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The Chicago Sun has noticed that "the industries which heretofore have been confined to New England, are taking root in the Southern States."

The baptisms reported in the Baptist denomination the past ten years have averaged 344 for every day of the ten years, making in all 1,256,375.

Collis P. Huntington, the many times millionaire, lately said: "If I were a young man with \$10,000 or \$100,000, I'd go to Africa and make millions in the rubber trade."

There are 5000 insane people in the city of New York, the New Orleans Times-Democrat asserts, and experts on insanity say that the ratio of lunatics is increasing much faster than that of the population.

Few have any idea of the terrible waste of bird-life that the fashion for birds as trimmings involves, remarks New York Chatter. Forty millions of humming-birds, sunbirds, orioles, gulls, seabirds, waxwings, birds of paradise and fly-catchers are annually immolated to this end.

The Chicago Post is firmly of the opinion that "there is a good deal of the natural savage still remaining in the civilized man because word comes from Liberia of a white missionary who concluded that he would rather imitate the savages he had been sent to convert than to Christianize them. He has accordingly abandoned the ways of civilized life, and is living with the natives in their wild state. His fellow missionaries are profoundly astonished, but civilization has many irksome restraints, and a savage life may have many substantial advantages."

The reports of the crops in England indicate that that country will require all the breadstuffs the United States can send this year. British crops, the American Cultivator declares, are largely injured by continued wet weather and cold, blighting winds. The unusual moisture has flowed fields, rotted hay and mildewed wheat. Nothing is ripening under the deluge of rain. Every year seems to make English farmers more dependent than ever, with less prospect of profits. In fact, the absence of summer is an injury to all trades as well as agriculture.

Again has a young woman carried off the honors in an intellectual competition. The Boston Herald recently offered two scholarships of \$800 and \$400 to be paid in four annual installments to the graduates of 1890 who should write the best composition on one of a number of subjects. The winners are as follows: First prize to Miss Silvia Clark, of Pinkerton Academy, Derry, N. H., for her composition on Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables;" second prize to Albert E. Thomas, of Brockton, Mass., who took for his topic Coleridge's poem, "The Ancient Mariner."

The art of flying is not making any encouraging advancement, is the verdict of the Chicago Herald. Somebody invents a flying machine now and then, but it always proves to be a failure. Perhaps the nearest approach to success has been attained by a German in Philadelphia, the home of Keely, the motor man. He weighs 160 pounds and can raise himself into the air with the aid of a counter weight of eighty pounds. Yet this is to say that only fifty per cent. of him is able to fly, and that is only half enough for successful flying. If this is the best that can be done the birds of the air are never likely to have any human imitators.

Just now no two countries in Europe of any pretensions are in perfect harmony, declares the Washington Star. The relations between England and France, between Germany and Russia, between Russia and Austria, between Italy and Austria, between Russia and Turkey, between Spain and England are more or less complicated. International jealousy is founded on national selfishness. Just at present the great Black Continent is the bone over which many of the nations are growling. France, sore over the continued occupation of Egypt and disposed to make the most of her rights in the Newfoundland dispute, revives her old pretensions in Zanzibar and finds support in Danish sympathy with Danish Heligoland, in Belgian apprehension of German aggression on the Congo State and in Spanish uneasiness as to British interference with Spain's programme in Morocco.

## "TREAT EVERYBODY WELL."

"Treat everybody well,  
Thou canst not tell  
The good to others done,  
The good thyself shalt win;  
Thou mayst hide many a sin  
If hearts be won.  
"Treat everybody well,  
Not lost the smile  
Which captures even guile—  
How, who may tell?  
There is a subtle power  
Deep hidden in the face,  
The tone, the way, whose grace  
Lives hour on hour.  
"Treat everybody well,  
Some day thou'lt bless  
The long-forgotten cause  
Of courteous mood,  
And in thine own dark night  
Kind hearts shall shed their light  
Thy steps to lead.  
"Treat everybody well,"  
Some will deride  
Some will forsake thy side,  
But nobler yet  
Will be the friends who stay,  
Nor feel—dark night, clear day—  
One vain regret!  
—Rev. Edwin B. Russell.

## TOPSY.

"He thinks more of Topsy than he does of me!" said Huldah. Joe Brockway laughed. "But she is a dandy little horse, you know," he said, letting his gaze wander to where Huldah's Uncle Robert stood stroking and patting Topsy. "Look at her shape, just—"

"I know," said Huldah. "I've heard Uncle Robert rave about her enough. Little head, arched neck, slender legs—"

Joe brought his hand down on his sweetheart's with another laugh. But Huldah's brown eyes were lifted seriously to his laughing blue ones.

"What's the matter?" he said gaily.

"Well, I'm not adamant exactly, Joe," said Huldah, slowly. "I'm not a fossil. And it's hard to have an uncle who cares as much for a horse as he does for you, and to hear nothing but horse-talk from morning till night, and to get so lonesome sometimes you just don't know what to do! Oh, Joe," Huldah murmured meekly. "I ought not to say it! I don't know what's the matter with me. I—"

And Joe Brockway heard a stifled sob, saw a swishing skirt, and found himself alone on the front steps.

"Huldah!" he cried, and gave chase. Through the hall he ran, and into the sitting-room and the kitchen, and then out into the back yard and around the house, sending two dozing cats wildly fleeing, and going through Huldah's petunia-bed.

"Hang it!" he cried, coming to a baffled stop, with reddened face and disheveled hair.

His good-looking countenance showed a little wrath, considerable distress, and some indecision.

"I believe I'll tell her this minute!" he muttered. "What'll she say about Topsy then? Little simpleton—dear little simpleton!"

But after a moment's reflection he walked toward the barn, where Huldah's Uncle Robert was still engaged with Topsy.

Huldah had fled up stairs to her bedroom. There she sat with her face hidden in a fold of her dress, and her tears soaking the starch out of it.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! What was she crying about? Everything!

It was her Uncle Robert, for one thing. He was kind, of course. But if he were not quite so wrapped up in that new trotter, if he ever would talk to her about anything else—about brown pony little affairs, for instance—and stay in the house sometimes instead of the barn! What did he want of Topsy, anyhow! Huldah wished he had never seen her.

For since Joe had taken a partnership in a hardware store in Wakely, it was doubly lonesome for her herein in Cheever. Ah! she hadn't been quite fair in letting Joe think her tears were all for her Uncle Robert.

Since Joe had gone to Wakely! Wakely was such a lively place, with possessions of which Cheever had never dreamed—an "opera house," and a park, with a fine band pavilion. And pretty girls—Wakely was noted for its pretty girls!

What was the matter with her? Was he not her own true lover? Had he not devoted many a half day to coming home to see her? Wasn't he home for that purpose now?

And still Huldah sobbed on.

She was tired and nervous, she reflected, dimly. Doing all the household and canning strawberries at the same time had been too much for her, she supposed; and she had not felt well lately, besides.

And she gathered up a fresh corner of her gown and cried harder.

She did not know how long she staid there. But when she went down stairs at last there was nobody in sight or hearing.

She had expected to find that Joe had gone; but where was her Uncle Robert!

The table showed a masculine litter of cold greens and lemon pie. Oh! and here was a note pinned to the table cloth:

"Am going to Wakely. Be back early."  
Wakely—what for? Oh, yes! Huldah divined in an instant. There was a man in Wakely giving an exhibition of

horse training. Joe had told her; and of course Joe had gone back with him.

Was he angry with her, Huldah wondered? And was her Uncle Robert displeased because she had neglected his supper? If they were she deserved it. She was a poor, lachrymose, disagreeable thing—she, Huldah Spencer, who had had a reputation for brightness and prettiness.

She went and sat down on the back porch. She did not want any supper. How could she eat with that lump in her throat? She sat looking out into the pleasant June evening, desolately.

But a spark of interest came into her eyes, suddenly. The square hole in the side of the barn which marked the position of Topsy's stall, and from which her trim little head was usually poking itself—it was empty.

Waiting for a time in the expectation of seeing the head, Huldah went into the kitchen and to the nail where hung the barn-key, and then out to the barn.

Yes, Topsy's stall was empty, and so was Dan's—Dan being the old sorrel her Uncle Robert always drove.

Where was Topsy? Her Uncle Robert never drove Topsy. Besides, Dan was gone. And he never lent her. What had become of her?

Huldah was in a tremble. Topsy—if it had been anything but Topsy! Had she been stolen? Had she got loose and run away? The door had been locked, but there was the big back door into the barnyard. Something had happened while she had been blubbering upstairs. What would her Uncle Robert say—do?

Huldah was pale and panic stricken. Oh, dear! What should she do?

Hardly knowing what she was doing, she hurried out into the road, and bending low, studied the hoof prints in dust.

All tending westward were half obliterated; those turning east, or in the direction of Wakely, were fresh, and Huldah mechanically walked eastward.

To what end? If Topsy had broken her halter and frisked up the road, Huldah thought she might overtake her. If she had been stolen and ridden away at a foaming trot—

But Huldah could not have sat still; she could not have waited. Doing something was better than doing nothing. She might find some trace of her.

Her anxiety left her no choice. She went breathlessly tramping on up the dusty road.

She thought she had been unhappy before, but now she was miserable. She was confused, too, in her misery.

She had gone a quarter of a mile before it occurred to her that she had left the house unlocked, as well as the barn.

But what were the spoons or butter dish compared with Topsy. Oh, dear! She was glad it was getting dark. No body would recognize her. But even so, people stared at the hurrying, bare-headed girl and wondered.

Once or twice she mustered courage to ask if Topsy had been seen; but no body had seen her.

She felt like a tramp, and she supposed she looked like one. Was she going to cry again? She would not. But if any other calamity had befallen her than losing Topsy—anything. And it was her fault, her negligence.

Once she thought she saw her cropping the grass by the roadside, and her heart bounded; but it was only a peaceful red cow.

At the next half-mile stone she was sure she saw Topsy ahead of her, with the thief on her back; but it was Hiram White, on his old rackabones, with a bag of grain.

She was getting tired at last. She had raced along in such a frightened heat, that she had not thought of distance.

But where was she? Why, almost to Benton's Corners—almost two miles. And houses were scarce here.

Huldah glanced around her fearfully. How dark it was getting.

Still she pressed on. The thought that it was Topsy she was searching for spurred her.

But she was growing weak. Her anxiety and her long tramp and her nervous fears here on this lonely road were more than she had bargained for. She found herself trembling.

Poor Huldah! her faithful, grieved little heart swelled with despair.

She peered ahead. Nothing and no body to be seen; no Topsy.

A light gleamed from a house far ahead in a ghostly way, and an owl hooted away off in the woods.

Oh, what was that? It was only a friendly stray cat rubbing against her, but it was too much for Huldah in her strained state.

She recoiled in fright and gasped, and then sitting down on a smooth, flat stone near by, tried to smile—strove to rally her gathering senses, and quietly fainted away.

She was not on the stone when she came to herself. Joe Brockway was on the stone, and she was in Joe's arms.

She remembered it all in a minute, and was indignantly ashamed of herself. She sat up suddenly and rigidly and stared. Yes, Joe was holding her, and her Uncle Robert was kneeling beside her, with his florid face whitened and a lantern in his hand, and the buggy stood in the road.

"Huldah," Joe was gasping, "what is it, dear—what is it! How did you come here? Huldah—"

"I thought you'd gone to Wakely,

Joe, Huldah said, tremulously, at which her Uncle Robert gave an excited laugh.

"I swow she's all right!" he ejaculated. "Huldah, we've been scart out of our wits. Why, we thought you'd lost your senses, wandering around like this. We come mighty near not seeing you, neither."

"No, no!" cried Huldah, passing her hand over her dazed eyes.

And then, struggling to her feet, she nervously herself for the worst.

"I came clear up here trying to find Topsy," she faltered. "She's lost, Uncle Robert! She's either got loose or been stolen, and it's my fault!"

"Lost!" Joe cried. "There she stands in the hills."

"Is that Topsy?" Huldah gasped, and her Uncle Robert laughed again.

"I swan, you are all right!" he repeated. "That's Topsy, sure. Help her into the buggy here, Joe, and let's get this thing untangled a little. Tramped for two miles did you, Huldah?"

"You poor little girl!" Joe murmured. "Huldah, how could you? And Topsy right as a trigger! Huldah, do you know where you've been and what you've been for?"

They were in the buggy, and Topsy—yes, Topsy—was trotting toward Cheever as only Topsy could trot. But Huldah could not free her cold little hand from Joe's.

"Yes, tell her the hull thing," said Uncle Robert, explosively.

"Huldah," said Joe, and his voice trembled a little, "we've been to Wakely to get a marriage license—our marriage license, Huldah. It was a surprise, you see—it's a surprise we've been planning for weeks. You've been working too hard, and we both knew it, and I made up my mind to take you right out of it whether you agreed or not, and take you off for a good solid rest with me. What was the use of our waiting till next winter? That was your idea—'twasn't mine. You've worked yourself to a shadow almost, and lately you haven't been well, either. So I got up this little scheme several weeks ago, and your uncle fell right in with it—"

"Like a thousand of bricks!" said Uncle Robert. "Didn't relish the idea of letting you go, Huldah, but it had to come some time, and I knew what was for your good. So I went and bought Topsy. It was just on your account I bought Topsy, Huldah. I had an eye on her for a good while. She wasn't in good condition, you see, and the man sold her cheap, and I says to Joe, 'I'll buy that mare. If there ain't a few hundreds of clear money in her I don't know my own name. Fed up and took care of, she'll be a valuable horse. I'll buy her,' says I, 'and sell her in six months for twice what I'll pay, and that'll be for Huldah,' says I. And I've done it. I've took care of her faithful, and I've been offered a splendid price for her already. And it's yours. That's what I've meant all along, Huldah."

"It was week after next we meant to spring our little surprise," her lover concluded, but when you took on so to-night, why, it frightened me, and I vowed I wouldn't wait another minute. I persuaded Mr. Spencer, and we were off within ten minutes. So now it's plain about Topsy, isn't it, dear? And the license we've been after—Huldah, do you know that Joseph Brockway, twenty-five, and Huldah Spencer, twenty-one, are going to be married to-morrow, and have a long enough wedding trip to cure the worst case of nervous prostration going?" and he kissed her soundly.

For awhile Huldah could not trust herself to speak.

And when she did, though her voice was softly fearful, it was only to say: "How did you come to take Topsy? And where was Dan?"

"Oh, Hinceley borrowed Dan this afternoon! But I reckon we'd 'took Topsy anyhow on this occasion—eh, Joe? We was in a kind of a hurry this time, Joe and me!"

"Well," said Huldah, with a quivering breath, "I've been a goose about everything—such a goose! But, Joe, I can't be married to-morrow—not to-morrow, Joe, I can't!"

"You can and will be, my dear!" said Joe, masterfully.

"Got to be!" said Uncle Robert.

And she was; and came back—to a little house in Wakely—looking like a rose in bloom.—Saturday Night.

## Ciphers Easy to Read.

Communications in cipher are not so secret as many persons suppose. Nothing has amazed the London Times people more than the discovery of the secret cipher with which they communicated with George Kirby in America when Mr. Kirby was engaged in negotiating with Sheridan. It was an alphabetical cipher, and was so very cleverly constructed that it seemed to defy detection. But Labouchere once declared that he would unravel any cipher that was put before him, and Archibishop Walsh is quite as clever at this kind of thing, it would seem, as Mr. Labouchere. Ciphers, in fact, are not very difficult to detect. On one London paper, for example, every advertisement which goes in in cipher is read before it appears, and the work is not, as a rule, found to be very difficult. There is sometimes great amusement in the unraveling of these presumably secret methods of communication.—New York Journal.

Every man should have an aim in life, but he shouldn't spend too much time aiming. The quick shot gets the clay pigeon when the trap is sprung.—Somerville Journal.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

It is said that the hop vine is the best substitute for rags in the manufacture of paper. The vine pulp possesses great length, strength, flexibility and delicacy.

A weak galvanic current, which will sometimes cure a toothache, may be generated by placing a silver coin on one side of the gum and a piece of zinc on the other. Rinsing the mouth with acidulated water will increase the effect.

M. Fouque, the mineralogist, claims to have discovered in a mixture of copper and lime the beautiful color azurine, the composition of which has so long been a puzzle to artists. His tint is said to be perfectly unchangeable, and is identical with the famous Alexandrine blue.

From experiments by Dr. Ledenfeld on sponges, it appears that absorption of food does not take place at the outer surface, but in the interior. When poisons are put in the water, the sponge contracts its pores, and the action is very like that of poisons on muscles of the higher animals.

Dr. Dixon, Professor of Hygiene at the University of Pennsylvania, has been making some experiments with air and dust obtained in street cars. He has found in them the germs of many diseases, contagious and otherwise. Better ventilation and more effective cleansing are sorely needed.

A remarkable invention has been made in Austria, whereby the serious effects of railway collisions are prevented. Glass tubes project before the train, and if they are broken by an obstacle, an electric movement is applied to the brakes, bringing the train immediately to a standstill.

The "L" road companies in New York are doing their utmost just now to minimize the noise made by their trains, and on some of the roads they have succeeded, but they are still far from having the noiseless trains which so delight the heart of the traveler in Berlin, and the service has a great many lacks.

Experiments made in Sweden by M. Sandberg on the strength of iron rails during the winter 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 in countries as cold in winter as Norway and Sweden.

An electric motor is in successful operation for wood-sawing in Lewiston, Me. It is a six-horse power and with a twenty-six inch saw, which was driven at a velocity of 1450 revolutions per minute. The proprietor claims that with a six-horse power electric motor he can do more work than with a ten-horse power steam engine.

The heart contracts with power enough to send a column of blood seven and a half to nine feet high. At every beat of a heart of average size and strength, the force exerted is equal to moving over fifty pounds; or to lifting a pound weight upward a distance of three and a half to four and a half feet, say four feet; or to carrying four pounds, one foot upward.

Professor Samuel Cushman, apiarist of the Rhode Island agricultural experiment station, maintains, as the result of personal observation, that bees do no damage to growing or fair fruit. The juice of fruit is, in fact, injurious to them; and they do not attack sound fruit, but only bruised fruit, or that which has been previously injured by other insects.

A beet sugar manufactory, with a capacity of 400 tons a day, is said to be almost completed at Grand Island, Neb. The beet has sixteen per cent. of sugar, and farmers realize \$60 per acre at \$4 per ton for the root. The diffusion process of extracting the saccharine principle is used. In a fourteen-battery circuit it is claimed that the remarkable result of 98.8 per cent. of the sugar can be extracted.

The compressed air chisel was first brought into use in this country. An improved form is now being used in Europe by stone dressers, sculptors and metal workers. The economy of labor compared with the hand chisel is about four or fivefold. At the same time the surface cut by the compressed air chisel is cleaner and smoother than is possible with the hand chisel. This is especially the case with granite. The new instrument is said to be of great service in metal-working and wood-working.

## Catching Rattlesnakes for Oil.

There are places in South Georgia where men extract oil from the rattlesnake and use it to cure rheumatism. These persons will give a colored man \$1 to point out a rattlesnake to them, and then they kill it in a peculiar manner. They place a forked stick over the snake's head, then put a cord around it and strangle the snake. This is done to keep the snake from biting itself. The body of the reptile is then strung up and the oil extracted from it. It sells at \$2 per ounce, and this industry is a very profitable one. The snakes in that section are very large, averaging five feet in length, and one rattler gives up a great deal of oil. A little negro boy once saw two rattlers lying close together, and wanted to get the money for finding them. It was a mile to the nearest house. He was afraid the snakes would crawl off while he was gone, and so took off his coat and placed it between the two snakes. He went off, came back, and found them still eyeing the coat. He had them charmed. So the snake is cultivated down there as a profitable industry.—Atlanta Constitution.

## DIVIDED.

If thou wert by my side, dear love,  
And I could walk with thee,  
The path unto the mountain crest,  
No toll would seem to me,  
But now my feet walk wearily,  
And heavy are mine eyes,  
And dread and dark the winding way,  
That leadeth to the skies.  
Yet if thou wert beside me, love,  
My hand within thine own,  
Perchance my weight would hold thee back,  
Tho' thou canst win alone.  
Thou mightest stumble, following me;  
Or, loitering by the way,  
Seeking the sweets and flowers, my feet  
Might tempt thine own to stray.  
But now by different paths, my love,  
We seek the self-same goal,  
So far apart no check am I,  
No hindrance to thy soul,  
And tho' my heart doth ache for thee  
My lips for thy lips long,  
I see thee toiling upward still,  
And hush my pain with song.  
And when upon the mountain crest,  
We stand where souls are free,  
The bliss that doth elude us now,  
Must come to thee and me.  
Not one brief thrill of joy, of pain—  
One smile, in tears to end,  
But an eternal crown of love,  
When soul with soul shall blend.  
—Annie L. Brakenridge, in Housewife.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Never mind—Bad children.  
In summer weather the felt hat is felt hot.  
Moses came early; but he didn't avoid the rushes.  
"Oh, you darling old papa!" "Y-e-e-s—dress or bonnet?"—Ashland Press.  
An empty ladder ought to be enough to keep the wolf from the door.—Texas Siftings.  
The sailor never goes "around" the Horn" when he is ashore. He goes straight for it.—Puck.  
Ice is expensive everywhere this season. Even the icebergs in the Atlantic are reported unusually high.—Boston Herald.  
Lady (searching for burglars)—"Here, Bridget, you look down the folding bed and then I'll look under it."—Chautauquan.  
"Now, then," inquires a Canadian paper, "what is a crank?" Why, the other fellow, of course.—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.  
"He is too lazy to go sleep." "Oh! the idea." "Fact, nevertheless. He just simply falls asleep."—Terre Haute Express.  
The schoolmarm seeks vacation's joys.  
Her labor being done,  
And she who tanned the little boys  
Is now tanned by the sun.  
—Boston Courier.  
Exchanging Confidences.—"Clara—'I have such a horror of growing old.' Maud (sweetly)—'I should think you would have got over it by this time.'—Drake's Magazine.  
"Parting is such sweet sorrow!" she quoted. The young man blushed nervously. "You're right," he replied, "I'll go to the barber's next time!"—American Grocer.  
Mr. Carpenter—"That was a nice slip of the tongue you made introducing me to those young ladies as Mr. Carter." Mr. Tom Bigbee—"Well, I should call it a slip of the pen."—Puck.  
Judge—"What sort of a man, now, was it whom you saw commit the assault?" Constable—"Shure, yer honor, he was a small, insignificant craythur—about yer own size."—Chatter.  
Madame Hautry—"You the singing master! But we do not want a singing master!" Herr Pumpernickel—"Bardon; de laty next door toldt me you wanted one badly—she sent me!"—Judge.  
"You've been riding a bicycle, I hear," said one department clerk to another. "Just for exercise, you know." "It has reduced your weight some, I think." "Yes, I have fallen off a great deal."—Washington Post.  
A—"A more deserving medical man than our friend Richard does not exist. He very frequently accepts no fees from his patients!" B—"You don't say so?" A—"For he generally settles with the heirs."—Fliegende Blätter.  
"Are you aware, sir, said the man in the rear fiercely, "that your umbrella is poking me in the eye?" "It isn't my umbrella," replied the man just in front with equal fierceness. "It's a borrowed one, sir!"—Chicago Tribune.  
Young Husband—"What? You are twenty-five years old to-day? Why, you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that you were only twenty." Young Wife (wearily)—"Ah, yes, I have aged rapidly since I married."—La Galois.  
A—"Did you hear that the thief and desperado, Buckshot Jack, had been killed?" B—"No. Died with his boots on, I suppose." A—"No, indeed. He died with another man's boots on. Robbed a shoe store."—Texas Siftings.  
In describing the murder of a man Jorkins, a reporter, thus commented on the event: "The murderer was evidently in quest of money, but luckily Mr. Jorkins deposited all his funds in the bank the day before, so that he lost nothing but his life."—Birmingham Post.  
Wife (delighted)—"What! home through the summer shower? But where did you get that lovely piece of ice?" Husband (exultantly)—"It's a halibone which just fell in our front yard, and we can pay off our mortgage with it."—Chicago Times.