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The *Drovers' Journal* figures that the daily mileage made in cities of the United States by cars supplied with electric motors is now more than one hundred thousand miles and is growing rapidly.

People who live in San Francisco congratulate themselves that earthquakes are not altogether objectionable, since they prevent the erection of high blocks of buildings, which keep air and sunlight out of the streets.

Professor Simonson says that there are now from 1,000,000 to 5,000,000 students of Volapuk in the world, of whom 1,000,000 are competent to use it; 1200 business houses where it is employed, and 1200 Volapuk text and reading books, as well as thirty well regulated Volapuk journals.

The number of cattle in Indian Territory is now found to be only 500,000 head. This is a great falling off from former years, and shows, argues the *Boston Cultivator*, that hereafter the consumers of beef must depend on stock fed with cultivated forage and grain, instead of relying on the product of pastures costing nothing. It will be much better for all branches of farming in all parts of the country when the demoralization of ranching has finally had its day.

The *Chicago Herald* says that "Florida and California are each making a strong bid for winter visitors by sending out cars filled with tropical and semi-tropical fruits attractively displayed. There is a car of this kind known as 'Florida on Wheels,' which made the tour of the Eastern resorts and did good missionary work during the summer months. A train of cars known as 'California on Wheels' and containing a superb exhibit of fruits, is now en route for the East for the purpose of booming Southern California as a winter resort, and will undoubtedly influence many people to cross the continent the coming winter."

One of the curious facts which workmen and mechanics detailed to undertake work in different towns notice, remarks the *Chicago News*, is that the small country places are frequently ahead of the metropolitan cities in the way of scientific improvements. Many a rural village of 5000 or 10,000 inhabitants quickly avails itself of the opportunities which the city inventors and scientists have been discovering for years. Thus it happens that little towns of a few thousand population which have grown up within the last four or five years have electric lights, electric railways, cable lines, and water works more perfect than the big cities have.

Several California papers recently contained a matrimonial appeal, signed by "a young and beautiful Hungarian maiden, an orphan without means, but well educated and with domestic tendencies, who seeks a companion for life." The answers were to be directed to Paris, where the young lady was employed as a nurse. Incredible as it may appear a dozen offers from marriageable young 'Frisconians came over the sea. A lively correspondence ensued, and finally each of the wooers received an exquisite photograph and an affirmative answer from the beautiful Hungarian maiden, with a request that the lover should send the necessary cash for a transatlantic ticket. The swindler or the syndicate of swindlers netted 6000 marks in all by the trick. And now the prospective bridegrooms, among whom are some well-known names, dare not whisper their misery.

The experiments in the cultivation of plants under the electrical light, recently made by the botanical department of the Cornell University, at Ithaca, N. Y., have given some curious and interesting results, and results which are in some respects confirmatory of somewhat similar experiments not long ago reported from Russia. The first and most noticeable effect of the treatment is an enormously increased rate of growth. The plants which are lighted seem to work day and night and to "run very much to leaf." Vegetables shoot up very quickly, and peas in a few weeks are two or three times as tall as those planted at the same time in daylight. In the case of seeds and fruit of any kind, however, the results are entirely different, and the plants which had grown slowly and by daylight were ahead. It was observed that in every instance the reproductive powers of the plant were strongly affected, being sacrificed to mere foliage and rapidity of increase in general size.

TO A LITTLE BROOK.

You're not so big as you were then,
O little brook!
I mean those lazy summers when
We boys roamed, full of awe, beside
Your noisy, foaming, tumbling tide,
And wondered if it could be true
That there were bigger brooks than you,
O mighty brook, O peerless brook!

All up and down this reedy place
Where lives the brook,
We angled for the furitive dace;
The redwing-blackbird did his best
To make us think he'd built his nest
Hard by the stream, when like a snout
He'd hung it in a secret spot
Far from the brook, the tall tale brook!

And often, when the noontime heat
Parboiled the brook,
We'd draw our boots and swing our feet
Upon the waves that, in their play,
Would tug us last and scot away;
And mother never seemed to know
What burnt our legs and chapped them so—
But father guessed it was the brook!

And Fido—how he loved to swim
The cooling brook,
Whenever we'd throw sticks for him;
And how we boys did wish that we
Could only swim as good as he—
Why, Daniel Webster never was
Recipient of such great applause
As Fido, battling with the brook!

But once—O most unhappy day
For you, my brook—
Come Cousin Sam along that way;
And having lived a spell out west,
Where creeks aren't counted much at best,
Ho neither waded, swam, nor leapt,
But, with superb indifference, stopt
Across that brook—our mighty brook!

Why do you scamper on your way,
You little brook,
When I come back to you to-day?
Is it because you flee the grass
That lunges at you as you pass?
As if, in playful mood, it would
Tickle the truant if it could,
You chuckling brook—you saucy brook!

Or is it you no longer know—
You sly little brook—
The honest friend of long ago
That years that kept us twain apart
Have changed my face but not my heart—
Many and sore those years, and yet
I fancied you could not forget
That happy time, my playmate brook!

Oh, sing again in artless glee,
My little brook,
The song you used to sing for me—
The song that's lingered in my ears
So soothingly these many years;
My grief shall be forgotten when
I hear your tranquil voice again
And that sweet song, dear little brook!
—Eugene Field, in *Chicago News*.

A LAST CHORD.

Madame Langelot, a comely, smiling woman of thirty-six, was humming merrily as she went to and fro in her dining-room, and giving the last glance, the careful housewife's glance, to the family table. Whatever the season might be, there was always a bunch of flowers to enliven the board and testify to the delicate touch of woman.

Suddenly Madame Langelot stopped, as she recognized her husband's step, and he had hardly entered the room when she exclaimed:

"What is the matter? You look upset."

"I have reason to be, darling," he replied, "when a man hears at the same moment of the failure and the death of his only brother—"

"You brother, oh, my poor dear!" cried Madame.

"His marriage, as you know, was an unfortunate one," continued the husband, "he was an artist in heart and soul, and forgot everything in his love for an Italian lady, who had a madonna-like face and wonderful musical talent. Her dark eyes bewitched him, and in spite of my entreaties, and our father's opposition, he married her. He was utterly incapable of managing his business, and was made reckless by the death of his adored wife. Yesterday, in despair, he took his own life, and on me devolved the task of settling his affairs in an honorable manner. I must do this, dear, for he was a Langelot."

"Of course," was the reply, "it is your duty."

"There is something else, said Monsieur Langelot slowly, and his wife, startled by his hesitation, exclaimed anxiously:

"What do you mean?"

"My brother has left a son, he is twelve years old, but delicate and deformed, and will never be able to provide for himself."

"And you think it is our duty to adopt him?"

"My dear—"

"You are perfectly right," cried the young woman, kissing her husband fondly, "how good you are, dear! Bring the poor boy home, and he shall be our Clairette's elder brother."

And thus the orphan's fate was settled by these two simple loving souls.

Monsieur and Madame Langelot, who had been married twelve years, idolized their only child, Clairette, was three years old, a frail, delicate little creature, highly nervous, treated like a queen, and somewhat despotic, as spoiled children usually are.

In a few days Lucien Langelot arrived at his uncle's home. He was painfully deformed, pale and delicate, and of his mother's radiant beauty had inherited nothing except the large dark eyes, which

illuminated his thin face with their brilliant flashes. Close against his breast he pressed a violin, his dearest treasure.

At sight of this stranger the little Clairette began to cry and sob convulsively. Her cousin looked timidly at the fair-haired and gaily dressed little creature for a minute, then raising his instrument, said softly,

"Listen, the violin will sing to you—do not cry."

And beneath his young fingers the artist's bow moved wondrously, the sound of a gay yet tender air burst forth, and the improvisation like a caress suddenly soothed the child's fears, and she was silent.

"More, more! Sing again, pretty music!" cried Clairette when the player stopped, and she clapped her little hands in glee.

So the wonderful violin played on, seeming to speak words of enchantment, and showing plainly what the poor hunchback had received as his maternal inheritance. From that day a tender affection united the two children, and the years passed on.

Lucien has become a man, and is associated with his uncle in business. He is a most valuable assistant, being gifted with extraordinary intelligence. He has not neglected his musical talent, and has had the best instruction.

"Do you know, my boy," said his uncle, "that you will some day be a great composer, our pride and glory?"

"My only glory," replied Lucien, softly, "is in knowing that Clairette is pleased with me."

He speaks the truth, poor fellow; his own happiness in life depends upon his cousin's smile.

She too, the petted sensitive child, is now grown up, and has become a lovely woman. She loves her cousin with frank sincere affection, and prefers to all other music the air he played for her when first they met, so that in the family the melody is always called "Clairette's Song." It is a composition worthy of a master-musician, and since drying the child's tears, has become the souvenir of her earliest joys.

What happened next was inevitable. One day Lucien acknowledged to himself that he loved Clairette, and called himself a fool for daring to raise his eyes to the daughter of his benefactor. True, she was his cousin, but how could he, the poor hunchback, hope to marry the beautiful blooming girl? He concealed his grief within his heart, and the violin, his only confidant, wept and sobbed for his hopeless love.

Claire Langelot, a gentle, affectionate girl, treated Lucien as her dearest friend and counselor, confiding to him her inmost thoughts. One day she artlessly told him of her love for Raoul Darboz, and then in a sudden burst of happiness, exclaimed:

"Here, Lucien, take your violin and play Clairette's Song for me!"

Ah, what bitter irony that was! The instrument was forced to sing her happy love, under his martyred fingers!

A little later, Raoul and Claire were married. Lucien played the wedding march. It was his own composition, and all through the music a mystic strain was interwoven by the master's skill, and filled the vaulted edifice with its tender melody.

The bride started when she recognized her favorite air.

"Poor dear cousin," she thought, "it is all for me that he is playing."

At the wedding breakfast they awaited the musician, impatient to congratulate him on his new composition, but he did not appear.

"An artist's caprice," said Uncle Langelot. "I'll wager that he is busy writing out his latest improvisation."

Claire was grieved at Lucien's absence, but that evening she and her husband set out for Fontainebleau, which was the first stopping place of their wedding tour.

On arriving at the hotel near the grand old forest, the young bride sat looking out of the window to enjoy the view and the scent of the fir trees.

Night fell, calm and quiet, the trees were rustled by the caresses of the breeze, a sweet perfume came from the forest, and the only sound was a soft indefinable murmur that seemed like the breathing of nature.

Claire turned to Raoul, saying:

"Do you know, I am anxious about Lucien. He may be ill. I did not see him, even to say good-by."

Raoul clasped her in his arms as he replied with love's jealousy:

"Forget him and every one, my wife, all your thoughts now belong to me, and beneath the blue sky where the golden stars were sparkling, she forgot all else in the embrace of him to whom she had given her heart.

Suddenly there arose on the still night air a soft strain of music that sounded like a sigh, a lamentation, and Claire, roused from her ecstasy of love exclaimed:

"Hark! That is Clairette's Song. Dear Lucien! I know that he has come to celebrate my happiness, to play for me on my wedding-night. But, ah, how sad the music sounds!"

"You are dreaming my love," said Raoul, as he closed the window, "I did not hear any music."

She listened again, but the silence was unbroken and once more she forgot everything but her love.

At dawn the next day, in a pathway near the hotel there was found lying across his broken violin, the dead body of Lucien Langelot. The brief lament

of unspoken hopeless love had floated up for a moment to the young bride's ear, but the last chord from Lucien's violin had awakened only the birds of the forest.—*The Epoch*.

Joe, the Worm Man.

Joe Pierce, the "only worm merchant," died in this city a few days ago. Joe was well known on the water front. His store was a portable bucket and gunny-sack. His place of business was nearly always open, for Joe slept but little. He had no partner but a diminutive Scotch terrier that was constantly at odds with the whole world, and his only stock in trade was worms.

Four years since Joe, who had an interest in pure politics, determined to register as a voter. The Registrar's clerks subjected him to a close cross-fire of questions because his mien was suspiciously humble and his garb seedy and worn.

"What is your business?" he was finally asked, and, drawing himself together, Joe answered in all seriousness:

"I am a worm merchant."

He was passed, and the story of his tilt with the commissioners traveled through the mazes of the water front, and honest Joe was thenceforth known as "the worm merchant."

It was ten years ago that Joe appeared on the water front and inaugurated his enterprise. He took up his stand at the corner of Clay and East streets, with his slimy wares concealed in a bucket bearing the advertisement in prominent letters made with shoeblack: "Worms, Fresh an' Gud."

"You've spelled that wrong, Joe," remarked a sailor to him one day.

"Never you mind," was Joe's reply.

"Worms is worms, and people as wants 'em knows where to get 'em."

Late at night, when noisy revelry reigned high in the brilliantly lighted saloons along East street, Joe would go down to the wharf and push out through the muddy water in a small boat. Next to an asphaltum cover Joe was the next best friend to the teredo-stricken piles, for he searched diligently for the long, wriggling things until his gunnysack was almost alive with them. Next morning he would take up his position on East street and wait for customers. Nearly every lover of the rod patronized him, and the superstition spread space that Joe was a sort of piscatorial mascot, and that his worms were "sure to fetch." He contributed by his thrift to the support of his mother and sisters. When the news came that he was dead the whole water front mourned his loss.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

An Opportune Thirty Cents.

"I had a most extraordinary piece of luck last Sunday," remarked a young broker to a *Tribune* reporter a day or two ago, "and for it I have been thanking a kind Providence ever since. I invited a girl cousin to go down to Long Beach for the afternoon, take supper there and return in the early evening. After we started I discovered that I had somehow brought only \$2.90 with me. I had one railroad ticket, but with another required, two suppers, car fares and ferrage, figure as I wanted, I was just about twenty cents short. It was one of those horrible cases of smiling and joking without, and a sort of whitened sepulchre within, wondering wildly how to pull through.

We reached the beach, and I was revolving the plan of throwing myself on the mercy of the clerk and offering a check, when we stopped in our stroll along shore to examine some shells and seaweed, when I was lying right at my feet wasn't thirty cents—a quarter and a nickel.

"I stooped down and picked them up in a hurry."

"What have you found?" asked my companion.

"A little silver," I said, carelessly.

"Oh, how lovely. How much?"

"Only thirty cents," I said, as though I was disappointed at not finding a bag of it. I wasn't disappointed. Never was so happy in my life. It was just enough to pull me through, and I reached home with ten cents, but I tell you it don't do to lean on your luck like that every day."—*New York Tribune*.

Why the Dayaks Hunt Heads.

Many Dayak tribes of Australia are still addicted to head-hunting, a practice which has made their name notorious, and which but lately threatened the destruction of the whole race. It is essentially a religious practice—so much so that no important act in their lives seems sanctioned unless accompanied by the offering of one or more heads. The child is born under adverse influences unless the father has presented a head or two to the mother before its birth. The young man can not become a man and arm himself with the mandau, or war-bow, until he has beheaded at least one victim. The wooer is rejected by the maiden of his choice unless he can produce one head to adorn their new home. The chief fails to secure recognition until he can exhibit to his subjects a head secured by his own hand. No dying person can enter the kingdom beyond the grave with honor unless he is accompanied by one or more headless companions. Every rajah owes to his rank the tribute of a numerous escort after death.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

Prime Minister Crispi, of Italy, is a millionaire, though poorest among Italian revolutionary exiles thirty years ago.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

DRYING FRUIT.

Dried fruit is one of the by-products of the farm, and although it will not pay the farmer to hire labor to dry fruit, it will pay to make arrangements in advance for it, so that members of the family can occupy their spare time in this kind of work. In this way a very considerable amount of fruit that otherwise might be bad can be turned into an article not quickly perishable, and for which a market can always be found, writes an Ohio farmer. Good apple-parers should be provided for expediting the work, which should be done in such a manner that the fruit when dried will be clean and attractive in appearance. Nothing detracts so much from its value in the eyes of a purchaser as to find the pieces with bits of core sticking to them and poorly pared besides. I do not favor bleaching any kind of fruit, whether it is dried in the ordinary way or evaporated quickly. If the fruit itself is good to begin with, I would give more for it for my own use when it has been slowly and cleanly dried than for that which has been hurriedly evaporated and bleached with sulphur. Nice dried peaches I consider as good as those that are canned.—*New York World*.

THE WINTER WINDOW GARDEN.

The housewife who loves flowers must now begin preparations for the stock which shall bloom in the winter garden during winter. This is done by making cuttings of such plants as may be desired. Geraniums of all kinds and other soft-wooded plants may be started from cuttings made in the summer. Indeed, the flower garden may be duplicated in the windows indoors through the winter if the right preparations are made now, and the garden may be restocked in the same way. Fuchsias, heliotropes, salvias, coleus, verbenas, bouvardias, and chrysanthems (and no other flower than the last mentioned will offer so much pleasure) may all be propagated in this way. Roses may also be added to the list. It is not that such plants may not be purchased from the florists easily and cheaply, but the pleasure of growing them and rearing them to pleasing and successful maturity is far greater and more satisfying than the mere possession of plants bought from the florists. Besides, home-grown plants are generally more robust and enduring than those forced under glass. Elsewhere will be found full instructions for growing plants from cuttings and for their management. Potted plants set out of doors will send their roots through the drainage opening of the pots, and when they are taken up the severance of these feeding roots will give a serious, if not fatal, check to the plants.—*New York Times*.

RECIPES.

Apple Cream Custard—Bake five apples and then remove cores and skins; beat whites of three eggs to a froth, add apple and beat. Serve with boiled custard made of one quart of milk, yolks of three eggs, small cup of sugar, quarter of a cup of flour, little salt.

Cream Pie—Line a plate with crust, stir to a cream one-half cup of sugar and one tablespoonful of butter, add two well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour and two cups of milk; mix all together well; flavor to suit the taste, pour into the lined plate and bake like a custard pie.

To Make Raspberry Salad—To a quart of ripe raspberries you need half a pint of red currant jelly and a gill of clear syrup, made by dissolving a gill of sugar in a saucenpan with a tablespoonful of hot water; when melted add the current juice; when cold pour this all over the raspberries, and set on ice till morning.

Flannel Cakes—One quart of flour, one gill of cornmeal, four eggs, one tablespoonful of butter melted in a pint of fresh milk, salt to taste, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, or half a pint of sour cream and one level teaspoonful of soda. The eggs must be beaten separately, very light. Bake quickly, as you would buckwheat cakes.

Apple Shortcake—Make a crust as for baking powder biscuit; butter a pie tin, take a piece of the dough sufficient to press out with the hands to half an inch in thickness and the size of the tin; place in the tin, and spread the top with butter; mold out another similar piece and lay on the top of this, and bake. Prepare tart apples, as for sauce, adding a piece of butter the size of a hickory nut. When the crust is done, carefully divide the layers, spread with butter, and put the hot apple sauce between. Serve with sugar and cream, or other sauce as preferred.

Veal Cutlets—Steam the cutlets for a few minutes, so as to partly cook them, then wipe them dry. Have ready a dish with finely-powdered cracker-dust. In another dish have four egg yolks, beaten light and mixed with two tablespoonfuls of rich, sweet cream. Season cutlets and egg mixture with salt and pepper. Have ready a frying-pan half full of boiling lard. Dip the cutlets, first one side and then the other, in the eggs, and then in the cracker dust, after which put them in the boiling lard; do not disturb them until the under side is brown, then carefully turn, and when the other side is brown, remove to a hot dish and serve at once while crisp. Do not attempt to serve gravy with cutlets.

"KNEE DEEP! KNEE DEEP!"

"Knee deep! knee deep!" I am a child again!
I hear the cowbells tinkling down the lane,
The plaintive whippoorwill, the distant call
Of quails beyond the hill where night-hawks fall
From lambent skies to fields of golden grain.
I hear the milkmaid's song, the clanking chain
Of plowman homeward bound, the lumbering wain,
And, down the darkling vale 'mid rushes tall,
"Knee deep! knee deep!"

We're all at home—John, Wesley, little Jane—
Dead long ago!—and the boy-soldiers twain
That sleep by purling stream or old stone wall
In some far-off and unknown grave—we're all
At home with mother!—heartache gone and pain!
"Knee deep! knee deep!"
—Henry J. Stockard, in *the Cosmopolitan*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Goes into tea without being asked—
Milk.
Society leaders are in the swim everywhere but at the seaside.—*Puck*.

Arbitration gives two parties the halves of a pretty stale and bitter loaf.—*Puck*.

Ladies' change—that found in the pockets of husbands at night.—*Boston Courier*.

It may be said of a man who invests in a quarry that his lot is a hard one.—*Yonkers Gazette*.

Some men stand on principles, others trample on them. The latter, naturally, make the most noise.

Silver is sold in France by the "kilo." In this country it comes in quart.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

A man must necessarily have a sharp eye in order to cast a piercing glance.—*Binghamton Republican*.

"A good lathering is the first requisite of a good shave." "It is also the best thing for a bad shaver."—*New York Herald*.

"Do you dictate to your typewriter?" "I used to do so, but I married her and now she dictates to me."—*Boston Courier*.

There is reason in all things. Few never call their wives "old hens" until they become brides.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

Deduced—"Say, doctor, what kind of medicine will cure my cold?" Doctor Smart—"The kind I prescribe."—*Yankee Blade*.

An uptown man recently left his family and has not since been found, although his nose turned up.—*Philadelphia Times*.

If money could be borrowed as easily as trouble, the world would be full of round-shouldered people.—*Indianapolis Ram's Horn*.

Waggin' Their Tongues—"Did you ever know that a wagon spoke?" "Yes, I heard one complain about being tired."—*The Bostonian*.

"Will you love me when I'm old?" sang a maiden of uncertain age. "Will I?" murmured a crusty old bachelor. "Do I, you mean?"—*Washington Star*.

"You'll be a President, perhaps, if well you run life's race." "I'd rather be," the boy replied, "The man who plays first base."—*Washington Post*.

"The new assessor is a very honest man." "You don't say so! What has he been doing?" "Why, he told me he often taxed his own memory."—*West Shore*.

"Judge," said the prisoner, who had robbed an art store, in a pleading tone, "there ain't any law to prevent a man's taking photographs, is there?"—*Chicago Tribune*.

Groom—"A ring around the moon is the sign of rain." Bride (sweetly)—"And a ring around a woman's finger is the sign of—?" Groom—(sadly)—"Reign."—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

Miss Amy—"Now I'll sing you 'Only a Lock of Her Hair.'" Young Dolley (after she has made several false starts)—"You don't seem to have the right key for that lock."—*Lippincott's*.

Susan (reciting)—"Half a league, half a league, half a league onward—" Father—"There, Susan, that'll do. We don't want any of that baseball nonsense in this house."—*Boston Transcript*.

If progress, now so fresh and fleet,
Keeps on, it's just as like as not
We'll take our baths, and shave, and eat
By putting nickles in the slot.
—*Washington Post*.

First Citizen (at a street row)—"Is that man lying in the ambulance one of the fighters?" Second Citizen—"No, he was passing at the time and tried to stop the fight. There go the fighters walking off now."—*Boston Herald*.

"No," said Professor Feeblem, the eminent phrenologist, "my profession does not yield a life full of sunshine, as many suppose, I tell you; and he wiped away a tear. "I've felt some pretty hard bumps in my life."—*Light*.

"Are you a student or a practicing physician?" asked the young woman of the young man who had been known as "Doctor" since last June. "Neither," he said, with a depth of disappointment which she could not fathom.—*Washington Star*.