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Dr. A. Bosco, an Italian statistician, has discovered that the greatest number of murders occur in Italy, Spain and Hungary.

The New York *Observer* announces that the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Reading Circle has now about sixty thousand students.

"The romance of West Point and Annapolis makes thousands of boys anxious to get there," explains the *Detroit Free Press*, "but the cold facts of a practical trial discourage three-fifths of the pupils before the second year. Only about one in five graduates, and a smaller proportion follow the profession through life."

Considering that \$223,000,000 of property in the United States is possessed and controlled by twenty-seven women, one might argue, suggests the *New York Journal*, that parents should give their daughters as thorough a business education as they accord their sons. No one with girls to raise can tell in this democratic country, where fortunes shift like quicksilver, whether at some future time they may not have vast sums of money to control.

The *Paris Herald* solemnly asserts that "nearly forty-five per cent. of the female convicts have at some period of their lives kept parrots, and a careful comparison made between a thousand shopkeepers of the weaker sex who indulge in parrots, and a thousand of the same class who abstain from parrots and dicky birds, shows that the former are twenty-seven times more liable to be arrested on charges of dishonesty than the latter."

A writer in the *Arena* gives a dismal forecast of mundane affairs during the next quarter of a century. He predicts revolutions all over Europe, and a social upheaval, followed by a war lasting from 1906 to 1916, in the United States. But antedating that event there will be a great earthquake and a tidal wave that will submerge the Atlantic coast from New Orleans to New York. All the great seaboard cities will be engulfed. But, despite these doleful predictions, people will keep right on in their occupations as heretofore.

The *New York Tribune* says: A law of New Jersey requires all railroad companies in their annual reports to mention all accidents, the cause thereof, the names of the persons injured and the nature and extent of their injuries. In pursuance of this law, we observe in the report just issued the following important entry in one of the company's statements: "August 1st—David Kiersted, passenger, injured at Little Ferry by train No. 25, J. W. Howley, conductor; B. McAfee, engineer, little finger of left hand bruised by coach window, which he did not properly fasten, falling on same." It is possible to get things down too fine sometimes.

The *Age of Steel* has discovered that it costs more than half as much again to ship goods from New York to Valparaiso as it does from Liverpool or Hamburg, while it frequently happens that the merchant in Chili will receive his bills of lading two or three months before he gets his goods. The cost of freight by steamer from New York to Valparaiso via Panama is \$34 per ton; heavy goods via Hamburg, \$22, and via Liverpool, \$22. Freight shipped from Liverpool, London, Glasgow, Bordeaux or Havre is but from \$5.50 to \$7. These figures are explanatory of much that is otherwise problematic, and there need be no surprise at the low ebb of our export trade with Chili and southern republics.

A comparison has been made between railroad operations in the United States and Europe by taking the Prussian system as typical of one and the Pennsylvania system as representative of the other. The Prussian system embraces 16,800 miles and is owned by the State. The Pennsylvania system is 7884 miles long. The total earnings of the former in 1887-8 were \$180,000,000 and of the latter \$123,000,000, so that the Prussian, with more than double the mileage of the Pennsylvania, only earned 50 per cent. more money. The earnings per mile of the Prussian were \$10,000, of the Pennsylvania \$16,000. The Prussian carried 191,600,000 passengers, more than double the number transported by the Pennsylvania, namely, 73,000,000. But, on the other hand, the Pennsylvania carried 122,000,000 tons of freight, against only 99,000,000 carried by the Prussian roads.

A SONG OF GROWTH.

In the heart of a man
Is a thought unfurled;
Reached its full span
It shakes the world,
And to one high thought
Is a whole race wrought.
Not with vain noise
The great work grows,
Nor with foolish voice,
But in repose,
Not in the rush,
But in the hush.

From cogent lash
Of the cloud-herd wind
The low clouds dash,
Blown headlong, blind;
But, beyond, the great blue
Looks moveless through.
O'er the loud world sweep
The scourge and the rod,
But in deep beyond deep
Is the stillness of God,
At the Fountain of Life
No cry—no strife!

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in *The Century*.

A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

I was a medical student in Paris at the time the strange and startling adventure happened which I am about to record. Tired with long lectures and hard study, I was out one evening for a walk in the fresh air. It was a pleasant night in mid-winter, and the cold, bracing air, as it touched my feverish brow, caused a grateful sensation.

Passing through a rather lonely street near the river, I was surprised at meeting a young and pretty girl—at least she so appeared in the dim light of a rather distant street lamp—who carried in her hand some three or four bouquets, which she offered for sale.

"Will monsieur have a bouquet?" she asked, in a sweet, musical tone, holding out to me a well-arranged collection of beautiful flowers.

"They are very pretty," said I, taking them in my hand; and then, somehow, I could not help adding, as I fixed my eyes upon hers, "And so, I think, is their fair owner."

"Monsieur will purchase and assist me?" she said.

"Do you, then, really need assistance, mademoiselle?"

"Why else should I be here at this hour of the night, monsieur?"

"And why here at all?" quickly returned I. "This street is little frequented, and is about the last in the world I should have selected for disposing of a luxury most suited to wealth and fashion."

She sighed and reached out her hand for the bouquet, which I still retained.

"What is your price?" said I.

"Five francs?"

"A large sum."

"Monsieur will remember it is winter, and flowers are not plentiful."

"To aid you I will purchase," returned I, handing her the requisite silver coin; "for, though I love flowers, I would otherwise hardly indulge in the luxury to-night at such an expense."

She thanked me, and seemed about to pass on, but hesitated, looked up at me and said:

"Could monsieur direct me to the house of a good physician, who would turn out to-night and see a patient for a small recompense?"

"Any friend of yours, sir?"

"My mother!" with a deep sigh and downcast look.

"Where does she reside?"

"Only a short distance from here."

"What is the matter with her?"

"She has a high fever, for one thing."

"When was she taken?"

"She came down last night, and has not left her bed since."

"Why did you not send for a doctor once?"

"We hoped she would get better soon, and it is so expensive for poor people to employ a physician."

"I am myself a medical student, with considerable experience among the sick of the hospitals, and if you are disposed to trust the case to me, I am at your service without charge," I rejoined, already feeling deeply interested in the fair girl.

"Oh, how shall I thank monsieur!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands, and an upward, grateful look. "Pray, follow me, Monsieur le Docteur."

She turned at once and moved off at a rapid pace down the street toward the River Seine in the direction I was walking when we met.

In less than five minutes we had entered a wretched quarter, among narrow streets, old, tottering buildings, and squalid looking inhabitants, some of whom seemed to glare at us as we passed along.

"Is it much further?" inquired I, beginning to feel uneasy.

"Only a step, monsieur. It is just here."

or three short turns, began to descend in flight of creaking stairs.

"Is it possible you live in a place like this?" said I, secretly wishing myself safely out of it.

"In Paris beggars cannot be choosers," replied the girl.

"But even in Paris it is not necessary for the living to take up their abodes in sepulchers," I rejoined with some asperity, being vexed at myself for suffering my good nature to lead me into a den from which I might never come out alive.

To this my fair guide deigned no reply. On reaching the foot of the stairs she pushed open a door, into a small dimly lighted room, and I followed her into it with some secret misgivings. There was a bed in one corner, and on it appeared to be a human form, lying very still.

"I have brought a doctor, mother," said the girl as she closed the door behind me.

As there was no reply to this she turned to me, saying:

"Will Monsieur le Docteur please be seated a minute? 'I think mother is asleep.'"

"I beg mademoiselle will bear in mind that I can only spare a few moments to this case to-night, as I have another call I wish to make immediately, I returned, feeling very anxious to depart from the subterranean quarter as soon as possible. "Monsieur shall not be detained long by me," rejoined the girl, passing out of the room by another door.

I did not sit down, but walked over to the bed, where the patient was lying very still—so still, indeed, that I could not detect any breathing. A woman's cap was on the head, and the end of a sheet concealed the face. I ventured to turn this down carefully, and beheld the eyeless sockets and grinning teeth of a human skull.

I started back in horror, and at the same moment the door by which the girl had left was thrown open, and in marched, one after the other, four tall human figures in black gowns and masks.

I knew at once, then, that I was to be robbed, and probably murdered. I wore a heavy diamond pin and ring, carried a valuable gold watch, and had in money about my person some 500 francs, but not a single weapon of any kind. Resistance being therefore out of the question, I felt that my only chance—if indeed there was a chance—was to conciliate the ruffians and buy myself off.

With a presence of mind for which I still take to myself considerable credit, I said at once:

"I understand it all, gentlemen, and you will find me a very liberal person to deal with. There is one thing I value very highly, because it is the only one I have, and I can not replace it—that is my life. Everything else of mine is at your service, even beyond what I have with me."

They were undoubtedly surprised to hear me speak in that cool, off-hand manner, but they marched forward and surrounded me before either returned a word.

"How much have you with you then?" inquired one in a civil way, but in a low, gruff tone.

I immediately mentioned the different articles of value, and the exact amount of money.

"All of which I shall be pleased to present you with, if one of you will be kind enough to escort me to the street above," I asked.

"You said you had more, monsieur."

"Yes, gentlemen, I have 10,000 francs in the Bank of France, and will willingly add a check for half that amount."

"Checks do not serve our purpose very well," said a second voice.

"Then I pledge you my honor that I will to-morrow draw out 5000 francs and pay the amount over to any person who may approach me with this bouquet in his hand," said I, holding out the flowers I had purchased of the fair decoy.

"And have him arrested the next minute, I suppose."

"No, on my honor he shall depart unharmed and unquestioned; and no other human being shall be informed of the transaction for a week, a month or a year."

"Let us first handle what you have here," said the first speaker.

I immediately took out my pin, took off my ring, drew out my watch, produced my pocket-book and purse and placed them all in his extended hand.

"You make me a present of these now," he said.

"Yes, on condition that one of you will forthwith conduct me to the street," I replied.

"Monsieur is a very liberal gentleman, eh, comrades?" said the mask, turning to the others.

"A very liberal gentleman, indeed!" was the response.

Then they drew off together, scrutinized the articles by the light of a smoky lamp, and conversed together in low tones. I felt that they were holding a consultation that involved my life, and to speak the honest truth, it seemed as if every nerve in me quivered, and it was with difficulty I could stand.

At length the principal spokesman turned to me and said, in a very cool and methodical manner:

"Monsieur has acted more like a gentleman than any other person we ever had dealings with, and if we could, consistent with our business, oblige him, we should be happy to do so; but unfortunately we are governed by a rule, which is a law with us, that 'dead men tell no tales,' and we think it will not do to make an exception in this case. We will, however, in consideration of Mon-

sieur's gentlemanly behavior, be as mild and lenient as possible in doing our duty, and grant Monsieur five minutes for saying his prayers."

"You have, then, resolved to murder me?" I asked.

"Monsieur uses a very harsh term, but we will let that pass. You have five minutes yet to live by that watch."

The villain then held my watch to the light, and I felt indeed that my minutes were numbered.

A death-like silence then reigned in that gloomy apartment for some time, and then one of the ruffians bent downward and lifted a trap-door, and from the dark pit below issued a noisome smell. I beheld my intended grave, and shuddered and shook like an aspen.

But why stand there and die like a dog, without a single attempt at escape? At the worst it could be but death, and there was a bare possibility that I might get away. I fixed my eyes on the door which opened upon the stairway, and with a single sudden bound reached it, but found it fast locked. Then, as the hands of the ruffians seized me, with murderous intent, I uttered a wild shriek, the door was burst in with a loud crash, and in a moment the room was filled with gendarmes. I saw that I was saved, and fainted and fell.

The four masks, the fair decoy and some two or three others concerned it that murderous den were all secured that night, and I subsequently had the pleasure of giving my evidence against them and seeing them all condemned to the galleys for life.

The place had been for some time suspected and the decoy marked. On that night a detective had secretly followed the girl and myself, and after ascertaining whither she had conducted me, had hastened to bring a body of gendarmes to the place. The delay of the ruffians in their murderous design had been just sufficient to save me. I scarcely need add that I never again volunteered to accompany a distressed damsel on a secret adventure while I remained in Paris.

An Empress and Her Five Boys.

A correspondent describes the daily life of the German Empress and the five little Princes at Sassnitz, where they have been staying. Every day schools and other institutions in the neighborhood make trips to Sassnitz to see the Empress and her boys, and there are plenty of opportunities for doing so, for the Empress is as fond of being on the water as the Emperor himself. The Empress has already been several times on the beach, together with the Princes; the four elder boys wear blue sailor suits and straw hats with long ribbons. Prince Oscar, the youngest, who is dressed all in white, is carried about by the nurse.

The Princes climb about among the stones, trying to find curious stones or other treasures of the deep. The Empress herself takes part in this search as well as in the other amusements of the Princes on the beach. The thoughtful kindness of the Empress was shown in a little incident which occurred a few days ago. She had come down to the beach with her four sons—the Crown Prince had remained at home for lessons—and was sitting down under a fine old beech not far from the bathing place for gentlemen. The police would not let the gentlemen pass who were on their way to the cabins. When the Empress noticed that one of the latter was carrying a bathing towel she made inquiries, and was informed that some of the gentlemen were on their way to the bathing place. She got up at once and sent an apology to the would-be bathers to the effect that "she had not known it was the hour for bathing." The Princes were also called away, and Prince Eitel marched off whistling a merry tune. The Empress keeps to her habit of rising early, and the two eldest Princes take a hot sea bath every morning at eight o'clock. In a few days' time the Empress hopes also to begin sea bathing.

The costumes worn by the Empress are as simple as possible. As a rule, she wears a black woolen dress, a close fitting jacket and a large straw hat trimmed with black ribbon.

Tired of Making His "Mark."

James Robinson, tall, robust, with a sandy complexion and forty years of age, has spent almost his entire life mining in the mountains of the West. Two months ago he went to Kansas City, Mo., from Phoenix, Arizona. He could neither read nor write. During the past eight years he has been engaged in the transaction of business involving the buying and selling of mines, through which he has been placed in comfortable circumstances financially. His "mark" had been attached to deeds and contracts so often that he was brought to realize the necessity of an education. Hence his presence in Kansas City. Mr. Robinson has applied himself assiduously under the direction of a private tutor and can now read and write. He says he will remain another month in Kansas City and then return to Arizona to look after his mining interests. After the lapse of a few weeks he will return to pursue his educational course. In three years' time he expects to have a good business education, supplemented with the embellishments of literature.—*Chicago Herald*.

Bookkeeper.—"Excuse me, please, my nephew died three days ago." Employer (who is somewhat familiar with the little game).—"All right, Mr. Culpepper, you may attend the funeral. Died, as usual, on first base, I suppose?"—*Dry Goods Chronicle*.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

BRIGHTENING GILT FRAMES.

Gilt picture frames may be brightened by taking sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge to about one and one-half pints of water, and in this boil four or five bruised onions or garlic, which will answer the same purpose. Strain off this liquid, and with it, when cold, wash with a soft brush any gilding which requires renewing, and when dry it will come out bright as new.—*New York Telegram*.

PAINTING UPON SILK.

To prevent oil colors from spreading in painting upon silk or satin, different preparations are used. White shellac dissolved in alcohol is good. First, trace the design, then cover the surface to be painted with this medium. Another method is to outline the design with Japan varnish before applying the paint. Moisten the brush with turpentine and paint over but not beyond the outline. It is a good plan to squeeze the paint upon a piece of blotting-paper, instead of the palette ordinarily used. The blotting-paper will absorb much of the oil, and if the paints are thinned with turpentine they may often be used without any preparation upon the fabric. On heavy satin there is little danger of the oil spreading beyond the design.—*New York World*.

TEA MAKING.

In preparing tea, the water to be used should never be poured directly from the kitchen kettle into the urn. It should be cold, fresh water, brought absolutely to the boiling point. The tea used will, of course, differ according to taste, but none is better for the purpose than the best English breakfast. The leaves must be placed in the pot in the proportion of a heaping teaspoonful to each person. Upon these leaves pour a small quantity of boiling water; never use all of the latter needed at once, as a sudden rush will certainly "drown" the tea. Now pull the cosy over the teapot and allow the contents to draw a few moments, when you will have the best infusion possible; repeat this process as many times as needed; after using the first potful and filling once more with boiling water, the tea loses its strength and flavor. Boiled tea is hurtful, and breakfast tea should never be steeped upon the stove. It will not often be necessary to strain where these directions are followed, but the sudden addition of water floats the leaves, which do not again settle.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

BEWARE OF CHEMICAL FRUIT POWDERS!

The attention of farm housewives and other householders is also drawn to the use of the pernicious substance which is the basis of the fruit powders used for the preservation of fruits and vegetables. Health is the greatest blessing if only for its personal relation. But when the health of young children is under the care of the mothers, the greatest circumspection should prevail in the use of all chemical preparations used in housekeeping. Nothing noxious under the guise of household compounds, whether for preserving or cooking, inclusive of baking powders, should be accepted blindly or without knowing of what they are composed. It is an excellent part of the education of young women that hygiene, and at least some knowledge of domestic chemistry, are taught in good schools, and every mother should take care that her daughters should acquire this indispensable accomplishment before they begin housekeeping for themselves. Rural schools especially should be conducted upon the high principle, and should be made as effective means of instruction as those of the cities and large towns.—*New York Times*.

RECIPES.

Sweet Tomato Pickles.—Take eight pounds of green tomatoes and chop them fine, then add four pounds of brown sugar and boil three hours; a quart of vinegar, a teaspoonful each of mace, cloves and cinnamon; boil again fifteen minutes, let it cool and pour into jars.

Raspberry Vinegar.—To four quarts red raspberries, put enough vinegar to cover, and let them stand twenty-four hours; scald and strain it; add a pound of sugar to one pint of juice; boil it twenty minutes, and bottle; it is then ready for use, and will keep years. To one glass of water add a great spoonful. It is much relished by the sick. Very nice.

Baked Veal Cutlet.—Remove all skin from the edge, wash and wipe dry, sprinkle with salt and pepper, place a sheet of white paper in the bottom of a shallow baking tin, butter it well, lay the meat on it, place bits of butter on top of the meat and very thin slices of onion, place in a moderate oven, bake frequently with butter, bake until a nice brown; remove from the pan, place on a hot platter, pour over it a little tomato sauce and garnish with sliced lemon.

Salmon Salad.—Take two onions cut fine, a small carrot, a small head of celery, half a cupful of parsley cut fine, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of prepared mustard; let them simmer fifteen minutes in just water enough to prevent scorching, then add one cupful of vinegar, one cupful of water, salt, a pinch of cloves, and a little cayenne, and the fish; simmer half an hour, then remove from the fire, and let the salmon remain in the dressing until perfectly cold, then serve with lettuce and some of the dressing strained through a fine sieve.

LIFE AND LOVE.

Life is a garden fair and free,
But 'tis love that holds the golden key,
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's flowers are dashed with storm of sorrow;
And bloom to-day may be blight to-morrow;
Then heedless ever of wind and weather,
Let life and love be linked together.

Life is a diamond rich and rare,
But love is a cluster that dances there;
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
Life's jewels glow dim in the breath of sorrow,
And diamond to-day may be dust to-morrow;
Then heedless of the wind and weather,
Let life and love be linked together.

Life hath a fair and sunshine face,
But love is a beauty that gives it grace,
For hand and heart
Once held apart,
The sweetest cheeks are paled with sorrow,
And blush to-day may be blanched to-morrow;
Then heedless ever of wind and weather,
Let life and love be linked together.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Watered silk—An umbrella.
A blacking box—Oae in the eye.
A skylight—The sun.—*Prison Mirror*.
The silent majority is not the popular side.

Charged with dynamite—A party who gets the explosive on "tick."—*Detroit Free Press*.

With the angler it is more a matter of knowing just when than just where to draw the line.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"I tell you, travel develops a man. If he has anything in him it's bound to come out in travel." "Particularly ocean travel."—*Puck*.

The patient horse has endured for ages, but the patient wagon has been known only since the introduction of the ambulance.—*Elmira Gazette*.

She (at the piano)—"Listen!—how do you enjoy this refrain?" He—"Very much. The more you refrain the better I like it."—*Musical Courier*.

Speak lovingly, my dear girl. If you should have to eat your own words, you know, they'd taste all the better for being sweet.—*Boston Transcript*.

He—"The fools are not all dead yet." She—"That's as true as you live." And he couldn't understand why she emphasized the "you."—*New York Herald*.

Cumso—"Jaysmith is penurious, isn't he?" Fangle—"I should say he was! He won't even laugh at a joke unless it is at some one else's expense."—*Epoch*.

He was from far off England,
And he loved with vows in sighs,
And while he dropped his "his"
Why, the maiden dropped her eyes.
—*Philadelphia Times*.

A learned writer declares that butter was unknown to the ancients. This makes it harder than ever to account for the flavor of some we have tasted.—*Mercury*.

"Gentlemen," said the orator, "go along our wharves from one end to the other, and what will you find?" "Water," remarked the practical young man in the crowd.—*Light*.

"Who is happy on this mundane sphere," sneeringly exclaimed Pessimus. "The girl with her first engagement ring," triumphantly replied Optimus.—*Jewelers' Circular*.

Judge—"Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar?" Witness—"Never, your honor; but I've seen him when I strongly suspected he'd been at it."—*Binghamton Leader*.

Bloodgood—"It's dreadful to suffer from loss of memory, isn't it?" Wildman—"Dunno. It depends on how much money a fellow has borrowed."—*Burlington Free Press*.

Robinson Crusoe—"Well, Friday, what have we for dinner to-day?" Friday—"Goat soup, goat chops, boiled goat, roast goat."—Robinson Crusoe—"Don't, Friday; I can't go!"—*Puck*.

A German scientist is confident that chemistry will yet enable us to make bread out of wood. American lumbermen not only make their bread out of it, but their butter also.—*New York News*.

It happened one time that a Mr. Fell in love with a maiden and Mr. And he said, "Be my wife And bring joy to my life!" She said, "No, but I will be your s'r."—*Chicago Post*.

Chicago Teacher—"Yes, corned beef is one of our most famous exports. Now, who can tell me what stands next to corned beef?" Boston Little Boy (triumphantly)—"Cabbage."—*American Grocer*.

"Papa's Home To-night" is the title of a new song. So the old man has yielded at last. Let's see, it must be about fifteen years since they began to coax him with "Father, Dear Father, Come Home."—*Chatter*.

The conversation turned on the danger of being buried alive, when the youngest toddler in the family ventured to suggest, "Well, ma, you never will be buried alive. You snore so when you are asleep."—*Hartford Post*.

Inventor—"I would like to interest you in a little invention by which sheep can be shorn by electricity." Broker (turning to the ticker and looking at the quotations)—"My dear sir, that's just what I am doing."—*Texas Siftings*.