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England and France want to be connected by a tunnel, and yet are afraid of it.

The number of visitors to New York City every month is said to be greater than the total number of its fixed residents.

A President's expenses amount in four years to about \$80,000. His income for the same period being \$200,000 it is not difficult to see that he has an excellent chance to start a bank account.

Among those who can reasonably complain of hard times is the Government of Portugal, which, with a population of 5,000,000, is about \$700,000,000 in debt, with an annual interest charge which is considerably more than half of the revenue.

A significant development of the Census of 1890, notes the *Washington Star*, is the fact that the increase of wealth and manufacturing in the South was greater than the increase of population. In the decade from 1880 to 1890 the Southern States gained in population 19.9; in actual wealth, 62.5, and of capital invested in manufacture, 20.7 per cent.

The canned fruits and meats exported by the United States have improved thirty per cent. in the last two years, and are again being largely purchased in countries which had almost outlawed them, announces the *Detroit Free Press*. Packers found that adulterating their goods, in haste to get rich, simply killed a market in one season, and only first-class goods are now shipped.

Professor Bickmore, says the *New York Sun*, is not alarmed by the five earthquakes, two of them in this country, that have been recently reported. Yet he holds that there is always danger of these convulsions of nature in the United States, as well as in South America. He says that the workings of the forces of the under world have been extensive during this century, and that the time of movement in the rocks of the earth's crust is by no means at an end. But the discoveries of the age have not enabled man to do anything to prevent earthquakes.

The discovery of tin ore in large quantities on the Colorado River, Texas, is a most important industrial event, avers the *Washington Star*. It naturally excites intense interest. Heretofore there have been few deposits of tin out of Cornwall, England, the mines of which, having been worked, since early Carthaginian times, are becoming unproductive. There are deposits in the Black Hills, North Dakota. The tremendous development of the canning industry in the United States has, however, required the use of more tin than was readily supplied, and the discovery of large additional deposits will still further stimulate the business.

George William Warren, the well-known organist and composer, says that the writing of church music is largely a labor of love. He began composing over forty years ago, and has published over one hundred works, but the royalties he receives from them form a comparatively small part of his income. Dr. Warren was born in Albany, N. Y., and his father tried to make a hardware dealer of him till the musical instinct in the lad asserted itself. Besides playing the organ in St. Thomas's Church in New York City, and directing the music of the parish, Dr. Warren lectures at Columbia College, and has enough pupils to keep him busy the rest of the time.

Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, wife of the explorer, gave an interview at Minneapolis, Minn., to a reporter. She said it was the first interview she has granted in this country. Asked as to her idea of the United States, Mrs. Stanley said: "Oh, it is very great, and I cannot find words to express my admiration of the many things I have seen. There are such magnificent buildings and luxurious homes; such straight, broad and well-planned streets—in fact, everything is on such a huge scale." She thinks New York City lacking in finish, its streets beastly dirty and kept in wretched repair; the Elevated Railroad, although a capital method of locomotion, very ugly. The American people she considers extremely hospitable, and the American reporter came in for his share of attention on account of the numerous interviews written by him which have no basis in fact.

HIS FAVORITE POEM.

[James Whitcomb Riley, the Hoosier poet, says the subjoined is his favorite English poem. He first saw it twenty years ago in a country newspaper, and has been trying ever since to learn the name of the author:]

HE'D nothing but his violin;
I'd nothing but my song—
But we were wed when skies were blue
And summer days were long;
And when we rested by the hedge,
The robins came and told
How they had dared to woo and win
When early spring was cold.
We sometimes supped on dewberries,
Or slept among the hay—
But oft the farmers' wives at eve
Came out to hear us play
The rare old tunes—the dear old tunes—
We could not starve for long
While my man had his violin
And I my sweet love-song,
The world has aye gone well with us,
Old Man, since we were one!—
Our homeless wandering down the lanes—
It long ago was done.
But those who wait for gold or gear—
For houses and for kine,
Till youth's sweet spring grows brown and
And love and beauty time,
Will never know the joys of hearts
That met without a fear
When you had but your violin
And I a song, my dear.

"QUITS."

When one is fluffy-haired, cheery tempered and twenty-three years of age—and little Lady Loveday was all three—one does not regard with unmixed rapture the prospect of a whole week with the British Association for the Advancement of Science. But Sir James had been elected President for the year, and his wife, as in duty bound, was obliged to accompany him.

The town of Mudchester, with its forest of tall chimneys and its perpetual gloomy pall, may possibly represent the sinews and strength of England, but it is not exactly an ideal place in which to spend the early days of September. Elsewhere there are blue skies, heather-clad moors and grouse on the wing, but Mudchester, for some inscrutable reason, preserves the same gray and depressed appearance year in and year out. Sir James Loveday, however, full of the temporary importance which attaches to the eminent scientist who is President of the year, was delighted with the whole thing, and especially proud of showing off his pretty, young wife to his scientific colleagues, whose spouses, though uniting in their persons the manifold virtues of the British matron, could hardly lay claim to either epithet. He had only been married a year. They had met on a homeward-bound Cunarder, and though this particular ship had beaten the record, there had been time enough for Sir James to become enamored of Miss Lena Gardner, who, finding no one younger to her taste on board, had smiled on the elderly scientist until he had offered her his name and his fortune. She was a sensible young woman, with a nice appreciation of the good things of this life, and, in six weeks time from their landing at Liverpool, they were quietly married in London.

Quite a little murmur of admiration and a notable craning of masculine necks greeted Lady Loveday as she made her appearance in the Town Hall of Mudchester on the night of the opening address. It was her first introduction to the scientific world, and men of science, much like other men, are apt to appreciate good looks. In her white brocade mantle, a boa of ostrich feathers encircling her throat, and some diamond arrows thrust through her blonde hair, she looked a radiant vision of youth and beauty in the crowd of ill-dressed, gawky women who made up the feminine portion of the audience. Devotion to the toilette forms no part of the programme to the ladies who attend meetings of the British Association, the advancement of science being more important in their eyes than the plaiting of hair and wearing of gold. And so Lena was able to make her little sensation. She entered the large hall alone, for Sir James was already in his place on the platform, and was even giving the preliminary cough which precedes the opening address.

"By Jove!" said a bronzed young man to himself—a young man who had strolled in late, and now found himself in the very back of the vast hall—"if that isn't Lena! Odd that I should see her the first week I arrive in England! What is she doing here? Wonder if she has forgotten? Well, it's three years ago."

The opening address was an enormous success, as it always is. During the week the popular enthusiasm, cooled by many scientific lectures, may abate; but on the opening night no judge on the bench is surer of a laugh than the eminent scientist who opens the meeting. The mildest jokelets are received with rapture, the feeblest similes get a round of applause. Lady Loveday was surrounded by admiring chemists, biologists and botanists by the time the large audience was filing out.

"You'll come with our expedition on Thursday, Lady Loveday, won't you?" urged a thin young professor from a Scotch University, whose appearance suggested the suspicion that he had recently come out of an eye hospital.

Lady Loveday smiled, and made up her mind to the inevitable. After all, he was only a little worse than the rest.

All the young men at the meeting wore turndown collars, and coats which had apparently been made for somebody else.

"I shall be delighted," she said, in her most cordial tone. "Where are you going, and what are you going to do to improve me?"

"Oh, it's an expedition down a salt mine. We shall have to take you down in a bucket. You won't mind, will you?" urged the weak-eyed young man eagerly.

"Not at all, if you will insure the rope not breaking."

But, all the same, when Thursday arrived, and Lena found herself alone at the railway station—for Sir James had a committee meeting that morning, and could only join her later in the day—she felt somewhat depressed at the prospect before her. There was a large and somewhat weird-looking crowd on the platform. A slight drizzle was falling, and the ladies of the party had unanimously elected to appear in bag-like waterproof garments, though, to be sure, their male kind ran them hard in the matter of curious raiment. Most of the travelers had invested in paper bags full of Bath buns, for an expedition with the British Association is generally fraught with peril in the matter of supplies. The weak-eyed young man was in a state of excitement bordering on delirium. Lady Loveday sighed as her eye ran over the mass of pushing, perspiring, be-mackintoshed human beings on the platform.

"There isn't a soul here that I want to speak to," she thought, settling into the comfortable corner-place which the youthful professor had secured for her; and then, as her eye caught the square-shouldered back of a check-coated man in the distance, she added, mentally: "That looks like a nice man. His hair is cut beautifully short, and he's got a brown neck and a properly ironed collar. He reminds me of poor Dick."

But, directly after, the train steamed out of the station and Lady Loveday's reminiscences came to an end. She had to make conversation with her cicerone for the day, and a whole carriageful of other people. By the time they had arrived at the pit's mouth and were waiting their turn to go down, Lena was not sure that she wanted to engage in such a perilous experiment.

Only a quarter of the trainful of people could be accommodated under the shed which covered the shaft, the rest were waiting outside. Finally, however, she was jammed with some seven or eight other people, including her scientific admirer, in the batz-covered bucket, and was emptied out, after an uncanny descent through a black void, into the brown-walled cavern at the bottom. The mine had been decorated with thousands of candles in honor of the event, and each visitor was provided with a tallow dip stuck into a wooden handle. Down in the depths of the mine the Scotch professor waxed confidential.

"This man is getting a bore," thought Lady Loveday; "I must really evade him somehow;" and with another turn of the rock she managed to slip away from him. Candle in hand, she followed a group of people in front of her. Presently one of the party—the young man whose back she had seen on the platform—stopped, and, with an action which she recognized at once, struck a cigarette, stooped his head, and lit a match.

"Why, it is Dick!" she murmured; and just then he turned and saw her. "I thought you were in—Afghanistan," she went on, hurriedly, as he stood gazing at her.

"So I have been, for the last two years. That frontier business took longer than I thought. And you?" Lady Loveday blushed and looked down. Here was an adventure after her own heart. She was a curious mixture of practical worldliness and theoretical sentimentality. She had liked him, handsome, penniless Captain Bramwell, more than any man she had ever known, and he—well, she was quite aware he had worshipped the very ground she trod on. But all that was three years ago, and in three years there are many changes.

"I saw you the other night," he continued, presently; "you came in an awfully fetching cloak, with a white, fluffy thing round your neck. I've been trying to find you out ever since, but nobody that I asked could tell me anything about Miss Gardner."

Lady Loveday smiled. He did not know of her marriage, then? The caprice took her not to tell him just yet—she wanted, womanlike, to see if he had remained faithful all these years.

"Oh, I'm such an insignificant person in the midst of all these bigwigs."

Dick smiled back at her—he had a charming smile—and they wandered along together, each with a tallow dip flickering and spluttering, and fitfully lighting their handsome young faces. She had not altered one bit, he said; and she declared he was as brown as a Hindoo, and would have to be scraped white. Time flies when old lovers meet, and nearly an hour had gone before Dick had told her that he had come down to the association to read a paper in the geographical section. Would she come and hear it? Of course, of course, she would!

Poor old Dick! Why, he was just as hard hit, she firmly believed, as over.

When they at length got back to the bottom of the shaft, there was not a soul to be seen. The awful truth began to dawn upon them that they had been left behind. How easy that might be, with the five or six hundred people who had come with the excursion, they both saw at a glance. What was to be done?

Nothing—absolutely nothing. Lady Loveday turned greenish white as she leaned against the rock.

"Sir James," she moaned—"Sir James would never let me die like a dog in a hole."

"Sir James" said Dick, surprised. "You mean the President? Is he a great friend of yours?"

"He is—O my poor Dick!—he is—my husband!" she faltered, not daring to look at him now. Captain Bramwell gave a little whistle and turned away. What a farce, and how like Lena the whole thing was! Lady Loveday did not see him smile.

"Forgive me!" she murmured, stepping nearer to him, and laying a caressing hand on his arm. She was very fond of the drama, and that was always what they said in plays, when the old lover came back from India and found the heroine faithless.

"My poor child," he answered gravely, "I'll forgive you anything—as long as we ever get out of this pit."

Lena could hardly conceal her disappointment. Was it possible—actually possible—that he did not care, that he did not remember? It couldn't be he had loved her too well! He must be pretending, just to look as if he were indifferent.

They waited a long time, and it was 4 o'clock before the whirl of the bucket was heard coming to her relief. An explanation of Captain Bramwell's equanimity with regard to her marriage was afforded Lady Loveday on their arrival at the top of the shaft. Hurrying toward the pit's mouth was seen Sir James, accompanied by a pretty girl in blue, a girl whose naive delight at seeing Captain Bramwell was obvious to all the bystanders.

"And who—who is the exuberant young woman in blue?" queried Lena, but not quite a pretty smile.

"That, dear Lady Loveday," said Dick, quietly, as he handed his companion out on to terra firma, "that—is my wife!"—*London World*.

Sponge Out Headache.

The ordinary nervous headache will be greatly relieved and in many cases entirely cured by removing the waist of one's dress, knotting the hair high up on the head out of the way and, while leaning over a basin, placing a sponge soaked in water as hot as it can be borne on the back of the neck.

Repeat this many times, also applying the sponge behind the ears, and the strained muscles and nerves that have caused so much misery will be felt to relax and smooth themselves out deliciously, and very frequently the pain promptly vanishes in consequence.

Every woman knows the aching face and neck generally brought home from a hard day's shopping or from a long round of calls and afternoon teas.

She regards with intense dissatisfaction the heavy lines drawn around her eyes and mouth by the long strain on the facial muscles, and when she must carry that worn countenance to some dinner party or evening's amusement, it robs her of all the pleasure to be had in it. Cosmetics are not the cure, nor bromides nor the many nerve sedatives to be had at the drug store.

Use the sponge and hot water again, bathing the face in water as hot as it can possibly be borne; apply the sponge over and over again to the temples, throat and behind the ears, where most of the nerves and muscles of the head center, and then bathe the face in water running cold from the faucet. Color and smoothness of outline come back to the face, an astonishing freshness and comfort is the result, and if a nap of ten minutes can follow every trace of fatigue will vanish.

The same remedy is invaluable for sunburn, and the worst case of this latter affliction of sensitive skins will succumb to the hot-water treatment. The cold douche should not follow in this case; instead a light application of vaseline of cold cream, which prevents peeling of the skin, as the hot water prevented inflammation.

Nothing so good for tired eyes has yet been discovered as bathing them in hot water, and neuralgia nine cases out of ten will yield to applications of cloths wrung out in hot water in which the hand cannot be borne.—*Boston Globe*.

A Hunter's Paradise.

A correspondent, writing from the State of Washington, says: In this unknown land, bear, elk and the noble black-tailed deer exist in almost countless numbers, and in all but perfect fearlessness of man, and here, from the great difficulty of access to their domain, the enterprising sportsman may find them ages hence. Until the summer just passed, no hunter's, prospector's or explorer's rifle had ever awakened the echoes of their hills. The hunter's paradise is the peninsular lying west of Puget Sound, and embraces all the territory west from the Sound to the Pacific Ocean, and the Straits of San Juan de Fuca south to the northern line of Chelan County, comprising the entire counties of Clallam and Jefferson, and is locally known as the "Olympic Range Country."

A glance at a map will best inform the reader of the extent of this territory, where until last summer the noblest game on the continent has lived in undisturbed peace.

Little John Jones says that his teacher in arithmetic ought to be dismissed from school because she invariably sets him a horrible example.—*Elmira Gazette*.

Teeth and Hair Not Indispensable.

With us there is, to say the least, a strong and decided prejudice in favor of luxuriant tresses and pearly teeth. But it is only a prejudice, and by no means universal. We see no lack of beauty in the infant's naked, rosy scalp, or in its sweet little toothless mouth. We even see a kind of majestic beauty in the ivory dome that covers the sage's busy brain. A white, shining billiard ball is by no means unpleasing to the eye, and no one can fancy its beauty improved by covering half of it with a coat of hair, however soft and silky, lustrous, brown or golden. Birds had teeth once; how should we welcome a prospect of the return, a retrogression, to their former semi-reptilian condition? Would you think your canary or your brilliant-hued cockatoo improved in its appearance if the smooth, even edges of its bill were garnished with saws of pearly teeth like a little feathered and winged alligator? The possession of a full complement of teeth has always been regarded as an indispensable condition of perfect health. To our prehistoric ancestors, who had no other grain mills than their molars, it must have been so, and the modern soldier in active service would find his hard-tack and leathery salt beef rather unsatisfactory fare without the dental integrity which the examining surgeon so properly insists upon. But the constantly improving science of cookery supplies the remedy for the civilian, and as to the soldier, he is, like his teeth, a relic of undeveloped civilization. The "dogs of war" must go, teeth and all. Experience has demonstrated that the luxurious diet of civilization, which gives so little for the teeth to do, is, on the whole, more conducive to vitality and longevity than the hard fare of savagery. Long before toothless gums shall have become the rule all occasion for teeth will have passed, either for beauty or use.—*North American Review*.

Vegetable Caterpillars.

One of the queerest things of Tasmania, New Zealand, and other parts of Australasia is the burrus or vegetable caterpillar. This wonderful plant is a fungus, a sphaeria, which grows seven or eight inches above the ground, generally in a single stem, round and thickly covered with brown seed for some five or six inches, ending in a curved worm-like point. It is usually found growing at the roots of a particular tree, the "rata" of the natives. When this plant is pulled up its single root is found to be the exact counterpart of a large caterpillar, say one three or four inches long, which, although it preserves every detail of such grubs, dissection proves it to be solid wood.

Intelligent persons of the countries named above say that this curiosity is formed in the following manner: A large species of moth feeds on the "rata" tree; the grub of this moth burrows in the ground; the seed of the sphaeria gets lodged between the scales on the grub's neck, strikes root and completely turns the interior of the creature into a woody substance. In every case the shell of the grub is left intact, no small rootlets puncturing it at any point. Scientists say that the above explanation is all "bosh," and that the plant develops the form of a caterpillar because it is its nature to do so. If this be true, why should we laugh at the stories of the Mandrake Man and the Scythian Lamb, specimens of which are preserved in the Surgeon's Museum, London?—*Chicago Herald*.

An Obliging Young Indian.

Two young women were alone one day when a young Indian brave whom they knew came to see the man of the houses, says a Yankton (N. D.) letter to the *Springfield Republican*. The man was away and the Indian sat down to wait for him. During this interval the girls, being of a lively turn, began asking him questions about his former mode of life; among other things they asked him to give a war-whoop and show them how he scalped people, but he gave no answer. Some time after when they were talking of other subjects, and had forgotten all about him, he sprang up suddenly, gave a war-whoop that made the house-top ring; then snatching his big knife that lay on the table with one hand, he took the topknot of one of the girls in the other, and ran the back of the knife around her scalp. They were each scalped in this manner and were nearly frightened out of their wits, but he sat down and began to laugh and told them he had only done what they asked him to do. They soon recovered from the shock and laughed heartily at the Indian's joke.

A Remarkable Stone Image.

A remarkable stone image has been found on the Tuscarora Indian Reservation. It was unearthed by General Carrington while taking a census and investigating the tribe's condition for the Government, and will be placed in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. There is evidence that the mound from which it was taken is several hundred years old. The image itself is eight inches high by four inches wide. The principal figure stands with upturned face, which is chiseled with far more skill than the red men generally possess. At one side, as if enfolded by the left arm of a parent, is a small figure, quite indistinct. Underneath is some animal having unmistakably the tail of a sheep. The whole at once suggests the story of Abraham's preparations to offer up his only son Isaac in accordance with the command of his God.—*Boston Transcript*.

INDIRECTION.

Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer; Rare is the roseburst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer; Sweet the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter; And never was poem yet writ but the meaning outmastered the metre.

Never a daisy that grows but a mystery guideeth the growing; Never a river that flows but a majesty scapes the flowing.

Never a Shakespeare that soared but a stronger than he did enfold him; Nor over a prophet foretells but a mightier seer hath foretold him.

Back of the canvas that throbs the painter is hinted and hidden;

Into the statue that breathes the soul of the sculptor is bidden;

Under the joy that is felt lie the infinite issues of feeling;

Crowning the glory revealed is the glory that crowns the revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized is greater;

Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator;

Back of the sound broods the silence; back of the gift stands the giving;

Back of the hand that receives thrill the sensitive nerves of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit; the deed is outdone by the doing;

The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of the wooing;

And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the heights where those shine,

Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence of life is divine.

—Richard Realf.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Set a hen on a china egg and she is better off.

Promissory notes are frequently classed as paper-waits.

A good thing to have around the house—A fence.

"Emmeline, can you keep a secret?" he whispered hoarsely. "I don't know. I never tried to. What is it?"—*Philadelphia Times*.

A young man who married a "butterfly of fashion" was unable, a year later, to provide "grub" for his butterfly.—*Norristown Herald*.

Papa—"Come here, Toddekins. Whom does papa love better than any one else in the world?" Toddekins—"Papa."—*New York Sun*.

Mabel (confidentially)—"I was awfully stuck on you once, Jack." Jack (gratified)—"When was that?" Mabel—"Before I knew you."—*Epoch*.

A chieftain by the brooklet,
With his gunlet loaded full,
Let go a leaden bullet
And killed old Sittin Bull.
—*Washington Star*.

A bridegroom six feet seven inches tall has just taken to himself a bride who measures three feet one inch. Love me little, love me long was the burden of their song.—*Chicago Mail*.

"Yes, I once failed for a hundred thousand," remarked the red-headed man who hadn't treated yet. "You see, the girl was worth that in her own right and refused me."—*Philadelphia Times*.

Photographer—"Your son, the student, ordered this likeness from me." "It is certainly very much like him. Has he paid for it?" "Not yet." "That is still more like him."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

"Grindstone, have you ever tried a raw onion as a remedy for sleeplessness?" "Tried it once, Kiljordan." "How did it work?" "Had to go to sleep to get rid of the taste."—*New York World*.

Fred—"I didn't mind Taylor's discharging me so much as I did the insult he subsequently offered me." Frank—"What was that?" Fred—"He advertised for a boy to fill my place."—*Yankee Blade*.

Mrs. Gottlieb—"Do you know what everyone says? They all say you married me only for my money." Mr. Gottlieb—"I don't see how it ever got out. I am sure I never told any one."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Mrs. Yerger—"What is the matter? You seem to be very much annoyed." Mrs. Petyer—"I have good reason to be annoyed. That addle-pated goose, Mrs. Jones, treats me as if I were not her equal."—*Texas Siftings*.

A few little sprinkles
Of delicate wrinkles
And eyeglasses just a bit stronger
A sigh misanthropic,
When age is the topic—
Maud isn't a bud any longer.
—*Washington Post*.

Butcher, who has been rejoiced by the birth of a son, is informed that the child weighs nearly eight pounds. He takes him in his arms to feel his weight and calls out astonished: "By Jove, so he does!" then after a moment's pause adds: "But with the bones, mind you."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

With trembling voice, though ardent look,
He faintly asked her "could she cook?"
She owned she could, and bolder grown,
He asked her if she'd be his own.
"Indeed!" said she, with her nose a-curl;
"I supposed you were wanting a hired girl."
—*Indianapolis Journal*.

A farm journal said: "There is going to be more money in poultry than heretofore." The next day a farmer's wife found a nickel in a chicken's crop, and told her husband that it was the first time she ever saw anything reliable in an agricultural paper published in a big city.—*Norristown Herald*.