

# SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

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The railroads of this country have killed only 5823 persons during the past twelve months and injured 26,309.

The Chicago *Sun* avers that the erection of electric light plants is of such common occurrence in the South as to cease to be of general interest.

An international beauty show was opened at Rome, Italy, lately, with imposing ceremonies, but, the beauty not being up to the standard, the ladies were savagely hissed, and the exhibition had to be abandoned.

The *National Horse Breeder* thinks people who are talking about the coming of the two-minute trotter will be interested in learning that to trot a mile in the time named a horse must get over the ground at the rate of forty-four feet in a second, which is a trifle fast for a trotting gait.

"The business tact of women has again been demonstrated," says the *New York Sun*, "in the matter of taking the census. Women who were appointed as enumerators are said to have done their work better and more carefully than the males. When another census comes to be taken the women will have a better chance."

The Hartford (Conn.) *Times* remarks: Horses don't last long in New York city. The pavements are very trying to their feet. Some give out in six months, while others last as many years. The average life of a street-car horse is about two years. Many partially disabled animals find their way into the country, and often recover and become of good service on farms.

It is noted by the *New York Sun* as something remarkable that a Maryland colored man dreamed he was to die the next day, and sure enough he died. "When a Pacific Islander wants to die, he sits down and dies himself: Just naturally dies by force of will. He is more likely to be three days about it than one day. Then one of the difficulties in bringing African slaves to the coast is that they will turn their tongues back into their throats and go off like lambs."

The Tonquin pirate who recently cleaned up \$50,000 as ransom for the release of the three captive Frenchmen has, observes the *San Francisco Chronicle*, evidently become enamored of the lucrative business. He now offers a standing reward of \$100 to the native who will deliver a Frenchman into his hands or \$20 to one who will warn him that troops are approaching. In a country where a coolie works the whole year round for \$5 this noble reward ought to insure the enterprising pirate a rush of business until he has made living in the interior of Tonquin too expensive for the European.

The Boston *Cultivator* believes that "men of purely scientific training are of less assistance in practical affairs than their education would suggest. The man of science has little faith in new methods or new inventions. He is seldom an originator. His knowledge is that of tradition. He frequently scouts at new ideas as impracticable, because they are not recognized in books. The inventor seldom travels in the same road with the scientist. The inventor needs to leave the beaten path and press on to the unexplored forest of possibilities. He is often handicapped if he endeavors to conform to rules already laid down by pure science. Few college-bred men have proved inventors. Original thought, bold action, patient persistence, knowledge of nature's laws are prime factors in the successful career of the inventor."

The Philadelphia *Press* enumerates these instances to prove that modern commerce has curious effects on price and on the lives of animals: Camphor has gone up in this country from sixty to ninety cents a pound because it is wanted in Europe for smokeless powders. Rubber has advanced from fifty-five to ninety cents a pound because so much of it is wanted in electrical operations. Copper, besides being wanted in telegraph, telephone and electric light wires, has advanced because sulphate of copper has been found to be the only sure cure for phyloxera. Young male elephants are being hunted out in Africa because they make billiard balls, and this, for any other demand, is likely to extinguish the elephant. The fancy for alligator leather is making alligators extinct; the muskrats multiply and honeycomb the levees, and hence a great Mississippi flood.

## MEMORIES.

When twilight's hush is drawing nigh  
And thwarts the blue the shadows lie,  
Fond memories cluster thick and fast  
Around the dear old buried past;  
Tis then I dream of rosy hours,  
Faith, hope and love in wooded bowers,  
And merry voices low and sweet,  
And converse fraught with joy complete.

Still brighter visions round me cling,  
When song birds brown are carolling,  
How that we pledged our hearts' pure vows  
Beneath the apple's crimson boughs,  
And strolled the woodlands through and through

For clovers red and violets blue,  
And smiling, laughing lily bells,  
The pride of moss entangled dells.

These vanished years they come and go,  
Like spectres gliding to and fro,  
Across my weary, songless path  
That lies along life's aftermath;  
But soon, beyond the sun-kissed hills,  
When freed from earthly cares and ills,  
I'll meet the loved and brave of yore,  
And yearn the perfect past no more.

—Philadelphia Telephone.

## THE LINEMAN

BY EMMA A. OPPER.

"The lineman's coming!" shouted Sammy.

"Yes, sir, it's the lineman!" cried little Molly, in wild glee.

And their Aunt Eunice, who had come to the door quickly and with heightened color, saw Sammy's bare legs and Molly's red stockings flying down the road.

"What is it, Eunice?" said Eunice's brother's wife, Mrs. Abner Lane.

"The children saw the lineman, Mr. Miles," said Eunice, rather faintly.

"Do tell!" said Fiducia, smiling.

The lineman lived in the next State, when he was not on the road. Two or three times a year he and his associates passed through Ridgeville, inspecting the telegraph wires, and repairing them if need be, and he always put up at Abner Lane's.

He was an old friend now; Fiducia put out her best preserves for him, Abner talked politics with him, and Eunice—Eunice put on her best dresses and rickracked aprons for him, and with them a sweetly-welcoming manner.

It was more than remoted that the young lineman put up at Abner Lane's because of Abner's pretty sister, Eunice.

The lineman arrived, with Molly on his shoulder and Sammy grasping his coat tail.

"Real glad to see you, Mr. Miles—real glad!" said Fiducia, warmly.

"Eunice!"

Then Eunice came and shook hands, with a conventional observation—no matter what, since it was faintly uttered, and since the lineman grew red to his blonde hair and struggled ineffectually over his reply.

"Abner'll be pleased enough," said Fiducia. "Much work to be done here, you find?"

"Considerable," said the lineman, getting his anxious blue eyes as far up as Eunice's collar-button. "Stoke's at work a'ready, down street."

"Have you shot any more wild turkeys down home?" said Sammy, between his knees.

"How's that little girl that had measles and whooping-cough together?" said Molly.

"Real glad I made that raised cake yesterday! I recollect how you like it, Mr. Miles," said Fiducia.

Among all of which the lineman contrived to murmur: "Miss Lane, you're well!" and Eugene to admit that she was. Indeed, she looked so, with her bright dark eyes and raised color.

Abner came just before supper. He was not alone. The tall, stout, black-haired, florid-faced man who followed him appeared to fill the doorway solidly.

"Surprises don't come singly!" cried Fiducia. "Silas Baldwin! Mr. Miles, Mr. Baldwin. A sort of cousin of mine," Fiducia explained to the lineman.

Mr. Baldwin sent a great laugh into the room apropos of nothing, kissed Fiducia, and took Eunice by both hands.

"Blooming as ever!" he said, with blunt gallantry.

Abner was glad to see the lineman.

"You generally get around with the ground-hog, don't you?" he said, not poetically, but heartily, as he helped the lineman to ham and eggs.

"Before I'd stand being coupled with a ground-hog!" said Mr. Baldwin jovially.

He was one of those humorously jolly persons who make irresistible jokes, keep a roomful of people in good spirits, and carry all before them without an effort. All the Lanes liked him.

All. And for that reason the lineman did not like him.

Mr. Baldwin—who, it seemed, lived five miles away, and had run over for the fun of it—sat next to Eunice, and had a familiar and proprietary air.

"You get handsomer every day, Eunice," he avowed. "Don't know what you're coming to." The lineman had thought so, but would he have dared to say it to Eunice? Never! "Now, I'm getting old—old and fat. Too fat to be real captivating."

The lineman agreed with him. But did Eunice?

"How are you getting along over there in your bachelor's hall?" Abner inquired.

"Oh, I'm lonesome as a dog," said Mr. Baldwin, emphatically. "Lonesomer!"

He handed Eunice the biscuits, looking at her. The lineman grow red and white by turns.

"Possess your soul in patience," said Abner, jocularly.

The lineman could only stare. He had hoped that Abner liked him, and liked the thought of him in a certain connection. Ah, he had hoped that Eunice did, too. Now he was all at sea. Worse, he was racked by sharp fears. For it was Eunice who most bewitched him.

Why had she so confided, so familiar a manner with Fiducia's cousin, Mr. Baldwin—laughing at his joke and responding to his sallies?

With the lineman Eunice had always been shy, as the lineman had been with her. There was one explanation. Some secret understanding, then, was between her and Fiducia's fat cousin.

"Got the new cider-mill done yet?" said Mr. Baldwin, shoving back his chair. "Supposing you and I take a walk down that way, Eunice? Come, get your bunnit!"

The lineman's heart thumped, and the color rose in his boyishly fair face in impossibly rebellious misery. He lifted piteous blue eyes to Eunice.

She returned his look like a sympathizing angel—though she was somebody else's angel—she said, with dropped eyes:

"Won't you go, too, Mr. Miles?"

"Go 'long!" said Abner.

But Mr. Baldwin stood tall and black and all-pervading and formidable. He was taking Eunice's shawl from the lounge and putting it—yes, putting it around her, with some bold pleasantry.

The lineman had got timidly to his feet, but he sat down again, a little pale.

"I'm feeling kind of tired," he murmured. "I guess I won't."

And Eunice and Fiducia's cousin went off together, the tones of his jubilant, heavy voice floating back.

"Real good, jolly feller, Silas is," said Fiducia, picking up the dishes, "now ain't he?"

"Seems so," said the lineman, mechanically.

"Yes," said Fiducia. "Good luck hasn't spoiled him. He's made out of that grocery over there—well, goodness knows how much; but I guess he's rich!"

Yes, Mr. Baldwin wore the air of prosperity; the lineman had noted it. And he—he was a lineman.

"Yes, we think considerable of Silas," Fiducia concluded. "Eunice, now—he and Eunice are real cronies."

"So they be," said the lineman, huskily.

Once, somewhere back in that brightly hopeful past of which nothing now remained but cold ashes, he had felt certain that Fiducia favored him.

Nobody favored him now; he supposed the truth was that nobody ever had. He was forlorn, miserable, sick at heart. He had not fully known the depth of his affectionate, big heart till now; and now he had gauged it only to feel that sudden death—say from lightning or an explosion—would be quite welcome.

Everybody was not against him. Sammy and Molly were sitting on his lap, and pulling his chin hither and thither and chattering; and while Abner did the barn chores and Fiducia washed the dishes, the lineman told interesting anecdotes to the children in a forced and hollow way. But escaping at last, he put on his hat and wandered out in the early dusk.

He felt that to witness the serene return of Eunice and the fat grocer would be more than he could calmly endure at present.

He walked up the street; Eunice and Fiducia's cousin had gone down. The edge of the spring evening was pleasant itself. The cherry trees made white clouds in the air; the yards he passed gave forth flowery odors; a robin poured out its cheery evening call.

In another mood the lineman, who was warmly appreciative, would have thrilled with happiness; but with his sad, honest blue eyes on a far tree top, he lagged along without a clear realization of anything.

He found himself presently at the spot where Stokes had commenced work that afternoon. His ladder was leaning against the high pole, and his portable tool-box, on wheels, was standing near it.

It was locked, but the lineman had a key, and rather aimlessly he unlocked it. The condition of the pole and the tools lying ready in the box made clear the amount of work Stokes had done, and what he intended doing next.

His colleague reflected. He had as great a dread of going back to Abner Lane's and encountering Eunice and his rival as his manly heart had ever known. If he found something to keep him—he might stay here till pitch dark and then go back and go to bed, and get the repairs finished to-morrow and leave Ridgeville to-morrow night—Ridgeville till his next trip and Eunice forever.

Yes. With something remarkably like a sob in his throat, the young lineman put on Stokes's spiked "climbers," filled his pockets with hammer and nails and glass insulators, and climbed the ladder.

He was not feeling very clear-headed, somehow or other, and it was getting dark. What was the matter with the "climbers?" They did not seem to "bite."

But he left the ladder and mounted the pole. Even before he had held the possibility of falling in keen dread, which his muscular agility, however, rendered most remote; but now he felt as though a fatal tumble would be rather

pleasant than otherwise. The lineman was in a desperate mood.

What next occurred, though, was not the result of recklessness. How did it happen? The lineman could not have told them then or after.

He heaved the lowest crosspiece and threw his right leg over it. The grasp of his hands might have been unwittingly a weak one, for the lowering of his body as he hoisted his leg overpowered it.

His hands slipped, with a stinging sensation, and his head began to reel. He was falling—falling in awful truth, as he had once seemed to fall in a nightmare; and in half a minute he lay senseless and motionless on the green grass of the roadside.

It was to the lineman like the scheme of a sarcastic fate that the first sound of a human voice, on regaining consciousness, should be the loud voice of Mr. Baldwin.

"Hello!" Fiducia's cousin was shouting. "Just as I told you! He's coming to already, chipper as you please!"

"You call that chipper?" Fiducia's agitated tones demanded.

She was rubbing the lineman's forehead with camphor. He saw that the lamp on the table was lighted.

"Wal, he ain't hurt bad; that's the point," said Abner. "It's that tunk on his head knocked him under."

"He'll come round," said Mr. Baldwin, cheerfully. "You've been keeled over for half an hour," he remarked to the lineman. "You can be thankful you are here. A man going along there in a wagon saw you lying there dead—that's what he reckoned—and picked you up and brought you back, knowing this was where you was putting up. Land alive! You mighta' laid there all night, Eunice! I do believe that girl's a sniveling. Eunice, march yourself here! Your feller's all right—right as a trigger!"

Fiducia remonstrated; but Eunice came.

That was all the lineman was conscious of.

Was it by preconcert? Abner and Fiducia and Mr. Baldwin somehow got out of the room—Fiducia gracefully, Abner awkwardly, the fat grocer lumberingly; and the lineman was alone with Eunice.

In spite of his jarred lameness he sat up—sat up and groped for Eunice's hands. Yes, Eunice had been crying. "Eunice," said the lineman, "let me hold your hand just this moment, while I—I tell you. It was my own fault getting my head bumped, and I deserved it. I was just a coward, Eunice. I wasn't man enough to face what I knew I'd have to face. I didn't want to come back here and see you—and him together. I didn't feel as though I could stan' it. So I went to working on that pole and fell down, just as I'd ought to. There! I wish you well, Eunice. He's a good man and he's rich, and—and you'll be happy. I know you will. There, I won't say no more. I was kind of desperate, Eunice; but I ain't trying to kill myself. No, I—I'll live right along!"

Though she was crying again, Eunice did not take her hands away. They seemed to nestle in the lineman's.

"What do you mean?" she cried, half indignantly. "Do you mean Silas Baldwin?"

"Why, yes," the lineman stammered. "Silas Baldwin!" said Eunice, with amazed eyes on the lineman's upturned face. "I've known him all my life. He's about forty, Silas is, and he's a married man, but his wife's off visiting her folks in Illinois. He runs over here oftener now 't he's all alone."

Then Eunice removed her hands to wipe her tears.

"Wal," the lineman gasped, dazed, humiliated, strangely happy, "I've been a tarnal fool!"

The lineman got well, though it was discovered that he had fractured one of his ribs. He said he was glad of it; he took it for a judgment upon him. Besides, being nursed to recovery by Eunice was far from being an unpleasant state of affairs.

He and Eunice were married as soon as ever he was able to be, and Sammy and Molly, in high feather, stood up with them.

The tall, silver lamp, presented by Fiducia's cousin, Silas Baldwin, and his wife, was the finest of the wedding presents by all odds.—Saturday Night.

## A Frolic of Fashion.

A prominent dealer in leather, from London, says that never before was there such a craze in London for queer leather as at the present time. He says also:

"All kinds of skins, from the tough, thick hide of an elephant to the thinner, tenderer frogs, are pressed into service to meet the demands of the fashionable. Some of our shops are stocked with a supply of fancy articles that are made from the skins of all sorts of beasts, reptiles and fishes. These singular objects are exhibited in the windows, where their appearance proves a great attraction to the crowds. Made up into various articles are yellow pelican skins, lion and panther skins, buffalo skins fish skins, monkey skins, and the coverings of almost every living thing known. They are tanned and sometimes dyed with different colors. I think it looks hideous to see a pretty girl walking along the streets swinging a porte-monnaie made of the scaly skin of a boa-constrictor. But it's fashion, you know, and reminds one of the old story of beauty and the beast."

—Commercial Advertiser.

Everybody's business is nobody's business except the busybody's.

The paper that says something mean about you is never lost in the mails.—Atchison Globe.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The average speed of elevators is 225 feet per minute.

Carriages to be run by gasoline will soon be seen in London.

Lithographic stone and lead are being found at Marble Falls, Texas.

Plumbago in large quantities has been found near Hoffman's Mills and High Bridge, Hunterton, N. J.

An electrical fan, to keep up a lively circulation of air in cars lighted by electricity, has been invented.

Two new cotton mills have just been projected in South Carolina, one of them to be operated by water power.

A London genius has invented a hot water apparatus to warm piano keys, so that dainty fingers may not be chilled.

Wood pulp is now used as the basis of a plastic compound to serve as a substitute for lime mortar in covering and finishing walls.

Lead poisoning among Jacquard weavers in a Swiss factory has been traced to dust from leaden weights used to carry the thread of the yarn.

An improved barometer which indicates "the instant of each lightning flash and the beginning and duration of a thunder clap" is on exhibition in London.

English experts having found that forced draught is straining the boilers to an alarming extent are now turning their attention to improving the natural draught.

Rich and plentiful deposits of tin and silver have just been discovered in Cherokee County, east of Canton, just forty miles from Atlanta, Ga. The tin ore, as does the silver, assays very rich.

A Swedish inventor named Thorsen has made a quick-firing gun which can discharge twenty-four shots a minute. At tests made recently a target, nine inches long and six inches wide was hit by every shot.

The adjustable steam dock at Key West, Fla., has been finished, but so far the contractors have not found a suitable vessel for docking, and as this was part of the contract final payment has been withheld.

The Pennsylvania Railroad is experimenting with a shaking grate on its freight engines, and the result is said to be satisfactory. An engine equipped with a grate ran over five days without clogging, and the fire continued brisk. No blower was needed.

From a report of the meeting of the Berlin Anthropological Society it is gathered that the cat is called in Chinese "Mao," which seems an excellent onomatopoeic word. The cat is also called "Woman's Slave," which goes to show that the celestial old maids are as fond of their furry friend as their European sisters.

In China soapstone is largely used in preserving structures built of sandstone and other stones liable to crumble from the effect of atmosphere; and the covering with powdered soapstone in the form of paint, on some of the obelisks in that country, composed of stone liable to atmospheric deterioration has been the means of preserving them intact for hundreds of years.

The use of nitro-glycerine in cases of emergency instead of alcohol is recommended by an English physician. A drop on the tongue rouses a fainting man, and it may restore life in case of apparent death, as from drowning. It has quickly relieved headache, heart pains and asthma, and strengthened weak pulses in fevers. It should only be used under advice of a physician.

A locomotive working under a pressure of 140 to 165 pounds to the square inch may move a railway train at a velocity of sixty miles per hour, which one is apt to think of as a wonderful speed. But it is slow compared with the rate of motion of the projectile from a modern great gun. Such projectile flies at the rate of 1365 miles per hour, impelled by a pressure of 35,000 to 40,000 pounds per square inch.

## Smuggling Jewels From Mexico.

Commenting upon evidence in a recent smuggling case tried in San Antonio, Texas, District Attorney Evans told his experience in the trial of men charged with bringing goods across the border without having paid duty.

"The Government," he said, "might as well abolish the duty on jewelry and precious stones, so far as its value along the Mexican border is concerned. Great quantities of such are brought into this country, but it is very seldom that duty is paid upon them. Of course, the smaller an article is the easier it is to escape detection. Fine jewelry and precious stones are safely smuggled on this account, and quite a number of the smugglers are known to the Custom-house officials, who, however cannot be detected."

"Men and women almost known to have jewelry in their possession are stopped and searched, but nothing dutiable is revealed. A thousand dollars' worth of precious stones might be hidden under a plaster. False pockets in clothes and wearing apparel are common. I do not believe that as many precious stones as formerly are brought from Mexico, but there is plenty of Mexican jewelry smuggled into the United States."

—Chicago Herald.

The paper that says something mean about you is never lost in the mails.—Atchison Globe.

## SYCAMORES IN BLOOM.

Like flame-wing'd harps the seed blooms lie  
Amid the shadowy sycamores.  
The music of each leaflet's sigh  
Thrills them continually,  
The small harps of the sycamores.

Small birds innumerable find rest  
And shelter 'midst the sycamores.  
Their songs of love in a warm soft nest  
Are faintly echoed east and west  
By the red harps of the sycamores.

The dowfall and the starshine make  
Amidst the shadowy sycamores  
Sweet delicate strains; the gold beams shake  
The leaves at morn, and swift awake  
The small harps of the sycamores.

O sweet earth's music everywhere,  
Though faint as in the sycamores:  
Sweet when buds burst, birds pair;  
Sweet when as thus there wave in the air  
The red harps of the sycamores.  
—William Sharp, in Harper's Magazine.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The ground-floor—Sawdust.

A good buy-law—Collect on delivery.

A drawing-room—The dentist's office.

A two-foot rule—Stand on your own pins.

An old flame—The light of other days.

Do not think you can cultivate a man's acquaintance by giving him an occasional dig.

Poor Fishing.—First Boy—"Did you catch anything?" Second Boy—"Not until I got home."—San Francisco Wasp.

One thing of Noah must be said—Nor will the truth be strained; Without a doubt he knew enough To go in when it rained.

—Hay Press.

Bobby—"How did you manage to get the bowl of cream?" Tommy—"Told ma I saw the cat put her nose in it."—Epoch.

One of the healthiest professions in the world is that of signing wills. Expectant heirs will readily confirm this statement.

—Puck.

When you come to consider the drunkard, there isn't much difference between the ideal and the real.—Binghamton Leader.

Do not try to take off your hat to a woman on a rainy day; if she carries an umbrella she will take it off for you.—Boston Bulletin.

The men who become suddenly rich remind us of the whales. They no sooner get to the top than they commence blowing.

—Statesman.

"Now, Johnny, you know what a noun is, do you?" "Yeth um." "What is Jerusalem?" "An ejaculation, mum."

—Harper's Bazaar.

The young man just out of school advertises for a "position;" but after six months of hustling he is mighty glad to get a "job."—Puck.

The latest distinguished horse on the turf is named Semicolon. It must be rather difficult to bring him to a full stop.—Boston Herald.

"All that's bright must fade. The brightest still the fleetest." All we wear is frayed Just when we would be neatest.

—Puck.

Hostess (to young Spriggins, M. D.)—"Dr. Spriggins, will you have some of the tongue?" Dr. Spriggins (absent-mindedly)—"Oh—er—let me look at it, please."—Chatter.

It is nonsense to say that there is nothing new under the sun. The man who owns an ordinary fountain pen finds some new trouble with it every week.—Somerville Journal.

Polite Passenger—"Pardon me, sir! Can I sit down in this seat?" Old Sour-boy—"Well, I presume you can if you try hard enough. I didn't have any trouble."—Boston Times.

She (enthusiastically)—"Oh, George! don't you think the greatest joy in life is the pursuit of the good, the true and the beautiful?" He—"You bet! that's why I'm here to-night."—Burlington Free Press.

Little Ethel went to church with her grandmother, and for the first time put ten cents in the contribution-plate. Leaning over she whispered very audibly, "That's all right, grandma! I paid for two."—Judge.

One morning in a garden bed The onion and the carrot said Unto a parsley group: "Oh, when shall we three meet again, In thunder, lightning, or in rain?" "Alas!" exclaimed in tones of pain The parsley—"In the soup." Philadelphia Press.

The baseballist's business is picking up, the foot-ball player's is rushing, the aeronaut's is in the air, the dry-goods seller's is rip-tearing, the hackman's is driving, the washerwoman manages to scrub along, and the bunco-man finds plenty to "do."—Puck.

The bucket shop known as "The Sockdolager" failed yesterday for the seventeenth time this month. The cause of the suspension is stated to have been that a customer was, by an oversight of a clerk, allowed to win \$2.50, and demanded his money.—Judge.

## Odd Souvenirs.