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The Boston *Cultivator* believes that "the abundance of cheap and fertile land in the West, and its possession by farmers of small means and roving tendencies, has operated to lower the standard of American agriculture."

The heavy increase in the Russian army and navy estimates will furnish interesting reading for continental diplomats. It shows, concludes the *San Francisco Chronicle*, that the millennium, when abridgment shall succeed war, is as far off as ever.

The Boston *Herald* thinks that the fact that only three persons were killed by electric light plants in New York State last year, while eight lost their lives by "blowing out the gas" rather goes to show that it is less dangerous to monkey with electricity than to fool with gas.

A London vegetarian amateur athletic club has just been formed. The avowed object of the founders is to have a school for vegetarian athletes which will in time produce as good runners, wrestlers, harriers, vaulters as any of those now before the public who get their results on a meat diet.

The Indiana House of Representatives has passed a resolution directing the authorities of that State to co-operate with Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Kansas, Ohio, Kentucky and Pennsylvania in an inquiry as to how much foreign capital is loaned in those States, with a view of taxing that capital.

Sheep raising may be profitable, after all, admits the Boston *Transcript*, if this story of the experience of a young New York woman is true: Two years ago her brother, having money invested in sheep in Utah induced her to put \$1500 into the investment. She has lately sold her share to her brother for \$3500.

The baby King of Spain starts out well, soliloquizes the *San Francisco Chronicle*, by causing the death of his nurse before he has cut his milk teeth. If he had been born four hundred years earlier this would probably have been regarded as a good omen of his prowess as a warrior, but in these degenerate days the incident will be variously interpreted by the superstitious.

Queen Liliuokalani, who succeeds Kalaikaua on the Hawaiian throne, is fifty-two years old. She is an amiable and very intelligent woman, having a taste for poetry and music. She is stately in appearance and has a dignified carriage, but of late years she has become rather stout. She is animated and interesting in conversation, speaking in the low and musical tones that are peculiar to her race. She speaks English and is well versed in the current literature of the day.

E. L. Godkin, in the *Forum*, undertakes to prove that the expedition to relieve Emin was clearly a piratical undertaking, since it had the sanction of no Government and its leader was responsible to no power. In the course of the argument Mr. Godkin shows the sympathy for Emin which caused the expedition to be undertaken was a sentiment born of the Gordon myth, and he points out the curious fact that the people of Africa, owing to the slave trade, has always been regarded as fit spoil for pirates even by civilized nations who hold no such notions even about any other savages. Mr. Godkin expresses the highest admiration for Stanley's courage and endurance, and approves of his conduct of the expedition. It is its legal character only that he criticises.

The French people have given another striking proof of their wealth as well as of their confidence in the Government by subscribing for sixteen times the amount of the new loan of nearly \$200,000,000. "It is extremely doubtful," observes the *New York News*, "whether any other nation, in Europe at least, could achieve so great a financial victory in existing conditions. The farmers and working people of France have taken the loan so extensively that little is left for the banks. Nowhere else are the masses of the people so ready to intrust their earnings to the Government, although the public debt of France is already the greatest in the world. Those persons who have been accustomed to regard the French nation as approaching financial and political decay may have reason to revise their hasty judgments. The French people have reason to be proud of their latest financial achievement."

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

If I lay waste and wither up with doubt
The blessed fields of heaven where once my
faith
Possessed itself serenely safe from death;
If I deny the things past finding out;
Or if I orphan my own soul of One
That seemed a Father, and make void the
place
Within me where He dwelt in power and
grace,
What do I gain, that am myself undone?
—William D. Howells, in *Harper*.

RECEIVING A PRINCE.

La Pauline isn't much of a place, and yet even the train de luxe stops there. This is because this is the junction where trains leave on the little branch line that runs to Hyers. A tall mountain stands sentinel over La Pauline, and if a person were on the top of the mountain he would see Toulon and the iron-clads, as well as a great stretch of the blue Mediterranean.

On the long platform north of the line five young men were marching up and down together, singing at the tops of their voices:

"There is a tavern in this town—
In this town,
And there my true love sits him down,
Sits him down,
And we'll hang our harps on the weeping
willow trees,
And may the world go well with me—
Well with me."

Or words to that effect. They sang very boisterously, and suited their marching to the tune, giving three stamps with their feet all together when they came to the refrain: "In this town." They appeared to be American citizens, and seemingly didn't give a hang if all the world knew it.

Suddenly the five stopped before a young man who was seated on one of the benches. He was a quiet, dignified, self-possessed young fellow, and he looked up at them as they halted before him.

"Come on, Johnson," said one of the five, "we are not going to let you go back on the crowd like this. You sing bass, and we just want a good bass voice."

"You do that," remarked Johnson, quietly, "also, five other good voices."

"See here. It's easy for you to sit here and criticise the singing, but we are not going to allow that. You've got to join in. Come on, Johnson."

"I don't see why we should make idiots of ourselves in the south of France any more than we should in America."

"But we do in America, dear boy, we do. Always have done it, and we're not going back on our record. Come on, Johnson."

"I'm just a little tired of that tune, you know."

"What's the matter with the tune? It's the one Keenan sang all through Siberia. Come on, Johnson."

But Johnson would not come on, and so the five set at him and tried to force him to join them. The uniformed man of the station looked on with knitted brows, apparently not knowing whether this was a genuine row or not. Johnson held the fort and sent one after another sprawling. Then one of them desisted, and started down the long platform singing:

"There is a tavern in this town."

The others joined him, while Johnson sat solemnly on the bench. The official shrugged his shoulders and evidently thought these foreigners were hard to understand.

There was a shrill whistle to the west, and the train from Marseilles came rushing in.

I walked down the long train, opened the door of a compartment that was empty and took my seat. When the train started there was a shout of warning from the guard, and before I could look out to see what the matter was, the door was flung open and one of the singing young men tumbled in. The guard slammed the door shut with a malediction on the man who broke the rules and nearly broke his neck. The young fellow picked himself up, lifted his hat and said:

"Pardomy moi moussu—"

"Oh, that's all right," I answered, "don't mention it. If that is your usual way of getting into a train, you will find yourself in a French jail or out in two on the track some day."

"Oh, you speak English, do you?" replied the young fellow, ignoring what I said, and seemingly surprised that he had not a monopoly of the language so far south in France.

"Yes, I can make myself understood in most parts of England and America."

"Well, then, you must have heard our row with Johnson."

"About the alleged singing? Yes."

"Well! We're just laying for old Johnson. You won't give it away, will you?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, you see it's like this. Johnson's mother was a Prince, and—"

"A princess, you mean."

"No, she belonged to the old Prince family of Boston. Johnson is very proud of that branch of the family, more so than of the Johnson side. His name is J. Prince Johnson. We used to call him Prince at college. He likes that, and that's why we call him Johnson now."

wouldn't tumble. By the way, where is the first stop? Lend me your time book." I threw the pamphlet over to him.

"Ah," he said, "we have half an hour yet. By the way, where are you going?"

"I'm going to Cannes."

"We're going to St. Raphael. That's this side. Better stop off with us and see the fun. It will be worth while."

"If it's worth while I'll stop. Tell me what it is, first."

"You wait till I write a telegram."

After a few moments he handed me a telegram, of which this is a translation: Proprietor Hotel of the Monarchs, St. Raphael:

At 3 o'clock H. R. H. Prince Johnson will arrive. Provide for him. Have one carriage at station for the prince and one for his suite. Provide suitable escort.

HON. SIR BROWN,
Chief of suite, J. K. S., N. I. X., O. K. A. C.

"I think I see the plan. You are going to prepare a princely reception for Johnson."

"Exactly. He is really a quiet, unassuming fellow and hates anything like a fuss, even if he does put on airs now and then. He'll be the most surprised man you ever saw."

"I think I can tell you someone else who will be more surprised."

"Yes? Who?"

"The fellow who has to pay the hotel bill. He laughs best who makes out the bill. You will get the carriages and perhaps the escort and certainly the best rooms in the house, but when the bill comes in it will paralyze you. I know how they charge for that sort of honor. I am a duke myself."

"The dickens you are! Why, I thought you were an American."

"But I never travel under my title. I can't afford it. A duke is all right at home, but on the continent I travel as Mr. Welcome Smith."

"Well, nevertheless I think we will surprise the hotel-keeper as much as we will surprise Johnson."

"You might do it nearer the frontier, but I doubt if you will be able to evade payment here."

At this point in the conversation the train stopped and Brown got out to send off his telegram. When he came back into the train he began writing another.

"Are you going to send more than one dispatch?"

"Lord, yes! I'm going to fire a telegram from every place we stop at. I'm going to work up St. Raphael. They'll be getting returns from the back countries most of the day. That's an American phrase, you know."

"Oh, is it?"

And so the telegrams went from every stopping place until we reached St. Raphael.

It was evident the moment we stopped that there was an unusual commotion in the little Mediterranean town. The platform was studded with officials in gorgeous uniforms. As soon as Johnson got out of the train we all ranged ourselves behind him and kept our hats off, while Johnson had his on his head. The eagle eye of the hotel proprietor at once took in the situation and he advanced toward the young man, bowing frequently and deeply.

"H. R. H. Prince Johnson?" he inquired.

"Prince Johnson—yes. But J. is the initial."

With a wave of his hand the proprietor introduced a gorgeous official, who at once began to read an address of welcome in French.

Johnson looked around him in a bewildered way, as if some one had hit him with a club.

"Say, boys," he gasped, "there is something off the line here. What's the fuss, do you think? Whose funeral is this, anyhow?"

"Shut up, Prince," whispered Brown.

"Go through the thing and let us see what's in it. That's what we came abroad for."

When the address was finished Johnson thanked the official in a dazed sort of way and then turned to us.

"Come, boys," he said, "let us get out of this as quickly as we can."

The hotel proprietor walked by his side, bowing all the way. When we reached the outside Johnson was agast. Instead of getting out of it he had just got into it. At a signal from the official the town band struck up the Marseillaise and the militia that they had managed to gather together presented arms. The whole populace seemed to be there and they raised a cheer. One carriage had four horses in front of it and the carriage for the suite had two.

"Oh, this is too much," said Johnson in anguish, as he drew his hand across his brow.

"Better get into the carriage and get this over as soon as possible," said Brown.

St. Raphael. But, just as I said, when the bill was called for, it was a corker. Even Brown turned a shade paler when he saw the appalling total.

"Don't you charge for the brass band and the escort?"

"It is all inclusive," said the proprietor, with a low bow.

"Then we won't have any trouble," continued Brown. "You see we travel with —'s hotel coupons. We bought them in London. You take them at this hotel. That's why I telegraphed to you."

"But," said the proprietor indignantly, "not for these rooms. You must give me notice when you have —'s coupons."

"They assured us in London that they were good for the best in the house. You can't give us any better than that, can you?"

The proprietor was wild, but finally the matter was compromised on what the boys considered a square basis, which was much less than the original bill.

When we were all in the railway carriage bound for Cannes Johnson said: "Brown, this thing has been more successful than you deserve. I'm willing to let by-gones be by-gones; but there is one thing that you will all have to promise me on your word of honor, and that is that you will not let this get into the newspapers at home."

The boys all gave the desired promise that the affair would be a dead secret. Johnson said to me:

"You have no idea what ferreting villains American newspaper men are. If they get a hint of a thing, the first you know they know all about it. I think we will be lucky if we keep this between them."

I told him I thought they would be.—
Detroit Free Press.

A Queer Cable Message.

Governor Gilpin, of Colorado, had to pay \$147 for one of the first cable messages that went over the ocean.

Gilpin was a good-natured fellow, and the probability is that he came into the telegraph office at Denver and wrote out the cable, never thinking it would be sent. It was sent, however, and he had to pay the bill.

The first Atlantic cable was completed in 1858, and it was alleged that a dispatch was received by President Buchanan from Queen Victoria over it. This dispatch, however, was about all that ever came over it. There was skepticism throughout the United States as to whether the dispatch ever got through, and it was eight years after this before any cable business was done.

The successful cable was the new line completed on August 3, 1858. At this time no one seemed to think the cable would work. The Western Union had sent a corps of operators and explorers to Alaska to build a line across Behring Straits to Russia, and when it was announced that the new cable was done and that any one wishing to send dispatches to Europe for \$10 a word could do so, the whole world laughed and the telegraph operators looked upon it as a gigantic joke.

It was at this time that a dispatch was received from Denver, Col., signed by the Governor of the Territory, to be forwarded to New York, and addressed to Paris. The dispatch had to be sent from New York to Newfoundland by steamer, and was there cabled. The dispatch read:

"DENVER, COL., Aug. 4, 1858.—To Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor, Tuileries, Paris, France. Please leave Bohemia alone. No interference will be tolerated by this Territory. JOHN GILPIN, Governor."

The message was looked upon as an expensive joke of Mr. Gilpin's and forwarded to New York. The result was that it was sent to Newfoundland and telegraphed, and Napoleon III no doubt received it.

The price of the cable was \$147 in gold. It seems that Governor Gilpin came into the office, and, on being told there that the cable was completed, dashed off this message and handed it over, never supposing that it would be sent. The probability is that when he found it was sent he paid the bill.—
Philadelphia Times.

A Memory Test.

In a Western court, a witness had been detailing, with great minuteness, certain conversations which had occurred several years before. Again and again the witness testified to names and dates, and precise words, and it became necessary for his cross-examiner to break him up. This was done by a very simple device. While the witness was glibly rattling off his testimony, the cross-examiner handed him a law-book and said: "Read aloud a paragraph from that book."

"What for?" inquired the witness.

"I will tell you after you have read it," said the lawyer, and the witness accordingly read aloud a paragraph of most uninteresting material about lands, appurtenances, and hereditaments. Then the lawyer went up and asked him a few more questions about his memory, and the witness was positive that his memory was very good. Suddenly the lawyer said: "By the way, will you please repeat that paragraph you just read about lands, appurtenances and hereditaments?"

"Why, of course I could not do that," replied the witness.

"You must have a queer memory," retorted the lawyer, "since you can repeat things that you say occurred years ago, and you can not repeat what you read a moment ago." The witness was nonplused.—
Argonaut.

How to Wear Shoes.

"Do you know there isn't one man in 500 who knows how to wear shoes?" remarked a Clark street shoe dealer the other day. "The average man buys a pair of shoes, wears them until they are no longer presentable, and then throws them away and buys another pair. A man ought to have at least two pairs of shoes for everyday wear, and no pair should be worn two days in succession. At first thought this may strike you as a scheme to benefit the shoe dealer, but it is nothing of the kind. In fact, such a plan would injure the shoe business. Two pairs of shoes worn alternately will last three times as long as a single pair. The saving, of course, is made in the wearing of the leather. A pair of shoes worn every day goes to pieces more than twice as fast as a pair worn every second day."

I know that proposition is a staggerer, but it is true, nevertheless. A man does not wear out two pairs of shoes in exactly the same manner. Do you remember how an old pair feel when you first put them on again after they have been discarded for awhile? They didn't fit you like your new shoes, and the contrast is very marked. But the same thing holds true in the case of new shoes. No two pair fit your feet in exactly the same way. In one pair the strain and wear of the leather fall heaviest upon one particular part of the shoe, and in another the greatest wear and tear fall upon another part altogether.—
Chicago Mail.

A Leper Village in Colombia.

A strange community is that of Agua di Dios, the leper village in Colombia, as described by our Consul at Bogota. Situated at about fourteen hundred feet above the sea level, with a dry, sandy soil, and a temperature of eighty-two to eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit, this spot has been chosen for the leprosy by the Government on account of its ancient reputation for the cure of leprosy. Some five hundred and twenty sufferers from this terrible visitation dwell here, and form about one-third of the population; but the most remarkable fact regarding the settlement is that lepers and healthy persons are described as living on terms of perfect intimacy, there being no specific leper quarter, though every house in the village stands apart in a garden. Mr. Wheeler states that there is no case on record of the disease having been contracted here by contagion. Even where lepers have married healthy persons, the husband or wife has never been known to take it from the other. On the other hand, the mournful fact is admitted that children born of such unions are generally afflicted.—
London News.

The Curfew.

As in Old England, so in New England is the curfew still heard. In Boston the nine o'clock bell was rung from time immemorial up to within a very few years. So, also, at eight o'clock in the morning and one o'clock in the afternoon. Many Bostonians regretfully miss this good old custom; old, as is witnessed by Joseph Josselyn, who visited Boston in 1653, and in his description says: "On the South there is a small but pleasant Common, where the gallants, a little before sunset, walk with their marmalade madams, as we do in Moorsfield, etc., till the nine o'clock bell rings them home to their respective habitations, when presently the constables walk their rounds to see good order kept and take up loose people."

In many of our towns the curfew still rings out o'er hill and dale. In South America it is called the "Stay-bell"—toque de la queda—and after it was rung, at ten o'clock, the use of the streets was forbidden by municipal ordinances to the inhabitants of Quito and other Peruvian towns.—
New England Magazine.

Nonchalance of a Famous General.

At the taking of Moscow, Russia, while the troops sat in their saddles under a murderous fire, Murat received a dispatch to which an answer was required. Though his mettlesome horse was trembling, Murat laid the reins upon the horn of the saddle, took his note book in one hand and a pencil in the other, and began to write a response.

Suddenly a shell fell and exploded on the ground close by. The horse leaped into the air and swung wildly around. Murat simply transferred the pencil to the hand that held the note book, calmed the horse with the other hand, and then went on writing his dispatch as if nothing had happened.

A shout of admiration went up along the line. Murat saw that the enthusiasm aroused by his trifling act had created a favorable moment for a charge. He gave the order, and his men swept clear through the enemy's line.—
Atlanta Constitution.

A Powerful Electric Crane.

A powerful crane, says the *Philadelphia Record*, capable of raising into the air, in response to the touch of an electric button, a locomotive weighing ninety tons has been put in operation at the Baldwin Locomotive Works. The huge engine rides smoothly on a heavy track elevated twenty-eight feet above the level of the floor of the main shop. Formerly the work of raising from the ground a locomotive in process of constructing was accomplished with great difficulty by the aid of hydraulic jacks. At present the locomotive, whose wheels or other parts are to be adjusted, is grasped in a wrought iron yoke, and, with surprising ease, lifted in obedience to the engineer's touch into mid air and shifted to any desired position in the shops.

WINDOW-PANE PICTURES.

From eve till dawn, the long night through,
Cold winter's elfin band
Such pictures drew
As never grow
Beneath the touch of human hand.
In dawn's dim light they faintly gleamed
On frozen panes, and glimpses seemed
To give of fairy land.

The boughs of great old trees were bent
With silver shen; and forth was sent
A frosty light from distant height,
Where glitt'ring spires appeared to sight,
And far-off castle wall.

Now here at hand, like a silver strand,
Hanging in mid-air fairly,
A drawbridge spanned the chasm grand,
Gleaming before us airily.

A stream flowed down the mountain's side,
And cast a silvery spray,
Then dashing on with leap and slide,
With graceful bound and easy glide
It reached the boulders gray,
And in deep gorges swept away.

Now o'er the cold, gray landscape came
A wavering light, a pale rose tinge
That touched the leaves and mosses' fringe,
Then slowly grew to ruby flame
Setting the distant peaks aglow,
Melting from frozen heights their snow.

So fairy-land now fades away,
And we may watch in vain.
Our frostmade pictures melt from sight—
The drops roll down the pane.
—Mabel Nichols, in *St. Nicholas*.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A trade mark—Talking shop.
A popular measure—Brim-full.
The Farmers' Alliance—A rural marriage.

The cowboy in the high-heeled boots is in his stocking feet.—
Chicago News.

An Arab who has lost his teeth probably speaks only gum Arabic.—
Buffalo Express.

He—"May I hope?" She—"Yes; if you will promise never to refer to the matter again."—
Life.

The tanner's trade is an entirely honorable one, and yet they do say it is a skin deal.—
Binchanton Republican.

E. Z. Laffer—"That old doctor is a funny fellow." Dana S. Lydig—"Yes, indeed. He's always taking somebody off."

Old habits are hard to get rid of—as you find when you take them to the second-hand clothing store.—
St. Joseph (Mo.) News.

It is not advisable for a bank cashier to read nautical tables; the practice might inspire him to become a "skipper."—
Boston Courier.

"I'll bet," said Chollie, "judging from the way these trousers shrink, the wool was shorn from an unusually timid sheep."—
Puck.

Judge—"Boy, do you understand the nature of an oath?" Juvenile Witness—"Yes, it's human nature, I reckon."—
Chicago Tribune.

The bachelor thinks that the baby is a blot on the landscape, and the baby's mother knows that the bachelor is—
Somerville Journal.

Ethel—"I always make it a point to learn something new every day." Maud—"Then you are not so old as I thought you."—
Harper's Bazar.

Of all the torments known to man
The greatest, we assert,
Is to wear a fourteen collar
Upon a fifteen shirt.
—*Goodall's Sun*.

"Old Curmudgeon is the meanest, stingiest man in town, and yet you say that there isn't a selfish hair on his head!" "Curmudgeon, sir, is entirely bald."

Oh, gas may escape and gas may burst,
And vanish in noise and flame;
But the motor's hand, in its quiet way,
Goes traveling onward day by day,
And gets there just the same.
—*Topical Times*.

An eminent surgeon says that with four cuts and a few stitches he can alter a man's face so his own mother would not know him. That's nothing. Our daily newspapers do that much with only one cut.—
Mercury.

When in the foothlight's glare she stands,
Men think her one of the fairy queens;
What would they say,
Could they but see
The way she tackles the pork and beans.
—*Chicago News*.

Scientific Notes: How wonderfully are the inventions of man anticipated in the animal kingdom! The cuttle-fish has the power of covering itself with a sudden effusion of any inky fluid—and what more can man do with the most ingenious fountain pen?—
Puck.

Unless with marriage I mean to dispense
Now's the time to wed, and no longer
tarry:
If I longer wait I may have more sense—
If I have more sense then I'll never
marry.
—*Judge*.

Ignoramus (at a party a few years hence)—"What is the matter with Miss Beauty's once lovely arms? They are full of horrid red blotches and scratches." Scientific Guest—"Oh, that's all right. She has simply been vaccinated against consumption, small-pox, typhoid fever, and twenty or thirty other diseases."—
New York Weekly.

"I should like to observe, madame," said the patient border, "that while I am very fond of the neck of the fowl you are carving I shall deny myself this and beg for a large white chunk off the breast. With this view I have had my trunk packed and a drayman is now waiting at the door for an answer. Er—is it breast or neck?"—
Chicago News.