

SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. VIII.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 22, 1890.

NO. 45.

The Louisville Times is authority for the statement that nine out of ten criminals are bow-legged.

The Judge-Advocate-General, of New York, has decided that the militiamen cannot be compelled to attend divine service.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat asserts, that of the 988 colleges, with their 150,000 students, registered at Washington, two-thirds now open their doors to women.

The Chicago Sun reports, that San Antonio, Texas, is the objective point of a good many capitalists, who see in the immense water-power near it, immense capabilities for cheap manufacturing. In addition to this, natural gas has been found in paying quantities, and will be piped to the city.

The Italian Prime Minister, Signor Crispi, recently gave most extraordinary evidence in the Chamber of Deputies of his superstition regarding the evil eye. Signor Imbriani, having alluded to Signor Crispi's life as necessarily terminable, the latter fumbled in his pocket, drew out one of the horn-shaped pieces of coral used in Naples as a counter spell against the "jettatura," and openly pointed it at the speaker.

The London Statist, a recognized statistical authority, places the present annual production of silver in the world at 130,000,000 ounces, and presents the following estimate of the average annual consumption:

Used in the arts.....	20,000,000 oz.
Used for European and other taken coinages.....	20,000,000 oz.
Taken for India.....	30,000,000 oz.
Taken for China, Japan and the East.....	10,000,000 oz.
Purchased by United States Government.....	30,000,000 oz.
Total.....	110,000,000 oz.

The fact that many of the natives of Nice are dying of consumption proves very clearly, observes the New York News, the deleterious effect of the residence of pulmonary patients in any place. It is only within the last few years that science has demonstrated the deadly character of the expectoration and the breath of consumptives. Many have flouted this, but the remarkable number of deaths on the Riviera, which has always been noted for its healthfulness, goes far to bear out the theory of the experts. As Nice, Mentone, San Remo and other places on the Riviera depend almost wholly upon tourists for their support it will be impossible for them to bar the class which brings them in so much coin. It is a literal case of life and death for them.

Few people are aware of the enormous expense incurred in taking the census. The population of the United States in 1790 amounted to 3,929,214, and the cost of the census was \$44,377. This represents a cost per capita of 1.12 cents. In 1880 the population amounted to 50,155,782, and the cost of the census was \$5,862,752, showing a cost per capita of 11.75 cents, more than ten times the cost per capita of the census of 1790. The amount appropriated for the census of 1890 is \$6,000,000, exclusive of printing, engraving and binding, to be expended in gathering so much varied information. Hence the eleventh census must be considerably more expensive than the tenth census. The number of volumes in the census of 1880 were twenty-four, as compared with one volume in the census of 1790.

Ira Lewis, the heroine of Lime Rock Lighthouse, who has saved the lives of so many persons, receives from the Government a salary of \$750 a year and two tons of coal. When her father became paralytic she was made custodian of the light for life. In appreciation of her heroic efforts in saving lives she has a gold medal from the United States Treasury Department, three silver medals from the State of Rhode Island, one from the Humane Society of Massachusetts and another from the New York Life-Saving Association. It was in 1869 that General Grant presented her the splendid life-boat Rescue, which she now has. James Fisk, Jr., built a boat-house for it and also sent the heroine a silk flag made by Mrs. McFarland, of New York. Miss Lewis is a member of Sorosis, and was presented a gold brooch by that organization. She also has a number of valuable articles from private individuals, and a token that she much appreciates was a keg of maple sugar and a box of oatmeal from a poor man in the West.

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 dewfall 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.

A PRISONER OF WAR.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.
"There she comes now," cried Kitty Coram, standing on tiptoe to peep over the great gate in front of the old brick house.
And Georgie, her elder sister, came flying up the snowy path, with cheeks like roses, brown eyes that sparkled merrily, and a huge, flat parcel under her arm.
"Do I look like the town carrier?" she demanded, jubilantly. "Oh, I have run so fast from the train, to get into the wood-path before the grand sleigh from Ormistan Hall overtook me. I can't bear Mrs. Ormistan to put up her eye-glasses at me and draw out, 'How do you do, ma dear? How's your dear awnt?'"
"Well, Georgie, what luck?"
"Oh, splendid," the new arrival breathlessly responded. "Seven yards of three-inch deep embroidery on white merino. And we're to get a dollar a yard, if it suits."
"Seven dollars!" repeated Kitty. "A deal of money, isn't it? But how we shall have to work for it!"
"It's a world of work," responded the elder girl, clapping her cold hands to restore the circulation and making haste to unfasten the collar of her black cloth coat. "How nice the fire looks. Just like a picture. What a blessing it is that our wood doesn't cost us anything!"
"Oh, by-the-way," said Kitty, "old Giles wanted to chop down the big, black oak tree next."
"What! The big one on the edge of the swamp? To cut it down! Is he a Goth, or a Vandal?"
"Just what I said. It's the only tree in the neighborhood that has mistletoe growing all over it. I wouldn't lose that beautiful old tree for a hundred dollars!"
"Neither would I," said Kitty, drily. "Especially as I don't know of anybody who would offer us a hundred dollars for it."
Just at that moment, by one of those strange coincidences which are more common in this world than people have any idea of, old Jane, the rheumatic servant, came hobbling to the door.
"Does Aunt Anne want us, Jane?" cried eager Georgie. "I'm going to her directly."
"Tain't your aunt, miss," said Jane. "It's Mr. Miles, the footman, from Ormistan Hall."
Georgie turned, with glittering eyes, to her sister.
"I told you so," she whispered. "We're going to be invited, after all, to the party."
"And he says," droned on Jane, "his missus wants to know what you'll take for all the dark-green shiny leaves—mistletoe, you calls 'em, doesn't you?—on the big swamp oak. They want it for decorations."
A sudden change passed over Georgie's face, such as comes across a landscape when the sun retires behind a cloud. Kitty froze visibly also.
"Tell Mr. Miles, from Ormistan Hall," said Georgie, "to give my compliments—Miss Coram's—to his mistress, and say that the mistletoe is not for sale."
Old Jane withdrew. Georgie and Katy stood looking at each other.
"Oh, Georgie," said the younger, "did you want so much to go? But I told you how it would be; they never had the least idea of inviting us. We don't belong to the enchanted circle."
"Yet they brought Colonel Hay here in wild strawberry time to spend the day down by the Moss Rocks," said Georgie, in a slightly tremulous voice. "And they always bring picnic parties here in summer to go over the old house and row on our lake."
"We are a convenience," said Kitty. "We are not on Miss Ormistan's regular visiting list."
"But I did think that Colonel Hay would have called, after all he said that day," softly murmured Georgie.
"And so he would, you may be very sure," said Kitty. "If Dorinda Ormistan would have let him. She's a deal too politic Georgie dear, to let him contrast her thirty-year-old complexion and pale-blue eyes with your roses and sparkles."
"Well, it doesn't matter much now," said Georgie, mournfully. "I dare say he has forgotten us—there's no earthly reason why he should not. Now I must go up to Aunt Anne's and tell her all my adventures in New York."
For old Miss Coram sat up in her room, neatly embroidering flannel for an order from the South. A lady born and bred, yet she saw no degradation in these bread-earning tasks.

"It's hard on the girls," said she. "For their sakes, I could wish that the Corams had retained somewhat of their old prosperity. But for an old woman like me, it doesn't matter."
Meanwhile, at Ormistan Hall, Miss Dorinda was superintending the decorations of the great saloon parlor, which was to be made a dancing-room of, on the occasion of the impending ball.
"Spruce boughs and hemlocks are all very well in their way," said she, "but how I do wish I'd thought, when I was in New York this morning, to get some of that lovely, shadowy mistletoe the vendors were selling on Fourteenth street!"
"It comes horridly dear!" said Mrs. Ormistan, with the offending lorgnette held up to her eyes.
"But the effect is so lovely!"
"Mistletoe!" repeated Colonel Hay, who was half-way up a stepladder, draping a United States flag over the doorway. "Why, I saw a whole tree full as we drove from the station. I could easily get it for you."
"Could you?" Miss Ormistan's pale eyes glistened. "But we couldn't think of troubling you!"
"It wouldn't be the least trouble in the world," said the gallant cavalier. "I'm a regular cat for climbing."
"Yes, but—," Mrs. Ormistan began, when she was checked by a glance from her daughter, who afterward explained her policy.
"Let him get it, mamma," said fair Dorinda, "it will keep him from flirting with the Fairlie girls, and give him something to do. And he isn't supposed to comprehend how disoblighing the Corams are. For all he knows, the tree is in our woods; and the mistletoe will produce such an effect against the pink-gray walls!"
So Colonel Hay went foraging, with blithe step and careless whistle, little knowing what he did.
"I wonder," he mused to himself, as he strode along, "whereabouts those pretty Miss Corams live? It was somewhere in this direction that Miss Dorinda took me that summer day. I should like to call on them while I'm down at the Hall. That tallest Miss Coram had a face like the Sistine Madonna. I've always secretly wished to see it again. I do hope they'll be at Dorinda's party. Hallo! here's my old mistletoe tree, and the ladder lying under it, too. Well, I should do discredit, to my school-boy training if I couldn't climb any tree going under such conditions as this!"
Like a squirrel he sprang up the ladder and made his way into the upper boughs of the tree, clipping bunch after bunch of the lovely green parasite from the hoary-gray trunk and flinging them down on the frozen surface of the snow below.
It was a most fascinating business, for even as he climbed, some still more tempting cluster gleamed higher up.
The sun, red and round as an orange, poised itself for a second on the serrated edge of the woods, and then dipped down, leaving a warm glow where, but now, the level light had streamed—and almost in an instant, as it were, the whole landscape seemed steeped in a sober purple.
"It's growing dark," said Colonel Hay, to himself. "I believe I'd better come down."
At the same moment a clear, freshly young voice—a mezzo-soprano of that most approved type—called scornfully out:
"I've caught you, have I? A thief! I mistook Miss Ormistan could countenance such a contemptible action as this! Whom do you know I could put you in jail for strength for playing the piano. This daylight! But I won't have you arrested. I'll simply teach you a lesson. You may stay up in that tree and consider it your leisure, until I get ready to let you come down."
And, balancing the ladder lightly on her strong, young shoulder, Georgie Coram walked off with the ease and confidence of a nineteenth century Amazon leaving the gallant colonel transfixed with dismay.
"It's the Madonna!" he said to himself. "I'd know that face anywhere and the sweet, full voice! What does she mean? I can't be trespassing, Miss Ormistan would have warned me. Is it a joke? or does she really mean to leave me up here to freeze to death? I'm too far to jump, and I don't dare to slide down the trunk. Well, there's no help for it—I must just wait until assistance arrives on the scene. Pretty predicament! Whew! how west wind shrieks across the frozen lake. Going to teach me a lesson is she? Well, I'm learning it!"
"Oh, Georgie, how could you!" cried the more pacific Kitty, when she heard her sister's tale of triumph. "Why poor man will freeze!"
"He needed heroic treatment," said Georgie, her brown eyes shining merrily. "The idea of his daring to enter our beloved mistletoe!"
"But I dare say he only obeyed Ormistan's orders!" pleaded Kitty.
"Then he must take the consequences," retorted Georgie. "But it is going awfully, awfully cold since you and I you'll go with me, Kitty, I'll the ladder back and let him come down. See how bright the moon is shining. Will be a regular adventure!"
"Poor Miles!" said Kitty, laughingly. "He'll have the worst kind of a rheumatism to-morrow."
"I didn't think of that," said poor Georgie.
And, standing under the tree called out in her sweet soprano voice

"Miles! Miles! here's the ladder! You may come down now. I trust that this little incident may make an impression on you in the future!"
Slowly the culprit descended.
"And, Miles," added Georgie, as his feet touched the top round of the ladder, "my sister and I have brought you a sail of hot coffee to drink, so that you won't take cold. I wish you no harm, as I presume you only obeyed your mistress's orders, but it's time you learned to discriminate between our grounds and those of Ormistan Hall."
"Thanks, awfully!" said a deep voice, as the Colonel drank long and deep of the fragrant fluid; "only I haven't any mistress, and I don't obey any one's orders, and I hadn't any idea I was beyond the limits of the Ormistan property. All the same, I'm sure I beg pardon if I've been trespassing."
"It's—Colonel—Hay!" shrieked Georgie.
"Yes, that's my name," said the gallant officer.
Georgie would have fled promptly from the scene, but more self-possessed Kitty detained her by main force.
"My sister is under a misapprehension," explained she. "She supposed you were Miss Ormistan's footman; and the tree is really ours, and we have declined to let Miss Ormistan gather the mistletoe."
"And oh, I'm so sorry!" faltered Georgie. "What must you think of me?"
"That you've done exactly right," said Colonel Hay, melting visibly under the triple light of the lovely hazel eyes. "Of course I was the trespasser, and I do regret all I got—and—and—"
"But you are shivering," cried Georgie. "What have I done?"
"Perhaps," suggested the artful Colonel, "if you would allow me to walk here with you and get a little warmer—"
"Oh!" muttered Georgie, her color varying enchantingly in the moonlight, "if you only would. Then I should know that you had forgiven me."
Colonel Hay went back to the old brick house with the two girls and sat in the glow of the great hickory log as was introduced to Aunt Anne, and drank more coffee and enjoyed himself thoroughly. And when he returned to Ormistan Hall he carried all the cluster of mistletoe with him, as a present to Miss Dorinda.
But you'll never, never tell her how dreadfully I behaved!" pleaded Georgie.
"Never!" asserted the Colonel.
"You promise!" urged Georgie.
"I promise," reiterated the Colonel. Miss Dorinda thought his prolonged absence very strange. She thought it all stranger when the Colonel strolled over to the Coram place the next day, at the next, and still the next.
"—do—believe—he's falling in love with that insignificant little country girl!" said she, with a black cloud on her forehead.
As for Georgie, she could scarcely understand what it all meant.
"After my leaving him to perish with old that night," said she, with carmine cheeks and sparkling eyes, "I should think he'd hate me!"
"I shouldn't," said smiling Kitty.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Ventilating fans for passenger cars are now operated by electricity.
A syndicate of Illinois capitalists has bought 100,000 acres of manganese lands in Arkansas.
Cleveland, Ohio, will push its tunnel under the lake two miles farther, at a cost of \$35 per foot.
There are at least 100,000 acres of phosphate rock scattered through the western part of the State of Florida.
Turkish engineers say that the river Euphrates might be made navigable the year round by an expenditure of \$100,000.
South Dakota has a 1500-foot well six inches in diameter, throwing 400 gallons of water a minute. There are in that region wells 3000 feet deep.
Out in Nevada telegraph poles in low places, where water stands in winter, are said to have taken root and are covered with foliage. The poles are cottonwood and were planted with the bark on them.
Electricians say there are more inquiries for electrical roads at this time than ever before known. One of the leading electric car companies has found it necessary to withdraw all its advertising, on account of the rush of orders.
Overhead electric wires should never, says Herr Stemens, have more than 500 volts pressure; underground conductors, with transformers, no more than 2000 volts. The transformers and conductors should, however, be tested up to 5000 volts.
Experiments made in Sweden by M. Sandberg on the strength or metal rails during winters have shown that steel rails containing over four per cent. of carbon are apt to break in cold weather. In fact, the result of his investigations points to the use of rails having less carbon than this—say, three per cent.—in countries as cold in winter as Norway and Sweden.
Many of the substances usually applied for the purpose of rendering fabrics incombustible change the color of the material or stiffen it so much that its usefulness is considerably impaired. An easy and safe way of protecting curtains and mosquito netting against fire is to steep them in a solution of phosphate of ammonia, obtained by mixing a pint of water with about three ounces of phosphate. The color and texture of the fabric remains unaltered.
Experiments have been made at Havre, France, with the luminous buoy of M. Dubois. The buoy emits the light (which is produced by phosphure of calcium) on reaching the water, and as it is very powerful, the sea is illuminated for a considerable distance around. Spectators in the lighthouse at Havre saw the glare distinctly at a point two and a half miles away, and it can be seen for over five miles. Experiments are also to be made in lighting the channel of the Seine from the Amfard bank to where the dykes commence, by means of decked boats with masts over six feet high, on which lights are to be mounted.

TELLING THE BEES.

In a corner of the garden, on a lazy afternoon,
We heard the bees a-humming (every one was out of tune),
And we watched the busybodies as they circled 'bout their hives,
And we envied them the happiness and sweetness of their lives;
There was no one near to hear us, there was no one near to see,
Except a bird which sang its prettiest for Rosalie and me
And the bees.
"There is something I must tell you," I began in notes forlorn,
"And I want so much to tell you ere we part to-morrow morn."
To gain fresh courage now I sighed and waited for awhile,
When on the face of Rosalie appeared a wicked smile;
And she aimed at me this parting shot before she ran away—
"If you can not tell it me why don't you try and tell it, pray,
To the bees?"
At dusk I sauntered over to the trysting place again.
"Tell the bees," I echoed slowly, while a reminiscent train—
Myths and queer old legends of a superstitious day—
Through a mem'ry unretentive coursed its bewildered way.
Jubertans says the Aryans held the bees in holy fear,
Lest departed souls should in these little creatures reappear;
And in his Georgics, Vigil, too—but then they only told
The bees of death and trouble in those dark-some days of old.
And not of love; yet, should the tiny insects understand
And start the wheel of fortune? I resolved to try my hand.
Threetimes I softly rapped upon the hive just next to me,
Threetimes I said, in accents low: "I love my Rosalie."
Silence followed; then a rustle, then a voice in tones I knew,
A human voice responded: "And your Rosalie loves you."
I sprang and caught her, while my lips—but then you plainly see
That what they said and did is known to Rosalie and me
And the bees.
—De Witt C. Lockwood, in West Shore.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Not so bad after all—Dessert.
Gilt frames—Prison windows.
Sound precautions—Fog whistles.
Come to think of it, the glacial period was the original pack age.—Ulrich Herald.
Lying is wicked, but, thank goodness, it is not unfashionable.—Providence Telegram.
Give a man an inch and he wants a foot; give him a foot and he immediately begins to kick.—Acheson Globe.
"Good morning, judge. How is your honor to-day?" "My honor is safe, but my digestion is very weak."—Puck.
Tenderfoot—"Say, Mister, how far does your claim extend?" Squatter—"As far as I kin shoot."—Yankee Blade.
First Passenger—"Are ye sick, Thomas?" Second Passenger (faintly)—"D'ye think I'm doing this for fun."—The Jester.
A man whose wife's good looks were the only anchor for his love, says: "She is a thing of beauty, and a jaw forever."—Yankee Blade.
The man who finds music in a clarinet is doubtless of the opinion that Apollo was a tootle-ary divinity.—Washington Post.
The man who lies swinging in a hammock all day long can generally think up lots of schemes to keep other people busy.—Somerville Journal.
Gauder—"How do you account for the Milky Way?" Witt—"I suppose the cow jumping over the moon had something to do with it."—Harper's Bazar.
There is some satisfaction in knowing that the man who spreads himself out over two seats of a horse car counted for only one in the census.—Philadelphia Call.
"How is business?" inquired a friend. "Slow," repeated the stockholder in the cemetery association. "But sure," he added, brightening up.—Chicago Tribune.
Funny, when a man puts on a high hat for the first time, he'll duck his head at a door casing that he couldn't reach with a step ladder.—Binghamton Republican.
Thin Old Man (cramped and cross)—"This car ought to charge by weight." Stout Woman (regarding him contemptuously)—"If they did, they'd never stop to pick you up."
Judge—"Fellow, you are condemned to death. Is there anything you would like to eat before you are executed?" African Criminal—"Yes, the judge."—Fliegende Blaetter.
Jones—"I want to have you understand, gentlemen, that I stand on my merits!" Smith—"I should think you would lose your balance pretty often."—Burlington Free Press.
Census Taker—"How old are you, madam?" Madam—"I've seen twenty-five summers." Census Taker—"How did you come to miss the other fifteen or twenty?"—Binghamton Leader.

Antiquity of the Spanish Merino.

The Romans were nothing but woolen goods. They had no cotton; they had a little linen, which was worn as a material of luxury; they had no silk. They cultivated the sheep with great care, and some of their richest possessions were in sheep. But there was one breed of sheep which they cultivated with great care, and by that system of selection which Darwin speaks of as the source of perfected form of our domestic animals. It was called Tarentine sheep, from Tarentum, a city of Greek origin, situated at the head of the Tarentum Gulf. The fleece of this sheep was of exceeding fineness, it was of great delicacy, and the price paid for it was enormous. The sheep were clothed in cold weather to keep them warm; and the result was that they were tender, and their wool was very fine. They were a product of Greek civilization transmitted down to the Romans. Columella, the great Roman agriculturist, says that his uncle, residing in Spain, crossed some of the fine Tarentine sheep with some rams that had been imported from Africa, and the consequence was that these animals had the whiteness of fleece of the father with the fineness of fleece of the mother, and that race was perpetuated. Here we see an improvement of the stock, an increase of strength and productiveness given to the fine wool sheep of Spain. At that time the sheep of Spain was of immense value; for Strabo says that sheep from Spain, in the time of Tiberius, was carried to Rome, and sold for the price of a talent (\$1000) a head. In the time of our Saviour, \$1000 was given in Rome for Spanish sheep. When the barbarians inundated Italy, these fine-wool sheep were all swept away; but they remained in Spain. They were cultivated by the Moors in the mountains of Spain, which were almost inaccessible, and not reached by the hordes of Huns and other northern barbarians, which had laid waste the greater portion of the Roman possessions. They continued to be nourished there by the Moors, who very much advanced in arts, and further on were found there as the Spanish Merino. So that the Spanish Merino, which we now have, is not the only, is at all events by far the most important relic that we have to-day which has come down to us from Greek and Roman material civilization. We have here a direct inheritance from the material wealth of the Old World civilization.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Utilizing the Harvest Moon.

Bright moonlight nights are taken advantage of by the harvesters, and thousands of acres of ripe wheat are gathered into the binders of arms or fall into the header elevators in Barber County. On most farms where moonlight is utilized, the plan is to work two forces of men and teams, one in the day time and one at night, though farmers with limited help and few teams cut early in the morning, late in the afternoon, and until mid night and rest in the middle of the day when the sun is the hottest.
In this county, where the ground is level and free from stumps and rocks, night harvesting when the moon is bright may be carried on as well in the day time, and with much less inconvenience to man and beast.
It is not every season that the middle of harvest happens to be in the light of the moon, but this season was the fortunate exception.—Barber County Index.