now, there's John Spriggs, be'n workin' fur years at sewin'-machines, an' cyclometers, an' half a dozen other inventions that never brought him a cent, and when he hit on a can cover, that any of us could have fixed if we'd only thought on't, he's offered six thousand dollars for the patent the first thing. Six thousand dollars! I wouldn't believe it if he hadn't told me so himself. 'Spriggs's Patent Cans,' they're going to call them."

"Polly's Patent Cans, it ought to be," piped the storekeeper. "They say he'd never done a thing about it if it hadn't be'n fur Latham's thinking of the rubber, an' if it hadn't be'n fur Polly he'd never hev concerned himself with Spriggs's inventions, or Spriggs either. They're going into partnership now, he an' Latham, an' cackelate to make a mint of money. But 'twas Polly started it in the first place."

"An' it's my opinion Polly had the biggest interest in it," grinned the postmaster. "Her father's provided for now, an' nothin' to hinder her marryin' when she wants to; an' you can't make me believe they're movin' into the city just to be near Dan'l Latham. Not so long as Polly's be'n writin' letters to 'George Remington, New York City,' ever since she come from there in the spring. Wa-al, reflectively, 'it ain't much to invent a can cover anyway; but I guess what credit there is to it belongs more to Polly than it does to Spriggs."

"That's so," assented the crowd. But Jerry Tolles, seated in the corner, paid no attention to these derogatory comments. "I allers said the boy would 'mount to somethin' yet," he chuckled, fumbling for his pipe.—Frank Leslie's.

"Mustang Tom's" Life in a Wagon.

There is hardly a more curious character in all this big city full of queer people than is "Mustang Tom," who makes New York his home for about one week every three years.

Tom Stewart was born in Pennsylvania "nigh onto sixty-four years ago," as he phrases it. He has crossed the plains three times each way, and has never ridden on a boat or car. His first trip westward was in 1849, the next ten years later, and he has just completed the third, reaching San Francisco the other day. "Mustang Tom," as he is called, left New York city to begin his last journey eighteen months ago. His outfit consisted of a wagon drawn by a pair of small, brown mules, and large enough to hold Tom, his water spaniel Boston, a rusty army musket, some cooking utensils and blankets. He shaped his course southwest, visited friends in Missouri, passed through Salt Lake City, halted awhile at Tombstone, Ariz., struck north to Idaho, went through Montana, Eastern Oregon and Northern California, drifted down to Nevada, and then made for San Francisco. His first night in the city was passed at a cheap lodging house. He had not slept in a bed before for fifteen years, and announced on rising that he "didn't want no more of it." Two days in the California metropolis satisfied him, and the morning of the third he hitched up his mules and started for Arizona.—New York Press.

The Champion Tramp.

The champion tramp would seem to be one Folkers. He belongs to Portland, Maine, and is a shoemaker by trade. For ten years he has been roaming the country, and he declares that not once during this time has he paid a railroad fare, though on all his trips he patronizes the "iron horse." He says he has a craze for traveling, which seems very evident from his statement that he rides about 20,000 miles per year. Altogether he has traveled 200,000 miles.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Organized Beggars.

A society in Paris, organized to prevent the trade in children by professional beggars, has made its first report in which it gives the names and addresses of several establishments which employ children as flower girls and as beggars. One of these employs 120 girls from eight to eleven years old to sell flowers on the streets. They are required to bring in a profit of sixty cents each or receive nothing for their day's work.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

American shipbuilders are beginning to devote more attention to the work of sheathing ships.

Five hundred thousand dollars is to be invested in electric street railroads in Springfield, Mo.

The Port Huron (Mich.) tunnel is now 350 feet under the river bed. The bore is two-thirds done.

The manufacture of sugar from watermelons at Lodi, Cal., now amounts to several carloads per year.

The use of electricity as a motive power for street cars will be an important section of the census investigation of the electrical industry.

A recent patent applies to a machine for dusting poisonous powders on growing plants, such as cotton or potatoes, to rid them of insects.

It has just been discovered by a German chemist that strong as steel is, it can be made yet stronger by an alloy of three to five per cent. of nickel.

A new megaphone has been placed on the market in England, by which the human voice can be so magnified that it may be heard at a distance of several miles.

Two logs of curly poplar have been shipped from North Carolina to the German Exposition which measured respectively sixty-nine and seventy inches in diameter.

Since certain sections of the tobacco growing districts in the South have been lighted by electricity, the ravages of the tobacco worm are said to have been greatly reduced.

As ores can no longer be sent to the United States, smelters will be built all over Mexico. The gross bullion will then be shipped for refining either in England or Germany.

A new German water pipe is made of glass covered with a coating of asphalt and fine sand. The advantages claimed are resistance to ground moisture and to acids and alkalis, and impermeability to gases.

The latest experiments made with carrier pigeons in connection with various European armies show that the normal velocity of the carrier in calm weather and for a short distance is about 1210 yards a minute.

The piece of crown glass, forty inches in diameter and two and a half inches thick, made in Paris for the object glass of a telescope for the University of Southern California, will require two years' labor to turn into a finished lens.

Inexhaustible quantities of red and yellow ochre have been laid bare by a landslide five miles south of Drain, Oregon. It looks like rock, but dissolves readily in water, and gives a fine color on wood. It is believed to be an extremely valuable find.

Professor Thompson, who was a teacher in Philadelphia when he made the discoveries which have made him a millionaire, predicts that sooner or later the problem will be solved of getting electrical power from fuel direct, without the aid of steam.

Some beautiful specimens of artificial malachite, well adapted for ornamental work, have been produced by Professor de Schulten, of the University of Helmsingfors. The process is said to consist in evaporating a solution of carbonate of copper in carbonate of ammonia.

An electric railway in Siam has been incorporated and will be built at once from Bangkok to Paknam, a distance of thirty miles. This road is to cost \$400,000, and Siamese capital will alone be used. An electric light company has also been organized and the plant ordered for Bangkok.

THE YELLOW HAMMER'S TAP.

When gentle breezes softly play
O'er meadows sweet, in fair-haired May,
And whisper secrets to the pines
In woodlands dense with clamb'ring vines;
When balmy springtime fills the air,
And scatters sweetness everywhere,
Then there comes the ceaseless rap
Of the yellow-hammer's tap—
Tip-tap, tap-tap, tip-tap-tap,
Tipity-tap.

Tipity-tap,
Tipity-tap-tap;
'T is the merry pitter-patter
Of the yellow-hammer's tap.
When brown wrens peer through rough-hewn
rail,
And oft is heard the drum of quail,
And thickets echo thrush's song,
And swollen brooklet bounds along;
When from the hedge the cat-birds cry,
And meadow-larks are soaring high,
Then there comes the merry tap
Of the yellow-hammer's rap—
Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap-tap,
Tipity-tap.

Tipity-tap,
Tipity-tap-tap;
'T is the ceaseless pitter-patter
Of the yellow-hammer's tap.
When hazy shadows slowly creep,
And lambskins bleach themselves to sleep;
When from the pasture's daisied plain
Echoes the cow-bell's sweet refrain
That blends with negro teamster's song,
As down the road he rides along,
Again is heard the merry tap
Of the yellow-hammer's rap—
Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap-tap,
Tipity-tap.

Tipity-tap,
Tipity-tap-tap;
'T is the plaintive rat-a-tatter
Of the yellow-hammer's tap.
—Edward A. Oldham, in The Century.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Never tell a blind man that he is looking well.—Texas Siftings.

Did you ever notice the ability of a saw mill to make things hum?—Binghamton Republican.

Kleptomaniacs is rated to be, by all odds, the most lucrative form of insanity.—Harvard Lampoon.

It does not seem right to charge an enemy's battery after the guns have been paid for.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Are you in the Butcher Trust?" "Yes—but we don't call it that. It is called a 'Joint Stock Company.'"—Chatter.

Of all the glad unions of which men may dream,
The happiest match is of berries and cream.
—Judge.

"Oh, well every dog has his day."
"Yes; and that is the very reason why I object to his howling nights."—Lowell Citizen.

He—"I have three thousand a year. You could certainly live on that." She—"Yes; but I should hate to see you starve."—Life.

"That is a wide-awake baby of yours, Bronson." "Yes," replied Bronson, with a yawn. "Particularly at night."—Harper's Bazar.

Your barber flunty detailed the news, And annotated same with weighty views; Whereby of wisdom quite a lot you gathered, Before he had entirely got you lathered.
—Puck.

Collar—"What's the matter? Why are you so gloomy?" Cuff—"I never expected to be done up by a Chinaman."—Lawrence American.

"Your husband seems very fond of angling." "He is." "Does he bring home all the fish he catches?" "Yes, and more too."—Washington Post.

"I declare, Tom," said the fond mother, "the baby is the very image of you!" And the papers next day chronicled a "mysterious disappearance."—Judge.

You say your bride is rich—that's so. And beautiful—'I'll not say no; And has good judgment—that's not true. Or she had ne'er made choice of you.
—Judge.

Boston Miss—"Is it proper to offer my hand to a gentleman upon being introduced to him?" Chicago Miss—"Only in a leap year."—Philadelphia Press.

Tramp—"Can I get a job here?" Keeper—"What was your profession?" Tramp—"Barber." Keeper—"Yes; go and beard that lion in his den."—Detroit Free Press.

Canst tell the reason, Clytie, dear, Why you refused young Kidd? "Of course I can," she said—a pause: "The reason was—well—just because— Oh, just—because I did!"
—Puck.

Brawn—"But do you think that Fenderson's judgment is good?" Fogg—"It ought to be good; in tip-top condition, in fact. I don't think it has ever been used."—Boston Transcript.

Prominent jewelers now affirm that the diamond solitaire earring is going out. This will be cheering news to ears that have never been able to get them in.—Boston Commonwealth.

Dillenkamp (starting another story at 11:55 p. m.)—"You know how I hate to walk? Well!"—Miss Eugenia—"How forgetful of us! We'll have Thomas call the carriage at once."—Judge.

We'll await to the woods for a day of delight
We'll cull the sweet flowers of the plain;
The skies will be cloudless, the day will be bright,
For Greely predicts it will rain.
—Boston Courier.

Teacher—"What's the past tense of see?" Pupil—"Seed." "What's your authority for that form?" "A sign in the grocery stores." "What does it say." "Timothy seed."—Binghamton Republican.