

SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. IX.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1890.

NO. 1.

According to the Chicago Globe, over \$100,000,000 of Government 4 1/2 per cents. will mature next year.

The American eagle flaps its wings to hear that a New York dentist has the pleasure of operating on the Czar of Russia.

The Roumanian Government has offered prizes to the architects of all nations for the best plans for its new assembly and senate chambers. The first prize for each building is \$3000; the second, \$1500; third, \$600.

The village of Mokena, Ill., about forty miles south of Chicago, passed an ordinance requiring the Rock Island Railroad to place a flagman at the principal crossing, and the company complied, but refused either to take freight or passengers until the ordinance was rescinded.

Germany has one doctor to 1500 of population; France one to 3167; the United Kingdom one to 1234; but the United States one to 600. That says a good deal for the doctors, comments the New Orleans Times-Democrat; for the average American is longer-lived than any of the nationalities named.

Where the Argentines have failed as amateur bankers, says an English journal recently returned from Buenos Ayres, properly qualified men of European experience might achieve a great success. With even moderately good politics, and moderately sound banking the Argentine crisis might be solved in a year or two. Without them it can only go from bad to worse.

The Prairie Farmer does not take much stock in the suggestion of a contractor of Chicago, to pump out the lake front after building a coffer-dam around 300 or 400 acres of water. To build the world's fair in the bottom of the lake would be unique; the project is feasible, of course, but who wants to go down twenty feet below the water line to see a great exposition? There would be constant dread of a possible inbreak of the waters! If so, what then? A great scare and loss of life. The world's fair will not be held on the bottom or the top of Lake Michigan.

The Speaker of London has made a study of novel heroes. Out of 192 of these gentlemen that came out between October and June last it is discovered that eighty-five stood six feet, while many were even taller. Compared with those of the nine months preceding last October the heroes of the period in question show an increase in height averaging three-quarters of an inch per hero. It is observed that lady writers show a marked tendency to make their male characters tall. The reading public would willingly allow some of the fair novelists the right to lengthen their heroes to any extent if they could only be induced to shorten their stories.

At a place called Fort Pine, in or near Natal, South Africa, a local chief recently summoned a native doctor to attend his wife, or one of his wives. What the ailment was is not known, but the remedy prescribed by the doctor was human fat. Like some of his profession in other parts of the world, the doctor was a plump man and the chief promptly ordered him to be killed and administered to the illustrious patient. This was done and the chief is now awaiting his trial at Maritzburg in consequence. "For its own credit," comments the Times-Democrat, "it is to be hoped that British law will deal mercifully with this potentate, who seems to have a practical sense of justice as well as a droll vein of humor."

The Shoe and Leather Reporter says: "A noticeable thing about the statues found in our museums of art, and supposed to represent the perfect figures of ancient men and women, is the apparent disproportionate size of their feet. We moderns are apt to pronounce them too large, particularly those of the women. It will be found, however, that for symmetrical perfection these feet could not be better. A Greek sculptor would not think of such a thing as putting a nine-inch foot on a five-and-one-half-foot woman. Their types for these classical marble figures were taken from the best forms of living persons." The Reporter goes on to show that a well proportioned woman of ten feet three inches in height should have a foot ten inches long and could wear a No. 6. Courage, fair sisters of Chicago; it is true that your feet are big, but they are classical feet.

DISCONTENT.

A BALLAD WITH A DOUBLE REFRAIN.
It is not in man to be quite content,
You may fill his cup till it overflow,
You may pay him his due, yes, cent per cent,
But he'd rather have this or that, you know;
Or be somebody else, like so-and-so—
And fortune's favors may pour and pour,
And the zephyrs of fame propitious blow,
But the average man wants something more!
Indulge a man to the top of his bent,
In love, war, politics give him a show,
And when he wins he's sure to repent—
He'd rather have this or that, you know!
To Congress he no longer wants to go—
Or the girl he used to love and adore,
Won and his wife, seems a little slow—
And the average man wants something more!
Not the winter alone brings discontent,
Though he bitterly growls at the frost and snow,
The seasons to worry him all are sent,
And he'd rather have this or that, you know.
When the mercury's high he wants it low;
Some feature or other he's sure to deplore;
The pessimist pines for an unknown woe,
And the average man wants something more.

ENVOI.
The harvest lacks something whatever he sows,
And he'd rather have this or that, you know;
You may give of all things good galore,
But the average man wants something more.
—Hephurn Johns, in Pittsburg Dispatch.

MISS VASSAR'S DIAMONDS.

BY LOIS GREY.
The marriage of Miss Vassar was of the sort of which people talk. It outraged that sense of fitness which the world possesses so strongly in regard to the marriage, not of itself, but of its friends. A few, to be sure, objected that nothing could be fitter. Miss Vassar, if not quite in her first youth and not what one might call pretty, had inherited all the millions of her father; Louis Radetsky had no millions whatever, but he was young and the handsomest man in town.
Whatever might or might not be said, Helen Vassar was happy. Her gentle, sympathetic eyes had certain depths nowadays that made Leslie Radetsky think her almost good looking. Leslie spent much of her time in the large Vassar country house now. This was natural. She was Louis's adopted sister.
At this instant she sat lazily watching Helen giving orders to her maid for the toilet she would wear that night. Miss Vassar's invitation had been out three weeks for her great ball.
A small gold-bound coffer was open before her, and from the delicate, scented satin of its lining the liquid fire of diamonds, the living whiteness of pearls, detached themselves. The new maid moved about silent and obsequious.
"You are careless," said Leslie in a moment in which the woman left the room. "How long have you had that person? You look up nothing and you really know nothing of Clemence."
"She came excellently recommended," Leslie shrugged her shoulders. She was a tall girl, dark and slight, almost to thinness, which did not prevent her having arms and a throat so beautiful that, when in a ballroom people followed her with their eyes. Her glance was deep and a little restless. She had magnificent hair and hands and feet that rivaled her throat in beauty. Nevertheless no one spoke of her as pretty.
"I feel defrauded that Louis cannot come to-night," said Helen Vassar, taking up the thread of an interested conversation. "What business so urgent that he must absolutely leave town today?"
"You may be sure it is urgent. Of course it's unfortunate."
"How firm you are in your allegiance to Louis," smiled Louis's betrothed. "You would question nothing he might do. You are exemplary brother and sister. You are very devoted."
"Very devoted," said Leslie.
The maid had re-entered the room. She had a note which she gave to Miss Radetsky. The latter opened and read it through. She was rather silent for awhile. Then she got up and with some passing excuse went out.
A half hour later she returned, dressed for the street.
"Will you let me have the brougham? I have thought of something I want in town. I shall have time to drive in and back before dinner."
"Can't I send some one?" asked Helen.
"No, I prefer to go myself."
"Just as you like, of course. Naturally, ring for the brougham whenever you please."
It was a crisp autumn afternoon and the horses traveled rapidly. When they reached town Miss Radetsky stopped at a large shop and bade the coachman wait. She walked through the crowded aisles leisurely and finally issued into another street through an open door. She walked about ten minutes and stopped at length before a bachelor apartment house. She took the elevator and rang at a door. It opened almost simultaneously and she entered a large room with partly drawn curtains. Louis closed and double locked the door again.
By this time Leslie had become accustomed to the seeming obscurity. When Louis turned she saw his face distinctly.

A tremor seized her knees and hands. She sank into a chair and fastened her eyes upon him.

"Tell the whole truth," she said. "Something horrible has happened. I have felt the catastrophe coming a long time."
He had thrown himself down beside her. His beauty was defaced like a Greek god prone in the dust.
He began in broken phrases, which illumined the situation for the listening woman as flashes of lightning illumine a black landscape.
Leslie never spoke.

The last carriage rolling away from Miss Vassar's ball faced the late rising moon. The day had been cool and the night had a warning of winter.

There were sounds of closing doors, of moving footsteps, about the great house for a half hour or more. On the landing of the first floor Helen said good night to her guest and the women separated and went to their rooms. The last light was extinguished after a time and everything sank into silence.

The creaking of a door woke an echo in the wide hall. A window at the end of it admitted moonlight cloisteral in its whiteness. It just touched a softly stepping figure dressed in black. In black, of course. How could one tell what trick a stray moonbeam falling on white might play?

Miss Vassar slept behind locked doors. But between her bedroom and the hall was a small boudoir. There was moonlight enough here also. Enough, at least, to see one's way to the curious cabinet of inlaid Japanese woods that stood in one corner. A fragile thing in appearance, but not fragile in reality, unless you happened to know the mechanism of its secret drawers.

When you did, what more easy than to touch a spring and assist the hinge that noiselessly turned, exposing the indistinct contour of the well-known coffer behind? The box was light of weight, despite the value it represented. But those swift, dexterous fingers had no thought of carrying it. Already they had pressed the secret spring lock that opened it and lifted the padded tray. Just then the moon passed under a cloud. But there was no possibility of mistake in the touch of those cold chained stones, slipping, like a snake, against the palm. This was the wonderful Vassar necklace, enriched, in three successive generations, by gems scarce anywhere to be matched.
The tray was replaced, the coffer put back, the hinge turned. The Japanese cabinet stood in its corner as if no alien touch had violated it. The dark figure, in the light of the reappearing moon, glided from the room as noiselessly as it had glided in.

"That wretched woman has been sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary."

For days Miss Vassar had been oppressed as with a weight. Even the preparations for her approaching marriage seemed scarcely to arouse her. She had taken a liking to the neat little French maid so short a time in her service before she had been arrested for the theft of the Vassar necklace. Even now, with every proof of her guilt, she could not, apparently, convict her in her own mind or appease her regrets.

"I think you are morbid," said Leslie Radetsky, quietly. "What is to prevent people from getting their deserts in this world?"
"How cruel you look when you say that!" exclaimed Miss Vassar with a note of pain in her voice.

"Well, some one who knew something of phraseology, physiognomy—all the rest of it—told me once that I was cruel. Cruel, unscrupulous," added the girl with a smile. "Unscrupulous when I had an end to gain."
"Don't say those things," exclaimed her friend, as before. "You are always saying them latterly. Why?"
"Ah, why, why?" cried the girl with a shrug of her beautiful shoulders.

Was she really changed? she asked herself a little later as she went down in the wide grounds. She had slipped on a thick jacket and walked with a rapid step over the frozen snow. The winter day was breathless and clear. The icy stillness seemed to cool her head and hands. Oh, this feverishness that would not get out of her veins! But, outwardly, was she not perfectly calm? She had grown hard. Of course. Hard, bitter, reckless; all the rest of it. She gave a low laugh in the silence of the empty, leafless alleys. How could one help that? It was either to do that or—to go mad, perhaps!

She stopped abruptly with a light trembling of the limbs. She had heard an approaching step. It was Louis.
He had left his trap at the gate and was walking up through the grounds to the house.
"I thought I should meet you here," he said. His voice shook and his pallor struck through all her bewilderment with a sort of terror. "Do you know that that woman has been sentenced to ten years—ten years—imprisonment?"
"Yes, I know."
"God in heaven, and you say that so quietly? What are you made of?" His eyes hung upon her with a species of revolting curiosity.

"I am made of stuff that can face the consequences of its actions," she said in a low voice. "That does not shrink and shrivel like a poor coward like you."
"If I have lost my soul, 'tis because of you!" cried the man as one distraught.

"Did I make you forge a check to save yourself from bankruptcy? Did I make

you, when the crime was on the eve of discovery, throw yourself on my mercy and ask me to help you? How was I to help? Was not I as poor as you? I did what I could. I committed a crime in my turn to save you. To allow you, scott free, to marry a rich woman who loved you. To allow you to cast anchor in a safe harbor for the rest of your days."

"And the crime you committed condemns me as it does you," he cried with a shaking voice. "The first weakening of my conscience came through you as well, though you may deny it. Who was it urged me to speculate, urged me to strain out of my obscurity? Who was it flattered my vanity into thinking that I was made, intended for the brilliant triumphs of life? You! You have been an evil star to me. A millstone hung around my neck. That my eyes might never rest on you again would be a wish too intense for realization!"

He had gone from her and at last she saw him as he was. This coward, this beautiful weakling, too pliant to resist temptation, too nervous to abide by his misdeeds, was the creature she had loved with a blind adoration all her life, who, scarcely a year younger than herself, had been almost as a son and a brother in one. And was there a nearer love still and a dearer love yet, so deep hidden in the secret recesses of consciousness that even the heart that harbored it had not recognized its presence?

It was all over now. There was one thing left alone, and that was ever friendly.

She went back into the house and wrote two letters. One was addressed to Helen Vassar. It accused her, Leslie Radetsky, of the theft of the Vassar diamonds. She wanted the money for her own personal uses. No need ever to ask what those uses might have been. That would never be discovered. The French maid was innocent. Steps might be taken at once for her liberation. Suspicion had, of course, been purposely thrown on this woman. Who else knew where Miss Vassar kept her diamonds—who but the new maid and Miss Vassar's friend, the adopted sister of the man she was to marry? Miss Vassar had wealth in superfluity. What she had regretted was the loss of her diamonds so much as the guilt of a young girl who had impressed her as innocent. Well, that young girl was now absolved. It was true that the adopted sister of her betrothed bore the guilt instead. But she loved the brother, and for his sake, perhaps, she would drop the veil over a crime expiated as sins could alone be expiated, it was said.

Such was the substance of the first letter. The second was written to Louis.
"You are safe, unless you speak yourself, which, though you are a coward, I do not think likely. Helen will not seek to know one detail of my deed. She is noble and Quixotic. She need never discover that the necklace passed on to you and was severed and the stones scattered and sold. The French girl is safe, too. I am going where disgrace does not reach. Strange! I loved you. Can you understand that, I wonder?"

Both letters were found by her side. The room was filled with the odor of bitter almonds and she held the little vial still clenched in her stiffening hand.

Louis Radetsky and the heiress were married abroad a year later. The young man had been for months at death's door with a fever of the brain.

They now live in Paris. He has aged and broken rapidly. His health is poor and he has strange hallucinations. But after so ghastly a shock, what more natural, thinks his wife.

She cares for him with a wonderful devotion. But there is a sadness in her face and a curious shadow lingers here at times.—New York Mercury.

The South's Population.

The Manufacturers' Record, of Baltimore, says: Notwithstanding the fact that immigration has added over 5,200,000 foreigners to our population during the last ten years, none of whom have settled in the South except in very rare cases, and that the great industrial development of this section, with its attendant Southward trend of men and money, only commenced a few years ago, the South makes a fine showing of population in 1890 as compared with 1880. The preliminary census report gives the population of Southern States as follows:

	1880.	1890.
Alabama.....	1,530,000	1,262,503
Arkansas.....	1,182,000	862,525
Florida.....	396,000	299,493
Georgia.....	1,840,000	1,648,180
Kentucky.....	1,870,000	1,648,090
Louisiana.....	1,115,000	939,946
Maryland.....	1,400,000	934,943
Mississippi.....	1,265,000	1,131,597
North Carolina.....	1,640,000	1,399,750
South Carolina.....	1,187,000	995,577
Virginia.....	1,700,000	1,512,565
West Virginia.....	774,000	618,457
Tennessee.....	1,800,000	1,542,359
Texas.....	2,175,000	1,591,749
	19,864,000	16,192,336

Electric Butter Making.

An interesting application of electricity to the dairy industry has been made in Italy. The Count of Assata, whose buildings are fitted up with electric light, has connected his dairy plant with an electric motor of twelve horse-power. This machine drives a Danish separator and a Dutch churn of considerable size, churning being conducted at the rate of 120 to 160 revolutions per minute, the butter being brought in from thirty to thirty-five minutes, in fine grains, which, it is now recognized, enable the maker to produce the finest article.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

A pump chamber weighing 6000 pounds has just been cast at Pittston, Penn.

Chicago is preparing to send great quantities of milling machinery to China to be used in the gold mines.

A horse power is a power capable of raising 33,000 pounds avoirdupois through the space of one foot in one minute.

A Frenchman has invented portable tablets, by nibbling at which one may sustain life indefinitely, without the use of any other food.

An English engineer proposes making double shell boilers, maintaining a pressure between them. By these means he calculates that a much higher pressure can be carried than is possible even with the coil boilers already in use.

The London (England) tower is so far on its way to become an accomplished fact that a site of 300 acres has been purchased. One-half of the ground will be used for the site of the tower and the other half will be laid out in pleasure grounds.

Mustard oil is being manufactured in Germany for lubricating purposes. It is said to be unaffected by cold above a temperature of about fifteen degrees Fahrenheit, and does not readily become rancid or form fatty acids likely to attack metal.

At least a dozen actors and actresses in England are practising their parts by aid of the phonograph. They have thus, as nearly as possible, the same opportunity as the audience of judging of the correctness of the emphasis and inflection used in any given passage.

A new method for ventilating railway carriages and preventing dust from entering with the air has appeared in France. The air is made to traverse a receptacle containing water, which cools it and relieves it of dust, after which it goes through another filtering before entering the carriage.

An engineer of Manchester, England, is introducing a novel in paper, viz., paper fileheads and toolhandles, which are said to be practically indestructible and much cheaper than wood or malleable iron shafts. Placed under a steamhammer, although they can be flattened, they cannot be split or cracked.

An invention by which writing can be transferred from paper to iron is the work of a Boston man, who has invented a hard ink with which he writes (backward) upon ordinary paper. That paper is placed in a mould, melted iron is poured in, and when the hardened iron is removed it is found that, while the heat burned away the paper, it did not affect the ink, but left the impression of the writing.

This is a scientific description of what happens when you light a fire. The phosphorous on the match is raised by friction to a temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit, at which it ignites; it raises the temperature of the sulphur (if it is a sulphur match) to 500 degrees, when the sulphur begins to burn; the sulphur raises the heat to 800 degrees, when the wood takes up the work and produces a temperature of 1000 degrees, at which the coal ignites.

The First Express Package.

The first express package carrier was a rather consumptive-looking young man of the name of Harnden (his given name has escaped my memory), who in 1836 instituted the business in New York city by calling on bankers, brokers and merchants with a carpet bag and soliciting the carrying of money and other valuable packages between that city and Boston. Like all new undertakings, it was not long before a competitor appeared in the person of Alvah Adams, who selected Philadelphia as his objective point, and who adopted the same tactics as Harnden. James Hoey, who is now a prominent figure in "The Adams Express Company," and a reputed millionaire, was at that time a young Irish boy employed to sweep out a ten by fifteen office on William street, west side, between Wall and Pine, and to deliver and call for packages which became too large for the carpet bag. The business grew rapidly, the trunk took the place of the carpet bag, succeeded by iron-bound crates strongly padlocked, which had to give way to box cars on truck wheels, for the convenience of transfer from the New York and Providence line of steamboats to the Boston and Providence railroad. Harnden continued the eastern route and Adams the southern. Later on a consolidation took place under the present title, and Harnden's express was merged into the Adams Express Company.—Chicago Tribune.

A Deer Kills a Rattlesnake.

James Milton, who has been stopping up at Bowman's dam for a week or more, (chronicles a western paper), says that while out hunting in D-adhorse flat, on Canyon Creek, he witnessed a novel spectacle. While walking along looking for game he saw some distance ahead a deer bounding up and down in the same track. The motion was so peculiar that he forgot to shoot, but kept advancing. The animal at last saw him and darted into a thicket. Being curious to know what the animal had been doing he approached the spot and found a rattlesnake almost beaten into the ground. The deer was evidently killing the reptile when he first discovered him.

IN THE SHADOW.

Green is the night with its wavering light,
And the moon is under a cloud,
Each planet afar the wrath of a star
Gleams pale in its mist-woven shroud,
Love!

So wan in its chilling, white shroud!
Weary the feet on the desolate street
That bear my burden and me;
My comrades are gone, and I am alone,
To think of heaven and thee,
Love,

To dream of heaven and thee!
Hungering I in my loneliness sigh
For thee and all that thou art,
For the love-light that lies in thy glorious eyes
To cheer my famishing heart,
Love,

To cheer my desolate heart!
Vain the desire! Hope's bright beacon fire
Burns dimly in life's autumn rain,
While I walk these lone ways and long for
The days
That will dawn for me never again,
Love,

The days that will dawn not again!
—M. M. Folsom, in Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A certain class—Know-It-Alls.
A good suggestion—"Let's go to church."—Mail and Express.

Might not misfits be prevented if the proper measures were taken?
A preferred creditor—One who never presents his bill.—Texas Siftings.

The ills of life are often easier to bear than the stock market.—Texas Siftings.

"I'm not tall," said the savings little man, "but I'm never short."—Boston Herald.

It is easier to live within your income than to live without one.—Boston Courier.

"Why does Mr. Lank go so often to fish?" "He expects to gain flesh."—Boston Courier.

Whoever is head of the ship state, the farmer fairly represents the tiller.—Philadelphia Times.

To the mind of the anti-monopolist there is no such thing as a perfect trust.—Detroit Free Press.

"Now, just let me give you a pointer." "Thanks, no. I've no use for a dog."—New York Herald.

A very large percentage of people outlive their usefulness at an early age.—Seattle (Washington) Journal.

Money is a neuter thing.
A fact which nature balks.
It should be classed as feminine,
Because, you know, it talks.
—New York Sun.

"She is not pretty. You said she was as pretty as a picture." "Oh, well, I meant an amateur photograph."—New York Sun.

"How much does that fellow owe you?" "A cool thousand." "Ah! Cool but not collected, eh?"—Binghamton Leader.

"I can't go to jail," said a funny vagrant. "I have no time." "The Court provides that," said the Judge. "I give you ten days."

Proof that a man is really near-sighted: When he finds it necessary to look at an elephant through a magnifying glass.—Flegende Blaetter.

Mrs. Brown—"I wonder who wrote up this account of the President's carriage?" Mrs. Malaprop—"Some hack-writer, of course."—Harper's Bazar.

Waiter (very gravely)—"I hope, sir, you'll remember the waiter." Customer (coolly)—"I have a locket. Give me a lock of your hair."—I. Intransigent.

Pupil—"Why does the avoirdupois system have no scruples?" Prof. Rodder—"Because, my boy, it's used to weigh coal and ice."—Harper's Bazar.

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Catching fish or cutting bait.
—Washington Star.

"Jane, will you go for a sail to-day?" Mr. Toadles asked his wife at the seaside. "Why, certainly, Timothy. What is it, an auction or a sheriff's?"—Philadelphia Times.

Gazzam—"I see that the German Government thinks of making North-Alsace-Lorraine an independent duchy." Maddox—"Of course if it were Duchy it wouldn't be so Frenchy."—Harper's Bazaar.

Now let the women do our work,
And let us cook the hash,
For now they wear our laundried shirt,
And we—we wear their sash.
—Ashland (Wis.) Press.

Mr. Fogg, having had the misfortune to fall into the fountain basin of the hotel at a watering-place, finds on his next week's bill the following entry: "To one cold bath, \$1."—Flegende Blaetter.

"A half-ticket for this boy, please." "How a half-ticket? Isn't he twelve years old?" "Oh, no, only eleven." "Oh, then you want a whole ticket, for only children under ten go for half."—Flegende Blaetter.

He attained the proud title of Mr. And she pledged to be more than a sr, So they stood at the altar,
And he did he falter
When he bent o'er and solemnly kr.
—Buffalo Express.

"Have you boarded long at this house?" inquired the new boarder of the dejected man sitting next to him. "About ten years." "I don't see how you can stand it. Why haven't you left long ago?" "No other place to go," said the other dismally. "The landlady's my wife."—Chicago Tribune.