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NO. 48.

Seventy per cent. of the voters of Kansas are farmers.

It is proposed to have a permanent census department in Great Britain, whose duty it shall be to take the usual decennial census.

Says the Denver (Col.) *Field and Farm*: "The country pays too much for its milling. We sell wheat at one cent a pound and pay two cents a pound for flour, the miller keeping nearly half of the product of the grain to sell for stock food. The miller's family wear better clothes than the farmer's."

A. Montefiore, who has been traveling in Florida and devoting careful study to the fruit-growing districts of that vast State, calculates that the Americans eat more meat in the course of twenty-four hours than all the inhabitants of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland and Switzerland put together.

According to the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, Chaplain Parks, who has recently been on duty aboard the receiving ship *Vermont*, is the first Roman Catholic chaplain that the United States Navy has had. He is said to have had a far larger attendance at divine service than any other chaplain who has filled a similar position.

The *Drovers' Journal* states that "those who are laying out new industrial towns in the South are very wisely giving special attention to the houses of wage-workers, allowing them more room. The workmen's quarters in Southern cities and towns will not be so crowded as in the Northern cities, and will be in every respect more home-like."

The arid regions of the West comprise 800,000,000 acres, of which, asserts the New York *Voice*, about 100,000,000 acres (equal to about eight acres for every family in America) can be redeemed by irrigation and made among the most fertile and valuable lands in the country. Of this vast region about one-half is already in the hands of individual settlers. The other half is in Federal possession.

A cablegram from China says that a decree from one of the viceroys imposing a tax upon opium has been abandoned because of the protests of Great Britain. The British Government holds a monopoly of the opium crop in India. Under this opium is sold to middlemen at a profit of six hundred per cent. It is then taken to China, but the Chinese are permitted to impose only a nominal tax. England holds it as a British interest in India, and insists that it shall be so received in China. The revenue from this monopoly varies from forty-five to fifty-four millions of dollars a year, and without it England could not govern India.

The rapid increase of the wealth, business and prosperity of the United States during the past ten years, says the Boston *Manufacturers' Gazette*, is simply marvelous. According to the published figures, the total wealth of the country is now \$71,459,000,000, equal to nearly \$1000 per capita. This is an increase in ten years of \$18,000,000,000, or 42 per cent. England's wealth in 1885 is given at \$50,000,000,000. The average of wealth per head in England is \$1545, in Scotland \$1215, in Ireland but \$565. The total wealth of France is estimated at \$36,000,000,000. England exacts in taxes \$20 per head of population, while each individual in the United States pays but \$12.50. America will produce 7,000,000 tons of iron this year, while England's greatest production is 8,600,000 tons.

The only genuine and reliable cannibals in existence now are the natives of the Solomon Islands, a small group in the South Pacific. To be sure cannibalism is pursued in a desultory way elsewhere, but its devotees would prefer kid, kangaroo, monkey, cockatoo and snakes, and eat the human kind only when hungry from the lack of their usual game. But the Solomon Islanders will eat a tough sailor, a hardened trader, or even one of their own tribe in a mere spirit of wanton gormandizing when they are far from starvation and other meat is plenty. They have just had a barbecue consisting, with the usual side dishes, of Lars Nielson, a Norwegian trader, and his three native assistants. They have eaten six white men within the past few months and are really transacting about all of the genuine cannibal business at present being done.

TO AN OLD APPLE-TREE.

Those maimed limbs plead thy story;
The wounds upon thy body speak for thee;
Thou art a veteran soldier scarred with glory,
My brave old apple-tree!

Of hast thou borne up under
Onset of storming wind and shot of hail;
And once a sword-lunge of assailing thunder
Slashed down thy barken mail.

Old age, disease, and battle
Have scathed and crooked and crippled all
thy form;
And thy Briarean bare arms clash and rattle,
Tost in the wintry storm.

I seem to feel thee shiver
As on thy nakedness hangs rags of snow;
May charitable Spring, the gracious giver,
O'er thee her mantle throw!

She will; and sunshine spilling
From blue skies thou again shalt drink as wine,
And feel afresh the rush of young blood
thrilling
Through that old heart of thine.

For in the season duly
Each year there rises youth's perennial
power
Within thee, and thou then rejoicest newly
In robes of leaf and flower.

Ay, though thy years are many,
And sorrows heavy, yet from winter's gloom
Thou issest, with the young trees, glad as
any,
As quick of green and bloom.

The bluebird's warble mellow
Returns like memory and calls thy name,
And, as first love, the oriole's plumage yellow
Burns through thy shade like flame.

Thou quiver'st in the sunny
June mornings to the welcoming of song,
And bees about their business of the honey
Whisper thee all day long.

Thou art blest and blestest—
Thy grace of blossoms fruiting into gold;
And thus, in touch with nature, thou possessest
The art of growing old.

—Coates Kinney, in *Harper's Magazine*.

AN AWFUL TIME.

BY ANNA SHIELDS.

It was an awful time. In the first place, it was the middle of July, and we had to move. Old Mr. Townsend died, and every stick and stone that he owned in Dolliver was sold. His heirs, two sons (oh, how we hated their very names, knowing no more of them), had been abroad, had come home, intending to divide their time between their New York residence and the family estate at Chester Grove, but they didn't want to bother with a lot of rented houses in Dolliver, and these were peremptorily doomed to be sold.

Old Conway pounced upon ours at once. Of course he did! Mrs. Conway and her two homely daughters had been hankering for our house for years, for, though we did "only rent it," we had lived there for thirteen years, and, oh, the additions and improvements we had made to it! We had doubled its value, I am certain. We beautified it, inside and out; we lavished our artistic tastes upon the panels; we adorned the walls; we had the floor puttied, painted and polished, and Teddy had actually painted the most beautiful border and corner-pieces of oak leaves and acorns round the entire sitting room. And now, to give it all up! Oh! those hateful Townsends.

What added to the distress was the fact that the only house we could find in all Dolliver to rent was a little two-story cottage, quite a distance from all the neighbors to whom we had become attached, and in a locality we detested. However, there was no help for it, and as I said before, we had an awful time. It was bad enough to know the dear, old home was lost to us, and that the Conways were to enjoy all our labors of love on the walls and floors; it was sufficiently exasperating to be compelled to take up our abode at Jenk's Corner, a locality we abominated, but these were only the beginning of our tribulations.

The day we were to move was hot—oh, so hot! and the dear mother having done the work of about three men, the previous week, and weighing at her best times about ninety-four pounds, broke down with a blinding nervous headache. Martha, a treasure of a servant, had already laid herself up by spraining her wrist, in moving a trunk, so there were Teddy and Jim and I to "do" the moving.

Teddy is my elder sister Theodosia, and Jim is Jimmie, my youngest sister; I am "homasine," always called Tom in the osom of my family. We are all young, we are all blondes, we are all small, and we are all pretty. We have incomes of our own of three hundred dollars a year, and the dear mother has about twelve hundred a year, so we can live very nicely, indeed, in a quiet place like Dolliver.

When mother patiently fainted away just as the first furniture van drove up to the door, Teddy and I detailed Jim for active duty in the hospital department, and promised to have mother's room made ready the first thing. In the meantime, she was made comfortable in Jim's room, and Martha undertook to superintend the loading of the vans, while Teddy and I scampered off to the new house, to see to receiving the furniture. It was clean as a new pin; that was one little ray of comfort, and we hung up our hats, and put on the biggest of

aprons and Lady-Washington caps, and were ready for action.

Even in my misery I noticed how unusually pretty Teddy looked. Her hair is the purest gold color, and makes hundreds of little rings round her face, and she has a color like a wild rose on each cheek. But on that day, the excitement, the hurry and the indignation combined had made her blue eyes blaze, her cheeks brilliant as carnations, and every little curl bristled defiance of the Townsends and our wrongs. But more was to come. Up drove the first van with one man. Both Teddy and I were at the door, and exclaimed:

"Where's the other man?"
"Sure, marm, he was sint for by his old woman. One of the childer's scalded himself, and it's half over Dolliver I've been trying to foind somebody to take the job, and niver a one is there doin' nothing at all, at all!"

Here was a dilemma.
"Well," said Teddy, "those things have got to be taken into the house. You and I can carry some of the light ones."

Neither Teddy nor I knew that we had an audience. Not until long afterward were we aware of the wicked trick that was at that instant devised. From round the corner of the house appeared two men in flannel shirts, minus collars, neckties or hats; with hair in wild confusion and extremely dirty hands and faces. In the richest of brogues one of them respectfully addressed Teddy and requested work.

I really wonder now that we didn't embrace them. But we engaged their services at once, and how they worked! They did a considerable amount of laughing whenever they were alone, and they required the most minute directions for everything they undertook, but they put down carpets and put up pictures and carried in furniture and unpacked glass and china, in fact, worked with might and main, leaving to the driver of the van only the task of going to and fro with the goods, which he managed to load with Martha's assistance.

At noon we unpacked a substantial lunch, and as Bill and John, our new help, showed no signs of going home, we spread out a meal on the kitchen table and sent them in to it. I never in my life heard men laugh so much over sandwiches, hard-boiled eggs and coffee.

In all this time, you may be sure Teddy and I were berating these horrid Townsends at every turn. We called them all sorts of names expressive of meanness and selfishness, hoped their own house would burn down and let them know how pleasant it was to be turned out of a home they loved. We were sure they were sour, grumpy old bachelors, and we hoped they would never marry unless it was to some old witch who would worry all the year round.

All this we said in confidence to each other, never heeding those quiet, modest young men who were so meekly obeying all our orders.

The house was really in very nice order, and mother's room as home like as we could make it, when at last the carriage drove up with our dear invalid, Jim and Martha. Mother was very pale and propped up by pillows, and I was worrying over the necessity of her walking upstairs, when out walked our two hired men, without any orders whatever raised her tenderly and gently, pillows and all, in their arms, and carried her upstairs as carefully as her own sons, had she ever had any, could have done.

Jim stared, as well she might, and Martha muttered "Holy Moses!" as she made a dive for the kitchen.

Teddy paid the men; Jim and I did the last few things necessary before resting; and then we all gathered in mother's room.

Such a chattering as followed, the dear mother laughing and talking as merrily as any of us.
"But, oh, what guys you two are!" cried Jim. "Tom, you've torn yourself, as usual, wherever there was the smallest opening for a rent, and your cap is hanging half way down your back, while your hair defies description. Teddy always does keep nice, somehow; but now—even Teddy will bear an application of soap and water."

"Same to yourself," said Teddy. "I guess you sent all the mirrors away before washed your face. You've got what Martha calls a 'smooch' right across your nose."

"Don't be personal, young ladies," said mother, in a tone of extreme gentleness, "but perform your ablutions, and see if Martha can make out a tea."

In a fortnight we had settled down in the new house, but we did not occupy ourselves as of old, in beautifying our home. We were advertising far and wide for a house such as we wished, and we hoped to purchase one. The price of the one we had left was beyond our reach, but we thought we could hear of one at a more reasonable rate.

During this time of waiting, feeling as if we really had no home, we had gone out but little. Mother was not well, and the heat was very oppressive, while Martha's lame wrist threw considerable of the house-work on our hands.

But one evening there came an irresistible invitation from mother's dear old friend, Mrs. Raymond, of Chester Grove, to a garden party and a dance.

"You will stay all night, of course," she wrote, and I will send the carriage for you at two o'clock. Be sure you all come. I cannot spare one of you!"

But we did not all go. Mother was not equal to the eight-mile drive, and Jim stayed with her. We all wanted to

stay, and finally drew lots, and it fell to Jim.

"I'm not really out, anyhow," said that young person, philosophically; "and, as you and Teddy seem awfully slow about leaving the family nest, perhaps it is just as well that I am not brought forward just yet."

"The effect will be overwhelming when you are," said Teddy, laughing; but secretly we all thought Jim the beauty of the family, for, with the golden hair, she had soft-brown eyes and dark eyelashes.

It was with the utmost serenity that Teddy and I accepted Mrs. Raymond's invitation to stroll about the grounds a little with her, and see some new neighbors only lately come to live at Chester Grove.

We were arrayed in the finest of linen lawns, white, with a small blue figure, with blue belts, and white muslin shade-hats with blue bows. Blue neckties, knots of blue in our curls, and blue-trimmed white gloves constituted our costumes; and I can answer for Teddy's being exceedingly becoming.

Strolling leisurely along, we met two gentlemen in white linen suits and straw hats; we heard Mrs. Raymond say:

"Allow me to introduce the Messrs. Townsends, lately returned from Europe. Mr. John Townsend, Miss Theodosia Brent; Mr. William Townsend, Miss Thomasine Brent."

If thought I was going to faint. I heard Teddy gasp. I saw Mrs. Raymond sail majestically away; and then I looked again.

Yes, it was "Bill," and Teddy was blushing, with drooping eyes, before "John."

"Would you please forgive us?" said John, presently. "We had just come over to Dolliver, and had heard for the first time that there was any personal feeling involved in the sale of our father's property, which we had regarded as a mere business transaction. We were coming up the street beside your house, when we saw your distress, and, having nothing to do, we took off our coats and vests and hats, and rubbed a little mud on our faces and hands and—"

"It was just for a lark, you know," pleaded Bill, as his brother paused; "and you did look just ready to cry, you know."

"It was very good of you," said Teddy, looking very much as Bill had just described her.

"Yes, we are very much obliged," I said, thinking of all they had heard us say about them, and wondering how much they remembered.

But, somehow, just then we all looked up, and in another second the air was filled with laughter. It was irresistible. The whole affair was too funny.

After that, we were the best of friends. The Townsends came often to Jenk's Corner, and when Jim comes out regularly, next winter, she will have no sisterly compunctions about Teddy or me, because there will be a double wedding in about two weeks. Teddy and I are going to marry "those horrid Townsends."—*The Ledger*.

A Toy for the Chinese Emperor.

About two years ago they presented a complete miniature railway to the Emperor through Li Hung Chang, and the line, which is about three miles long, is laid down within the Imperial city. The young Emperor is very much interested in its works, and spends a great deal of his time riding to and fro in the beautifully appointed little carriages.

He was greatly struck with the toy railway and its influence upon the recent decree has been very considerable. The old reactionary party among his advisers were adverse to the miniature line being laid down within the precincts of the secured city, and it was very near being returned to the donors. But the Government was afraid lest it should give offense to the French, who are greatly feared and respected since they burned and sunk the Chinese fleet.

At first the high authorities would not allow any foreigners to have a hand in laying down or working the model railway. The result was that when they started the little engine they could not stop it, and great consternation was occasioned to the occupants in the palace by their inability to control the strange contrivance of the foreigners, which dashed along the line till it was pulled up by coming in contact with a mound of earth.

Since then, however, a French driver has been procured, and the Emperor is a frequent traveler upon the cars.

Pet Chickens are Dangerous.

"Pet animals," says Dr. F. Saum in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, "and even chickens will often cause disease and spread infection. Some people let dogs sleep with them and see nothing wrong about the practice, forgetting that the favored canine may have smelt and even lain upon infected rags and refuse during the day. Pet dogs and birds confined in sick-rooms with patients suffering from infectious or contagious diseases frequently spread the disease to other members of the families. Carelessness about chickens is also a cause of a good deal of sickness at this season of the year."

"In the country there is nothing so healthy as a chicken, but when kept in close confinement or allowed to range in dirty stables and alleys they become regular disease-spreaders. I know of several cases of serious malarial affections caught in this manner, and at least one of typhoid."

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A deposit of beautiful agate and carnelian has been found on Cedros Island, Lower California.

Scientific farming in Italy is to be undertaken this year by a company with a capital of \$20,000,000.

Coffee is boiled by electricity in a Berlin cafe, glass jars being used and platinum wires passing through them being heated by the current.

Women are longer lived than men; a woman of twenty may expect forty-two years more of life, a man of the same age only thirty-nine years.

An electrician says that just what takes place in the human organism to produce death from an electric current seems to be an unsolved problem.

The result of recent experiments with the heliograph demonstrate the adaptability and value of that instrument for signaling to great distances.

The whitish, vapory belt popularly known as the "milky way," is a mass of many millions of stars, the mingled light of which makes a bright belt.

The water barometer in St. Jacques Tower, Paris, has a glass tube over forty-one feet long, and about three-quarters of an inch in diameter—the largest yet made.

The board of naval experts found the eophone a very accurate instrument for locating the direction from which sound comes, its value being of greatest importance in thick foggy weather.

The experiment of producing rainfall by explosions of dynamite, has been proposed. An item has been included in the Agricultural Appropriation bill, setting aside \$3000 for that purpose.

Dr. Charles W. Dullas, a prominent physician of Philadelphia, in a recent paper on the subject of consumption, points out that while in England half a century ago there were 55,000 deaths annually among 15,000,000 people, there are at present in a population of 40,000,000 but 14,000 deaths due to phthisis.

It has been discovered that a current of electricity passed through impure water, restores it to purity by destroying any living germs with which it may be impregnated. Animalcules which escape the eye, and which almost elude the microscope, can not escape the all-searching power of the electric flash.

A New York man has invented a new mode of rapid transit for street railways. It is an application of the archimedian screw principle to the cable system. Instead of a wire rope in the conduit beneath the track, is a wrought iron tube with a stout worm, and in place of the grip is a shoe pushed forward by the worm and raised or lowered by a rod.

There are some philosophers who maintain that longevity is becoming more general than it was, even forty years ago. There is no doubt, but that during the first few centuries of the Christian era, the average duration of life in the most favored classes was thirty years, while in the present century, the average age of the same classes is fifty years.

To Cure Consumption.

A great scheme has been inaugurated at Philadelphia to establish the Rush Hospital for the cure of consumption and allied diseases. It will be conducted on the same plan as the German and English hospitals for consumptives, that is, to give the patients as much rest as possible, to reduce the fever and to nourish the body. In those foreign hospitals patients are kept in bed or a room, or are carried out in the open air on cots, and, protected by clothing from draughts, are left to inhale the fresh air. This treatment has been found not only to rest the patient, but at the same time to improve his appetite and reduce the fever.

In the second place the patient is introduced into a cabinet room, which is an air-tight compartment, from which the air has been exhausted. After the patient is placed in the room, it is filled with oxygen, or nitrous oxide, or any vapor containing medicine. By inhaling this vaporous medicine the patient is liable to be cured of the terrible disease. As to nourishing the body, the patients are given the most nutritious provender, chiefly beef, eggs and milk. Medicine is taken at regular hours. There is also a constant medical supervision over the patients.

This is the plan on which the Rush Hospital will be conducted. Statistics show this mode of treatment cures forty per cent. of consumptives placed in such hospitals. In fact the German and English claim a larger percentage of cures. "It is now an established truth in medical science," says Dr. Mays, one of the trustees, "that consumption can be cured. When I make the statement I include all kinds of consumption, whether inherited or induced by exposure or excesses. The plan of treatment adopted by the Germans and English cures the average consumptive in six months' time. This is remarkable, but it is a fact."—*New York News*.

A Split Ear.

The curious case is mentioned by a German doctor of a man who experienced unpleasant cracking noises in the left ear during a period of a year and a half. These occurred every few seconds, and could be heard by any person at a distance of a foot. There was no deafness or inflammation, but the drum was found to have a split in it through which air was forced by the act of swallowing.

WOMAN.

Fairer than all the fantasies that dart
Adown the dreams of our most favored
sleep,
Thy perfect form, since Eden's day, doth
keep

The constant pattern of a perfect art!
Yet more must we admire thy better part,—
The spirit strong to smile when others
weep,—
And well know we who sail life's ocean
deep

There is no haven like a woman's heart.

Thus, often weary ere the strife is won,
Tired of my task, my head I fain would
lay

In some good lady's lap, as did "the
Dane."

And watch the action of the world go on,
Knowing 'tis but a play within a play,
The fleeting portion of an endless plan.
—Charles H. Crandall, in *Lippincott*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Told to make a noise—A bell.

Old as the hills—The valleys.

A catch question—"Will you be
mine?"

Man wants but little here below; but
when he gets on top he wants the earth.

It is the small boy getting his hair
combed who knows the pain of a part-
ing.

The man who lives by his brains certainly
has not a visible means of support.
—Puck.

He—"Are you fond of sports?" She
—"Well, I ought to be. I married one."
—Gazette.

Played out—baseball. It is one of the
games that can't be played indoors.
—Philadelphia Press.

Most proverbs are founded on fact.
Perhaps the straw that broke the camel's
back was a bale. —Puck.

Of all sad words
Vocable, mailable,
The saddest are:
"It's unavailable." —Puck.

The most popular woman in the United
States is undoubtedly the golden haired
lady who adorns the double eagle.
—Puck.

When a man marries he fully intends
to be No. one in the family, but often
the period drops out. —Terre Haute Ex-
press.

Wife—"What do you suppose baby is
thinking about?" The Brute—"I 'spose
he's thinking what to cry about to-
night." —Life.

Book Agent (returning after having
been fired down one flight, to irate broker)
—"But now, joking aside, won't you
take one copy?" —*Fliegende Blaetter*.

"A new female pursuit in the larger
cities is collecting bills." This is en-
couraging. The old female pursuit in
the larger cities was to run 'em up." —
Norristown Herald.

Farmer Way—"All my pigs broke
out last night and the constable put them
in the pound." Farmer Wise—"Take
care of the pens and the pounds will take
care of themselves."

"Sh!" exclaimed Tommy, listening at
the door. "There's a company in the par-
lor." "How do you know?" inquired
Willie. "Mamma's calling papa 'my
love.'" —Chicago Tribune.

Falstaff asks "What's the matter?" as
though it were hard to tell; but let one
woman sit behind another in church, and
she'll tell what's on her in less than two
minutes. —Harvard Lampoon.

We all know the men who like to make
Cruel jests, and think them innocuous.
But give me the one who can always take
A joke at his own expense. —Judge.

Would-be Fucetious Teacher—"Boys,
there is an old saying that if you give a
nan an inch, he will take an ell. Now
can you tell me what would be the result
if you were to give a man a foot?" Small
but Bright Boy—"He would kick." —
New York Tribune.

Strive as we may we never can
Tell who are happy, who are forlorn;
The cutest little shoe of tan
May hide a very painful corn.
—Chicago Evening Post.

Fruits Prematurely Plucked.

"At present the trouble is to get
things to eat," said a prominent caterer
of years gone by. "Fruits and vegeta-
bles, especially the earlier varieties, are
brought from a great distance, and in
order to carry well are picked green.
Ripened artificially off the trees, vines
and plants, they not only lack flavor, but
are positively unwholesome. Take the
first tomatoes, for instance. You look
in vain for a ripe one, and the taste is
frightfully unnatural and unsatisfactory.
It is the same with peaches, pears, apri-
cots, plums and smaller fruit. So far as
meat is concerned, heaves are driven for
miles and miles, and when killed many
of them are bruised, thin and diseased.
When they are brought in cattle cars
they are crowded together so closely that
they cannot move without trampling on
each other, and suffer terribly from lack
of water and food. Sheep and swine are
in the same category. Under such con-
ditions it is no wonder that much objec-
tionable meat is offered for sale. In the
past, fruits and vegetables came from
near at hand and were gathered almost
ripe, while the beef, mutton, veal and
pork were from this State and New Jer-
sey and were of excellent quality, to
say nothing of being in prime condition
and altogether wholesome. Things have
changed in the line of marketing, but
the change has not been for the better."
—Philadelphia Inquirer.