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The best data attainable gives the Republic of Columbia a population of 3,540,000.

An English penny-in-the-slot machine company has been mulcted in damages by the victim of a machine that didn't work.

Mexico's tariff of \$2.50 per hog has failed to suppress the American imports of that article of food, remarks the *Boston Cultivator*, but it has sent up the price in the City of Mexico from eight to twelve cents per pound.

A man was recently sent to prison in New York City because he could not furnish \$500 bonds to keep the peace. As there was no one to furnish it for him this was practically imprisonment for life, so after a couple of months the man was called up and discharged.

The Dutch haven't set any new fashion in calling their Queen "King Wilhelmina," after all, the *Boston Transcript* has discovered. Wasn't Isabella always spoken of as one of the "Kings" of Spain, and did not the Hungarians shout as a rallying cry, "We will die for our King, Maria Theresa?"

The *Boston Cultivator* thinks it strange that "though Germany is opposed to the importation of American pork, she admits our beef. Recent shipments of dressed beef to Hamburg were well received, and sold at remunerative prices. It was pronounced much superior to the Australian beef. The masses in Germany demand cheaper meat. They will welcome shipments of American beef, and before long will force the Government to admit our pork."

The United States Senate is a remarkable body in more ways than one. Its members stand as follows as to age, according to a table compiled by the *New Orleans Times-Democrat*:

2 at 86	2 at 70	3 at 58
1 at 85	4 at 69	1 at 67
1 at 82	4 at 68	1 at 66
1 at 81	3 at 67	3 at 55
1 at 79	2 at 66	3 at 55
3 at 78	1 at 65	3 at 55
1 at 77	2 at 64	2 at 51
4 at 76	1 at 63	2 at 50
2 at 75	3 at 61	1 at 48
1 at 74	2 at 60	1 at 48
4 at 72	1 at 59	1 at 38

Five members are octogenarians, nineteen are over seventy, and twenty-one have passed sixty. "The hasty legislation bred of youthful zeal is scarcely likely to pass the Upper House," explains the *Times-Democrat*.

Collector Phelps, of San Francisco, Cal., in testifying before the Congressional Committee, spoke of the opium smoking of the Chinese and of how they had introduced the habit among white people. He would have a stringent law against the sale or use of the drug. A new law would be useless, declares the *Report*. The old law and public opinion have already greatly reduced the use of opium. We mean that the habit is not spreading nearly as fast as it was. It is a vice that cannot be practiced in secret. The fumes of the drug are too penetrating for that, while the apparatus is clumsy and not easily carried about or concealed. So morphine and the syringe have succeeded opium and the pipe. The morphine habit is frightfully prevalent and will spread. No congressional committee or laws will stop it. It seems destined to be the national vice.

Word comes from Brazil that the youngest Republic on the American continent proposes to hold a World's Fair of its own. It wants to celebrate Columbus's discovery and at the same time let the world know how Republican institutions are working out there. The Brazilians have no idea of conflicting with the celebration at Chicago. Their notion is that at their exposition may be made an auxiliary to the Columbian Exposition of the United States. They propose to open it January, 1893, at Rio Janeiro. That is the summer season in Brazil. After a few months their idea is to close and transfer their whole exhibit to Chicago in time for the opening of the Fair. The Brazilians are anxious for the United States to extend them a friendly hand. They think the co-operation of this country will insure the success of their celebration. The matter has been informally brought to the attention of the State Department and of Congress. It is proposed to ask an appropriation of \$200,000 for a United States exhibit, but no definite step yet has been taken.

A WOMAN'S WEAPON.

"What is a woman's weapon?" I asked of a charming girl. She dropped her lashes shyly. And stroked a vagrant curl. Then consciously she murmured— "This rosebud newly out: 'I have a strong suspicion Her weapon is a pout!'"

"What is a woman's weapon?" I asked of Farmer Straw. He looked at me in wonder; Then sadly muttered, "Law! Don't mention it to Nancy." And down his head he hung, "But I am of the 'pinion Her weapon is her tongue."

"What is a woman's weapon?" I asked a matron tall. She pointed to a broomstick. That graced the kitchen wall. "There stands a woman's weapon!" She cried, in tones of ire, And swiftly I retreated. Before that hint so dire.

"What is a woman's weapon?" I asked a lover true. He turned him to a maiden. With eyes of heavenly blue. Her velvet lips were parted, All innocent of guile. And eagerly she answered: "Her weapon is a smile."

"What is a woman's weapon?" I asked a post then. With sudden inspiration He seized upon his pen. "Oh, I could name a thousand," He cried, in accents clear; "But woman's surest weapon, I grant you, is a tear!"

—Helen Whitney Clark, in *Saturday Night*.

THE LOST LEG.

In the autumn of 1782 the surgeon, Louis Thevenet, of Calais, received a note without signature requesting him to call on the following day at a retired country house situated on the road leading toward Paris, and to bring with him what might be needed to perform an amputation. Thevenet was at that time widely known as the most skillful man in his profession, and it was not an unusual occurrence for him to be summoned across the channel to England for the exercise of his professional skill. He had served a long time in the army, and was somewhat brusque in his manner, and yet one could not help loving him for his native kindness of heart.

Thevenet was somewhat surprised by the receipt of this anonymous note. The day, the hour and place, were given with the greatest exactness, but, as stated, the signature was wanting. Some bluff probably thinks to make a fool of me, thought he, and he did not go.

Three days later he received a similar invitation, but in more urgent terms, and also containing a notification that on the following day, at 9 o'clock, a carriage would call at his house to fetch him.

In truth, on the following morning, as the clock struck 9, an elegant open carriage appeared before his door. Thevenet, without further hesitation, seated himself in it. At the door of the carriage, however, he said to the coachman: "To whom are you going to take me?"

"Things which I do not know do not concern me," replied the coachman. "You are a churl," replied Thevenet. At length the carriage stopped in front of the house before indicated. "Upon whom am I to call?" "Who lives here?" "Who is ill here?" inquired Thevenet of the coachman, before getting out of the carriage. The coachman, however, returned the same answer as before.

At the house door he was received by a young man of about 28, who conducted him up a flight of stairs and into a large chamber. The speech of the young man disclosed the fact that he was a Briton. Thevenet addressed him in English and received friendly replies.

"You have sent for me," said the surgeon. "I am very thankful for the pains you have taken to visit me," replied the Englishman. "Will you please to be seated. Here is chocolate, coffee and wine, in case you desire to partake of some refreshments before the operation."

"First show me to the patient, sir; I must first make an examination to determine if an amputation is necessary." "I assure you, Mons. Thevenet, it is necessary. Pray be seated. I have perfect faith in your skill. Listen to me. Here is a purse containing a hundred guineas. They are intended for you as payment for the operation which you are to undertake; and that will not be all you will receive, provided the thing is successfully accomplished. On the other hand, if you refuse to yield to my desire, you see here this pistol; you are in my power, and I will shoot you down."

"Sir, I do not fear your pistol. But what do you desire of me? Speak out without further parley. Why am I brought here?" "You must amputate my right leg."

"With all my heart, and if you desire, your head also. But if I am not mistaken, your leg is quite sound. You ran up the stairs before me as nimbly as a rope-dancer. What is the matter with your leg?"

"Nothing; I only wish to be rid of it."

"Sir, you are a fool."

"That is no affair of yours, Mons. Thevenet."

"In what way has your leg offended you?"

"In no way; but I am bound to have it amputated."

"Sir, I do not know you. At least produce before me some witness who will testify to your soundness of intellect."

"Will you accede to my wish, Mons. Thevenet?"

"Just as soon, sir, as you give me some defensible ground for your desire to be mutilated."

"I cannot at the present moment communicate to you the truth of the matter. Perhaps I may do so after the lapse of a year. But I am willing to wager you, monsieur, that a year hence you yourself will affirm that the ground upon which I asked the desire to be free of my leg was the noblest."

"I will not wager, so long as you do not give me your name, your place of residence, your family and your occupation."

"All that you shall know in the future, not at present. I pray you, however, to consider me as a man of honor."

"An honorable man does not menace his physician with a pistol. I will not mutilate you without there is a necessity for so doing. I have duties to discharge even to you—a stranger. If you are possessed of a desire to become the murderer of an innocent man, the father of a family, then shoot!"

"Good! Mons. Thevenet," exclaimed the Briton, seizing the pistol. "I will not shoot you, yet will I force you to amputate my leg. What you will not do for me either out of courtesy or love of reward or fear of a bullet, you shall accord through pity."

"How so, sir?"

"I will myself, here upon the spot, before your eyes, shatter my leg with a pistol shot."

The Englishman sat down, seized the pistol and held the muzzle close against his knee. Mons. Thevenet was about to spring towards him to wrest the pistol from his hand.

"Do not move," said the Englishman, "or I will fire. Only answer me one question: Do you wish unnecessarily to increase and prolong my suffering?"

"Sir, you are a fool! Have your own way! I will take you leg off."

Everything was made ready for the operation. As the first cut was about to be made the Englishman lighted his pipe and swore it should not go out. He kept his word. Presently the leg lay on the floor. The Englishman continued to smoke.

Mons. Thevenet accomplished his task like a master. The invalid was, through his skill, in brief time restored to health. He rewarded his physician, whom he esteemed more highly every day; he shed tears of joy for the loss of his limb, and sailed back to England with a wooden leg.

Some eighteen weeks after the Englishman's departure, Thevenet received a letter from England, the contents of which were the following:

You receive the inclosure as a proof of my most profound gratitude. It is a draft for two hundred and fifty guineas on Mons. Panschaud, banker, in Paris. You have made me the happiest of earthly mortals in depriving me of my limb, which stood in the way of my earthly happiness.

Worthy man, now you may know the cause of my foolish whim, as you then called it. You asserted, on the occasion referred to, that there could be no reasonable ground for a self-imposed mutilation such as mine. I offered then to lay you a wager. You acted wisely in not accepting it.

After my second return from the East Indies I made the acquaintance of Emily Harley, the most perfect of women. I adored her. Her wealth, her family connections were satisfactory to my relatives. To me her beauty and angelic disposition were alone attractive. I mingled in the throng of her admirers. Alas! my good Thevenet, I was fortunate enough to become the most unfortunate of my rivals. She loved me—beyond any and all men, me. She did not conceal it; and for that very reason she dismissed me. In vain I supplicated for her hand. Her parents and friends all joined with me. In vain! She remained immovable.

For a long time I was unable to discover the ground of her objection to marriage with me, whom she passionately loved, as she herself confessed. At length one of her sisters disclosed to me the secret. Miss Harley was marvellously beautiful, but had the misfortune to have been born with one leg, and by reason of this imperfection she hesitated to become my wife. She feared I would esteem her less on account of this imperfection.

I at once resolved to become like her. Thanks to your good Thevenet, the thing was accomplished.

I returned to London with my artificial leg. My first thought was to visit Miss Harley. I had previously written to England that through a fall from my horse I had broken my leg, and that amputation had become necessary. I had the sympathy of all, and Emily swooned the first time she saw me. She was for a long time inconsolable, but she became my wife. The day following our marriage I confided to her my secret how great a sacrifice my desire to possess her had cost me. She loved me so much the more tenderly. Oh! my good Thevenet, if I possessed ten legs to lose, I would, without a sign of regret, give them all for Emily. I shall be grateful to you so long as I live. Come to London and visit us. Learn to know my glorious wife, and then say again "I am a fool!"

CHARLES TEMPLE.

Mons. Thevenet showed this letter to his friends, and rotated the incident, and laughed most heartily as often as he told the story. "Nevertheless, he is a fool," said he.

The following was Mons. Thevenet's reply:

Sir, I thank you for your magnificent present, for so I must call it, because I cannot term it compensation for the small service I rendered you.

I wish you happiness in your marriage with the most worthy of English ladies. It is true a leg is much to give for a beautiful, virtuous and tender wife; yet not too much, if in the end one does not come to feel that he has been cheated in the exchange. Adam was obliged to sacrifice a rib for his wife; and it has cost many other men a rib for their wives—some a head. But after all you must permit me, very moderately, to stand by my opinion. Indeed, for the present moment you are right. You are now in the paradise of the spring time of matrimony.

But I am right also, with this difference only, that my view comes but slowly to be recognized and accepted, like every truth which one at first declines to receive.

Have a care, sir; I fear that within two years you will regret that you had your leg taken off above the knee.

You will think it would have been much better below the knee. At the end of three years you will be convinced that the loss of a foot would have been sufficient. In four years you will affirm that the sacrifice of a great toe, and in five years, the amputation of a little toe would be too great. At the end of six years, you will confess that the cutting off the nail would have been sufficient.

I say all this without any purpose of detracting from the worth of your estimable wife. In my youth I could any day have sacrificed my life for a beautiful woman, but never a leg; for that I should never, my life long, have ceased to repent. If I had done so, I should to-day say, "Thevenet, that was a fool."

With which I have the honor to be, Your most obedient servant, THEVENET.

In the year 1793, during the Reign of Terror, Mons. Thevenet, whom a young surgeon had caused to be suspected of being in sympathy with the aristocracy, fled to London to save his head from the knife of the all-leveling guillotine. Either from loneliness or a desire to seek out acquaintances Thevenet made inquiries for Sir Charles Temple. His residence was pointed out to him. He called and was admitted. In an easy chair, by the fireside, surrounded by newspapers, sat a fat gentleman. So uninvitedly was he that he could with difficulty rise.

"Ah, Mons. Thevenet," cried the fat gentleman—who was none other than Sir Temple—Pardon me if I do not rise; but this accursed wooden leg hinders me in all I would do. Friend, you have come probably to ascertain whether I have yet come to be of your mind or not."

"I come as a fugitive to seek your protection."

"Then you must take up your quarters with me, for truly, you are a wise man! You must comfort me. Indeed, Thevenet, I might to-day be an admiral under the blue flag if this godless leg had not made me unfit for the service of my country. Here I sat and read the papers, because I can't be there. Come, you must comfort me."

"Your wife will know better how to comfort you than I."

"Ah! nothing of that. Her wooden leg prevents her from dancing, therefore she devotes herself to cards and gossip. There is no getting along with her—otherwise she is a worthy wife."

"Then I was right, after all?"

"Oh, entirely, my dear Thevenet! But not a word on the subject. It was a stupid affair. If I had my leg again I wouldn't give the paring of a nail from it. Between ourselves, I was a fool. But keep that truth to yourself."—*Detroit Free Press*.

Decay of New England's Hill Towns.

This decay of great numbers of the hill towns of New England is undeniable and most serious, writes Edwin S. Mead, in the *New England Magazine*. The spectacle presented in scores of towns in New Hampshire and Vermont and Massachusetts, once scenes of vigorous and successful life, is certainly melancholy. The main reasons for it are not hard to find, and they are clearly pointed out by almost every writer who addresses himself to the subject. They lie in the opening up of the great West, with the easier conditions of its fertile lands in the agricultural competition, and in the wonderful development of manufactures in New England, with the beckonings to the hills of the rivers and the cities. But it is not hard to see that these beckonings from the factory and the prairie cannot possibly continue so strong as they have been during the last fifty years; and there is no reason to doubt that a new era of prosperity lies before every one of these hill towns. The New Englander need not fall into a panic; but he will do well if the discussion, now become so general and urgent, leads him to follow Dr. Dike's advice and study the matter in a really methodical and careful way. He will do well if he learns to love the country better than himself, and to live more in the country, resisting the feverish and unwholesome impulse to huddle forever in the town, and if he magnifies the farmer's calling. He will help the case if he does something toward carrying into the country what is best in the town, and the hunger for which so often drives the lonely young man and woman from the farm—the library, the lecture, music, art, a living church, and whatever makes possible the valid sharing in the larger and significant interests of life.

Meantime, whatever the truth in the indictment, let not other facts be forgotten. New England as a whole was never so populous or prosperous as to-day. The census does not speak the language of discouragement. Let us compare the population of the six States, as given by the recent census and the preceding one:

	Population in 1880.	Population in 1890.
Connecticut.....	745,861	822,700
Maine.....	693,261	648,939
Massachusetts.....	2,233,407	1,783,082
New Hampshire.....	375,827	346,091
Rhode Island.....	345,343	270,531
Vermont.....	382,305	333,280
Total.....	4,692,004	4,010,529

Young Noodle—"Did you say, Professor, that physiology was the science that treats of the functions of the body?" Professor—"Yes, sir." Y. N.—"Then under the head of what ology would a study of the mind come?" P.—"I am afraid, Noodle, that in your case it would come under the head of myth-ology."—*Boston Courier*.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

An "atmosphere" is a pressure of 14.7 pounds to the square inch.

Doctor Koch's lymph is described as of a rich amber color, covered with foam.

A Pennsylvania manufacturer claims that he can manufacture aluminum for fifty cents per pound.

The city of Denver, Col., is discussing the possibility of establishing a plant for furnishing its own electric lights.

Of the 4200 species of flowers now cultivated in Europe, it is said that only ten per cent. give forth any odor.

The experiment of chloroforming a person during sleep has been made successfully. It cannot by any means be said to be uniformly successful.

A good way to keep modeling clay moist is to knead dry clay with glycerine. The mass thus obtained continues moist and plastic for a length of time.

The Hungarian Government favors a scheme for an electric railway between Vienna and Buda Pesth, a distance of 150 miles, to run single cars every ten minutes.

Celluloid in solution is now being extensively used as a lacquer for all kinds of fine metal work and as a wood varnish, with results that are said to be superior to the old methods.

It is said that the torpedo boat Bathurst, that recently made a mean speed of 24.45 knots per hour, represents the last refinement of mechanical engineering, and that it hardly seems possible to improve upon her as long as steel remains the chief material of construction.

The apparently almost inevitable failure of some one of the thirty, or thereabouts, machines employed in working a full equipped great gun has caused a reaction in England in favor of smaller guns and of doing away with as much machinery as possible. The Thunderer's 100-tonners have been taken out and replaced with 29-tonners, worked entirely by hand.

Many authoritative disclaimers have been recently made against the indiscriminate use of such preservatives as borax, boric acid and salicylic acid, more especially as applied to milk, cream, and other articles of food and drink. Their actual injuriousness is not asserted, but in many cases it is believed that their function can be performed better and more safely by refrigeration.

The steam engines of the world represent, approximately, the working power of 1,000,000,000 of men, or more than double the working population of the world, the total population of which is usually estimated at 1,455,923,000 inhabitants. Steam has accordingly enabled man to treble his working power, making it possible for him to economize his physical strength while attending to his intellectual development.

A prize has been given in France by the Society for the Encouragement of National Industry, for a process for recovering tin contained in the wash of water from silks which have been treated with bichloride of tin, for the purpose of giving weight. By adding milk of lime to the water, and by properly agitating, the tin settles down in a few hours in the state of oxide, which can be readily collected and disposed of.

A quick and easy method for determining whether or not a fabric is "all wool" is given in the *London Lancet*. This is to separate the warp from the woof and to hold each to a flame. Wool burns into a shapeless mass and no threads can be traced in its ash. If removed from the fire before it is all burned it ceases to blaze; cotton, on the contrary, continues to burn steadily, and its ash retains the shape of the thread.

P. T. Barnum's Childhood Philosophy.

If you would be as happy as a child, please one.

Childish wonder is the first step in human wisdom.

To best please a child is the highest triumph of philosophy.

To stimulate wholesome curiosity in the mind of the child is to plant golden seed.

I would rather be called the children's friend than the world's king.

Amusement to children is like rain to flowers.

He that makes knowledge most attractive to the young is the king of sages.

Childish laughter is the echo of heavenly music.

The noblest art is that of making others happy.

Wholesome recreation conquers evil thoughts.

Innocent amusement transforms tear into rainbows.

His Grandmother Was a Revolutionary Veteran.

Professor Gilbert Thompson, lately elected a member of the Society of the Sons of the American Revolution, based his claim to membership on his descent on his father's side from Private Nathaniel Gilbert, a faithful soldier in Washington's army, and on the mother's side from Private Deborah Gannett, who moved thereto by "zeal for the good of her country, enlisted under the name of "Robert Shurtleff," and served for nearly three years, when she was honorably discharged, having been present at the capture of Cornwallis and wounded at Tarrytown, and subsequently having been paid a pension by the United States, her petition therefor being supported by the highest testimonials as to character and courage."—*Chicago Times*.

THE DESERTED FARM.

A dust-worn traveler draws his rein At sunsets dreary hour, With longing look o'er hill and plain Gives sway to memory's power. Long years have passed since last he viewed His native heath and hill, And silence now with shadowy brood Makes nature wildly still. There stands the homestead of his youth, And clustering round the door Come visions bright of love and trust From memory's endless store.

He sees again his father's form Within the doorway stand, His thin locks, whittened by the storm, By passing breezes fanned; Mother, and sisters, brothers, there Resume their wonted places, And lost awhile in scenes so fair He sees each loving face, But wakened from his blissful dream, The past returns no more; Alone he stands, while sunset's gleam Casts shadows on the door.

Deserted now its windows blank Stare at the passer-by, And weeds and grasses, stale an' rank, In wind-swept chaos lie. No more from pastures green, at night, To farm-yard comes the kine, Nor homeward come with hearts so light The boys of "auld lang syne." No neighing steed from yonder stall Impatient calls his mate, The shades of night around him fall And all is desolate.

He turns again—with lingering look Surveys the old domain. He hears the murmuring of the brook Which onward seeks the plain; His old New England hillside home, Amid the gathering gloom— The wanderer turns once more to roam, And leave it to its doom. The sighing winds a requiem sing Amid the cheerless calm, A saddened memory still to bring The old "deserted farm."

—W. M. Rogers, in *Boston Transcript*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A welcome vis-a-vis—A \$5 bill.

A cook book is the funeral service of the dumb creation.—*Puck*.

The worst thing in the mince pie is the dream.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Courage is a hardy plant; it is never destroyed by being "plucked up."—*Puck*.

The Queen of England turns the financial scales at \$9,000,000.—*Albany Argus*.

It is not polite to pocket anything at the table, unless it happens to be a billiard ball.—*New York News*.

A sad sight in this world is to see an old hen trying to plume herself to look chic.—*Scranton Republican*.

Highest grade of impudence—To wait in an umbrella shop for shower to pass over.—*Denver Field and Farmer*.

"I floated out with the tide"—as the best man explained when asked how he came to have rice in his hair.—*Puck*.

Teacher—"Can you tell me what a secret is?" Little Girl—"Yes'm. It is something somebody tells everybody else in a whisper."—*Chicago News*.

The latest achievement in modern science is that effected by the Old Lady of Threadneedle street in bridging over Baring's Straits.—*London Jolly*.

Some men receive impressions after the manner of a blotter. They get things directly opposite from what they were originally.—*Boston Transcript*.

I yearn for you, my love," he sighed, "Can you my love return?" "Well, that depends," the girl replied, "Just how much can you earn?"—*Somerville Journal*.

Lillie—"Oh, Minnie! I have such a d. a. unique fad. I have studied a pillow with all Cholly's love letters." Minnie—"How soft your pillow must be."—*Epoch*.

Benevolent Man—"If you are blind, how could you see to pick up that half dollar I dropped?" Beggar—"My heart has been made so light by your charity that I can see by it."—*Buffalo Express*.

Scene, Newport—"How well preserved Lord Bawnbat is—is he not a great swell?" "Oh, yes (with a burst of confidence). Do you know when he arrived he was obliged to pay duty on himself as a work of art!"—*Brooklyn Life*.

Pedestrian (turning suddenly upon a tramp)—"See, here; you skip, or I'll hand you over to the police. You're after no good." Tramp—"Well, stranger, now that I have a good look at your face, guess you're about right."—*Chicago News*.

"Please, sir, would you see if you have a letter for Marie Shimer?" "A business letter or a love letter?" "No, there is none to that name." A quarter of an hour after: "Would it be too much trouble for you to see whether there may not be one among the other letters?"—*Fliegende Blaetter*.

"You have been fighting, my son," said the alderman from the steenth ward, severely. "Yes, sir," replied the boy. "The dirty little scoundrel on the other side of the street told me you'd sell your vote in the Council any time for a hundred dollars, and I chugged him one on the jaw." "That was right, my son," said the alderman. "One hundred dollars"—and he spoke with much emphasis and decision—"would be no temptation."—*Chicago Tribune*.