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According to the latest statistics there are 100,000 insane persons in the United States—a ratio of one to every 550 in habitants.

More women in proportion to population are employed in industrial occupation in England than in any other European country. Twelve per cent. of the industrial classes are females.

The King of Italy wants to be Emperor, too, and thinks of making himself Emperor of Erythraea and Eastern Africa, on the strength of his protectorate of Abyssinia and some colonies on the Red Sea.

Officers in Germany, when complaints are made to them that they have injured some private interest while they are commanding military exercises, announce that "they are responsible to the Emperor only." The citizens are getting very sick of this, as it seems to allow them no recourse whatever.

Regularly every six months, it is said, the United States Treasury Department receives either a \$20 or \$50 bill which, from all appearances, instead of being made from a plate, is executed entirely with a pen. The work is of a very high order, and several times these have escaped detection and gone into circulation. The counterfeiter has not yet been discovered. He seems to work for notoriety, as he could not make a living in this manner.

Work is being vigorously pushed on the Nicaragua canal. The large plant used by Slaven, of San Francisco, on the Panama canal, has been purchased, and a new set of powerful dredges have been contracted for in Scotland. Meantime work has been carried on at the mouth of the San Carlos River, the depth of which, at the mouth, is said to have been doubled already. At the rate that work is being advanced, vessels will pass through the canal before 1895, if no unforeseen obstacles occur.

A broker of Chicago, Mr. A. B. Russell, has incorporated an institution known as the National Tonsorial Parlor Company, with a capital stock of \$25,000. Barber shops are to be established in all the large cities of the United States, to be owned and controlled by the company. Tickets of membership will be issued for a sum comparatively small, probably \$15, which will be good for one year and which will entitle the holder to all the service required for that length of time in any city included in the trust.

The increase in railway mileage in this country during the first six months of the year was 1893 miles. This, in the opinion of the Chicago News, is accounted highly creditable. More miles of railroad have been constructed in the Southern States than in any other section of the country. The Northwestern States and Territories, where construction went on rapidly for awhile, have nearly stopped building. Massachusetts laid but a mile and a half of new road, Maine about ten miles; the other New England States stood still. California gained one mile.

In some hospitals in Europe it is customary to allow visitors to converse on certain days by means of a telephone in a waiting room with patients in the wards, and this arrangement has been found to work admirably, as it infrequently happens that the nervous state of the patient, or the possibility of infection of the visitor renders closer communication inadvisable. It is now suggested by a New York physician that telephones be placed on the islands in the bay used for infectious diseases, so that the patients can be cheered by occasional oral communication with their friends.

There is nothing to be surprised at in the story that an establishment has been discovered in Paris where imitations of the pictures of the great French painter Courbet are turned out by wholesale. It has been the fortune of all the French masters, says the New York Star, to attract the attention of the forgers, and without doubt there are to-day in the galleries of the world more spurious than genuine works of Corot, Daubigny, Diaz, Courbet and Jacque, not to mention any others. Most of the pictures are as excellent, as works of art, as masters could paint, only they are not the real thing. There seems to be no way of preventing these frauds, but the picture business all over the world is being seriously discredited and damaged thereby.

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

The kindly words that rise within the heart
And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
But die e'er spoken, fall to play their part,
And claim a merit that is not their own.
The kindly word unspoken is a sin,
A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
And tells the heart that, doubting, looks
Within.

That not in speech, but thought, the virtue
Lies.

But 'tis not so: another heart may thirst
For that kind word, as Hager in the wild—
Poor banished Hager!—prayed a well might
burst

From out the sand to save her parching
child.

And loving eyes that cannot see the mind,
Will watch the expected movement of the
lip:

Ah! can ye let its cutting silence wind
Around that heart and scathe it like a whip?

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine,
Are valueless until we give them birth:
Like unbound gold their hidden beauties shine
Which God has made to bless and gladden
the earth.

How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand
Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute!

But oh! what pain when, at God's own com-
mand,

A heart string thrills with kindness, but is
mute.

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly
voice,

But let it like a shining river roll
To deserts dry,—to hearts that would re-
joice.

Oh! let the symphony of kindly words
Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the
weak;

And he will bless you,—he who struck these
cords

Will strike another when in turn you seek.
—John Boyle O'Reilly.

SERGEANT SINGLETON.

BY BEBA GREGORY PRELAT.

"Guide me, oh, Thou great Jehovah,"
sang the powerful chorus of boys as
mother played the sweet old tune upon
the organ.

It was an impressive and pathetic
group, for soldiers filled the lower part
of the park, and the sound of military
music came every now and then to break
the harmony of the hymn.

Nothing could have daunted those
fresh voices, just as nothing could have
daunted their brave little hearts. They
sang, as they were going to fight by and
by, with courage and persistence.

Wilton, the eldest, would have a grand
bass some time, and even now the lower
notes were splendid, when they "got
there." Rupert, the second, sang with a
high, clear tenor, such as used to make
the masses splendid in the old
cathedrals at Rome.

The little boys supplied a rippling
treble, and the mother's tender alto
made the chorus complete.

She did not look like a Spartan mother,
but she was trying, and not vainly,
to act the part.

Her two eldest were going to join in
that terrible struggle, which bore so
many boys away, to act the part of men,
while still in the morning of life. The
father was absent with a sabre at his
side and epaulettes on his shoulders.

All that loving and pious rearing could
do had been done for them; her active
work must be over for a time; she could
only watch and pray!

Wilton looked grown and stately in
his uniform, for he was the kind of fel-
low to carry off a prescribed dress of
any sort with dignity.

Once committed to anything, he re-
garded himself as the exponent of the
whole, and tried to reflect credit upon it.

Rupert looked so young and slim and
handsome that she could hardly see him
through her tears, but he made a great
effort to keep his own eyes dry.

They were wonderful eyes, of the blue
one sees in the sky when the sun is very
warm and there are no clouds about.

The clarion sounded the signal of war.
The soldiers were waiting for her darlings
at the second gate.

"Oh! for a last inspiration, one was
agonizing thought. Some one final mes-
sage of love, that should remain with
them through all that terrible campaign.

Like a flash of answer it came to her.
She stood for a moment almost trans-
figured in the girlish beauty, which ma-
ternity had been powerless to change.

"Promise me, my sons," she cried,
"that every day when the twilight comes
—no matter where you are, you will sing
one verse of this hymn: 'Guide me, Oh,
Thou great Jehovah.' He will guide
you, if you believe and trust in Him."

They promised her, and the battle
cloud that swept the land bore them
from her sheltering arms.

The last thing they saw was her slender
figure standing upon the portico,
with a smile upon her beautiful face
which nearly cost her heart's blood.

That night they marched out of Mary-
land.

Two years later a dark young man, in
a uniform that would have been tattered
but for repeated and skillful darning,
stood before his commanding officer.

"Well, Sergeant Singleton, what do
you want?" said the veteran kindly, for
the non-commissioned officer was a great
favorite.

"I want a leave for two days, Major,
and no questions asked. I want to get
back my brother, who was taken prisoner

in the last skirmish. The enemy's camp,
you know, is only twenty miles from
here—"

"Do you wish to be taken and hung
for a spy?" was the officer's stern answer.
"Well, sir, I must run my chances,
as many another fellow has done. I can't
leave Rupert without making an effort
to save him, and I have a scheme which
is sure to work."

Wilton Singleton was only nineteen,
but his pluck and brains had gained for
him a great deal of respect. He was a
natural soldier, alert, cautious and, above
all, uncompromising.

He had risen to be Sergeant, and was
soon to be made Lieutenant.

"Tell me your plan," pursued the
Major, trying to hide his admiration
under an appearance of gruffness.

"It is something I would rather talk
about after it is accomplished," the boy
replied, with a tinge of bashfulness in
his usually frank manner.

The Major gave the required permis-
sion and the Sergeant went out.
He took off his uniform and in a few
moments bore no resemblance to the
trim young official who had entered the
tent.

He had borrowed from some of the
neighboring country youths a blue
blouse shirt and a pair of linen pants.
He took off his shoes and stockings and
pulled his short black hair down over
his forehead, which was too intellectual
for the role he intended to play.

A torn hat of dirty straw, and a bag
made of a coffee sack, which he was
going to sling over his shoulder, com-
pleted the picture.

This bag contained a queer collection
of articles which were very useful later.
To look at the Sergeant in this dis-
guise was to behold a bumpkin of the
lowest class.

No soldier would give him a moment's
thought, and, if he did, the Tennessee
dialect would have deceived a native.

Wilton was a born mimic. He stopped
at his Captain's tent.

"Has you's got ary a thing for
we'un's ter do?" he said, with an in-
describable drawl.

"Come back alive, boy," answered
the Captain; "I would go with you, but
it would only increase the danger."

It was about 7:30 in the morning.
The hot summer day was before him, and
also the twenty miles which stretched
between him and the river, on the far
side of which the enemy lay encamped.

He chose the open road, and after an
hour of walking a wagon rumbled by.

He begged for a ride and obtained it.
By noon he was ten miles on his way.

They gave him buttermilk and a cold
corn-dodger at a farmhouse where he
stopped. He ate heartily of the coarse
food, as heroic natures do, for the pur-
pose of keeping up his strength.

As he stepped out into the sun the
heart of the farmer's wife out to him.

"Be you agoin' fur?" she called.

"I be agoin' down ter the river to
Uncle Job Akins. Weun's cow air ailing
like, and ma, she 'low Uncle Job set
her all right onct before. He gin her
some 'yarbs."

The woman reflected. She had four
horses in the pasture.

"I ain't got no saddle round handy,
but I might mek out to lerd yer a rope
—if yer have got spunk enuf ter catch
one of them horses. Yew could bring it
back ter-morrow."

No second bidding was needed, and
in a short time Wilton sat upon his bor-
rowed steed, feeling that fortune favored
him.

As he rode away he lifted his torn
hat, brushing back the hair from his
brow. The unlearned woman felt a
thrill she could not comprehend as she
encountered that farewell glance, and
went into the house to dream of her boys
in the army.

He rode steadily, until at about five in
the afternoon, he saw the broad waters
of the river gleaming in the distance.

He tied his horse to a tree with the
long rope and let him graze.

Then he climbed to the highest branch
of the highest tree in the little grove and
surveyed the country.

On the other side of the river the
white tents of the enemy, the canons on
the outposts, the men in uniform, the
martial sights and sounds made up an
agreeable whole.

But to the poor boy in the tree it was
terrible. Somewhere in the midst of all
that his little brother was a prisoner.

Many of the tents were very near the
bank and from his post of vantage he
watched the men as they went in swim-
ming.

At last the sun went down and he
crept from the grove.

Presently a single star came out and
comforted him. His mother always
looked for that first star and loved it.
When they were little they had made
wishes on it. He made a wish upon it
now, and then with child-like faith pur-
sued his enterprise.

He was near enough to hear voices,
borne faintly over the water, for it was a
broad deep stream, not one of the over-
grown creeks which we often call river
in the South.

Deeper and deeper grew the twilight,
until its gray mantle wrapped him com-
pletely. Then he went farther down the
shore until he was no longer quite oppo-
site the camp and walked out in the
water, which was shallow near the bank.
Then he swam across the river and waited
in the reeds on the other side.

A party of soldiers were eating a
"post supper spread" at a short distance
from the camp fire.

They had obtained permission to bring
with them one of the prisoners, a "little
kid," as they called him, who had a won-
derful voice.

The men would make him sing "Home,
Sweet Home" until the tears rolled down
their cheeks and his own. Then to make
up for this they tried to teach him songs
which he would not learn.

On this particular evening he had sung
to them a long time. As his eye caught
the star his brother had seen, even before
it was quite dark, he struck up the notes
of his mother's hymn:

Guide me, O, Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim in this barren land!

His voice did not falter. It seemed to
soar up grand and full to that God of
David, that God of battles, who had been
the righteous warrior's stay for ages.

What did his quick ear catch? Was it
his imagination, his knowledge that his
brother, like himself, had never forgot-
ten that promise to their mother? Did
he fancy that he heard him whistle?

Rupert rose from his position, and still
singing walked toward the bank.

It was high above the water, which
looked dark and threatening.

"Be careful, Kiddie," called one of the
men, "you might fall over. It's deep
round there and I calculate you can't
swim."

He little knew that born and raised by
the Potomac, no one was more at home
in water than his prisoner.

Open now, the crystal fountain,
Where the healing streams do flow—
chanted Rupert.

He held his breath for a moment to be
sure of the whistle and let the time for
several bars go by.

Ah, yes! no other voice but Wilton's
called him. There was no mistake. The
memories of childish hours, the bond of
brotherhood assured him.

"Strong deliverer! Strong deliverer!"
he sang clearly, and then there was a
splash.

The men rose to their feet. "I said
that kid would fall over," said one.

"Hold up and try to tread water till
we get a rope," roared out another, while
the third went for a torch.

Rupert dived and then swam noise-
lessly down to his brother.

They hid in the reeds and water plants
while the men looked for the prisoner.
No thought of his trying to escape had
once occurred to them. They would have
thought the whistle but the careless re-
frain of some of their own men.

"He had been washed away with the
current," said one; "most likely his
body will be stopped by a snag farther
down before it sinks. We can look in
the morning."

"Poor little chap," said the tenderest
hearted and worst educated of the crowd,
"he hev sung himself plum into paradise
with them there hymns of his'n."

At 3 o'clock that morning Major Bab-
cock was roused from slumber by a visit
from Colonel Singleton.

"Where are my boys?" was the wild
question.

Major Babcock never replied in words,
for he heard the countersign given to the
sentry in a voice they both knew.

Colonel Singleton removed his portly
person from the Major's tent to the pick-
ets in a manner calculated to upset all the
rules governing avoirdupois. He had his
two boys in his arms before they knew
that he had come.

"What have you done, my son?" he
said to Wilton.

"I just went after Rupert, father.
Swam over the river and helped him to
swim back. It was not anything much
to do."

You may be sure the father cried, and
Rupert cried and the Major's eyes got
full of sand.

The tender mother wept, too, when
she heard of it. She thanked God for
the promise her boys had given her, the
keeping of which had done so much for
both.

Little Sergeant Singleton himself had
nothing to say about the exploit, but
"Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah," is
still the favorite hymn with the whole
family.—Times-Democrat.

An Emperor's Earache.

Referring to the chronic earache from
which the Emperor of Germany suffers,
Harold Frederic says in the New York
Times: "Just what the affection is no one
has yet been able to determine. It grows
worse in cold and wet weather, and that
is about all that is known of it. The phy-
sicians disagree as to its character. Wil-
liam himself, though at times suffering
acutely from it, has never been alarmed
about it, and really believes it to be a
local ailment. Its existence naturally
enough suffices to create a certain un-
easiness in the minds of his friends, and
of Germans generally, but I cannot learn
that any responsible professional men re-
gard it as necessarily dangerous. This
year it is said to be less troublesome than
usual."

Antidote for a Bee's Sting.

A correspondent of the Leeds (Eng-
land) Mercury writes: As beekeepers,
experienced and inexperienced, are now
operating on their stocks stings will fre-
quently be received. One of the most
simple and effective antidotes I am ac-
quainted with is to poison a piece of
washing soda and rub the stung part with
it. If this is done at once it will re-
move the pain and prevent swelling.
Whenever I go to do anything to the
bees, I invariably put a piece of soda in
my waistcoat pocket.

The collective length of the London
streets would reach over 32,000 miles.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

From the oil of grasshoppers a Spanish
inventor claims to make the finest soap
yet produced.

White pine boards are now made by
reducing small trees and limbs to pulp
and pressing in molds.

When galvanized iron is exposed to
weather, there soon forms on the surface
a coating of the oxide of zinc, which
protects it from the further action of the
elements.

An iron elevated railway, much like
the New York pattern, six miles long, is
now in process of construction in Liver-
pool. The cars are to be worked by
electricity.

A large vein of pure white sand, suit-
able for making glass, has been found
near Pittsburgh, Penn. The discovery
will save the glass manufacturers of that
city thousands of dollars annually, as
they have hitherto been obliged to send
across the Alleghany Mountains for their
sand.

The sleep of Rip Van Winkle, or the
hero of "Looking Backward," is but mo-
mentary compared with the suspension
of vitality known among some of the
microscopic organisms. The micro-
zymes, according to A. de Barry, may
lie during entire geologic periods in such
a rock as chalk and yet retain the power
of development.

A curious phenomenon is reported by
the United States Consul at Maracaibo,
in Venezuela. Near the Rio de Orro, at
the base of the Sierra of the Colombian
frontier, there is a horizontal cavern,
which from time to time ejects huge
globules of bitumen, that explode like
bombshells with considerable noise; and
the pitch, forming a black glacier, runs
into a kind of pool or lake near the river
bank.

Creosote has been successfully applied
as a remedy for the potato disease in
Scotland. Every eye of the seed potato
is touched with creosote by means of a
small camel's hair brush. The product
of potatoes so treated is almost totally
free from disease. Where the creosote
is not applied to all the eyes of the seed-
ling the result is partial disease. If
too much is used the seed will not ger-
minate.

It is said that the electric compass is
having an excellent effect on the sailors
on ships in which it has been adopted,
as the steering in such cases has markedly
improved. The object of this invention
is to indicate by an electric bell placed
in the captain's cabin any deviation from
the course laid down through the care-
lessness of the man at the wheel. This
invention is likely to materially lessen
dangers at sea.

Hitherto it has been possible to pro-
duce sheet glass only by blowing a hol-
low cylinder, which was then cut, sepa-
rated and polished. A glass manufac-
turer in this country has now succeeded
in producing glass plates of great breadth
and any desired length by means of roll-
ing. Glass thus produced is said to pos-
sess a far greater homogeneity, firmness
and transparency, and it has, on the up-
per surface, a brilliancy which makes it
hardly distinguishable from art plate
glass.

In Germany wood with a mirror polish
is coming into use for ornamental pur-
poses in place of metal. The wood is
first submitted to a bath of caustic alkali
for two or three days at a temperature
of about 175 degrees Fahrenheit, then
dipped in hydrosulphate of calcium for
twenty-four to thirty-nine hours, after
which a concentrated solution of sulphur
is added. After another dip in an ace-
tate of lead solution at about 100 de-
grees, a shining metallic surface is given
by polishing when dry with lead, tin or
zinc.

About Pearls.

Pearls have been rising in value in the
European market so long, and threaten
to rise so steadily, that they may soon
become the costliest, as they have long
been among the most elegant, ornaments
of a beautiful woman.

Many a jewel is more effective. The
ruby is richer in color; the diamond is
brighter; gold and silver are more plas-
tic, and the latter are as full of possibili-
ties as Reynard's bag of tricks. The
pearl has but its mild satin skin, like an
angel's shoulder, its rounded curves; yet
its shy lustre seems to have a more per-
manent hold upon dainty fancy than any
more vivid and more robust gems.

True, it is mere carbonate of lime;
true, its globular form comes but from
the sickness of an invertebrate, and its
colors are drawn not from the living fish,
but from its putrescence after death.

An ornament that owes its existence to
nothing but disease and decay certainly
draws little from sentiment, and perhaps
the pearl owes more to its constant asso-
ciation with noble pictures of beautiful
women than to its intrinsic glory. For
all that, the decorative position of pearls
is unassailable. In spite of their grim
origin a necklace of fine pearls remains a
far more refined and dainty ornament
than one of the brilliants.—Chatter.

The Moon-Weather Problem.

From tables made by the use of syn-
optic charts, eliminating local distur-
bances, Dr. G. Meyer believes he has ac-
complished what other investigators have
sought to do without success—shown an
influence of the moon on the weather.
The height of the barometer, in the
months of September to January, is low-
ered at the time of full moon and raised
during first quarter. No effect can be
traced for other months.

BROTHERS.

Spider,
At my window spinning,
Weaving circles wider, wider,
From the deft beginning.

Running
Rings and spokes until you
Build your silken death-trap cunning.
Shall I catch you, kill you?

Sprawling,
Nimble, shrewd as Circe,
Death's your only aim and calling.
Why should you give me mercy?

Strike thee?
Not for rapine willful.
Man himself is too much like thee,
Only not so skillful.

Rife in
Thee lives our Creator.
Thou'rt a shape to hold a life in,
I am nothing greater.
—George Horton, in Chicago Herald.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Licked for two cents—A postage stamp.
Fancy work—Building castles in the
air.

Where there is no liquor—In prison
bars.

"He was a great boy. He was in for
everything." "He's in for five years,
now."—Chatter.

You can generally get a point on insect
life by making yourself familiar with the
bee.—Texas Siftings.

There are a good many things that go
without saying, but woman is not one of
them.—St. Joseph News.

While we have so many lakes in this
country, there is only one that is really
superior.—Texas Siftings.

In early days the schoolmaster
"boarded around" himself, but he shan-
gle the boys.—Texas Siftings.

"Mamma, let me hold the baby, will
you?" "No, dear; mother is afraid you
might let him fall on Fido."—Life.

It is often impossible to distinguish si-
lence from wisdom, because they are fre-
quently the same thing.—Dallas News.

Don't weep, for amnionuke;
Within all moisture squirm;
Don't sigh, because your breathing may
Communicate a germ.
—Toronto Empire.

It is an awful strain on a woman's pa-
tience to have a husband who thinks he
knows how to cook.—Terre Haute Ex-
press.

Nothing delights a small man so much
as to have a chance to call a greater man
in public by his first name.—Somerville
Journal.

Time is the essence of all contracts,
except when you endeavor to contract
for a suit of clothes on time.—Jewellers'
Circular.

Impressible Charlie (to elderly
"beauty")—"Will you be mine?" Elderly
Beauty—"No, Charlie, but I'll be a
mother to you."—Lippincott's.

A sheriff seized a college for debt some
time ago, and an inventory led to the dis-
covery that the assets consisted of a first-
class yell.—Binghamton Leader.