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Twelve members of the United States Senate are natives of New York.

An expert says the Florida phosphates, though immense in extent, are disappointing as to richness, and the proportion of high grades is exceedingly small.

The Nevada towns are exceptions to the rule of increase in the population of the Western municipal communities. They generally show a decrease since 1880.

The State Geologist of New Jersey says the coast of the State is sinking at the rate of at least two feet in a century. Other observers hold that the rate is much more rapid.

Secretary Proctor is in favor of the Government employing twenty acting chaplains to assist the thirty post chaplains now in the United States army. They should be paid, he thinks, \$1500 a year.

A charming story is told by a reviewer in the *Soots Observer* to illustrate Darwin's freedom from scientific bigotry. Having been told that music had an influence on plants, he procured somebody to play a bassoon for several days close to some growing beans.

In the estimation of the *Times-Democrat*, "Connecticut is a thrifty State. The receipts of taxes over the estimates for 1890 were \$365,000, which has enabled the Treasurer to redeem \$200,000 in bonds and still have a surplus of \$36,732. Next year the State tax is to be dispensed with."

Regularly every six months, it is said, the Treasury Department at Washington receives either a \$20 or a \$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 counterfeit has not yet been discovered. He seems to work for notoriety, as he could not make a living in this manner.

"Every traveler has noticed," observes the *St. Louis Star-Sayings*, "that railroads get rid of their old, discarded ties by burning them up. The ordinary practice is to place them in piles as near the rails as possible and then set fire to them, to the great annoyance and discomfort of passengers. At the same time there are thousands of families on the line of the road who would be glad to take these ties away and use them for fuel."

Congress has passed an act for the preservation of the big trees of Tulare County, California, which are regarded by the tourists as among the greatest curiosities of that wonderful region. Of late they have been in danger of destruction by the insatiable lumber men, and the act was the result of representations to Congress that they would soon disappear unless measures were taken to restrain the busy woodman and his ax. The bill provides for the conversion of the region containing the famous trees into a public park, to be under the care and protection of the Government.

Professor Shaler, the eminent geologist and magazine writer, notes it as an extraordinary fact that while the New World has contributed to civilization a long list of valuable plants, cereals, fruits and vegetables, it has made only one addition to the animals in domestication, and that is the turkey. That was a contribution worth a thanksgiving, however, and now there is a prospect that it may be reinforced by another American product, the prairie chicken. Numbers of these have been introduced in the meadows about Bradenburg, Germany, and their propagation is believed to be practicable.

The *English Industries* states that a novel industry, resting strictly on chemical principles and needing nothing but a little capital and a dash of dishonesty to develop it, is said to be practiced in Florida. It consists in avoiding dependence upon the slow and imperfect ripening of lemons by the sun's rays, by picking the fruit while green and exposing it to the fumes of burning sulphur, whereby its color is changed to a rich golden yellow, infinitely more attractive than the natural hue. "It is true that the interior of the lemon is practically free from juice, a fact which the hypercritical might reckon a slight drawback, but this is, after all, a trivial matter, affecting only the consumer," is the salve applied to the conscience.

AN AUTUMN MORNING.

There are crimson clouds and feathery forms
In upper air.
And bright shapes tinged with varying hues
Stretched everywhere.
Some seem to swell and then unfold,
Like blossoms rare,
From out dim space, and then, like dew,
Dissolve in air.
Below them rise up weightier clouds
And misty banks,
And here and there tall specters rise
In serried ranks,
Although the sky is azure-hued
Above them all;
While on our heads a boundless wealth
Of sunbeams fall.
Was ever sky more beautiful,
Or breath more sweet?
Or greener boughs, or softer mat
Beneath our feet?
We thank Thee, Father, for the earth,
So beautiful;
We thank Thee for Thy gifts to us,
So bountiful;
For bud and bloom, for ripening fruit;
Each benison
Is fair to see. Lord, bring our hearts
In unison
With Thy dear self. May this new day
Be spent aright.
And every busy day that glides
Into the night,
Until their dawns for us are o'er,
And we at last
Into your haven moor our bark,
All tempests past.
—Vick's Magazine.

JULIET, THE ORPHAN.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Well, Juliet, what are you calculating to do?" said Mrs. Murdright.
"It's time to make up your mind about something, you know," briskly observed Miss Juniata Jessup.
Juliet lifted her heavy head, and looked at them with a vague surprise.
"Do?" she repeated. "What's there to do? I don't know what you all mean."
She was a dark, large-eyed girl with cheeks as pale as a calla-lily, a Spanish luxuriance of jet-black hair and a slight figure, which seemed to be bound by the weight of her deep mourning. Mrs. Murdright was a tall, masculine woman, with iron-gray hair and a square chin. Miss Jessup wore spectacles and moved around in an active, jerky way, like an extra-large-sized canary bird.
"It's a week to-morrow since your papa was buried," added Mrs. Murdright.
Juliet winced.
"Yes," she said; "I know it. Oh, papa!"
"There, there," said Miss Jessup, as the young orphan hid her face in her hands, "don't give way. It's unchristian, and it's uncomfortable, too!"
"And it's high time," steadily observed Mrs. Murdright, "that you looked matters in the face, Juliet May. You've got your living to earn, and—"
"But I thought I was to live with you," said poor Juliet, who was as ignorant in the ways of the world as a six-month-old infant. You are my mother's sister, Aunt Murdright, and—"
"That is hardly a reason why I should undertake to support every relative I have got in the world," said Mrs. Murdright, sourly. You aren't a child, Juliet. You was eighteen last month, and there's many a girl of your age earns her own living and lays up a handsome sum besides. And it's close on the first of June, and I need every room I have to let to summer boarders."
"And there is no reason," supplemented Miss Juniata, skillfully seizing the opportunity to strike it when Mrs. Murdright paused for lack of breath, "why you should sit with folded hands while your cousin Artemisia works in the skirt-factory, and Louisa Lacy goes out to tailoring."
Juliet sat looking from one to the other, while her heart seemed to stand still within her. At the Grange she had always lived in luxury. She had been the darling and idolized child of a dotting father. She had never paused to consider the question of mere money. All good and lovely things seemed to assemble around her by magic. Every one had spoken tenderly to her; and now—and now—
"What am I to do, Aunt Murdright?" she faltered. "Is all my money spent?"
"Your money!" hysterically echoed Miss Jessup. "Poor child! You hain't got none. It's all gone in rash speculations and mad inventions."
"Juniata speaks only the truth," said Mrs. Murdright, stiffly, as Juliet's eyes sought hers, as if to ask corroboration of the little old maid's unfeeling words. "You're as good as a beggar, and you must begin to consider in serious earnest what you are to do for your bread. I can't undertake to support you."
Juliet put her little cold hand in a pathetically pleading way on Mrs. Murdright's.
"Aunt," said she, "couldn't I stay here? Couldn't I make myself useful to you?"
Mrs. Murdright shrugged her shoulders.
"I'm very sorry," said she, "but I don't require any one to play the piano, and sit around the house in picturesque positions, and be waited on. You haven't been brought up as my girls are, Juliet May!"
Juliet recoiled as if a serpent had stung her; she turned to Miss Jessup.
"Cousin Juniata," she said, "you, too,

are my relative. Aid me! Advise me! You have age and experience—I am like a lost child in this great, grinding world!"
Verily Juliet May was but a novice in all conventional wisdom, or she never would have alluded so unguardedly to the age and experience of the sprightly spinster. Miss Jessup bridled.
"I really don't know that I have any thing to say," said she. "As Mrs. Murdright remarks, people must expect to work in this world!"
But Miss Jessup studiously banished from her recollection the fact that, when she had first set up dressmaking for herself, Squire May had generously lent her money for her lease, furniture, stock and fixtures. He had never claimed a cent of interest; he had never so much as hinted at the repayment of his loan, and she had been equally silent. And it is to be presumed that she had quite forgotten the whole circumstance, when she added, with some little vindictiveness:
"And, to my mind, it would have been a deal wiser if your papa had looked a little more closely to your money instead of lending it to 'n'er-do-wells like Chauncey Graham to squander!"
"Cousin Chauncey was always good and kind!" cried Juliet, coloring up. "He would have paid papa, if he could! And it is mean and dishonorable of you to say such things as these, Juniata Jessup!"
"Hoity-toity!" cried Miss Jessup. "Mean! Dishonorable! Well, if he ain't both, let him put in an appearance and say what he has done with that money!"
As Mr. Graham was at that moment supposed to be in Australia, engaged in the management of a mammoth sheep farm, this was perhaps rather unreasonable demand. But, to Miss Jessup's infinite amazement, and, perhaps, to her discomfiture as well, the front door was pushed open at that juncture, and a bronzed, bearded apparition, in a suit of some foreign style and cut, stalked in.
"Is this Mrs. Moses Murdright's house?" said he. "Can any one tell me if Miss Juliet May is here?"
Mrs. Murdright stared, Miss Jessup seemed equally amazed; but, with a cry, Juliet May sprang to her feet.
"Chauncey!" she cried. "It is my cousin Chauncey!"
"I am Chauncey Graham," said the young man. "I only arrived in the port of New York last evening. It all seems so strange to me to hear that my cousin, Squire May, is dead—that Juliet is without a home!"
He stood in surprise, scarcely able to recognize in this tall Andalusian-faced girl, the chubby-cheeked, little play-fellow of former years. But when she flung herself so confidently into his arms, he held her with a tender and chivalric embrace.
"Oh, Chauncey, I am so glad that you have come," she sobbed. "Oh, I was so lonely and forsaken! No one has seemed to care for me, since papa died—no one offered me a home!"
"I will," said Chauncey, quietly. "There, there, little one, don't fret. It is all smooth sailing now. The money which your father lent me has borne fruit, seventy times seven, and it is yours now!"
Mrs. Murdright here recovered herself so far as to extend a fish-like hand to Mr. Graham; Miss Jessup pressed eagerly forward.
"My dear Juliet," she said, with a little acidity, "you are such a mere baby! Don't you see that your cousin isn't at all the proper person to take charge of you?"
"Why not?" said Chauncey Graham.
"It seems to me that I am the very one. And my mother is in New York waiting to extend a mother's tender care to Juliet."
"At all events, my dear," said Miss Jessup, "don't cling to your cousin as if he were a floating spar and you a drowning mariner! Do sit down! Dear Cousin Chauncey," with a smile which displayed every one of her false teeth to the very best advantage, "this is such an agreeable surprise. We have thought and talked of you so much!"
While Mrs. Murdright hastened to prepare what she called "a little refreshment" for this relative who seemed so much nearer and dearer since he had come back home with plenty of money.
"I wish, now," she muttered, "that we hadn't been quite so sharp with Juliet. She was a silly child, no doubt, but if she is going to be rich again—Eh? What? To her niece who now presented herself with a crape-voiled hat and ink-black draperies folded across her slender shoulders. 'You're not going away so soon, Juliet, my darling!'"
"Chauncey says that his mother expects us by the very next train," said Juliet, upon whose pale cheek a new color had kindled. "And we have no time to lose!"
"And," simpered Miss Jessup, who was hurriedly donning an extremely youthful Gainsborough hat with rosebuds and daisies wreathed around its brim, "I have volunteered to accompany dear Juliet. Really, I have grown too fond of her to allow her to slip away from me like this!"
Mrs. Murdright made a grimace.
"The scheming old cat," she thought. "She actually thinks she is going to lure Chauncey Graham into marriage. Well, I never did see such idiotic folly!"
But she said nothing of this as she kissed Juliet good-bye with an effusiveness which surprised the young girl.
"Farewell, my darling," she said, almost tragically. "And remember that if

ever you need a home, my heart and hearth are equally open to you."
"Why didn't she say so before?" Juliet asked herself, vaguely amazed at what seemed to her such a surprising inconsistency. "Why did she talk so disgracefully about my being a burden, and earning my own living? And why is Juniata Jessup coming back with us, without ever being invited?"
Poor little Juliet! She had yet much to learn of the ins and outs of this world! Miss Jessup's stay in New York, however, was not prolonged. She came back the next day, very ill satisfied with her journey.
"Things are quite changed since I was a girl," said she. "There's Juliet engaged to Chauncey Graham already—or as good as engaged—a mere chit like that, with no knowledge nor experience of society! And Mrs. Graham taking on airs like the queen, and telling me, up and down, that she didn't care for my company! Me! Her own cousin twice removed! And Juliet parting from me like a clam, never even kissing me nor telling me she hoped to see me again!"
"Humph!" said Mrs. Murdright. "That's generally the way rich people behave. But I almost wish, Juniata, we hadn't been quite so short with the child!"
"Yes," said Miss Juniata; "but who was to suppose that she was to be an heiress, after all?"—*The Ledger*.
Wears His Girl's Hair.
A young man of many good points, but with none on his head, was for five years, writes Clara Belle, a victim to the promises of the tonsorial artist, who guaranteed to bring out hair on his shiny pate, but who did not keep his word. Some men confide their love affairs to the tailors, others to their doctors, and still others to the men that mix their cocktails. This young man, upon losing his hair to a sweet and promising maiden, confided his passion to the barber. That worthy sympathized with him deeply, and redoubled his exertions to lure the downy fringe upon the head of Romeo, but without effect. Finally both the barber and the lover lost hope together, and it was then that the young man made a trembling proposition.
"Louise does not like a bald head," said he, "although, of course, mine is not unpleasant to her. Nevertheless, she prefers to have it covered, and so we have reached a conclusion. I always said, you know, that I would never wear a toupee; but Louise has placed the matter in such a light that I have acceded to her desires and will have one made. Louise's hair is just the color of the fringe over my ears, you see, and it hangs away down below her waist. She is going to sacrifice enough of it to make me a toupee, and then, by Jove! I shall be wearing the same hair that my girl does. Louise was awfully tender about suggesting the thing. Sweet of her, wasn't it? Oh, I tell you, there is nothing so beautiful in life as a good girl when she is in love."
Romeo now appears in public adorned by a fine head of handsome chestnut hair.
Chaplains of the Navy.
When a chaplain receives his commission from the Government he begins a career which, with ordinary prudence and good conduct, will terminate only when age has made him grizzled and gray. In the navy he ranks as a lieutenant, and for the first five years of his service he is paid \$1500 per annum while on shore, \$1800 a year when he is preaching at sea, and \$1200 a year if some complainant Secretary of the Navy will give him a leave of absence or let him roam around the country in that delightful condition which is known to officers of both the army and navy as "waiting orders."
The last report of the Navy Department shows that out of the twenty-four chaplains six were in that delightful condition of "waiting orders," and had been for several months past, and of the others, two fortunate ones were practically in the same situation, for they had been granted a leave of absence by the department, and had hid themselves away to foreign shores. The luckiest man among those who are "waiting orders" is Dominic William H. Stewart, who by the way, ranks as a captain in the navy and draws a salary of \$4500 a year when at sea, and \$3500 on shore duty, and \$2800 while "waiting orders."—*New York News*.
What Dynamite Can Do.
Shooting a candle through a two-inch solid plank without disturbing it in the least is being done by dynamite, which is so quick in its action that a tender green leaf can be compressed into the hardest steel before it has time to flatten. One of the experiments of the United States torpedo works was to place some leaves between two heavy, flat pieces of iron, set them on a firm foundation and see what gun-cotton would do in forcing the iron pieces together. The reaction was so great from just being exploded in the open air that one of the iron pieces was driven down upon the other quick enough to catch an exact and complete impression of the leaves before they could escape. It is also a singular fact that the gun-cotton itself should sink deep into the iron when it explodes, showing the points of the letters stamped into the cartridges. This novel method of engraving by gunpowder is one of the wonders of this century.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.
A Congressman always feels envious of a mosquito when he sees how easily he introduces a bill.—*Statesman*.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The Falls of Niagara carry down 10,000,000 cubic feet per minute, equal to about 3,000,000 horse-power.
A Swede has invented a steam raft for the transportation of horses and cattle which travels at the rate of fifteen knots an hour.
Physicians claim that they have observed less hay fever, which is a kindred disease to the grippe, this year than ever before.
The mechanical appliances for handling the monster guns aboard English battle ships have lately developed most ominous defects.
An enormous flow of natural gas was struck recently at Summerland, three miles from Santa Barbara, Cal. The flow is estimated at three million feet per day.
The experiment of tanning leather with palmetto roots has been successfully tried at Apalachicola, Fla. The leather was as soft and pliable as the finest calf skin.
The copper mines of the whole world are being taxed to their utmost to supply the demand for copper wire and the other apparatus used in the application of electricity.
It has been suggested that the phonograph shall be used as a cash register. Every sum the cashier receives might be called in the phonograph and there recorded, as a check on the accounts.
Aparists maintain that bees do not injure growing or fair fruit. The juice of the sound fruit is inimical to their welfare; but though they will not attack sound fruit, they settle upon bruised and blighted fruit.
Experience has shown that an electric street car can be comfortably heated by the expenditure of one horse power of electrical energy. The electrical heaters do not reduce the seating capacity of the car, which is kept clear of coal dust and cinders.
A patent was issued in Washington recently for a steel fence post. It is to be made of steel tubing, seven feet high, with a neat cap and with bands to hold the barbed wire. It is said that these posts can be furnished complete for placing in position at twenty-four cents each.
Experiments have been made at Havre, France, with a luminous buoy, the invention of M. Dibos. The buoy emits the light, which is produced by phosphide of calcium, on reaching the water, and as it is very powerful, the sea is illuminated for a considerable distance around. Spectators in the lighthouses at Havre saw the glare distinctly at a distance of five miles.
Perhaps in no branch of industry have the benefits of electric welding been realized to a greater extent than in the welding of pipes for artificial ice machines, sugar refineries and general refrigerating purposes. In the old system fifteen minutes was required for each weld, which entailed the work of two blacksmiths and a dozen helpers, and frequently a serious loss of ammonia from imperfect welding. Now the weld is made in two minutes by a man and a boy, and costs two cents instead of fifteen, as formerly.
A fireman's electric hand lamp is being introduced in England. The battery and lamp are contained in a copper case, similar to a fireman's ordinary lamp, and fitted with a handle for convenience in carrying. Very powerful parabolic reflectors are provided, and the lamp, which has a duration of from two to three hours, after which it can be easily recharged, forms an important adjunct to the outfit of a fire brigade. The lamp is also suitable for use in mines, gas works, gunpowder and chemical factories. The advantages claimed for it are portability, facility in charging, capability of resting the battery when the light is not required, and extreme safety.
The Mysterious "Sixth Sense."
Dr. H. J. Bertrand, of Antwerp, has recorded the results of experiments which seem to leave it doubtful if the bat is the only possessor of the mysterious "sixth sense," manifested in the faculty of dodging obstacles without the aid of vision. Blind birds, lizards and several species of rodents appear to be endowed with a similar gift, which to some degree is shared by blind, and even by blindfolded men. A person groping his way in a dark cellar may be unable to distinguish a black patch on a white cloth held up at a distance of two feet from his eyes, but somehow or other will manage to avoid collision with pillars and projecting shelves, even without the assistance of his hands. Just before bumping his head against a wall a "pressure of air," as some of the experimenters described it, somehow betrays the perilous proximity of a solid obstacle.—*Dr. Oswald*.
To Prevent Droughts.
Dr. Felix L. Oswald asserts in the *Voice*, that the substitution of perennial for annual food plants would have the incidental advantage of preventing the ruin of crops by summer droughts. Forest trees, especially such leaf trees as oaks and elms, undoubtedly help to equalize the humidity of the atmosphere, i. e., to prevent droughts as well as winter floods. Large plantations of fruit trees would have a similar effect, while cereals or extensive vineyards seem to have no more influence on the annual rainfall than the dusty sage-shrubs of our western prairies.
The Great American Dessert—Pic.

A SONG FOR THE PRINTING PRESS.

A Song for the Press; the Printing Press,
That has ruled the world alone,
Since the finger of God first gave His laws
On the tablet of senseless stone;
Since a spark of His wisdom down sent—
Woke the slumbering thought to birth,
And the Press, as a meteor, flashed thro' the gloom,
The darkness that lowered o'er earth.
A Song for the Press; more potent far,
Than the fiat of crowned king,
Than the cohorts of war—than the steel-clad men—
Than the mightiest can bring.
Kingdoms, and tower and palace wall—
That have braved a century's might,
Crumble in ruin, and totter—fall,
When the Press wakes the giant might.
A Song for the Press; a lever long sought,
The world to sway in times olden,
To check the power of oppression's hand,
Break the rule of the scepter golden,
Pierce the gloom of the dungeon, the captive's free.
Rive oak door and iron rod,
And send broadcast o'er a sin-bound world,
The words of the living God.
A Song for the Press; the angel that lines
In light on its record page,
Each glorious thought and each noble deed—
Each act of a passing age;
The historian's pen, and the poet's wand—
Each triumph, each God-born rhyme
Is recorded there, and forever lives,
Defying the touch of time.
A Song for the Press; like the armed men
That rushed o'er Rome's ivied wall,
When Liberty, swayed and trampled in dust,
Caesar's pride and judgment hall;
So its step awakes the drowsed one,
'Mid his traloes, his fear and doom,
And thunders in wrath round the crowned king,
Foretelling of death and of doom.
A Song for the Press; the East-born star
Of religion—of liberty—power—
Untrammelled by wealth—by passion unswayed;
'Tis the index—the scribe of each hour,
And still shall remain—still the slender type
Shall "click," and all nations bless,
And the last star from earth that ever fades out,
Be the God-moved Printing Press.
—William H. Bushnell.
HUMOR OF THE DAY.
People who are given to laying up grudges seldom accumulate much else.—*Milwaukee Journal*.
Tramps never have to inquire their way. With them all roads lead to roam.—*Binghamton Republican*.
When a man is walking on his uppers the presumption is that he isn't well healed.—*Binghamton Leader*.
"Misfortunes never comes singly," chuckles the old bachelor when he hears a tale of married infelicity.—*Texas Siftings*.
Lady (searching for burglars)—"Here, Bridget, you let down the folding bed and then I'll look under it."—*Chautauquan*.
"It fills the bill," remarked the bantam pullet when she picked up a large and juicy grasshopper.—*Washington Star*.
Dentists generally keep out of politics, but they would be sure to make themselves felt if they took the stump.—*Pica-yune*.
A subscriber wants to know "if there is any money in hens." He might ascertain by cutting his hens open.—*Norristown Herald*.
When a man and woman have been made one, the honeymoon is the time spent in endeavoring to discover which is that one.—*Statesman*.
Professor—"The old Cyclops were men who here"—touching his forehead—"where most people have nothing, had one large eye."—*Fliegende Blätter*.
On much time and many pads—
But never made a living 'till
I took up writing ads.—*Chatter*.
"What is your husband's business, madame?" asked his Honor. "He's a calker, sir." "Come, madame, no trifling and no slang if you wish me to issue a warrant."—*New York Herald*.
"Halt! Throw up your hands!" shouted the Montana brigand, as he stopped the stage. "We hain't swallered 'em," cheerfully replied a passenger from Down East.—*Springfield Union*.
Paul Pry—"I presume the portrait in your breastpin is your father's!" Miss Mitten—"No; it is the picture of the first young man to whom I promised to be a sister."—*Jeweler's Weekly*.
You cannot see Miss Bullion's faults, And you need not feel surprise; 'Tis not so much that "love is blind," As gold dust in your foolish eyes!—*New York Sun*.
Mrs. Betrows—"How can you claim, Mr. Bellows, that I did the proposing when we became engaged?" Mr. Bellows—"You might as well have done it. You said you were of a short-lived stock and had \$20,000 in your own right."—*New York Herald*.
"My object in calling this evening," he began, with a nervous tremble of his chin, "was to ask you, Katie—I may call you Katie, may I not?" "Certainly, Mr. Longripe," said the sweet young girl. "All of papa's elderly friends call me Katie." And he said nothing further about his object in calling.—*Chicago Tribune*.