

SULLIVAN REPUBLICAN.

W. M. CHENEY, Publisher.

Terms—\$1.25 in Advance; \$1.50 after Three Months.

VOL. IX.

LAPORTE, PA., FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1891.

NO. 23.

The tramp is a product of our civilization, asserts the *New York World*. There are about 2,000,000 of them in this country.

India and Ceylon are increasing their production of tea to such an extent that it is expected that they will furnish seventy-five per cent. of the amount consumed in Great Britain this year. China is a great sufferer from this change.

A cynical Italian journalist has been telling his countrymen how to make their fortunes. All they have to do, he says, is to go to America, work as laborers until they have saved \$400 or \$500, and then return to Italy, buy a title and again go to America and marry an heiress!

The Minister of Instruction in Bavaria is giving much consideration to the mode of writing adopted by the students in the schools. Instantaneous photography has been used to obtain illustrations of different methods, and Von Muller, the Minister, has taken a course in writing in order to correctly inform himself.

A correspondent writing to the *Atlanta Constitution* from Pensacola, Fla., says that the yearly consumption of timber is something appalling. There is little left on the water courses, and logging railroads are pushed into the interior to supply the demand. Old lumbermen say that in twenty years there will not be a tree left.

All accounts from British India concur in stating, notes the *Philadelphia Record*, that the rapid extension of railroads and telegraphs is working prodigious social changes in that country. At last the Hindoos are shaking off their superstitions, their sloth and their inveterate system of caste, and are preparing to enter on a new civilization.

There is a man in New York, alleges the *Commercial Advertiser*, who has the magazine fever in its worst stage. His idea—which he is going to carry out, he says—is to start a local magazine in each of the large cities of America, with local writings by local authors, and a corps of editors at each post. "I shall have twenty magazines in all," said he recently. He will certainly have his hands full. One magazine is about a very comfortable plenty for any ordinary man.

To marry in haste and repent at leisure has been a common fault in most fault in most communities. It is satisfactory to find that it is becoming less common in England. The proof of this, which is found in the registrar-general's annual report, is about the most welcome piece of news the document contains. There has been a steady rise, it appears, in the average age at which men and women take upon themselves the responsibility of contracting matrimony ever since 1873.

"When I see," says a retired physician to the *New York Tribune*, "that more than 10,000 medical students have grown into full-fledged physicians in the United States during the last two years, I am inclined to rejoice at the fact that I am no longer practicing. The extraordinary increase in the number of doctors, the evolution of the patent medicines from absurd quackery to scientific remedies, and the growth of the prescribing habit among druggists make it hard work for the doctor to earn a living. Of course, the specialist makes a big income, but there are many really clever physicians to-day who find it hard work to make both ends meet."

What the world needs to-day is not more medicine, but less of it. Not new methods of shutting out sunlight and the only true elixir of life, but more pure air to breathe, pure water to drink, pure food to eat, less overwork and overworry, more rational methods of labor with many toilers with brain and hand, more wholesome exercise and a calmer, more cheerful frame of mind. Tens of thousands die before their time through consuming fear of unseen and purely imaginary foes, and other tens of thousands through false teaching, the influence of false ideas, and, in consequence, of senseless violation of nature's plainest laws. Instead of losing our grip on life, we of this generation ought to be getting a firmer hold. Our boastful modern ways are pitifully weak and unreliable, asserts the *Philadelphia Telegraph*. It will take a hundred Kochs to lift us above the ever-swelling tides that are sweeping mankind so helplessly along toward the end of all things human.

"ONCE ON A TIME."
—
"Once on a time."
How fondly falls that phrase
Upon our fancy, like a far-off chime
Of half-heard bells in some forgotten clime,
Pealed from the kingdom of dead yester days,
"Once on a time."
The tale we loved always
Began just so, and every fairy rhyme
Our mothers crooned commenced: "Once on a time,"
And ended with a burst of childish praise.
As one who, in a lonely twilight land,
Is startled by the wraith of some loved voice
Long since that joined the silences sublime,
So I, amidst the shadows where I stand,
Ring'd with dim dreams of unreturning joys,
Awaken at the words: "Once on a time."
—James Newton Matthews.

ROMANCE OF A HAT.

BY MAURICE SILINGSBY.

Socially speaking, the little hat factory of Enos Badger was a hive of industry, and scores of the prettiest girls in Epping and the surrounding country might have been found within its four walls during the busy season, which usually consumed eight out of the twelve calendar months. During these eight months the factory presented a bustling and attractive scene, with so much beauty, freshness and vivacity concentrated under one roof. Indeed, these lovely and sprightly creatures, decked out in showy calicoes and muslins, were the busy little bees that made honey all the day, metaphorically speaking, for their straight-laced and somewhat parsimonious employer. The upper floor was occupied by the sewers, and the ground floor by pressers, liners, trimmers and packers—thus turning out the hats in readiness for the trade, from the commencement of the process to its completion.

Fannie Wilbur, the prettiest girl in the whole of Enos Badger's establishment, if not the most intellectual, worked on the lower floor, among the miscellaneous crowd of employes we have alluded to. Her part was to line the hat after it left the hands of the presser. Three or four more were employed at the same work besides Fannie, all of them fresh, healthy and attractive young ladies.

Annabel Drew, a very talkative but pretty young woman, had been telling a romantic story of an acquaintance during the war, who had secured a good husband under the following romantic circumstances: It was at a time when ladies throughout almost every town and village in the land were making and sending their little donations to the soldiers.

Miss Drew's friend contributed some trifling articles of her own handiwork, and accompanied them with her full address. The package fell to the share of an orderly sergeant, whom the changing fortunes of war subsequently elevated to the rank of colonel. The result was, in his lonely and unoccupied hours, he wrote to the young lady and begged her to enter into a correspondence with him. Assenting to his proposal, she wrote him a letter descriptive of herself, and her real situation and prospects in life.

The orderly liked her style; thought he could interpret her character through this medium; and wrote again, proposing an exchange of photographs. To this the young lady assented, and in due time the exchange was made. Other letters followed, gradually assuming a more tender and lover-like tone, as their correspondence rapidly advanced toward what may be considered the culminating point.

The upshot of the whole thing was, they met at the close of the war, were mutually impressed in each other's favor—so much so, in fact, that they went to a clergyman on the very evening of his arrival, and were privately married.

"Thus, at one step," said Miss Drew, "from a poor girl she became a rich lady."

"Heigho! I wonder if any such good luck will ever happen to us?" queried Fannie Wilbur.

"Perhaps," replied Miss Drew, "if we could only contrive to make ourselves known to some romantic young man of means."

Fannie paused for a moment in a brown study. Suddenly she looked up smiling.

"I have it!" she exclaimed, triumphantly; and taking one of her hat linings, she hurried to the desk, and wrote, in a delicate, fine hand, "Frances Wilbur, spinster," giving the name of the town and State.

Then she sewed it in the lining, laughing all the while at her own cleverness.

"There, now, I wonder if I shall be as lucky as the girl you were telling of?"

"I hope so," responded Miss Drew, but she didn't mean it.

In due time that identical hat filled its legitimate niche in the great world of trade, and was purchased by a wealthy young fellow in the city of New York.

On the evening of the day it came into his possession Walter Leslie, the young gentleman in question, was seated, in company with a friend, in his own suite of apartments at the Windsor. Each had his feet elevated on the back of a chair, and each was drawing consolation from a cigar of a choice brand. Indeed, Walter Leslie was rich enough to indulge in the best the market afforded. He had already dipped so deeply into the fashionable follies of society as to have become a little blasé at the age of five-and-twenty. But we will listen to the brief

dialogue between the two, and let the reader draw his own inference.

"I tell you, Percy, I am thoroughly disgusted with these fast and fashionable young ladies of the period," said Leslie, knocking the ashes off his cigar. "I tell you I feel as though I had been steeped to the very lips and surfeited with these questionable pleasures and follies of the day. It is impossible for a fellow in my situation, with plenty of money at his command, to venture into society at all without being besieged by a score of maneuvering mammas, who will fairly throw their gushing daughters into your arms, and run the risk of your making toys and playthings of them, to be cast aside as such whenever any new whim or fancy seizes you."

"I can appreciate your idea, Leslie," said his friend, laughing, "though I have never been one of fortune's favorites, like yourself, to be bored by the actual experience from which you have too palpably suffered. I think, Leslie, if you were to get out of this artificial atmosphere into some quiet nook in the country, and get acquainted with some good, honest, truthful girl, who has been brought up to be unselfish and to cultivate a conscience, and who, having no knowledge of your wealth, would marry you for love, I think that life might be rendered tolerably endurable to you. It would to me, were I in your situation, with ample means to gratify every reasonable desire."

By Jove, Percy, if I could find such a one as you describe, I would marry off-hand!" exclaimed Leslie, with an enthusiasm which was new to him in his indolent indifference.

"What? If she were poor?" queried his friend, picking up the hat that Leslie had that afternoon purchased.

"Yes," he replied, "if she had but one dress to her back!"

"The friend smiled incredulously, and casually glanced at the inside of the hat."

"What is this?" he exclaimed, suddenly, holding it up, so that Leslie might see. "Frances Wilbur, spinster!"

"Probably a romantic method of advertising the maker's name," responded Leslie, without manifesting any particular surprise. "The playful freak of some young miss in her teens. I've half a mind to open a correspondence with her—it would be something fresh—wholly out of the beaten path."

"Supposing she should turn out some ancient maiden lady?" suggested his friend.

"No; it is the work of some restless, tantalizing young lady!" Leslie persisted, and the subject was dropped. He returned to it again, however, after the departure of his friend. He studied the chiography carefully, grew more and more interested, and finally, after some little reflection, and feeling the want of a new excitement, to break what he considered the dull monotony of his existence, through his life had been one continual whirl of excitement since he had come into the unrestrained control of a fortune, he determined to write to her. He had no other purpose in writing but to beguile the tedium of an idle hour, and quiz this unknown Frances Wilbur, spinster.

The subjoined letter, which reached Epping on the following evening, was the legitimate result of this resolve:

"NEW YORK, June 20, 1880.
"MISS FRANCIS WILBUR, spinster.—I discovered your address on the lining of a hat I recently purchased, and have conceived a romantic desire to open a correspondence with you in view of a nearer and more satisfactory acquaintance. My object in doing this is strictly honorable and commendable, and if you grant my request, I shall always treat you with the respect that is due a lady from a gentleman. I am twenty-five years of age, and generally esteemed good-looking.
"I am in moderate circumstances, but like all other young men, I am hopeful of the future. If you should deign to answer this letter, and would be kind and condescending enough to exchange photographs with me, I will cheerfully inclose mine in my next. Very respectfully and interestedly yours,
"WALTER LESLIE."

Fannie Wilbur received this epistle, and perused it with an electrical thrill of pleasure. She hurried to Miss Drew, whom she accepted as her sole confidante, read it to her privately and asked her advice as to what reply she should make.

"Answer it, of course, and enclose your picture," said Miss Drew, decidedly. "You take splendidly. He will fall in love with it, I am sure. You are in luck, Fan, and I almost envy you"—which was the truth—"for you can tell by the writing that he must be a scholar and a gentleman."

This advice was exactly what Fannie wished and expected. She had no picture of herself that exactly suited her, so she went to Mr. Badger next morning and asked leave of absence to have one taken. She arranged her toilet for the occasion with exquisite care and taste, and hurried to the village artist to have her glowing impression taken; and beautiful as she was, she had never looked more beautiful than on that day. The artist was successful beyond his most sanguine hopes, and in about a week he turned out a photograph that he felt proud of, and that Fannie felt not ashamed to forward to her gallant New York correspondent.

She sat down and indited the following letter, which Leslie received by return post:

"EPPING, June 30, 1880.
"MR. LESLIE—Dear Sir.—I received your very acceptable and gentlemanly letter about a week ago. When I wrote my name on the lining of the hat you allude to I had no expectation that it would be the means of procuring me so agreeable a correspondent.

"I was pleased with the tone of your letter, and should be happy to hear from you very often. I send you my photograph, agreeable to your request, though some of

my friends tell me it does not do me justice. I think, however, it is a very fair picture. I shall expect yours at your earliest convenience.

"I will mention, in conclusion, that I am an only child. My father is dead, but my mother is still living. My father was a clergyman, and was settled in this village prior to my birth, which was eighteen years ago the fourteenth day of May last. I have a good education, for it was my father's especial province to see to; that while living, and he has been dead only a trifle over three years.

"Our circumstances are humble, and I now work in a hat factory for the joint support of mother and self. Hoping to hear from your again soon, I remain your interested correspondent,
"FANNIE WILBUR."

"Noble girl!" exclaimed our hero, as he finished the perusal of this letter; "she is working for the support of herself and mother, while I, an able-bodied man, am frittering away my existence in idle pleasures and useless pursuits."

He had examined the photograph carefully and critically before perusing Fannie's letter, and he could not deny what was evident to him at a glance, that the picture represented a very intelligent and lovely girl. He again picked it up, and examined it with increasing interest.

"There is not a girl among my fashionable acquaintances that will compare with her in points of beauty, setting aside their vanity and selfishness, and their lack of moral culture. It is evident that this girl is good and pure, unless her face very much belies her—such a girl, in fact, as any man might safely trust with his purse or his honor. The tone of her letter is modest, and evinces a considerable degree of culture, much more than I should have expected from one condemned by circumstances to a life of toil; but her being the daughter of a clergyman—and doubtless a very worthy and conscientious one—will explain that. I will have my photograph taken at once, and send it to her, with my warmest thanks. I will dress in a very modest and tasteful manner, so as not to shock her sense of propriety. I feel more and more anxious every minute to make the first impression as favorable as possible."

Agreeably to Fannie's request, he wrote a warm—we had almost said lover-like—reply to her letter, inclosing the much looked for picture. Leslie was a very handsome man, and would have looked well in any garb, no matter how commonplace.

Space will not permit of our entering into a detailed account of the delightful correspondence that now ensued between the really interested young millionaire and the modest, warm-hearted country girl, whom he had never yet seen except in miniature.

Suffice it to say, so constant and uninterrupted had this correspondence been, that one month later found him, by Fannie's permission, on his way to the rural home to visit her. To admit the truth they were already much in love with each other, and this eagerly longed for meeting, as might be expected, fairly capped the climax; for our hero and Fannie were affianced in less than an hour after his arrival in Epping.

He kept up the delusion regarding his humble circumstances till after they were married, and he had removed her to reside as mistress over a palatial abode on the Hudson. He was more considerate and obliging than most sons-in-law, for he gladly seconded Fannie's request that her mother should accompany them; and what is more unusual still, she has never attempted to make herself a bone of contention between them.

Leslie, every one says, is justly proud of his young wife, and has never regretted the day that he purchased that hat. He intends to keep it as a heirloom in his family.—*New York Weekly*.

Chocolate Nuts or Beans.

Chocolate nuts or beans from which the chocolate of commerce is made are the seeds or fruit of a small tree, native of tropical America, but now widely distributed and cultivated in most tropical countries. The trees are of small size, rarely more than twenty feet high, but with broad, thin, pointed leaves. The flowers are small and produced on the old wood, and are succeeded by a pod like fruit six to ten inches in length, each containing fifty or more seeds. When the fruit is ripe the seeds, which are covered with a thick mucilage, are removed from the pods and placed in heaps, where they undergo a slight fermentation, after which they are spread out in the sun to dry. When thoroughly dry they are packed in sacks and become the chocolate bean of commerce. Upon being roasted the beans split open, as seen in the common coffee bean, and when ground to powder and made into paste and pressed into cakes it is called chocolate, which is generally flavored with sugar and vanilla. As for the healthful properties of chocolate, much depends upon the person who uses it. With some persons it appears to agree, but with others not, for it is an old adage that "what is one man's food is another man's poison." Chocolate, however, is considered a very nutritious beverage by the medical faculty.—*New York Sun*.

A Big Crop From One Barley-Head

Four years ago Miss Lena Woodward, living on Thorn Creek, Washington, sowed the seed from one head of barley. She harvested the crop with a pair of shears and sowed the amount received the next year, again harvesting it with her shears. The third crop her father cut with a grass scythe, getting enough barley from this crop to sow forty acres last spring, which averaged forty bushels to the acre when threshed, making a total yield of 1600 bushels from one head of barley in four years.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

Novel Solution of Bimetallism.

General Berdan has proposed a novel solution of the silver coinage problem. His scheme is to make a dollar of gold and silver, mechanically combined, by first making a silver coin worth twenty-five cents, with a hole in the centre, and then pressing into the centre a plug of gold worth seventy-five cents. On the face of it, this seems a good idea, as it would do away with the objection raised by all to the size and weight of the silver dollar and the minuteness of the gold dollar. In other words it is an average—a concentration of advantages. But the point of the matter lies in the "mechanically combined" detail, which is more important than at first sight would appear. It will be a delicate and difficult task to so join the gold and silver parts as to enable the coin to stand the wear and tear to which metallic legal tender is subjected.

As usual, electricity, goddess of power and progress, can lend her aid and assist to practicability the germ of a good idea. If, instead of "mechanically combined," we substitute the words "electrically welded," the scheme becomes more practical and the coin more beautiful and cheaper to produce. By electrically welding gold and silver together and then subjecting the composite piece to the impression of a die, a coin with slightly concave surfaces could be produced with the great advantage that the welded joint would be the strongest portion. Concaving the faces of the coin would throw the maximum wear on the outer ring of silver. Such a scheme brought to perfection would be bimetallism with a vengeance.

As a design for the obverse of this new coin we would suggest an ideal representation of the Goddess of Electricity. Columbia would thus be given a well-earned rest, and the coming power would be symbolized and immortalized, although such actions might offend the pretty Philadelphia girl who posed for the profile of Columbia.—*New York Electrical Review*.

Indian Legend of the Moon.

Here is a peculiar legend of the Indians, as told by the Rev. Mr. Cook, the full-blooded Sioux, who is the ministerial representative of the Episcopal denomination at Pine Ridge Agency, says the *Omaha Bee*. The legend, which was related to the Indian children at the agency, was of their fore-fathers' belief as to the cause of the disappearance of the moon. He said the belief was that every time a new moon appeared it was a signal for all the mice in the country to gather themselves together in one spot. When they assembled they separated in four great armies. One army went to the north, another to the south, a third to the east and a fourth to the west. These armies of mice traveled until they reached the point where, from the place of starting, the heavens seemed to touch the earth. Then they climbed up the sky until they came to the moon, which was by this time what we call full. All of the four armies then commenced nibbling at Luna, and when they had eaten her all up the mice would scamper back down the heavens to the earth and wait for her to show herself again, when the journey and nibbling would be repeated by the mice. And this is what the Indians of early days believed was the cause of the moon growing old and finally disappearing.

Mill Tribes Deserting the Caucasus.

The mountain tribes of the Caucasus are emigrating in large numbers to Turkey. Russian settlers are not slow to take possession of their lands. The Government has been petitioned by such settlers to divide the lands that were vacated by the Caucasians into regular settlements and to establish proper judiciary circuits there. But the Governor of the Kooban district has informed the petitioners that their demands cannot be fulfilled—that the time has not come yet for the central Government to take into possession and to dispose of the lands of the aborigines.—*Chicago Herald*.

A Strange Feathered Monster.

A strange feathered monster, supposed to be a gigantic pelican from some tropical land, was killed in Livingston parish recently by August Heiss. The bird was snow-white in color, except the wing tips, which were black. Its body was as large as that of a full-grown sheep, its flesh was blood-red, its bill two feet in length, with an enormous sack or pouch attached with the capacity of a small dip net.—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

A Curious Writing Habit.

One curious habit of the venerable Jules Simon is that he does most of his writing in bed. For many years he has pursued this practice; he lies flat on his back, holds a tablet of paper above him and does his writing thereon—seemingly an impossible thing. Yet the old gentleman's chiography is a marvel of neatness and exactness; it is as prim and tiny as a schoolmarm's.—*Chicago News*.

Something New in Flower Beds.

The largest advertisement in the world is that of the *Glasgow News*, cut in the shape of flower beds on the side of a hill back of Ardencie, Scotland; the words "Glasgow News" can be seen and plainly read a distance of four miles; the length of each letter is forty feet; the total length of the line 323 feet; the area covered by the letters 14,845 feet.

A new machine makes paper boxes.

A NEW CATECHISM.

—
He—
What is it makes this life worth living.
Tell me, when all has been said and done?
She—
It's the rapture of forgiving.
When you yourself are the guilty one.
He—
What makes us all so opposed to dying,
When so much of heaven we all have heard?
She—
Because when we're dead there's no replying,
And woman must have the final word.
He—
What is your own idea of heaven—
Of heaven on earth, perhaps I mean?
She—
A place where the men are all twenty-seven
And I am the only girl, just eighteen.
He—
What's your idea of a perfect poet.
One to whom all should bow the knee?
She—
How absurd you are! Well, if you must know it,
The poet who writes of love and me.
—Somerville Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Hush money is what the young husband parts with for soothing syrups, etc.—*Mercury*.
Stealing a march is not larceny any more than firing a peddler is arson.—*Pittsburg Post*.
"What do you think of Harkins as a talker?" "He is brilliantly dull."—*Chicago News*.
The man who is always finding fault will always assure you that he is never looking for it.—*Somerville Journal*.
Accounting Trustee—"Figures can't lie, you know, sir." Disappointed Beneficiary—"No, but liars can figure."—*Texas Siftings*.
A mule would rather hear himself bray than to listen to anybody else's music. A good many people are built like him.—*Ram's Horn*.
"I'll just take off my ova-coat," is what the young chick said as it broke the shell and first saw the light of day.—*Yonkers Statesman*.
"He is a great traveler." "Don't believe he was ever out of the city!" "But then, see how he wanders in his mind."—*Philadelphia Times*.
Miss Highmind—"What did you think of Sig. Travello." Miss Giddy-girl—"Oh, I thought his mustache was simply stunning."—*Chicago News*.
She went to Anna's wedding.
Boy to wed was Anna false.
She had a lovely Anna, of course,
For then 'twas Anna mated.
—Buffalo Express.

Woman can't throw a stone straight to save her soul, but she can sit in an easy chair and enchant a man so that he will go and throw it for her.—*Somerville Journal*.
Blimbers—"My barber is really a very talented person." Bjones—"Indeed!" Blimbers—"Oh, yes; he often illustrates the stories he tells me with cuts."—*Boston Post*.
Common to New Yorkers: First Stranger (in Boston)—"Is this Boston Common?" Second Stranger—"Very. But you ought to see New York."—*American Grocer*.
The Visitor (viewing the new baby)—"Don't you think he is going to resemble his father?" The Mother—"I shouldn't be surprised. He keeps me up every night."—*New York Sun*.
Prof. Bumptious—"It has been truthfully remarked that 'a little learning is a dangerous thing.'" Sophomore (sotto voce)—"Wonder if professor realizes the peril he's in!"—*Boston Courier*.
Amateur Actor—"Well, what did you think of my modest effort?" Friend—"Superb! Simply superb." A. A.—"Thank you." Friend—"Considered as an effort."—*Indianapolis Journal*.
"We had some mind-reading at our party last evening. Johnny had a pin and the new minister tried to find it." "And did he succeed?" "Oh, yes—he found it when he sat down."—*Chicago News*.
"But, Mr. Finkelstein, why applaud the play so vigorously when it is so execrably bad?" "That makes no difference to me, my dear fellow. I lent the author \$20 this morning."—*Fliegende Blätter*.
"The Government is going to pay \$930,000 for a ram," remarked the snake editor. "The animal ought to have a fine pedigree to be worth that much," replied the agricultural editor.—*Pittsburg Telegraph*.
Globetrotter—"Did you ever travel on a personally conducted tour?" Mr. Meeker—"Often." Globetrotter—"Whom did you have for manager usually?" Mr. Meeker—"My wife."—*New York Weekly*.
Husband—"What are you so much interested in that paper?" Wife—"I was reading one of those articles on how to get up a cheap dinner." Husband—"Do you want to ruin me?"—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.
Cholley's father was a Baron in the jolly Isle of Bull.
And the girl he sought to marry had a father rich in wool;
Said her father, "Let us test him," and the Yankee girl said, "Let's."
And they said he was no Baron when they found he paid his debts.

—Chicago News.