

SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

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

VOL. IX.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1890.

NO. 5.

The Chicago *Herald* emits a growl over the discovery that of the books taken out of the public library by public school teachers for themselves and their pupils, nearly one hundred per cent. consist of the trashiest and most rancid sort of fiction.

The number of men in the field in the late South American war would not have made a small army corps, and the losses were scarcely more than the killed in a lively skirmish during the Civil War. They had one great advantage, however, remarks the *Detroit Free Press*. They had one general for every forty soldiers.

According to the *Detroit Free Press*, a New York chemist is out with the good news that beef at eight cents a pound is just as nutritious as beef at twenty cents. It is harder to masticate, and there is more danger of being choked to death, but after it is once in the stomach it is all right and begins to put fat on the ribs.

At a recent pharmaceutical conference in England it was stated that the patent medicines have paid to the British Government, so far, in 1890, the enormous sum of \$1,110,000 in the shape of duties, and it is estimated that before the end of the year \$7,500,000 will have been expended by the owners of the nostrums. "And yet," comments the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*, Englishmen jeer at Americans for their use of patent medicines.

The *Prairie Farmer* believes that "few people who live at a distance from the great lakes have an adequate conception of the magnitude of lake commerce. It will surprise them, perhaps, to learn that during 234 days of navigation last year tonnage passed through the Detroit River to the amount of 10,000,000 tons more than the entries and clearances of all the seaports in the United States, and 3,000,000 tons more than the combined foreign and coastwise shipping of Liverpool and London."

A leading iron journal states that improvements in the new navy are bringing young men to the front in all departments, not the least of which is steam engineering. In the modern ships, in addition to the great triple expansion main engines, with all their complicated parts, there are dynamos, blowers, steam steers and auxiliary engines of all kinds and sizes, scattered in widely separated parts of the vessel, and with the small number of engineers carried, a large and intelligent force of machinists is a pressing necessity.

A significant fact in the history of inventions is that many of the most valuable devices now in use have been the work of mechanics. There is a growing tendency on the part of employers to encourage their workmen in this line. One of the mechanics of the Pennsylvania lines is working on a device by which coal will be fed to the fire-box of a locomotive in the same manner that a base-burner is fed. It is claimed that if the device is perfected it will greatly increase the heat in the fire-box, as no cold air will rush in, as in the case when the door to the fire-box is opened to throw in coal.

Professor William D. Marks, Superintending Engineer of the Edison Electric Light Company, of Philadelphia, an electrical expert, says he is willing to stake his reputation as an electrical engineer on his ability to construct an electric motor that could take a train of cars from Philadelphia to New York in thirty-six minutes. The Professor might have made it even thirty-five minutes, observes the *New York World*, but as he has placed his reputation at stake in the matter, he may wish to be entirely on the safe side. One hundred and fifty miles an hour is the speed Professor Marks's motor would have to make.

Says the *San Francisco Chronicle*: Matches are a great modern convenience, but they bring many evils in their train. It is estimated that at least twenty per cent. of the fires in large cities may be traced to their use. A recent report of the Fire Marshal of Boston discusses the subject at great length and seriously recommends legislation to compel the adoption of safety matches which will only ignite under certain conditions. The losses entailed are great enough to be appalling, but very few persons, even when they are fully aware of the dangers of a cheap match, will take the trouble to insure themselves by buying the better but dearer article.

TROT, MY GOOD STEED, TROT.

Where my true love abideth
I make my way to-night—
Lo, waiting, she
Espies me
And calleth in delight:
"I see his steed a-ear
Come trotting with my dear—
Oh, idle not, good steed, but trot
Trot thou my lover here!"

Alouse I cast the bridle
And ply the whip and spur,
And gaily I
Speed this reply
While faring on to her:
"Oh, true love, fear thou not—
I seek our trying spot—
And double feed be yours, my steed,
If you more swiftly trot!"

THE BIG CHEESE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

The Saltons were as poor as people could be, and live comfortably and respectably. Mrs. Salton said it was owing to her husband's industry and energy that they got along at all—wages were so low, and market prices so high; while Mr. Salton declared that their cosiness was entirely the result of his wife's good management. They were very united in their affections, and they had three good children.

But, to Mrs. Salton's regret, they were all boys. She would have liked a daughter to grow up in the house, and assist her. So pressed was she sometimes for a little maid to sew up a seam, or wash the dishes, that she told Joe Sheppard, the overseer of the poorhouse, that he might send her an orphan girl, if he had a bright and docile one, and she would try her, and perhaps keep her till she was eighteen.

"Well now, Mrs. Salton, I reckon I'm lucky enough to have just what you want," said Joe Sheppard. "It's Sophy Niles. She's above the generality o' poorhouse girls. Come to us because she was left with an old grandmother, and she had to come. Sophy could have earned her own living, tho' she was but twelve, but she couldn't support her grandmother, so th' overseers brought 'em both. Sophy ain't so chirk since th' old lady died, but she's a good girl, an' a good-mannered girl. Never has to be spoke to twice."

Mrs. Salton agreed to take Sophy Niles.

"I think I'll have to, Nathan," she said to her husband. "I feel lazy this spring; I suppose it is because the baby is cutting his teeth so hard, and breaks me of my rest so."

"There isn't a lazy bone in your body. With the family, the cow, the pigs, the hens and the baby to take care of, you have too much to do. I only wish you could have a good strong woman—"

"O, nonsense! I only want a little light now and then. I'm glad you didn't think it extravagant for me to take Sophy. She will do."

Mr. Salton was a farmer, but he did not own a farm. He worked for a rich man named Arthurson, who owned a very superior farm, and kept a great deal of help. He had to work regularly every day under Mr. Arthurson's orders. At certain seasons of the year, however, he would be unemployed. He was subject to rheumatic fevers, which incurred expense. He had lost two children, and he had other misfortunes which kept him poor. But just now he was struggling very hard to pay up the mortgage on his little home. He counted every cent with this object in view. He had been a little surprised that Lizzy, who was one with him in all his plans, should wish to take another mouth to feed. Still, he supposed his wife knew best. She knew how she felt. If she needed the girl's help she should have it, if they did not pay the mortgage for another year.

Sophy came just at the right time. She was a quiet, colorless girl of thirteen, doing just as she was bid, and she seemed to have a knack with the baby, so Mrs. Salton said she made a good beginning.

Two days after she arrived, Mr. Arthurson came riding down to the little house on horseback. A terrible thing had happened—a dog, supposed to be mad, had bitten his dairyman's wife; the husband had gone off in great haste to get a famous doctor, and might not be back for two days. Mr. Arthurson's cows had been just driven up for milking, and there was no one to milk them. Would Salton and his wife, who understood the business also, come and milk them? They might have most of the milk, in payment, until the dairyman came back, and other arrangements could be made.

For three nights, Mr. and Mrs. Salton went to the villa, and milked Mr. Arthurson's numerous cows; and then they had a barrel of milk.

"What had we better do with it, Lizzy?" asked Nathan Salton.

"I used to have good luck making cheese when I was a girl at home," said Mrs. Salton, "I would like to make a cheese."

This was finally decided upon. But they had no press; so Nathan contrived one with part of a hoghead, with heavy rocks for pressure. It took a good deal of time and trouble, but the cheese seemed to be a success. It worked very nice, and was immensely large.

"It will bring a good price if I have any kind of good luck," said Nathan, "and will go a long way toward paying off the mortgage."

All the family stood around and admired it—it was so big, and promised so much. Sophy led the baby, who was learning to walk, around it several times. The two boys wanted it cut; but their mother told them nothing would be so nice as to sell it, and to pay for their house, so that nobody could take their home away. They went to bed then, and one and all dreamed of the big cheese.

The next morning the children's father said:

"I am going to town."

And his wife said: "I will go with you, and get a little stuff to make jackets for the boys."

"Will you take the baby?"

"No, I will leave him with Sophy. He is a very good with her."

They were delayed a little by two old farmers coming in to look at the big cheese, but at length they got off. Lizzy started off with an unusual sense of comfort and security.

"Sophy is a very good girl," she said. "I only wish she were brighter and better favored. I don't like a girl to be so plain and quiet."

"Oh, handsome is as handsome does," replied Nathan.

Yes, Sophy seemed a little dull, and with her pale hair, pale eyes, and her pale cheeks, was not at all pretty; but she washed the dishes, and coaxed the baby into being contented, and made hasty pudding for the boys' dinner very faithfully. She was as sober and steady as a little old woman. But she smiled on the baby, and nursed the ailing chicks, and always looked out that the cat was fed. She seemed to have a fellow feeling for all dependent creatures; so one could see her quietness was not moroseness.

Nothing went wrong in the little house until afternoon. Then a shabby old wagon drove into the yard, and two dark, ill-kept men got out. Sophy went to the door, and they begged for something to eat. While she hesitated, listening to the whisper of little Hiram behind her, "them's gypsies, Sophy," one of the men thrust his elbow against the door.

"Let's see what you have in here," he said.

Both of the men pushed in, and the children were forced to yield.

The former looked about them. The kitchen was neat and cool. One began looking from the various windows; the other went into the buttery, where he found a dried apple pie, which he commenced to eat. Then the man at the windows looked at the children, and they looked gravely back at him.

"I say," said he, and his listeners certainly gave him all needed attention.

"Where's th' big cheese?"

"Hold on a minute, Jim," called the big black fellow in the buttery. "Sure all's clear?"

"Yes. There's nothing in sight."

"There's no hurry, then. I'm hungry."

"Oh, dash the eatin'!" returned the other. But he too, went into the buttery to have a look about. For an instant the three children standing wide-eyed, in the centre of the big kitchen, were unobserved.

"Go out th' side door—still now," whispered Sophy to Hiram. "Creep through the bushes up to Mr. Arthurson's—don't let 'em see you—an' bring some one quick!"

As the boy disappeared, the men came out of the buttery.

"Look here, girl! Where's the big cheese?"

Sophy did not speak. The men began to frown.

"None o' that! You'll have to tell ye know," said one.

Little Sammy began to cry.

"Let th' young ones alone," said the other man. "It is in the house, of course. Where does this door go to? Where does that one go?"

"The baby's there," said Sophy quickly. "He's asleep—don't disturb him."

"It's too heavy for th' old wagon, I b'ieve, anyway," said the other.

Sophy got up, and taking off the long apron in which she was enveloped, spread it over the baby's lap so that it covered a spot where she could see the cheese's edge.

"Can't you speak, you girl! How much does it weigh, anyway?"

"The girl's a fool," said the other.

Sophy sat closer on the edge of the big cheese and speechlessly dangled a spoon on a string for the baby, warning Sammy (who in his fear sat somewhat uneasily) not to move.

"I'm bound to have it—I tell you!" exclaimed the more determined of the men, taking her by the arm. "Look here," he added, shaking her, "you know enough! Where did Salton put that cheese?"

Sophy trembled, but did not stir, and Sammy began to whimper.

"Hold on," said the more pacific rascal. "Don't raise a row with the young ones, an' I'll tell you a better job, Jim. That ere baby—see?"

The men exchanged glances. Sophy looked up at them.

"Poh! Salton's poor!" said one.

"Arthurson's got money," returned the other. "He'd stand by him."

"Too much of a job. Th' young one 'll yell so!"

"Gag him. My woman 'll keep him all safe till we get the swag."

Poor little Sophy turned white. The spoon dropped from her nerveless hand. She cast a glance at the window. The blind was tightly closed.

"All right," she heard one say. "Go out and turn th' horse and bring in my ole coat. I'll sag th' baby int' that."

As the other obeyed, the remaining wretch picked up the spoon, and approached the child, apparently with the intention of thrusting it into his mouth. Sophy stood up.

The next instant she had snatched the shoe from her foot, struck the man a blow in the face with the heel that made him reel, and clutching the child by the belt of its dress, sprang to the door.

"Help! help! help!" she screamed, piercingly.

Two burly, resolute men ran into the yard followed by little Hiram,—Arthurson's men; and before the evil fellow in the house could escape, they were on him. During the tussle of securing him, the other escaped on foot, leaving his team.

Meanwhile, poor frenzied Sophy ran down the road with baby, head downwards, but tightly held—until, at the turnpike's end, she ran straight into the arms of Mr. Salton and his wife, and then fainted dead away.

They brought her back. The poor, weak, overwrought child had swooning spells at night; but Mrs. Salton held her in her arms, and could not be kind enough to the lovely, faithful young thing—who was never lonely again. The good couple took her into their hearts with a warmth and completeness which left nothing to be desired. They made her a daughter in every sense of the word.

The law disposed of the villain Jim, so that he, nor his mate, never were seen by the Saltons again. The horse, which was a good one, fell to their lot. The price of the big cheese, exhibited at a large fair, brought the sum of its worth several times over—the money being returned to the happy maker. This, added to a good amount for which the horse was finally disposed of, paid off the mortgage on the cottage; and the Saltons are now prosperous and happy.—*Yankee Blade*.

Manufacture of Rubber Goods.

England is the country where the mackintoshes and silk gossamers are manufactured. Those used in European countries are all imported from London and Manchester. The first gossamers were manufactured in this country in the early seventies at Boston. They were made in the beginning under a patent, and the sum of \$10 was then charged for a gossamer that can now be bought for \$1. This cheapening in the article is altogether due to the fact that the patent has expired. The English goods sold here are the rubber and cloth of the finer makes. Ordinary rubber clothing is not imported, but is entirely the result of American industry. The rubber manufacturing centers of the United States are Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey, but Massachusetts leads them all in the importance of the traffic and quality of the output. The workers in these rubber goods are a well-paid lot of people. Rubber is bought in bulk, in chunks and barrels from Para, Brazil. Chicago spends every year fully \$1,000,000 for its rubber goods.—*Chicago Post*.

Diamonds to Be Found in America.

Major Powell, of the Geological Survey, says that diamond fields are likely to be developed in the United States. He says that diamonds of fine water have already been found near Atlanta, Ga., and in Russell County, Ky. He believes that systematic investigation would lead to valuable discoveries of precious stones. Garnets, some of them worth \$70 and \$80 each, have been shipped East to the amount of hundred of pounds by the Navajo Indians, and some exceptionally fine specimens have been found in Virginia. Opals of great value have been found in Oregon. Turquoise mining is rapidly developing in Colorado. It has been pursued with more or less success in New Mexico for some time. The Virginian garnets are said to be superior in luster to the finest products of Ceylon.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Artificial musk is a recent chemical achievement.

Glue from whale refuse is a new article of commerce in Russia.

A stenographic instrument used by the Italian Parliament is capable of recording 250 words a minute.

A rich deposit of mercury has been found three feet below the surface at Mantche, near Wippach, Austria.

A lighthouse built of masonry or concrete is said to be the only thing that can stand the terrific force of the seas on Hatteras Shoals.

Silk from paper pulp is made smooth and brilliant, has about the same elasticity as ordinary silk, and is about two-thirds as strong.

According to Dr. Chaille, woman's average life is longer than man's, and in most parts of the United States her expectation of life is greater.

Dr. Koch of Berlin, who claims to be able to cure consumption by inoculation, is about to begin experiments on human patients who are afflicted with tuberculosis.

Professor Mendenhall, the new chief of the United States Coast Survey, is about to attempt to locate anew the magnetic pole of the northern hemisphere.

Blackening the nose and cheeks under the eyes has been found an effectual preventive of snow blindness or the injurious effect of the glare from illuminated snow to eyes unaccustomed to it.

It is proposed securing knife blades to the stern bearings of steam launches, for the purpose of cutting the weeds as the vessel steams along, with a view of preventing the screw from fouling.

Natural gas has become so scarce at Pittsburg, Penn., that many of the leading iron works cannot run full time, and the probability is that they will be obliged to return to the use of coal.

A new material called rubber velvet is made by sprinkling powdered felt of any color over rubber cloth while the latter is hot and soft. The result looks like felt cloth, but is elastic, waterproof and exceedingly light.

There is as yet no satisfactory machine for cutting cornstalks in the field. Self-binding reapers are used in some localities to cut the smaller varieties of corn, but for large, fully matured sorts these do not work well.

In some ninety species of plants growing both on the coast and in the interior of France, Pierre Lesage has found that proximity to the sea causes a thickening of the leaves. Artificially salted soil produces the same result.

Several doctors have been sent by the Russian Government to Asia Minor to test by experiment the treatment of cholera with the *Peruvia Sumbul*, a plant growing in Turkestan and possessing anti-spasmodic properties.

Experiments, it is announced, are being conducted in the channel near Folkestone, England, for the purpose of testing the geological structure of that portion of the sea bed upon which it has been proposed to construct a bridge across the straits.

Compressed air, instead of steam, will probably be used in our cities to operate machinery. The pipes for its transmission will be laid three feet below the surface; the air, besides giving power, will ventilate workshop. Engineers who have examined it say it will be a great improvement over steam power.

Cost of Running European Steamers.

Reliable data concerning the cost of running the fast European steamers have hitherto been difficult to obtain. Some statistics of the voyage of the *Normannia*, the magnificent addition to the Hamburg-American line, have been collected, and as the figures apply practically to a run of the City of Paris from New York to Liverpool, they are interesting. When the *Normannia* starts on an eastward voyage she carries nearly 3000 tons of coal in her bunkers, and it costs about \$5.50 a ton. The stokers daily shovel into her furnaces between 250 and 300 tons. The expenditure for coal approximates \$1000 a day, or \$8000 for the voyage. All expenses included, it may be said that one trip of the *Normannia* costs its owners not less than \$25,000. The receipts from all classes of passengers on a good midsummer trip are over \$50,000. Usually the *Normannia* carries 800 tons of freight, which, at the transportation rate of about \$10 a ton, amounts to \$8000.—*New York Commercial Advertiser*.

Extraordinary Japanese Weaving.

An extraordinary piece of Japanese weaving is now at the exhibition in Tokio. It is known as *isuzuro-ori*, or pierced weaving. It is one of great size, and the design is equestrian archery, an old-world accomplishment in Japan, and one which is frequently used for purposes of illustration and design by Japanese artists. The price asked for it was \$10,000. The distinctive feature of this kind of weaving is that the whole margin of the design is perforated like the joining of postage stamps, so that when the whole piece is held up to the light the design of the artist seems to be suspended in the body of the stuff. In Japan this kind of weaving has been regarded as a tour de force of the artist, and it is believed that the piece is the largest and finest ever produced.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

THE ROSE OF DAWN.

How mockingly the morning dawns for me,
Since thou art gone, where no pursuing
speech,
No prayer, no farthest-sounding cry can
reach!
I call and wait the answer to my plea—
But only hear the stern, dividing sea
(That pauses not, however I beseech)
Breaking, and breaking on the distant
beach
Of that far land whereto thy soul did
flee.
Do happy suns shine on thee where thou
art?
And kind stars light with friendly ray
thy night?
And strange birds wake with music
strange thy morn?
This beggared world, where thou no more
hast part,
Misapprehends the morning's young
delight.
And the old grief makes the new day
forlorn.
—*Louise Chandler Moulton, in Century*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A magazine article—Gunpowder.
A finger wring—The thumb-screw.
Fowls share at least one attribute of
mankind—The good die young.
It looks funny, but a sinking fund is
the means of raising a debt.—*Boston
Gazette*.

The mosquito is a desperately wicked
creature. It never rests till it gets "be-
hind the bars."—*Puck*.

Why is Pennsylvania like a good soldier?
Because it is well drilled, of course.
—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

Never call a man another unless you
know what you are talking about, and
be careful then.—*New York World*.

If you'd have me
And I'd have you
Why, you'd be won
And I'd be, too.
—*New York Herald*.

Lady (to applicant for place)—"Are
you a plain cook?" Applicant—"Well,
I s'pose I could be purtier."—*Binghamton
Leader*.

A mountain side makes the best pas-
ture for young cows, because climbing
tends to strengthened the calves.—*Boston
Journal*.

When a fly alights on your hand you
can't tell whether he is sitting or stand-
ing. But it is a different thing with a
bee.—*Statesman*.

He (reading)—"Then their lips met,
and—" She (interrupting)—"Was it
a protracted meeting, I wonder!"—*Bur-
lington Free Press*.

Magistrate—"Were you present when
the assault was committed on yic?" Wit-
ness—"May it please the Court, I had
jit got there."—*Harper's Bazar*.

Edwin—"And you'll always be true
to me, Angelina?" Angelina—"Why do
you doubt me, Edwin?" Edwin—"Oh,
you're too good to be true."—*Life*.

Cobwigger—"Why does a woman have
her pocket where it's so hard to get at
it?" Merritt—"So that she can stick
her friend for the car fare."—*Epoch*.

Billy—"So you have returned from
your bridal tour. What did you see on
your trip that pleased you most?"
John—"My wife."—*Toronto Empire*.

Although she's fast, and smokes all day,
Men look on her with proud emotion;
Admired by all she makes her way—
The steamer called "The Queen of Ocean."
—*Puck*.

When a man is caught he owns up and
says the woman did it. When a woman
is caught she swears it is not so, and
cries to corroborate her oath.—*National
Weekly*.

"What are your potatoes, Mr. Scales?"
"Thirty-five cents a peck." "They are
only thirty at Mr. Bushel's." "Why
don't you buy some there?" "He hasn't
any."—*New York Sun*.

"Left your purse at home, eh! Well,
I can't lend you ten dollars, but I can put
you in the way of getting it at once.
Here's a nickel. Take a car home and
get your purse."—*Chatter*.

Simmons—"That is a rather peculiar
stone you are wearing, Timmons. Must
be something rare, is it not?" Timmons
—"Very rare stone, indeed, my boy.
That is an 1890 peach stone."—*Indian-
apolis Journal*.

Stage Manager—"Mr. Heavy, you will
take the part of Alonzo." Mr. Heavy—
"I have never seen this play. Do you
think I can please the audience in that
part?" Stage Manager—"Immensely.
You die in the first act."—*New York
Weekly*.

"What a queer name you have, Miss
Booglespeegle!" he said, after he had
asked her once or twice to pronounce it
for him. "Well," she responded, with
just the sweetest smile, "you know what
you can do with that name, Mr. Smith."
—*Washington Star*.

"How human that instrument is!" re-
marked Gale at the amateur musicale.
"Do you notice how it throbs and sighs?
Its strains"—"You're right; it does,"
assented Jack Pott, as he watched a
muscular young woman pound the keys
out of shape. "It's a wonder to me it
doesn't burst a blood-vessel!"—*Dry
Goods Chronicle*.

Old Lady (at Tampa Bay)—"My
daughters want to go sailing. Can you
swim?" Yacht Skipper—"No mum."
Old Lady—"My goodness! What
could you do if anything should happen?"
Yacht Skipper—"Please, mum, when
the man you does the sailin' can't swim
he's mighty keferful not to let anything
happen."—*Good News*.