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Statistics show that 26,000 females are arrested yearly in New York City.

The statement is made that England has lost three hundred millions dollars in South American investments.

Of the 3000 breweries in the United States, foreigners have secured about sixty, representing something over forty companies.

Activity is the order of the day in the iron and steel mills of the country, and new works and improvements are being added rapidly to the present facilities.

Ex-Assistant Postmaster-General Clark said recently: "The State of Washington has more coal than Pennsylvania, more pine than Maine, and more fish than Massachusetts."

Our gain in population for the decade from 1880 to 1890 is 13,000,000, a million for each of the original States. "Who says thirteen is an unlucky number?" exclaims the Washington Star.

A correspondent of the London Spectator claims that by a mere suggestion of age he can make a hypnotized youth suddenly look old, to the extent of his face muscles "falling in," and the "hue of age" overspreading it.

It is stated that the Church of England has raised and expended over \$175,000,000 on church building, repairing, etc., during the twenty-five years ending with 1884. The church spends a million dollars yearly on these objects.

Experiments are about being tried in England in the use of the lance by cavalry regiments. It is proposed that the front rank of each troop shall carry lance and carbine, only the rear rank bearing sword and carbine as heretofore.

One thing specially noticed in Maine is the impetus given to the apple-canning business by the partial failure of the apple crop. Fruit that was formerly considered only good enough for cider escaped the press this year and has gone into cans to help furnish the world with apple-sauces.

The Salvation army has money and property in the different countries where it is established valued at \$3,213,690. The trade effects, stock, machinery and goods on hand are valued at \$560,000. Some idea of the trade department may be gathered, suggests the Chicago Herald, from the fact that they sell 22,000 army bonnets every year to the female soldiers.

The American bison is nearly extinct, and many a farmer has regretted the fact, because it has cut off the supply of "buffalo robes" with which he was wont to protect himself from the winter's cold when obliged to be on the road. If reports from Illinois are correct, states the American Dairyman, a substitute, having all the advantages of the original article, has been found in the hides of the Gallo-way and Angus cattle. If, as seems likely, the skins can be readily cured to equal samples which have been exhibited, they will be of considerable value for use as robes, and the breeders will have an additional argument in favor of these excellent animals, which have long been noted for their beef-producing qualities.

The enterprise of Austin Corbin, a wealthy New Yorker, in establishing a game park in New Hampshire, is perhaps as innocent a mode of spending money, opines the Boston Cultivator, as millionaires usually indulge in. He has purchased 22,000 acres, a part including the home farm on which he was born, and intends to enclose it with a ten-foot wire fence, forty-five miles long, and costing \$75,000. He spends \$200,000,000 in stocking the park with elk, deer, buffalo and the larger game, and its lakes with valuable fishes. The larger part of the tract is wild and covered with trees. It includes two mountain ranges with a fertile valley between them. About 250 large game animals now roam through this park. They comprise buffalo, elk, moose, black-tailed deer, white-tailed deer, red deer, caribou, antelope and wild boars from Germany, the latter more dangerous hunting than any American animal except the grizzly bear. Such a park will in time be a source of revenue from the game that can be sold from it, but will probably never pay interest on what it will cost its present owner.

IF FLOWERS COULD SING.

If flowers could sing, the poet's lays Would not be needed for their praise; They, of which men have sung so long, Would sing their own enchanting song. What fragrant accents oft would float From out the rose's velvet throat, What soulful solace would they bring If flowers could sing.

If flowers could sing how would they bless The love that lips dare not confess, How would they voice the secret throes Of passionate and utter woe. How would they thrill the maiden fair Who wore them in her breast and hair. What tender tidings would they bring If flowers could sing.

If flowers could sing the birds would die; What use were it for them to try By any means to e'er disclose The charms that render sweet the rose, They lovely colors have, 'tis true; But, have they lovely fragrance, too? The birds would die from envy's sting If flowers could sing.

Indeed, the world would be too sweet If carols sang the marguerite; In that fond hour, when twilight's ear Is waiting woodland hymns to hear, The violet her scent ere long Would squander in the breath of song, And song would be too sweet a thing If flowers could sing.

—Leon Mead, in the Journalist.

A CLOSE CALL.

The firm of which I was the junior partner bought large quantities of wool. I usually made the purchases, and at times was obliged to travel far into the Sierra Nevada, taking with me several thousand dollars upon each trip. To carry this sum I used a pair of saddle holsters with a receptacle for the money and a place for a pair of pistols. The latter were necessary; for much of my way lay amid the wild and rugged mountains far from the main highways. When I halted at the wayside hotels I was obliged to carry the money to the table with me and keep it in my room at night; for few of the stopping places had any secure safes or vaults. Paper money was not generally accepted by the owners of wool, so the greater part of the money was in gold. Two attempts had been made to rob me, and I had become wary and suspicious; yet the profits were made were so good that I was unwilling to give up the trips.

One day we received a telegram that read: "Secure all the wool you can; it is sure to advance in price." The telegram reached us at 5 in the afternoon. At 9 the next morning I was on the road, and had nearly four thousand dollars in gold coin.

For the first three days I gradually ascended the mountains, and by midday of the fourth had reached the summit. I was desirous of reaching one man, who kept his sheep during the summer upon a high and rugged range some miles from my usual route. I halted for dinner at a small public house lately built to accommodate teamsters engaged in hauling lumber from a new saw-mill. While a half-breed Indian was caring for my horse I inquired of the landlord if he could direct me to Rucker's sheep camp.

"Yes," was the reply, "but it's a hard place to find," at the same time giving me the directions as nearly as possible. I shook my head as he ended, saying: "I could never find the place in a year's time. Is there no one here acquainted with the route who can go with me?"

He hesitated a moment and then said: "There's Bill, the half-breed; he knows the trail as well as old Rucker himself. I reckon you can get Bill to go."

Bill was promptly interviewed. "You pay me \$2 and I take my horse and go," was the brief but satisfactory reply.

The required sum was promised, and he at once prepared to accompany me. The moment dinner was eaten we set off. Instead of being sullen and morose like most half-breeds, my guide was a talkative and intelligent fellow, and gave me much information about the surrounding region.

Upon reaching Rucker's camp we found the owner absent, and it took us an hour or more to find him and the band of sheep he was herding. He detained us longer to tell about the bears and panthers that annoyed his sheep than the time consumed in bargaining for his wool and making the necessary arrangements for shipping it to us. When we got back to the public house it was too late to go further that night, unless I traveled after dark, and to this I objected on account of the gold.

The landlord said he could give me a straw-bed, adding: "You see, the place is new, and we have nothing better for ourselves."

I was willing to take the bed, and so turned my horse over to the half-breed to take care of for the night. Just before supper two more travellers rode up and desired to stop. They were rather talkative, and I overheard them ask the landlord my name and business. My suspicions were easily aroused, and I noticed that they seemed interested in me and the holsters I guarded so closely. Determined to be on the safe side, I pulled my bed against the door when I retired for the night, and securely fastened the only window.

I slept soundly till past midnight, when I was awakened by a movement of the bed. It appeared as though some one was slowly opening the door and causing the bed to move across the floor.

I reached under the pillow, firmly grasped one of my pistols, and awaited

developments. Inch by inch I could feel the bed move slowly over the floor. The door was not sufficiently open to admit the thief. It was too dark to distinguish his form, but I could tell his position from his deep breathing as he slowly and cautiously approached the head of the bed. At that instant I raised my pistol and cried: "Stop, or I will fire!"

Quick as a flash he sprang for the door and I fired at the same instant. He gave a cry of pain, but continued his flight. I jumped from my bed, rushed to the door and shot again at the retreating figure. The ball evidently missed him, for it did not stop his mad race, and the next moment we heard the swift galloping of a couple of horses.

The house was in an instant uproar. Men came rushing from their rooms, each one crying aloud as to the cause of the shooting.

When day gave us light, spots of blood were visible upon the hall floor and on the stairs, but a search for some distance along the road revealed nothing of the robbers, so it was evident that my shot had not been a serious one.

Trusting that I had seen the last of my assailants, I mounted my horse after breakfast and pursued my journey. My route lay for some miles through a most picturesque and scenic region. Volcanic rocks rose abruptly from the hillsides, assuming the forms of temples and towers.

Absorbed in detecting these fancied resemblances to the most noted creations of man, I had ridden for a mile or more without seeing or hearing anything to break the silence of my lonely ride, when a loud report rang out, my horse plunged violently, and a second later fell to the ground, carrying me with him.

I lay upon my side with my right leg under the animal. The two men, each with a gun in his hand, ran toward me from behind a neighboring rock. I was pinned to the earth and unable to move. Luckily my hands were free and I could reach one of the pistols in my holsters. I jerked the revolver loose, raised myself slightly, and fired at the robber nearest to me.

The ball struck him in the hand and caused him to drop the gun. With an oath he sprang back, and the two sought shelter behind a rock.

I was still in imminent danger, for they could make a detour and approach me in such a manner that I should be at their mercy. Their advance and my shot took but a fraction of a moment, so that both were over ere the death-struggles of my animal ended. In these he partially raised himself from my leg, and as his body was between me and the two assassins, I crawled on my hands and knees to a low rock within a few feet of me.

The rock behind which I had sought shelter extended several rods, rising in places ten or twelve feet above the ground. I climbed up a few feet, and through a narrow crevice examined the situation.

I saw the glimmer of a gun barrel behind a low rock, and was thus enabled to locate at least one of my enemies. Stooping down, I ran to the further end of the ledge, hoping to get a shot at him. I was disappointed, for he was still hidden from sight. I saw that by crawling up the hill a short distance I could gain the protection of a second rock. This I instantly did, yet every moment fearing they would make a dash for the gold, which was still upon my horse.

They evidently did not realize that I had moved from the rock near the dead animal, and were afraid to venture. Reaching the second ledge, I found to my annoyance that I could not yet see the hidden robbers; but by pulling myself along behind a fallen tree I was at last within sight of them. They were crouching on the ground behind a low ledge, each peering around the end of it, intently watching the spot where they had seen me disappear.

I now raised my pistol, took careful aim and fired. The ball struck the man who was holding the gun, killing him instantly. The other, with a cry of rage, seized the rifle and fired three shots at me in quick succession.

The tree in falling had struck an old log upon the ground and broken in two. Where the two crossed each other was a space under the broken tree through which I could see my adversary.

I rapidly cleared the earth away till I could get a shot at him. He had run up some rods nearer, and now stood partially behind a small rock intently watching the point where he had last seen me. Just as I reached the pistol beneath the log he moved quickly, but I fired, and knocked the gun from his hands.

Instantly sprang up, crying, "Another move and I will kill you." He turned and attempted to gain the protection of the nearest ledge; as he whirled around, I fired again and he fell. I rushed upon him, but he was on his feet at once and caught the rifle. I fired once more, breaking his wounded arm and causing him to let fall the gun. I exclaimed, "Stop, before I kill you."

Instead of complying he answered fiercely, "I will cut your heart out," and sprang toward me with a bowie knife in his right hand. By this time he was within reach and made a savage thrust at me with the knife.

I sprang aside in time to avoid the blow, and once more pulled the trigger. No shot replied—the pistol was empty. My only chance was at close quarters, and catching my revolver by the muzzle I struck him a blow on the head, at the

same time receiving a slight cut in the shoulder. He fell at my feet, and before he could move I sprang upon him, kicked the knife from his hand and caught up the rifle he had dropped in the fight.

He cried, "Hold—I give up; don't murder me."

"Lie still, then," I said, "and don't move."

I now ran to my dead animal, pulled the holsters from the saddle, pushed the empty revolver into them and took out the loaded one. Then I said, "Get up now."

He was a pitiable looking object, and weak from the loss of blood. He had been twice wounded, once in the hand and again in the arm, while my blow on his head had cut an ugly gash from which the blood trickled down over his face. I took my handkerchief and made a bandage for his arm, and by twisting it tightly with a stick, managed to stop the blood.

I now bade the fellow go ahead, and taking my holsters in one hand and the loaded pistol in the other, I obliged him to walk in front of me back to the inn where we had stopped the night before. Of the excitement there caused by our appearance I need not speak. The nearest Justice of the Peace was sent for, a coroner's jury impaneled, and the statement of myself and the wounded robber taken down. I was exonerated from all blame, the body of the man I killed was buried, and in the course of a few weeks his wounded companion was sentenced to a long term in prison.—S. S. Boynton, in The Overland.

"Going Down to Mary's"

He was a queer old man who boarded the train at a small station in western New York. Two young men who were probably his sons, brought him to the steps of the car and helped him on, and as he entered we saw that he leaned heavily on a cane and was very feeble.

"The children kept at me till I had to promise to go," he said as he sat down. "Hain't bin down to Mary's in five years, and I've got so old I don't wait any longer. It's purty tough on an old man like me, but I want to see Mary and the grandchildren."

"I take it you are going to spend New Year's with your daughter?" remarked the man on the seat ahead.

"That's it. Mary's my oldest gal. Got five of 'em, and all married off. She lives down at—, and she would have me come and make a visit. Mary was alius a good gal, and she married a good man. You'll tell me when I git there, won't you?"

"Oh, yes."

"Cause they'll all be there at the depot to meet me. My son Steve writ that I was coming."

He had about forty miles to go, and when we passed the first three or four stations he was anxious for fear that he would be carried by the right one. After that he leaned over on the window and fell asleep. Just before the train arrived at—the man who had spoken to him turned about and said:

"Come, grandpa, you get off here."

The old man did not move, and the stranger arose and shook his arm and said:

"Wake up grandpa! This is your station, and Mary and the children are waiting. Come, now."

But he spoke to the dead. The old man had died while he slept—passed away so peacefully that not a line of his face had changed. And we were stunned and grieving when Mary and her husband and three happy children came hurrying into the car and shouted:

"Here he is, here's our grandpa, come to spend New Year's."

But he was with his God.—New York Sun.

Why Scotchmen Love the Thistle.

This is the way the story goes of how the thistle brought good luck to Scotland: Many years ago an army of Danes landed on the Scottish shore, and finding that their approach had been unheralded, determined to attack the Scotch army by night. Approaching the sleeping camp with the greatest caution success seemed almost certain, when suddenly there arose from one of the Danes an awful scream, which aroused the men they were about to attack. The screaming invader couldn't be blamed when it was known he was barefooted and had stepped on a thistle, but the sturdy Scotchmen soon armed themselves, fought well, and vanquished their enemies. To show their gratitude for the plant that had been their salvation, it was determined that the thistle should be the emblem of Scotland, and the motto "Nemo me impune lacessit" (No man provokes me with impunity), is one of the most applicable extant. However, the bride assumes it for good luck and not because she wishes to be aggressive.—Detroit Free Press.

The Shah's Little Favorite.

Meli Djek (Little Sparrow), the favorite of the Shah of Persia, is hardly more than a pigmy in size, but his authority in the royal palace is undisputed. He has the rank of a General in the army, keeps an establishment that costs the Shah nearly \$750,000 a year, and has horses and a military band at his disposal. He treats the royal Princes as his equals, and the latest rumor is that he has been betrothed to the Shah's youngest daughter. The boy is the son of a Kurd, who occupied a humble position in the palace, but is now a man of authority.—Chicago Times.

Queer Facts About Beavers.

James Sherman, of Clifton, who is trapping beaver at Knappa, was telling recently some queer things about beaver and beaver trapping. The animal, he says, has the most acute sense of smell of any animal that exists. In setting the traps you must wait till low water, in order to have the tide when it comes in obliterate all traces of your presence. When a beaver is caught in a trap the other beavers at once enable him to make good his escape by seizing him by the tail and hauling him away until they release him, often leaving a limb in the trap as an evidence of the struggle that ensued. He caught a beaver last winter on Puget Island, and says that it had only two toes on a hind foot, the other three legs being amputated as close to the body as if the limbs had never existed.

Mr. Sherman says there is one faculty the beaver possesses that would be a profitable and interesting study for scientific men, and that is the power of making objects adhere to the bottom of a stream without any apparent means of securing them. The beaver lives mostly on wood, which it cuts and deposits on the bottom, where it remains, contrary to the natural laws, which would in ordinary cases cause the wood to rise to the surface. How this is accomplished it is difficult to decide, but Mr. Sherman assures us that he tried it time and again. Beaver trapping pays well where any considerable number can be caught, the average price of the furs being from \$3.50 to \$5 per pound.—Cathlamet Gazette.

Gutta-Percha is Disappearing

It appears that there exists a serious risk of the extermination of the plant or tree from which gutta-percha is obtained. This gum is used in many industries, largely in the manufacture of submarine cables, as it is capable of sustaining its insulating qualities when submerged under water at great depths; in fact, the insulation of Gutta-percha actually improves with age when kept continually under water. The disappearance of the curious tree from which gutta-percha is obtained would, therefore, be a calamity of world-wide importance, yet it would appear from a report recently made to the French Academy of Sciences that we are actually threatened with such a calamity.

Mr. Serullas, a French scientist, spent three years in Malay and studied the isonandra in all periods of its existence, acquiring a complete knowledge of its natural history and physiology; but he reports that there is absolutely no method in the manner employed by the natives in robbing the tree of its sap, and that no effort is made to cultivate and propagate so valuable a member of the plant world.

The natives adopt the wholly barbarous custom of cutting a tree at the roots in order to extract the gum; thus each tree only gives one yield, and is then dead forever. No wonder gutta-percha is rapidly getting to be worth its weight in silver.—Electrical Review.

A Doctor's "Bore Bell."

A physician who was confidential told a visitor that all physicians with any practice had a bore bell.

"And what may a 'bore bell' be?" asked his visitor.

"A 'bore bell,'" said the Doctor, "is an invisible bell arranged somewhere in the room, though generally in the floor near the chair where a physician is usually seated at the time he receives his patients. When I feel that I have given the last corner enough of my time I quietly put my foot on the secret spot in the floor, and before any one can say 'Jack Robinson' my man has appeared and announced that I have a telegram, or that some one wishes to see me immediately. The patient naturally bows herself out (you see it is generally a woman), and by means of my little subterfuge I am free. Of course I do not mean to say that I am obliged to use the bell every time I receive a woman patient! But I tell you I have found it a lucky escape sometimes. It is all very well to listen to an account of the ailments and give the required amount of sympathy to the patient before you, but when she drags in all her relatives there has to be a stopping place—therefore the 'bore bell.'—New York Sun.

American Beef For England.

The shipment of American beef to English markets was begun on a small scale in 1875. The transportation was from New York to Liverpool, and a laborious process of fanning by hand-blowers was required to keep the meat fresh and cool. Later on blowers were operated by steam and currents of frozen air were sent from immense beds of ice to the refrigerators in which the meat was stored. Large amounts of American beef are shipped weekly to foreign markets and the trade is about equally divided between the frozen beef and the live stock to be slaughtered on the other side.—Detroit Free Press.

Walling Off a Submarine Line.

A novel engineering work has just been completed at the Duddon estuary, on the English coast. A valuable hematite mine extended out under the sea, and in order to work it a barrier two-thirds of a mile long and fifty feet high for about half the length has been constructed. The sea is thus shut out from about twenty-six acres, on which it is estimated, the mining of iron ore may be continued for twenty-five years with a force of about 1500 men.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

IN WINTER TIME.

In winter time where sleep the innumerable lives,
That will the spring and summer time make gay,
As pupae or in embryo, till arrives
The time to break their bonds and soar away?
Now with blind motions only each one strives.

The bees, we know, bide happy in their hives,
But where are all the small birds and their wives,
That brave the snow and frost, and near us stay,
In winter time?

Where are the brook's inhabitants?—each dives
Into what secret chambers? Whither drives
The cold the field and woodland tribes from day?

In air and water again will millions play:
The spirit, that animates them all, survives
In winter time.

—W. L. Shoemaker, in Washington Star.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Brings tears to the driest eyes—Horseshadish.
"Because it is dog on ice."—Washington Star.

Does things up with a bang—The female hair dresser.

In endorsing a check the right end is always the left end.

Systematic charity—Giving a bald-headed man a wig.

Few lawyers can beat an earthquake at settling a landed estate.
Many a man is thought an intellectual athlete when he is simply an intellectual acrobat.

"Deaf and dumb" people are more or less superstitious—"Why?" "Because they believe in 's.'—West Shore.

Brindle (distraughtly)—"I don't know what to do; I can't meet my bills." Litewaiter (sadly)—"I wish I couldn't."

This conundrum is now epidemic in our highest social circles—"Why is the terrier in a refrigerator like a kiss?"

Maud—"I have such a terrible pain in one of my teeth, but I am afraid to have it drawn." Cholly—"Why don't you have it photographed?"

"Has Mr. X. gone out?" asked a visitor in Paris of a concierge. "I hardly think so," was the polite answer of the janitor; "he died this morning."—Boston Journal.

"Papa, won't you buy me a bicycle? My friend Alma has invited me to join the bicycle club." "So! Well, if you want to use your feet so much, I will buy you a sewing machine."—Fliegende Blätter.

"A man can't even wear a moustache without some cad making insulting remarks," said little Dudekins. "I happened to stand up for a moment at the theatre, and a low fellow calls out, 'Down in front!'"—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Mrs. A.—"Does your husband believe in corporal punishment in the household?" Mrs. B.—"Only to a certain point. He's always whipping the children, but he thinks the dust should be got out of the carpet by moral suasion."—Chicago Post.

Druggist—"Why do you constantly look back of you, and smile idiotically?" New Clerk—"I read the other day that 'Death is always grinning over the shoulder of the man behind the prescription counter,' and I want him to see I'm not afraid of him."—Pharmaceutical Era. It doesn't pay to do much talking when you're mad enough to choke. Because the word that stings the deepest is the one that's never spoke. Let the other fellow wrangle till the storm has blown away. Then he'll do a heap of thinking 'bout the things you did n't say.

The Evening of "Bargain Day." Mr. Grump—"Bless my soul, Maria! what are you going to do with all this trash?" Mrs. Grump—"O, I got it all at a bargain, and you know it will all come in handy some day." Mr. Grump—"Some day—yes—but money comes in handy every day!"—Texas Siftings.

"Is there any portion of the fowl you prefer, major?" asks the sutler's wife, blandly. "The left wing, if you please." "The left wing?" "Yes," retorted the major, gazing dubiously at the platter. "I believe it is always good military tactics to bring the left wing of a veteran corps into action first."—New York Herald.

She—"Mr. Price, didn't you tell me yesterday that the first of the Prices came over in the Mayflower?" He—"Yes." She—"Well, here is the Genealogical Society's list of Mayflower passengers, and I don't see the name." He—"Oh, you know he was a very distinguished man, and always travelled incog."—Harper's Bazar.

Who Invented Ice Cream?

The first mention of ice cream that is found in history is in the account of the festivities following Washington's first inauguration as President, in this city, 1789. Among the ices used upon that occasion was ice cream, which is said to have been prepared under the direct supervision of Dolly Adams, wife of John Adams, the second President. Mrs. Adams was at that time the brightest star in social and diplomatic circles. Dolly's popularity was by no means diminished when it was discovered that she was first to suggest the new confection.—Confectioners' Gazette.