

SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. VIII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 15, 1890.

NO. 44.

Failures are quite frequent, averaging about 10,000 per year, and this, a contemporary believes, seems to be an inevitable outcome of the interminable competition of the times.

The *Drovers' Journal* announces that "several large cotton mills are to be established in the States west of the Mississippi River, in order to capture some of the trade which is now possessed by the mills of the Gulf States."

Wonderful development is going on in the coal fields of Maryland and West Virginia; tunnels are to be built to facilitate shipment of coal, and 184 miles of new railroad are now being constructed throughout the richest portions of the fields.

The Hon. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky, has found a substitute for Prohibition. He says: "Women in the olden days were not allowed to drink wine, and to prove that they had not been drinking it they kissed everybody they met. This would be better than Prohibition."

J. W. Powers, the cotton king of Webster County, Ga., proposes to grind up 700 bushels of peas, the balance of a great crop fed to his stock, and use the material as a fertilizer for his cotton crop. The peas are worth eighty-five cents to \$1 per bushel, but he expects to get a better return from them in the manner indicated.

The onyx mines of Oberstein, Germany, which have hitherto supplied all the American demand, have become exhausted, and the only known onyx fields left are located in the State of Puebla, between the City of Mexico and Vera Cruz. There are several of them there, and for a long time they have been worked in a crude way by the natives.

In the manufacture of paper this country has been making tremendous strides during the last few years. The industry has been brought to such a high state of development, and the production reduced so much in cost by improved machinery and the successful use of wood pulp under a special process, that a large export trade has been established, particularly with England. A market has also been found in Australia and elsewhere.

Putting the population of New York city this year at 1,675,000 the *Sun* calculates that there are more people in New York than in any one of the following States: Alabama, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida (more than the total population of the last four combined), Kentucky, Kansas, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, Mississippi, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Oregon, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Vermont, West Virginia, or in the four new States of North and South Dakota, Washington and Montana.

The New York *Sun* says: "Delightful among the humors of the census is the case of the Minneapolis enumerators who came poaching within the limits of the rival city of St. Paul, seeking whom to enumerate. Promptly St. Paul arrested them. Then St. Paul carried the war into Minneapolis and seized more enumerators with their plant. Part of this consisted of lists of Scandinavian surnames and forenames, the which, being compounded after the manner of drugs, created enumerated citizens of Minneapolis. St. Paul had no mind to take any such medicine and shrilled exceedingly. Then Minneapolis found a Minneapolis dog enumerated on St. Paul's list as 'Carl Baxter,' colored, and St. Paul drooped. All the proceedings are under the patronage of live Business Men's Associations."

Reports of suffering and starvation come to the Chicago *News* from several fishing colonies on the Newfoundland coast. Natives have in some instances been found subsisting on decayed seals. There has been a large emigration from Newfoundland to the Canadian Northwest. The troubles of the inhabitants of the island seem to be augmented by a conflict over French fishing rights between the colony and England, their mother country. The Premier of Newfoundland is quoted in a recent speech as advocating open war with England or else annexation to the United States. As Newfoundland's war resources are too insignificant for serious consideration, the solution offered by annexation would probably be approved if submitted to a vote of the people.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

Their world was a world of enchantment;
A world of luminous light
Came out with a flaring of carmine,
From all the black spaces of night;
The music of morn was as blithesome
And cheery as music could be;
But all through the dawn and the daybreak
I mourned for the song of the sea.

They showed me the marvellous flowers
And fruits of their sun-beaten lands;
They said, "Here are vine-tangled valleys;
Forget ye the barren white sands;
For a weariness unto the spirit
The dash of the breakers must be;
So dwell ye beside our blue waters;
Forget the sad song of the sea."

And I wrapped me about in the sunlight,
On the marge of a dimpling stream,
And there in a tangle of lilies,
I wove me a wonderful dream;
And a song from my dreamland went floating
Far up where the angels must be,
But deep in its under vibrations
I heard the sweet song of the sea.

With the dew in his locks all a-glitter,
The Prince of the Daytime lay dead;
For the silver-white lance of the twilight
Smote off the gold crown from his head;
And the Princess of Night came to see him,
Her lights all about him to hang;
And a nightingale screened in the thicket
Her song to the slumberer sang.

And the stream from the tangle of lilies
Came winding its way through the sedge;
And a silvery nocturne it rippled
Among the tall flags on its edge;
But its babble I fain would have given
For the deep-voiced sea voices' lull,
And the nightingale's song would have bartered
For a desolate cry of a gull.

Their world was a world of enchantment;
And they laughed with the laughter of scorn,
When I turned me away from its beauty
In the light of the luminous morn;
But I heard a grand voice in the distance
Instantly calling to me,
And I rose with a jubilant spirit
And followed the song of the sea.

DAISY'S FARM.

Daisy was engaged, and her betrothed was receiving the merry congratulations of the family, consisting of her uncle, her aunt and nearly a round dozen of cousins.

Wharton Hill, a young lawyer, slowly winning name and fame in his profession, was being vigorously handshaken and noisily welcomed by the Truemans when Ned cried:

"Perhaps you didn't know Daisy was an heiress, Wharton?"

"Ned—don't!" said Daisy reproachfully.

"A landed proprietress," cried Tom. "I do not refer to the paltry six hundred a year she draws from her father's estate, but to her own property."

"Her farm, in fact!" cried Sue.

"Yes; her farm," echoed Ned, coming to the front once more. "When you are tired of the law you can start gentleman farming upon your country seat."

After they were all gone, having jested a long time on the subject, Wharton was surprised to see tears in Daisy's soft, brown eyes.

"What is it, darling?" he asked.

"They don't mean to hurt my feelings," Daisy said gently, "but they will just about my farm, and—and—I don't like it."

"Then you really own a farm?"

"It is not a valuable possession, as you will see when I tell you about it. When I was a baby, soon after mamma died, I was very ill, and the doctors advised my father to send me to the country for change of air. There was an old servant of father's family, who had married a farmer and was left a widow with a small farm. Such a farm, Wharton! The house has only three rooms, and looks as if a high wind would utterly demolish it; the land is so poor that it is slow starvation to cultivate it. But it was all the home Margaret had. You may judge that she was very glad to receive the liberal price father paid for me, and my own mother could not have given me more loving care. Every year father came to take me away, and every year was persuaded to leave me, until I was eight years old, and a marvel of rugged health and perfect ignorance. Then I was put in boarding school, but I still spent my summer vacations with old Margaret, and my trunk was always half filled with comforts for her. Having no one in the world who claimed kinship with her—no one else but me to love, Margaret loved me with her whole heart. Six years ago, after father died and I came here to live with Uncle Tom, Margaret died and left me her farm. It has been a joke in the family ever since. The place is so utterly valueless that we can neither sell it nor rent it, and it represents only the love of an old woman for her nursing."

"Some time we will visit it. You have not told me its locality."

"It is in Pennsylvania, nine miles from anywhere, father used to say, because it is nine miles off the railroad. But you can always hire a wagon or carriage at G— to go over to Corn's Mill, and my farm is very near Corn's Mill."

After this explanation, Wharton bore the jesting about Daisy's real estate with perfect good nature and declared his intention of erecting a palatial country seat upon the place, when he became a mill-

ionaire and Judge of the Superior Court.

Being people of modest desires, and having an income of about \$600 apiece, Wharton and Daisy saw no reason to delay their wedding, and were married with a large assemblage of true friends around them. They went to housekeeping in a little house, modestly furnished, and were fair specimens of "love in a cottage."

But Wharton Hill was ambitious. Having studied his profession under great difficulties, often going hungry to buy needed books, often losing his night's rest to pore over knotty points, he was both fond and proud of his life work, and strove to win a good position therein. His love for Daisy—true, honest love—was never allowed to interfere with his pursuit of fame in his profession, and after he was married he attacked his studies with fresh ardor, spending his time in his office when not actually engaged in the court room.

Little Daisy, whose life was affection, found time often hanging heavily upon her hands, as Wharton became more and more popular and the number of his clients increased. But she was always ready with loving welcome when he did come to his home, and she knew that much of his ambition and ardor was for her sake.

The third year of her married life was nearly over, and her only child, Tom Trueman Hill, was eighteen months old, when Wharton, ever busy and full of energy, began to complain of racking pain in his head and loss of memory. Often in the midst of an argument the thread of his speech slipped from his mind and cost a great mental struggle to be resumed.

He fought the symptoms bravely, but Daisy was full of terror at the change in him. He grew haggard and restless, oppressed with vague fears of loss of reason and really suffering great physical pain.

At last, much against his will, he allowed Daisy to call in the family physician, whose advice was simple, but strongly urged, consisting of two words only—"Perfect rest."

"The brain is overworked," he exclaimed, "and no medicine will avail while he persists in study and practice. Get him away if you can. If'm—this is May—a good time for a country trip. Take him to the country, Mrs. Hill."

Wharton rebelled. It was ruin to leave his office, where cases of importance were in his hands. He must work or they might all starve. He would decline some of the practice offered him; would take little trips during the summer; would, in short, temporize.

And then Daisy—little, brown-eyed Daisy—whose voice was as soft as a flute, who was scarcely larger than a well grown child of twelve, "put her foot down." Such a might of a foot! It was absurd to imagine it had any weight in the world's machinery; but it was down and Daisy kept it there. Tom was a lawyer and Tom could take Wharton's cases for the summer months. There was her farm—a poor place, to be sure, but at least a house, and with some furniture in it and surrounded by beautiful scenery, possessing the purest of air and water. With six hundred a year they would not starve, and there was a nest egg in bank in case of an emergency.

Wharton pshawed! Wharton fumed. All in vain. Resolute little Daisy packed trunks, arranged her household, engaged her one half-grown girl to accompany the party as child's nurse and enlisted the entire Trueman family on her side.

And Wharton, finding those queer feelings in his head increasing, the dizzy spells becoming more frequent, finally submitted to fate, in the person of Daisy, explained the various points at issue to Tom Trueman, and accompanied by wife, child and nurse, took up his journey to Corn's Mill. It was early morning when a rickety old wagon containing the party and baggage entered an enclosure that had once been a fence and the family took possession of Daisy's farm.

The prospect was not encouraging. The house had not improved in years of emptiness and neglect, and even Daisy's heart sank at the broken roof, the tumble down doors, the shabby windows. But, she said, covering her dismay with a brave smile, "there they were, and they must make the best of it!"

Jennie, the nurse, proved a treasure and the women were soon busy "putting to rights," while Wharton took Tom on an exploring expedition over the estate.

There was a queer glance in his eyes as he came back again in time for dinner, but he only said:

"I can't quite trust my own head yet, Daisy—but is there a postoffice at Corn's Mill?"

"Yes, the mail goes out twice a week."

"Give me a sheet of paper and an envelope, that's a dear."

"Now, Wharton, that is not resting."

"I'll dozy write a dozen lines, dear."

The dozen lines being written and posted Wharton seemed to find an un-falling source of amusement roving about the farm, poking holes in the ground with a short cane, often kneeling down to examine the earth so turned over. Daisy hinted at planting some vegetables, though she said despondently:

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Electricity can now be used to operate a machine for mining coal.

Electric hoisting engines for dock use are among the latest devices introduced.

A new electrical coal cutter is being brought out in Boston. It makes two four-inch cuts in five minutes.

A silver lode, yielding forty-five per cent. of pure metal, has been discovered in the bed of the River Donetz in Southern Russia.

The longest crane in the world has just been completed by the Morgan Engineering Company, of Alliance, Ohio; it will lift 150 tons.

By a new method of cementing iron the parts cemented are so effectively joined as to resist the blows even of a sledge hammer.

Tests in Germany of a new electrically controlled steering apparatus show that the Captain can control the rudder from the bridge or from any point about the deck.

Coffee is found to have a remarkable anti-septic power, its effect in destroying microbes seeming to be due to empyreumatic oils, developed in roasting, and not to caffeine.

It has lately been shown that if two coins are placed on opposite sides of a plate of glass and electrified for two minutes they will leave a perfect image of themselves upon the glass.

The perfected target for firing at the small-arm ranges is worked by electricity. By means of contact and a battery there is communication with the indicating apparatus at the firing end of the range showing which section of the target has been struck.

In the new audio-telephone that has recently appeared in England the principal characteristic is the mouthpiece, the particular advantage of which is that it intensifies the sound waves, making it possible to carry on a conversation in an ordinary tone of voice.

The new eye-piece for the Lick telescope, in California, is fifty per cent. larger than any lens of the kind yet constructed. The light from the heavenly bodies, seen through the Lick telescope with this new eye-piece, will be 2000 times as bright as that seen with the naked eye.

Professor Eilhu Thompson says that in the near future railways will be run by electricity. By this he means not only the small roads for cities and suburban districts, but the large ones connecting cities, and he looks for a higher speed than is now attained with the steam locomotive.

In order to keep machinery from rusting take one ounce of camphor, dissolving it in a pound of lard; take off the scum and mix as much fine black lead as will give it iron-color. Clean the machinery and smear it with this mixture. After twenty-four hours, rub clean with soft, linen cloth. It will keep clean for months under ordinary circumstances.

THE LOOM.

Weaving man's destiny
The ceaseless shuttles fly,
Bearing the thread of fate,
No word at thy command
Can stay the weaver's hand;
He will not pause or wait.

Here aethy cry nor prayer,
Nor passion nor despair
A way of help hath found.
The shuttles through and through
Weave in the pattern true
With threads thyself hast wound.

Thine are spinner's hands,
From thee the loom demands
The threads its shuttles hold.
In the fresh woven web
Thy life is put to proof,
Thy purposes unfold.

Be watchful, then, and wise,
For still with thee it lies
To choose what yet will be.
Fill thou the shuttle days
With labor and with praise;
The loom is not for thee.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Concocting a felony—Mixing drinks in Kansas.

"Did her father kick?" "Yes, but he missed, thank my stars."—*Life*.

There's all the difference in the world between a friend in need and a needy friend.—*Binghamton Leader*.

The employe may not be a meddler, but he is always minding somebody else's business.—*Washington Star*.

The saddest words of tongue or pen, There are too many women and not enough men.

She (to young lawyer)—"What kind of practice do you have, Mr. Sharp?" He—"Oh, I practice economy."—*Munsey's Weekly*.

A Chicago man has discovered a cure for insomnia. He sets his alarm-clock to go off a few minutes after he gets into bed.—*Statesman*.

The down of a peach is apparent; the down of a Luaua may not be apparent at first glance, but sooner or later you tumble to it.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

"Well, I am engaged to marry Miss Mabel." "Good! How did you break the ice?" "There wasn't any ice. It was a mild winter."—*Chicago Times*.

"It's pretty tough luck," complained the big trunk, "to find yourself completely strapped just when you're starting off on a big journey."—*Shoe Recorder*.

The things of earth change to and fro, They move, they glide, they run, they flit, But Keeley's motor doesn't go. The leastest tiny little bit.

Teacher (at Sunday school)—"Betty, what have we to do first before we can expect forgiveness for our sins?" Betty—"We have to sin first."—*San Francisco Wasp*.

Landlord—"There are some fine springs in the neighborhood of this farmhouse." City Guest—"Then I advise you to put a few of them in your beds."—*Boston Gazette*.

At a dinner of physicians in Paris, the presiding officer arose and said: "I drink to the health—"

"Never, never; we protest!" came from all parts of the room.—*Boston Journal*.

Wife—"John Jones, you're a fool!" Husband—"You didn't see to think so when I was single." Wife—"No, you never showed me what a fool you were until you married me."—*Epoch*.

The little thermometer smiled in glee As the mercury upward drew To the century mark and silently asked: "Is it hot enough for you?"—*Philadelphia Times*.

Astronomy in the Trade.—Customer—"I want a nice moonstone scarf-pin." Jeweler—"Would you like it set full or in skeleton?" Customer—"Full? No, sir! I want a nice moonstone."—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

Charlie—"What an intelligent dog Wildfire is, Miss De Witt. I actually believe he knows as much as I do." Miss De Witt—"Yes, indeed; I wouldn't wonder if he knew more than that, Mr. Featherbrane."—*Bostonian*.

"Mr. Lushley," said that gentleman's wife, in irate tone, "do you know that it's 3 o'clock in the morning?" "Cousin I dush," was the reply. "Doan you shposh I'm shober 'nuff know free 'clock when I shee it?"—*Washington Post*.

"Pass me the rolls," said the professor. "They are all gone," said the landlady. "You were late for breakfast and they were eaten." "What time do you call the roll? I shall endeavor to be present hereafter."—*New York Herald*.

Simpson—"What are you going about for grinning like a pothouse idiot? Have you been taking laughing gas?" De Smith—"No; but I'm promised a position as a hotel clerk at a seaside resort, and I'm getting the bland smile well in hand."

Fred—"I fain would always linger thus, and taste the sweets of life divine; Life loses all its petty cares, since, Lucy, dearest, thou art mine."

Lucy—"But, dearest Fred, remember this: We are but human, not divine; You bread and butter must provide if you would have me ever thine."

—*Boston Budget*.

He—"Weally, I am out of breath. My man has just togged me out in my tennis rig, don't ye know, when I received a message saying that you had changed your mind about tennis and were going to the wogatta instead." She—"Indeed! I wonder who could have notified you? I didn't know that I had an enemy in the world."—*Cloak Review*.