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The Standard Oil Company indirectly controls about a dozen trusts, and is the strongest and best managed trust that ever existed, asserts the Chicago Sun.

It is estimated that the railroads of the United States lose \$2,000,000 yearly by land-slides, \$5,000,000 by floods, \$1,000,000 by fire and \$9,000,000 by collisions.

How far the idea of using electricity as a street-car motor has progressed can be judged from the fact that in a trade journal devoted exclusively to the street railways, one-third of the articles relate to electricity and its application to street roads.

Lovers of canned salmon should congratulate themselves, thinks the New York Mail and Express. In spite of the old idea that two good seasons for salmon are never consecutive, the run in British Columbia this year is equal to that of last year, when it was the best ever known.

"The transfer of Heligoland to Germany is creating an amount of talk and excitement that is much greater," says the Chicago Herald, "than the subject calls for. Every week some real estate dealer transfers a larger and more valuable tract right in the city limits of Chicago, and makes no noise about it at all."

Policeman Henry Hennerman, of Louisville, took a nap on his front porch. While he was thus enjoying himself a thief came in at the front gate and stole the officer's hat. Such an outrage filled Policeman Hennerman with wrath. He provided himself with a pistol and again sat down upon the porch, placing another hat upon a chair near him. Muttering vengeance, he pretended to be asleep. Sure enough, he did fall asleep after a while, and the thief returned and carried off the second hat and the pistol. Mr. Hennerman is an ideal policeman, is the verdict of the facetious Chicago Herald.

The New York Herald says: A "railroad in the Holy Land" has rather a jarring sound. "Five minutes for refreshments at the Brook of Kedron," "Dinner in the Valley of Jehosaphat," "Breakfast at Nazareth," "Tickets good for either Mount Zion or Mount Moriah." We presume these will soon be added to the cries now familiar to pilgrims over the sea. However, we shall in time be accustomed to it, and the railroad will no more detract from the feeling of reverence with which we surround the Holy Land than from the memories that belong to the poetry and traditions of Egypt, Rome and the Isles of Greece.

From statistics produced in a valuable pamphlet by William Little it appears that the amount of timber converted into lumber in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota last year reached the enormous aggregate of 8,305,833,277 superficial feet, exclusive of white pine shingles, which, if added, would bring the total consumption up to 9,000,000,000 feet. Ruthless slaughter of that order not even the matchless and unlimited forests discovered by Mr. Stanley in Africa could long survive. As a matter of fact the timberlands of the Northwest are already practically exhausted. Of 29,000,000,000 feet reported by the census of 1880 as then standing in lower Michigan only one-tenth now remains; and in the three States there is estimated to be less than 10,000,000,000 feet.

A clergyman writes as follows in the Chicago Advance: "Clerical hospitality is declining. The minister's house is no longer the stopping place of all ministers who pass his way. Possibly the change to both host and guest is in some respects desirable, yet in other respects it is undesirable. The virtue of hospitality may sometimes be a hard drain upon the narrow larder of the parsonage, but it does tend to promote that hearty fellowship which ministers need and which they are glad to give and receive. Every one in Massachusetts knows the Rev. Daniel Butler, the agent of the Massachusetts Bible Society, a man with such a reputation for wit that it must indeed be no small strain even for one who has so much ability to sustain the reputation. Mr. Butler tells me that fifty years ago there was hardly a parsonage in Massachusetts that he would not feel free to enter as an uninvited guest, but that now there is hardly a parsonage into which he would feel free to go without a special invitation. I confess that I rather mourn the old days of clerical hospitality."

TO HIM WHO WAITS.

To him who waits amid the world's applause,
His share of justice, tolling day by day,
All things will come now dim and far away
To him who waits.

To him who waits beyond the darkness drear
The morning cometh with refulgent light;
Bringing assurance of a day more bright;
To him who waits.

To him who waits, though tears may often
fall,
And knees be bowed in sorrow and prayer,
All grief will end, and everything be fair
To him who waits.

To him who waits and reaches out his hands
To aid a toiler up life's bustling crags,
Success will come from every ill that flags,
To him who waits.

To him who waits, and struggles not in vain
To overcome the evils that abound
Within his breast, sweet will the victory
sound
To him who waits.

To him who waits, there comes a wily
throng,
Who sneer and scoff, and look with baleful
eyes,
But what of them? They are but gnats and
flies,
To him who waits.

To him who waits, there must be recompense
For useful work, whatever may betide,
A compensation reaching far and wide,
To him who waits.

To him who waits the stars are always
friends,
The restless ocean, and the azure sky,
All things in nature speak and prophesy;
To him who waits.

To him who waits true love, will some day
come,
And lay an offering at his blameless shrine,
Life will be love, and love will be divine,
To him who waits.

To him who waits the world will some day
cheer,
And sing his praise; Fame's mysterious gates
Will open for him; heaven seem more near,
To him who waits.
—Moses G. Shirley, in Boston Globe.

DICK RODNEY'S REVENGE.

"Lord, let me have a chance to be re-
vengeful at last!"

That was what Dick Rodney said as he
turned from the door of the sweetheart
he had been thinking of during all the
long voyage just ended, with the news
that she was married to another burning
in his heart like a red hot iron.

She was a light, foolish thing, not
worthy of a true man's love.

But he had worshiped her, and she had
jilted him and married Ralph Holloway.

It was not a tale to tell, a sorrow to
seek sympathy for.

Dick went back to sea a noodier man
than he had been, and now and then he
would say to some mate:

"There's a fellow I'm bound to be even
with some day."

But he never said why.

He felt himself bitterly and shamefully
injured, and he felt sure that God
would cast his enemy into his hands in
the end.

It seemed to him that it was not neces-
sary for him to seek it, but only to bide
his time.

Five years passed, and still he said:
"I wait." And one morning he looked
up and saw Ralph Holloway standing op-
posite him, and said to himself:

"The time is coming."

It had been very hard for Captain
Palmer to find hands for that voyage.
The Betsy Belle had met with many dis-
asters and was counted unlucky. And
the Captain was not liked.

The crew was a rough one when it was
made up, but here was Ralph Holloway
coming to add himself to it. It was a
curious fact, and one of which Dick
Rodney was not aware, that Ralph had
never known anything of Effie's engage-
ment to him. He had come home from
a voyage, met a pretty girl at a party,
spent his money in giving her presents,
and offered himself.

He was a handsome man than Dick,
and being less prudent, seemed more
generous. Effie accepted him, and left
it to her mother to tell Dick the news on
his return, quite conscience free. Ralph
walked up to Dick, holding out his
hand.

"I've seen you before," he said.
"You've forgotten me, I guess. I'm
Ralph Holloway, of your own town."

"Oh, I know you well enough," said
Dick, without taking his hand.

Odd ways are not uncommon amongst
sailors. Ralph said to himself that Dick
was crusty, and put his hand away in his
pocket.

"I shouldn't wonder if you didn't
know me," he said. "I'm run down and
mighty low in pocket, or I wouldn't have
shipped with Captain Palmer. I've had
pretty bad luck."

"Have you?" said Dick. "And yet
they say Old Nick never deserts his
friends."

"I ain't made friends with him as I
knows of," said Ralph. "About the
time I married, I got a bit of money from
grandfather, and bought a house and
put my wife into it. We had a couple
of babies, and things seemed going on
first rate. Then I went on an unlucky
voyage, was shipwrecked, came home
sick, and lay idle six months. I let my
insurance run out—cause why? I couldn't
pay it—and that week my home was
burned down by a tramp I'd driv off the
place. One of the children was badly

burned—scarred for life—and the cow
was roasted to a cinder. Then, you
know, women folk ain't got much cour-
age, and Effie, that's my wife, kind of
came down on me for my hard luck; and
so, though I'm a sick man yet, I shipped
to-day. I don't feel encouraged—I feel
as if there was worse ahead of me."

"Perhaps there is," said Dick to him-
self, feeling a feudish delight in the
thought that he would have Effie's hus-
band in his power on the high seas, with
only a plank between him and death.

He had not sought him out, he had
come to him. There was fate in it.

As he bent over a rope he was splic-
ing, pretending to be very busy with it,
Ralph talked on, and Dick felt sure that
Effie and her husband were not happy
together. So much revenge he had al-
ready! The thought cooled him more
than any other could have done.

Later in the day he found himself say-
ing that a man might well leave one who
had wronged him to the justice of Heaven.
That sooner or later he would find him-
self satisfied.

Among other things Ralph had said
that:

"Trouble and worry and short victuals
had altered his wife from a pretty girl to
a mighty plump woman."

The words clung to Dick's mind—he
could not forget them. He wondered if
it were so. After this he saw very little
of Ralph. It was in his power, being
much the stronger of the two, to take
advantage of any watch that they might
keep together to throw him overboard,
but the miserable life did not seem worth
taking. The once prosperous young
fellow was sick, hopeless, and forlorn;
and one night, as Ralph panted over a
hard task, to which he was not equal,
Dick, yielding to some queer influence
that came upon him, asked the Captain
to let him take his place, change with
him.

"My work is easier done by a man
short of breath," he said.

"Do as you please," the Captain re-
plied, gruffly. "That's a stupid lubber,
anyhow. Sick fellows should stay ashore."

Dick said: "Thank ye." And per-
formed Ralph's task.

The poor fellow was grateful, and told
the story of Dick's kind deed to every
one.

"When that asthma comes on me I'm
no good," he said. "He saved my life
that night."

"I'm a fool!" Dick said to himself, but
he continued to be one. Instead of mak-
ing the poor, sick fellow's lot harder, he
helped him in a thousand ways; and the
example being set, it got to be the fash-
ion to spare Ralph, to speak of him as
"That poor chap!" and favor him in
every way.

"Here's a fool for you," said Dick, as
he looked in his queer little round glass
of a morning. "As big a fool as sails."

The voyage was not a lucky one. The
Captain's ventures were not successful.
He sojourned himself with drink, and lay
tipsy in his berth on the night when a
storm, such as few live to tell of, broke
over them.

For two awful days the wind and
water did what they choose with the
Betsy Belle. Then, in the worst of the
tempest, they took to the boats. As
Dick, having helped to drag the tipsy
Captain into one, was about to take his
own place, a forlorn figure stretched out
its arms to him. In dumb show, for
words could not be heard, it indicated
it had hurt itself, and needed help to gain
the boat.

"Don't leave me," its hollow eyes said;
"give me a chance."

The miserable thing was Ralph Holloway,
covered with blood, faint with pain
and horror.

Revenge, why, here it was offered to
Dick. He could cast away those cling-
ing hands, jump into the boat, and leave
the man who had stolen his sweetheart
to his wretched death. He could look
back as he left the ship, and see him in
his misery stretching out imploring hands
toward him. Yes, he could. What he
did was to take the miserable being on
his back, and risk his life to tumble him
into the boat.

"She's too full already," yelled one
man—"too full by a hanged sight!"

"It's the sick one, mates!" roared
Dick. And when there was calm enough
he tore his own garments to bind Holo-
way's wounds.

Storms do not last forever, but when
the gale subsided and the scorching sun
shone down, and they tossed about,
knowing that the time must come when
biscuit-bag and water-keg and brandy-
flask must be empty—then came the
worst horror of all. They doled the bis-
cuit out by crumbs, the water by drops,
but even so it would not last forever.

"Dick, good friend," said Ralph one
day, "all I pray for is to live and see
Effie, and ask her pardon for anything
I've done wrong. She liked me, though
she was touchy. She'll grieve if I leave
her a widow, poor girl!"

For awhile Dick sat silent and said
nothing. It was the day on which they
divided the last of the food.

Two days after a man arose in the
boat with a knife in his hand.

"I won't starve for one," he said.
"One of us has got to go to save the
rest; you're the one."

He pointed straight at Ralph; there
was frenzy in his eye.

The others hauled him down. As yet
they were not mad enough to join in a
cannibal feast. But starvation was do-
ing its work.

Dick kept stronger and clearer in mind
than the rest. He watched the man who
had wielded the knife. In the night he

saw him creeping toward Ralph. A
blow sent him sprawling; his comrades
were aroused.

"Why not?" they began to whisper.
"They will kill me yet," moaned
Ralph. "Effie will go crazy if she hears
the story."

Revenge! Why, it was offered to
Dick in overflowing measure. And he
put his strong, stout body between the
miserable Ralph and those others and
cried out:

"Mates, we won't starve yet; I've kept
something to the last. I've got a flask
of whisky and six biscuits in my pocket.
I kept them for the last moment, share
and share alike."

The eager eyes turned on him—they
allowed Dick to portion out the food. It
was very little, but it meant that they
would not starve that day. And each
time they drank from the flask, Dick for-
bade himself half his own portion and
gave a larger allowance to Ralph; so
with the biscuit also.

Alas! when these were gone there was
nothing more.

Again fiend's eyes glared at Ralph. At
last two cast back from their attack on
him by Dick, clutched each other, and
in a mad struggle went overboard. An-
other, quite insane, fancied he saw a feast
spread near him, sprang toward it, and
was gone.

Others slept and awakened no more.
And now Dick and Ralph were alone in
the boat.

"I shall never see Effie again," said
Ralph. "Dick, good friend, if in my
life I've ever done any harm that made
any one want revenge on me, they have
it when I think that. Oh! for just a
look at her or a word from her."

Dick bent over him and looked in his
face.

"Did you ever feel as if any one
wanted revenge on you?" he asked.

"I ain't aware of any cause for it,"
said Ralph. "But I've been as unlucky
as if I was cursed since the day I married
Effie."

"Lord bless you, Ralph," said Dick.
"And if there is a curse may it be
lifted."

And as he spoke he raised his eyes and
saw, where the water and the heavens
met, a sail.

"I'd never have seen you again, Effie,
but for this good friend," Ralph said.
"He saved my life more than once."

Effie had come to him in the hospital,
where he was getting well, and found
Dick at his side.

"God bless him," said Effie. "I think
he's one of those that would do good to
folk that harmed him, and knew it was
the best revenge he could have."

"He's good enough for that," Ralph
said, then Effie held out her hand to
Dick.

"God bless you," she said. "My
children will pray for you every night
for saving their father. And may you
find a good, sweet wife, for you will
make her a happy woman."

She sighed, but there was a peace-
ful look upon Dick's face as he said "Good-
bye," and left them forever. But Effie's
hope was fulfilled, and happy love came
to him before many days.—Family Story
Paper.

A BORN COURTIER.

During a stay of Emperor William I.
of Germany, at the fashionable watering
place at Ems that monarch paid a visit
to a large orphan asylum and school that
was under Government patronage. The
presence of so distinguished a personage
created quite a sensation in the establish-
ment. After listening with much inter-
est to the recitations of several of the
classes, His Majesty called to him a
bright, flaxen-haired little girl of five or
six years of age, and, lifting her into his
lap, said:

"Now, my little fraulein, let me see
how well you have been taught. To
what kingdom does this belong?" And
taking out of his pocket an orange, he
held it up to her.

The little girl hesitated a moment,
and, looking timidly up into the Empe-
ror's face, replied:

"To the vegetable kingdom."

"Very good, my little fraulein; and
now to what kingdom does this belong?"
And he drew out of his pocket a gold
piece and placed it on the orange.

Again the little girl hesitated, but
soon replied:

"To the mineral kingdom."

"Better and better," said the Empe-
ror. "Now look at me and say to me to
what kingdom I belong."

At this question there was an ominous
silence among the teachers and visitors
who were listening with much interest
to the royal catechism. Could she make
any other reply than "to the animal
kingdom?" The little girl hesitated
long, as if perplexed as to what answer
she would give. Was the Emperor an
animal? Her eyes sought those of her
teacher and her schoolmates. Then she
looked up into the eyes of the aged Em-
peror, and, with a half-startled, fright-
ened look, as if she were evading the
question, replied:

"To the kingdom of heaven."

An Ivory Knee Joint.

Professor Gluck, of London, recently
performed a remarkable and successful
operation. He removed from one of his
male patients a diseased knee joint and
inserted an artificial substitute made from
ivory. The patient has now left his bed.
He walks with perfect ease and says that
his ivory knee joint is convenient and
comfortable in every way.—Pittsburg
Dispatch.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Fireproof paper is now being manu-
factured.

Magnetism is now proposed for over-
coming scale in boilers.

A mountain of sandstone suitable for
grindstones is reported nine miles from
Grant's Pass, Oregon.

At Deer Island, in Columbia County,
Oregon, a vein of sand stone, estimated to
be 200 feet in depth, has been discovered.

Mexican onyx is a form of stalagmite,
and its colors are formed by oxides of
metals in the earth over the caves
through which calcareous water passes.

A claim has now been made by Pro-
fessor Braun, of Tubingen, that he can
produce electricity direct from mechanical
work, and he is now at work on the
construction of a practical generator on
this principle.

The rapidity with which flies pass
through the air is not likely to be ap-
preciated by those who see only with
what apparent ease they do it. Flies
will keep up with a fast horse, and that,
too, without lighting on him.

A report comes from the West of the
discovery of a process by which iron ore
can be so softened by the concentrated
rays of an arc light as to be worked with
a comparatively small amount of labor.
If this discovery is confirmed, it may
lead to a considerable modification of
the present modes of treating ores.

Professor Boys, in a communication to
the Royal Society, England, on measure-
ments of the heat of the moon and stars
by means of his radiometer, gives an
account of a test with a candle at
250.7 yards distance, which gave a dis-
tinction of thirty-eight millimeters. In
other words, this instrument would show
the heat of a candle at 1.71 miles dis-
tance.

The most important occurrence at the
international congress in Berlin
was the reading of a paper by Dr. Koch,
the famous practitioner and investigator,
on the tuberculosis bacillus, which he
claims is the cause of pulmonary con-
sumption. He announced that he has
discovered a substitute which is capable
of killing the bacillus and curing the
disease.

Some years ago Plateau made experi-
ments which showed that eyeless myriopods
can distinguish between daylight
and darkness, their skin being sensitive
to light. Eyeless maggots are also sensi-
tive to light. M. Raphael Dubois has re-
cently studied the perception of luminous
radiations by the skin, as exemplified by
the blind Proteus of the grottoes of Car-
nioula. By a number of experiments up-
on this animal, which is a salamander
with persistent gills, Dubois demon-
strates that the sensibility of its skin to
light is about half of the sensibility of its
rudimentary eyes, and further that this
sensibility varies with the color of the
light employed, being greatest for yellow
light.

Some obstinate men will say "No,
thank you," to the most disinterested
propositions for their well. Dr.
O'Neill, of Lincoln, as he tells in this
week's *Lancet*, has a friend who endures
the sting of the honey bee with a flinch-
ing. In fact, he rather likes it. He
keeps bees for pleasure, and the bees, for
their pleasure or ours, often sting
him. He now, I believe, believes him-
self sting-proof. The tiny wound that
used to produce severe pain in former
days causes now "only a little pleasurable
sensation." He is still unfortified against
the wasp. Stung by one of those for-
midable insects a short time ago, Dr.
O'Neill's friend had sufferings acute and
prolonged. But it might be, says Dr.
O'Neill, that after a few repetitions the
sting of the wasp might cease in him to
produce its stinging effects. So he has
suggested to his friend that "for
the sake of science he should take the
matter up and thoroughly investigate it,
in order that he might discover whether
he could not also fortify himself against
the pain caused by the sting of the wasp."
This, says the doctor, with whose disap-
pointment the public will no doubt sym-
pathize, the friend "declined to do, his
thirst for science not being sufficiently
great to induce him to have any further
intercourse with the wasp if he could
help it."—London News.

Teacher (to class)—"In this stanza
what is meant by the line, 'The shades
of night were falling fast?'" Bright
Scholar—"The people were pulling down
the blinds."

Bachelor—"Ned, how would you de-
fine a love letter?" Benedict—"A love
letter is a thing that ten years afterward
you generally wish you hadn't written."

"I don't believe in allowing domestics
to get the upper hand. I make my serv-
ant keep her place." "You are lucky.
Ours never does for more than three
weeks."—American Grocer.

"You are not the young lady to whom
I give lessons," said the piano-teacher.
"No; the young lady to whom you give
lessons is sick, and she sent me to
practice for her."—Boston Courier.

Tippit—"Look at that tramp going
by. He's a corker, eh?" Wagwell—
"Judging from that rube on his front-
piece I should say he was more inclined
to be an un-corker."—Gazette.

Existence is honey and cake to a few,
But with most of us life is a scuffle.
And ere with the game we are finally
through,
Though do our keen best to be brought
into view,
We find we are lost in the shuffle.
—Chicago Post.

A body servant, newly engaged, pre-
sented to his master a pair of boots, the
leg of one of which was much longer
than the other. "How comes it, Patrick,
that these boots are not of the same
length?" "I raly don't know, sir; but
what bothers me most is that the pair
downstairs are in the same fix."—White
Mountain Echo.

By a new process, the rubber in the
milk collected from the India rubber
trees, is now coagulated instantaneously.
The operation is so simple that any native
can carry it out at the foot of the tree
which he has been bleeding, and thus,
instead of carrying large cans of milk
of great weight, and entailing great loss
on the way, he simply carries in the sack
solid rubber, which, on his arrival at
camp, can at once be prepared for the
market and shipped.—New York Dis-
patch.

WHEN DAY IS DONE.

When day is done and down the steep
Of rose-hued sky the shadows creep,
To nestle where the valley fair
Smiled through noon's sheen of sunbright
air,
And wrap the drowsy folds in sleep—

Then does a solemn essence sweep
Athwart the soul and vigil keep,
As faithful mourners keel in prayer,
When day is done.

In that strange hush, dear God, we weep
Our shattered hopes and blindly roop
The scattering grain, the wealth of tere,
That meets our hand. In weak despair
We seek thy throne, as wayworn sheep,
When day is done.

—Josephine Puett Spooner.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Have the floor—Rugs.
Pie-rates—Ten cents a slice.
Always takes the house by storm—the
cyclone.

The crow doesn't fly from a cornfield
without caws.

A church bell, like truth, should not
be tolled at all times.

Conscience is that within us that tells
us when our neighbors are doing wrong.

Naturally a fellow is quite upset if his
best girl throws him over.—Detroit Free
Press.

The expert manicure generally has con-
siderable "work on hand."—Yonkers
Gazette.

Druggists, however prosperous, always
do business on a small scale.—Lawrence
American.

The busy little bee works by the job,
but he does just as good work as if he
labored by the day.

His Mother—"What are you doing out
there in the rain?" The Terror—"Get-
tin' wet."—Atlanta Journal.

Life is full of compensations. When
the husband is out all night the lamp is
not.—Terre Haute Express.

"Oh, I wish I'd been a man," cried
Mrs. Bjonson. "I wish to heaven you
had!" retorted Mr. Bjonson.—Epoch.

"It fills the bill," remarked the ban-
tam pullet when she picked up a large
and juicy grasshopper.—Washington
Star.

"Why, Adolphus, what is the matter?
Why do you tremble so?" "My best
girl just 'shook' me."—Binghamton Re-
publican.

When the butler begins to brag of his
honesty it is time to fall on his neck—
and feel for the spoons in his coat-tail
pocket.—Epoch.

"I guess I'm a Jonah," remarked the
small boy who had been punished. "It
seems to be my luck to get whaled right
along."—Washington Post.

"No; I can't say that I want the
earth," mused the freight car tourist.
"About three-quarters of it is water, and
that I ain't got no use for."