

# SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN:

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In California county (Inyo) there were 100 red to 600 white skins.

Captain Meade, of the United States Navy, says that in peace times we do not get the best natives in the navy, and that wages, however high, will bring the best.

Englishmen are to have "an automatic railway library," which means a case of books fitted into railway carriages. The books will consist of short novels and stories by good writers, and any books likely to tempt the weary traveler into putting the all-important coin "into the slot."

The Commercial Advertiser thinks that the Argentine Republic has done a good stroke of business by abolishing, on the ground of economy, its embassy at Switzerland. Buenos Ayres needs a minister plenipotentiary at Bern about as much as Constantinople needs an envoy extraordinary in Iceland.

According to the Detroit Free Press, a firm in New York can make you a great big fire and burglar-proof safe, with a nice landscape and your name on the door, for \$18. It is a dummy, made out of sheet iron, and is for the use of people who want to set up offices and make a spread of themselves. They give outsiders a feeling of confidence.

John Laurens Irby, the victorious rival of the venerable Wade Hampton, will be the youngest among a remarkably large number of men under fifty years who will sit in the next Senate. Senator-elect Irby is only thirty-six. Delegate Dubois, elected as Senator from Idaho, is not yet forty. Other Senators fifty years old and under are: Walcott, forty-two; Gray, fifty; Higgins, fifty; Spooner, forty-seven; Aldrich, forty-nine; Pettigrew, forty-two; Daniel, forty-eight; Allen, forty-five; Faulkner, forty-three, and Kenna, forty-two.

Very few people realize how much the dentist has done for mankind. To mention one thing only, the perfection to which the manufacture of false teeth has been carried has practically abolished old age—that is, old age in the sense that I used to know it, says a writer in the Globe-Democrat. You see none of the helpless, mumbly old men and women that you formerly did. This is not because people do not attain the age their parents and grandparents reached, but because the dentist has prevented some of the most unpleasant consequences of advancing years. Men of seventy no longer either look or feel old, because they are not deprived of nourishing food at the time when they need it most. Estimates have been made showing that the average length of life has been increased from four to six years by the general use of false teeth, and this does not appear in the least extravagant when one thinks of the difference in the nutrient accessible to one with a fine set of molars and one condemned to gum it through his declining years.

At a recent meeting in Berlin of the Geographical Society, Chief Forest Master Kessler called attention to the extravagant waste of timber in the United States. Among other interesting details Mr. Kessler spoke of the tremendous destruction of forests in the United States during recent decades of years. Quoting from the tenth census, he stated that in 1880 the 25,708 saw mills then in operation converted \$120,000,000 worth of raw timber stock into various kinds of lumber, and he asserted that at the same rate there would be no good-sized timber left in forty years. He spoke of the enormous waste of wood through forest fires, which are the result, for the most part, of carelessness or a desire to clear land for cultivation, and declared that the planting of new forests, which has of late years received some attention in the Eastern States, cannot begin to offset the waste of forests. He said that there is every reason to fear that America will soon be a country impoverished for tree property. Mr. Kessler made the striking comparison that, while the United States had but eleven per cent. of its area covered by forests, the empire of Germany has twenty-six per cent. of its entire area so covered. Mr. Kessler said that the reckless destruction of forest trees in America and the indifference manifested by Americans in the restoration of forests is a menace, not alone to the wealth of the nation, but threatens serious deterioration both to the climatic conditions and the fertility of the soil.

## THE PORT OF PLEASANT DREAMS.

I sailed in the good bark Fancy  
Down the still, deep river of sleep,  
From the lands of deep December  
To a port that the sunbeams keep;  
While the glad winds followed after,  
And sang with a happy zest,  
And I heard them croon o'er the infant moon,  
As it lay on the night's broad breast.  
And the port of the good bark Fancy,  
A port that the sunbeams keep,  
Is called Pleasant Dreams; like an opal it gleams  
O'er the strange, dark river of sleep.  
There, flushed with the wine of laughter,  
The voyager sings queer songs,  
And, borne in a car of the sunset,  
Rides oft with the elfin throngs  
Up, up through the rosy cloudland,  
Where the round little mistmen stay,  
To the stars bloom in the cool, soft gloom  
Of gardens far away.  
There are none too poor for a voyage  
To this port that is centuries old;  
Where hunger e'er finds a banquet,  
And poverty revels in gold;  
Where, robed in the garb of morning,  
The earth in new beauty glows,  
And the amulet of the summer  
Is worn on the heart of the rose.  
Oft from the fields of sorrow,  
To the brink of the river of sleep,  
Wan tilters come, and, restful,  
They sail on its waters deep;  
Till clear through the gates of sundown  
The past, like a beacon beams,  
And love, sweet mariner, anchors  
In the port of Pleasant Dreams.  
—Ingram Crockett, in Frank Leslie's.

## THE PIONEER'S FAMILY.

I was a boy only eight years old when my father moved into the hill country of Western Minnesota. He was known to all the pioneers about as "Big Dave," and to the Indians as the "Iron Man." He was six feet tall, weighed 210 pounds, and, at forty years of age, was perhaps the strongest man in the United States, and certainly one of the most fearless of men. Mother was above the average in height, and weight, and, if she lacked father's strength, was not behind him in nerve and courage. She could shoot a rifle, skin a deer, set a bear trap, or paddle a canoe, and, as a family, we were able to take care of ourselves.  
We had been settled about six months when father set a trap for a bear which had been prowling around. I went out with him next day to visit the spot, and we found the bear had been caught, but that the Indians had killed him, and taken both the carcass and the trap. All along the border at that time there was peace, but the red man was jealous and sulky, and whenever he could harass or damage a settler he was pretty apt to do so. Many of them had visited our cabin, but none of them knew anything about father except that he was a big man. There was an Indian village four miles away, and the fellows who got the bear showed their contempt for father by dragging the body over the snow and leaving a plain trail for him to follow.  
Father was justly indignant, and we at once took up the trail for the village. I had a light shotgun, while he had a rifle, hatchet and hunting knife. We followed the trail right into the village, and there found the meat being cut up, while the pelt and trap were near by.  
"Where is the thief who stole my bear?" shouted father, as we came to a halt within four feet of the crowd around the meat.  
No one answered.  
"I say he is a thief!" continued father, "and if you will point him out to me, I'll give you his ears! Let that meat alone!"  
A dozen of the bucks began to growl and murmur, and father handed me his rifle, threw down his knife and hatchet and cried out:  
"There was more than one thief! I saw by the tracks in the snow that there were four. Are they squaws or men? If they are men let them lay aside their knives and come out here. I will take the four at once!"  
This declaration was hailed with a shout, and in less than a minute the four who had stolen the bear came to the front. They were all stout and supple young men, and every Indian in the village gathered around to see the fun. It was fully expected that he would get a good drubbing, and the four advanced with mischief in their eyes.  
"You just keep out of the way and don't get frightened," said father to me, and just then the four rushed in on him from four sides.  
For an instant he was hidden from sight and there was a great hurrahing, but the next thing we saw was the body of an Indian sailing in the air, and a second rolling over and over backward, and then father gave the crowd an exhibition of his strength. He grasped an Indian in each hand and played with them as easily as you can handle broomsticks. He circled them about, bumped them together, and finally gave them a fling, which rolled both of them into the icel-cold waters of the creek.  
"Have you six men here?" demanded my father, as he turned to the chief. "If so, let them come forward and seek to put me down. If they can accomplish it I will go home and say no more."  
There was a general flutter of excitement, and as the chief named six of his best men each stepped forward with a whoop. Father was smiling and confident as he spat on his hands, and he

told me that I need have no fears. At a given signal the six Indians made a rush. They got hold of arms and legs and body, but with a mighty wrench father shook them off and then took the aggressive. There was neither striking nor kicking in the struggle, but the way he did twist those redskins about made the crowd dizzy. In two minutes he was victor, and the chief came forward and shook his hand, and then and there gave him the title of "The Man of Iron." Ever thereafter the Indians held him in the greatest awe and respect, and any one of them invited to eat at our table felt highly honored. I got a title at the same time father did. If I was scared while in the village I was at least determined not to betray the fact, and so it happened that they dubbed me "The-Boy-Who-Stood-Fast."

In April of the next year I cut my foot while chopping and was laid up for several weeks. This was during the sugar-making season, and father and mother were necessarily in the bush a good share of the time. Our cabin had but one room below, and my bed was in a far corner. The path from the sugar bush came up at the rear of the house. One warm, pleasant day about the end of the month, and about mid-afternoon, I was aroused from a light sleep by hearing some one open the door. I lay facing it, and I saw a strange white man enter and look around. He was a rough, evil-looking man, and I knew that he was a stranger in the neighborhood. I suppose that he believed us all in the bush, for he leaned his rifle against the logs and walked over to a chest in which father kept his papers and which was the storehouse for articles of personal wear which we never used.  
A report had got abroad that father had brought money into the country to buy land. While this was untrue, it had found believers, and this desperado had come to rob us. I had not yet been out of bed. Father had his rifle at the sugar camp, while my shotgun hung on its hooks ten feet away. I could do nothing to drive the man away, and if I betrayed my presence he might kill me. I therefore lay quiet, hoping that something might bring father up.  
The chest had a spring lock, and the key was hanging on the chimney. The stranger did not even look for it, but set about breaking open the chest with his hunting knife. In his efforts he broke the blade square off about two inches back from the point. He was cursing and growling and still at work when I heard mother's footsteps outside. I was close to the logs, and in turning the corner of the house the path led over a rocky surface. I knew she'd walk right in on the man, and I realized that he might kill her, but I suddenly became so weak that I could not lift a finger nor raise my voice.  
The door was a bit ajar, and mother pushed it open and walked in. She had come up to dress my foot. As she entered the man rose up with a curse, and for twenty seconds the two stood looking each other in the face. Then mother suspected what sort of a fellow he was and what he was there for, and she sprang at him. He had the broken hunting knife in his hand, and I saw him lunge at her. As he did so she struck him with her open hand fair on the nose—a woman's awkward blow, but a powerful one—and he yelled right out as he went down. She had one hand in his hair and the other clutching his throat in no time, and then came bump! bump! bump! as she knocked his head on the puncheon floor. It wasn't over three minutes from the time she entered the door until she had him tied hand and foot, and it was only after that operation that she looked over to me and asked:  
"Harry, are you awake?"  
Well, we had the fellow snug and fast. The blow mother gave him almost smashed his nose, and he bled like a stuck hog. She choked him until he was black in the face, and it was about ten minutes before he fully recovered his senses. Then how he did go on! He writhed and twisted, raved and cursed, and mother had to threaten to put coals to his flesh to calm him down. She carried me to a chair, got a rest for my foot, and then left me to watch while she went after father. I sat there with my shotgun in my hands, and three different times I cocked it and made ready to fire on the fellow, who was determined not to be held. When father came up the man changed his tactics, and became as humble as a dog. He tried to make us believe that he thought our cabin the home of his uncle, and that he was after a deed which his uncle was illegally holding.  
Every border neighborhood made its own laws in those days. Father called in a couple of neighbors to consult over the case, and as a result the fellow was taken out, tied to a tree and then switched on the bare back until his cries for mercy could be heard a mile away. His weapons were retained and he was set free to take the trail for a settlement fifteen miles away. It was expected that he would return some day for revenge, but he never did.  
In those early days the country was full of game, and wolves, bears, panthers and wild cats were numerous. The panthers were our greatest foes, as they sought to kill everything in the line of live stock, and we lost several head by them. On one occasion when our pony was running loose in the woods with a bell on his neck, I went to look him up. I found him two miles from home. Guided by the bell, I discovered him on the further side of a glade or opening,

about ten rods across. I had just come to the edge of the glade, and had opened my mouth to call the pony when a panther sprang on his back from the limb of a tree. His spring almost knocked the pony down, but he was a stout little fellow, and he got his feet and came dashing straight at me. The panther was fairly on his back, but the motion gave him enough to do to hang on. The pony dashed for a big beech with low spreading limbs, and at two jumps he was relieved of his burden and the panther rolled to the ground within four feet of me, screaming out in a way to lift my heels off the ground. I expected to be attacked, and on this occasion had no weapon with me. The beast had got more than enough, however. One of his eyes were put out, his shoulder broken, and he must have been badly bruised up. He rolled around for a while, screaming in pain and anger, and then slunk off without having seen me.  
It was in connection with a panther that I saw my father perform a feat which is recorded in pioneer histories. One day in October he and I were out hunting. I had lagged behind to pluck some wild grapes, and, coming to a spring on a hillside, father knelt down to quench his thirst. He was hardly down when a large male panther sprang on him from a limb about ten feet above the ground. The yells of surprise father gave reached my ears and I hastened my footsteps. I came up to find him battling barehanded with the beast. I had my gun, but, for fear of killing father, was obliged to stand by as a spectator. Father had leaned his rifle against a tree, but, owing to the activity of the panther, could not reach it. He had a hunting knife in his belt, but declared afterward that he totally forgot its presence. The panther snarled and father shouted, and they seemed to be whirling in a circle most of the time. The real situation was this: The panther aimed to spring and pull father down, but father ducked and dodged, and at every opportunity got in a kick or a blow. Had the beast remained quiet three seconds I could have put a bullet into him, but he was moving about like greased lightning. Once father caught him by the tail and flung him ten feet away, but he gathered himself up and was back before I could fire. My presence was known, and pretty soon father called out:  
"Don't fire! Get my gun and stand off a bit and be ready for this fellow's mate when she comes!"  
I carried out this order, and therefore did not see the finish of the fight. Father got the panther by the back of the neck and the tail, and carrying her to a rock thirty feet away he beat her on the stone until she was dead. The mate did not show up. The combat lasted fully twenty minutes, and father's homespun suit was cut to pieces, as if with a knife. He had thirty-eight claw marks on his body, each of which drew blood, but none of them was serious, and he was not laid up for even a day.—New York Sun.

Sonoma's Seven Moons.  
There have been many explanations offered in times past as to why the name of Sonoma was given to this valley by the native tribe of Indians, who, upon the advent of the white man over 100 years ago, peopled this section of the country by thousands. Of course we all know that Sonoma valley in aborigine means "Valley of the Moon," but just why that name was bestowed upon it is another question, and one, too, which we believe has never been satisfactorily answered. Recently, in talking to an aged Indian who has resided on the old Nick Carrigan ranch for many years, and who was an old man when General Vallejo settled in Sonoma fifty years ago, and must now be something over 100 years of age, he stated the reason the valley was called Sonoma was because it had "heep muckee moon," (translated into good English, many moons). Further inquiry developed the fact that between the town of Sonoma and the Bella Vista vineyards, a distance of four or five miles, the moon, when it is full, can be seen by the traveler to rise seven times in succession over the mountains in the east, owing to their peculiar formation. This phenomenon has been witnessed by many old residents in the early evening at the rising of the full moon. This, no doubt, has been observed by the Indians, and hence the name, "Valley of the Moon."—Sonoma (Cal.) Index-Tribune.

A Pet Wasp.  
We have heard of training almost everything, but we were surprised when we read in the Christian at Work some time ago of a lady taming a wasp. She found one on her window which appeared to be dead, but it was only chilled by the frost, and when she took it upon a piece of paper and put it by the fire, as soon as it became warm it flew to the window again, where it stayed all day. The next morning it was again chilled, so it could not move, and she put it near the stove again, where it did as it had done the day before. So she continued to do every morning for some days. But one day she was surprised to find that it flew up on her shoulder instead of going to the window. She put her finger near its head and it crawled upon it. From that time she began to feed it with pieces of apple, pear, and after that it would fly to the lady many times during the day, and the two became great friends.—Chicago Ledger.

Cut Off the Fair Patient's Wig.  
There is a story told of a young physician of this city, who was connected at one time with the Emergency Hospital. It has caused many a smile at his expense. He had not been long stationed at the hospital when a woman was brought in suffering from a severe scalp wound. The blood was welling out in great jets and was fast dyeing her golden curls a rusty red, and the doctor was engaged in hastily clipping her hair, when his patient exclaimed, "Oh, doctor, don't!" "Thinking he might have hurt her," he said: "Oh, never mind; that's all right." "No, it's not," responded the lady with some warmth, "for you are cutting my wig." And so he was.—Washington Post.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Germany makes hollow cast-iron bricks.  
Twenty-one electrical clocks are running at Marshalltown, Iowa.

Small drills can be tempered by heating over a small gas jet, then dipping in water or oil.

There are now 15,000 electric motors in use in the United States distributed among 200 industries.

An Italian savant claims that injecting a current of electricity through milk delays its souring for several days.

Utilizing scrap steel rod by welding it and drawing it into fence wire is one of the recent successes of electric welding.

Those lands, which in Continental Europe are devoted to the grape and produce the best and most costly wine are remarkable for the great amount of phosphoric acid they contain.

The most astonishing novelty in Paris is a calculating machine, invented by M. Bolle, of Le Mans. By simply turning a wheel it adds, multiplies or divides any number of figures up to lines of fifteen, and with amazing rapidity.

Chief Engineer Inch of the United States Navy, has recently made a valuable discovery in the shape of a composition that will prevent the adherence of corals, barnacles, or other destructive fauna or flora to sea-going vessels.

An Italian claims to have invented a life-saving belt that a traveler can wear continually on shipboard, and which will instantly expand if the person falls into the water, and will hold him upon the water's surface for forty-eight hours.

Some practical improvements have recently been made in diving apparatus. Instead of the heavy electric hand lamp hitherto used, light but powerful glow lamps are now affixed to the top of the helmet, leaving the hands of the diver free.

A traveling testing room, or ambulance laboratory, has been in successful use for several months for repairing the cables of one of the electric lighting companies of Paris. It is fitted with a battery and testing instruments, and carries two persons.

In North America the phalangeid, variously known as harvest spiders, harvest men, daddy-long-legs, etc., includes but twenty-two known species. France has a list of fifty-nine of this family, and those of other European countries are proportionately large.

France is said to be the only country which has made careful experiments with carrier pigeons on war vessels. It now has a pigeon service connecting the fleet and the shore, while Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, Spain and Portugal each has a military pigeon service.

In a car wheel foundry in Detroit, Mich., a very ingenious system for handling the molten metal from the cupolas to the flasks, and carrying the wheels to and from the soaking pits has been introduced. The work is done by machinery entirely, a series of overhead trolleys moved by a wire rope connection carrying the ladles, flasks and wheels. The foundry has a capacity of 400 car wheels per day, and about 130 tons of metal can be handled in six hours by the new system.

## Six Hundred Feet of Frost!

For many years scientists have been perplexed over the phenomenon of a certain well at Yakutsk, Siberia. As long ago as 1828 a Russian merchant began to sink this noted well, and after working on it for three years, gave it up as a bad job, having at that time sunk it to a depth of thirty feet without getting through the frozen ground. He communicated these facts to the Academy of Sciences, who sent men to take charge of the digging operation at the wonderful well. These scientific gentlemen toiled away at their work for several years, but at last abandoned it when a depth of 382 feet was reached, with the earth still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the academy had the temperature of the soil at the sides of the well taken at various depths. From the data thus obtained they came to the startling conclusion that the ground was frozen to a depth exceeding 600 feet.

Although it is known to meteorologists that the pole of the lowest known temperature is in that region of Siberia, it is conceded that not even that rigorous climate could force frost to such a great depth below the surface. After figuring on the subject for over a quarter of a century geologists have come to the conclusion that the great frozen valley of the Lena River was deposited, frozen just as it is found to-day, during the great grinding up era of the glacial epoch.—St. Louis Republic.

## The World Supplies England's Herbage

English farmers ransack the world for herbage plants. Italy has yielded a variety of rye-grass long naturalized and universally prized in our country. From the far-off shores of New Zealand are brought large quantities of the seed of the Dactylis glomerata or cocksfoot grass; and timothy grass seed or meadow cat-tail, as well as the seeds of the fescues, come in thousands of bags from America. Alsike, a hybrid clover, is imported from Canada and Sweden; white and red clover seed from Austria and France.—Boston Cultivator.

## A Large Clock.

One of the largest clocks in the world is the great Parliament House clock, usually called the Westminster clock, in London. The dials are 22.2 feet in diameter. The depth of the well for the weights is 174 feet. Weight of the minute hand, two cwt.; length, fourteen feet; glass used in dials, twenty-four tons. The large bell is heard ten miles off; the small ones four or five.

## WHEN THE NEW WEARS OFF.

He was a youth, and she, a maid,  
Both happy young and gay,  
They loved—and life to them was fair  
As one continuous May.  
The croakers saw this happiness,  
And said, "Ah, love is blind;  
You're happy now, but care will come,  
When the new wears off, you'll find."

They married, and then their life grew rich  
With calmer, riper joy;  
They were as man and wife more fond  
Than when as girl and boy.  
Their "friends" could not endure the sight  
And said, with worldly wit,  
"It will not be so bright and fine  
When the new wears off a bit."

Ah, well the new wore off, of course,  
And then, what did they find?  
An oldness which was better far,  
For love is not so blind.  
As selfish care, and loving hearts  
New joys will always meet,  
So, when the new wears off, they'll find  
Old love the more complete.  
—Myrtle K. Cherryman, in Free Press.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Give no quarter—Men who don't tip.  
Always worn out—Rubber overshoes.  
A suit for damages—The small boy's.  
"What do you do for a living?"  
"Breathe!"—Life.

A young man shouldn't strike his mustache when it's down.

If a courting match is not declared off it must end in a tie.—Pizzys.

'Tis a painful affliction, I fear,  
When farmers have corn in the ear.  
—Judge.

Married people, it is said, live longer than single ones. It seems longer, any way, to many.—Boston Traveller.

It is always good to look on the best side of things; but if you are buying them it is safer to look on both sides.

As down the wall the convict slid,  
When he for freedom made a break,  
He murmured—in the shadow hid—  
"Excuse the liberty I take!"

Patient—"Jehosophat? You've drawn the wrong tooth." Dentist—"Well, it will cost you only two dollars for an artificial one."—Mansey's Weekly.

For all the doctors long have tried  
Not one of them has found out yet  
The point of death exact and true—  
But what about the bayonet?

—Philadelphia Times.

"Just see that trombone player. His face is red as a beet from blowing hard."

"Yes; he certainly ought to know what is meant by strains of music."—Boston Herald.

"Did you tip the waiter?" asked a diner in the House restaurant of a new comer. "No; but I step as if I'd like to tip him over and then fell on him."—Washington Post.

## THE FINISHING TOUCHES.

He went o'er his speech  
Some two hours after,  
And put in parentheses  
(Hear!) (Cheers) and (Laug.).

Ordinarily we are not in favor of such law, but here comes a chap who produced an instrument which looks a piano, but hidden away in the ins. are six violins, two cellos and a coup. of violas.—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

Mrs. A.—"How do you like our new neighbor?" Mrs. B.—"I never met such an ignorant woman as she is. She can't talk about anything but paintings, books and music. She doesn't know a word of gossip about anybody."—Manhattan.

Teacher (in geography class)—"How many inhabitants has Alaska?" Pupil—"About 35,000." "What proportion of these are white?" "About one-seventh." "Of what color are the remainder?" (After some hesitation) "Don't know. They never wash."—Chicago Tribune.

Western man who was touring through the East, in passing a meadow near the driver say: "Abandon the direct progression to the straight thitherward, and deviate by inclinary and aberrant dextrogyration into a dextral incidence." It was an amateur Boston farmer saying, "Gee, Buck," to his yoke of oxen.—Farm, Field and Stockman.

Miss Wellalong—"What a spiteful little thing that Miss Youngly is! Why, would you believe it, Mr. Candor, she told me the other day that I was beginning to look old. Now, you don't think any one would take me for being old, do you Mr. Candor?" Mr. Candor—"Well, one might just for a moment, but certainly not after he had heard you talk."—Boston Courier.

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