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The cultivation of oysters promises to be as great an industry as that of canning tomatoes.

The Chicago Times alleges that it has cost Michigan \$220,000, or \$11,000 each, to graduate twenty young men from her State mining school at Houghton.

The New Orleans Picayune observes: "Though much is said about the decadence of New England during the last ten years the population has increased more than during any other decade in all its history."

Two hundred thousand dollars a year are spent by the London (England) School Board in enforcing the attendance of children. They are advised, by the Boston Transcript, to try the French plan of getting children to school by good lunches.

"If you are going to kill a man," says an English surgeon of renown, "and want to do it quickly and without suffering, hang him. If the hangman knows his business, the victim does not feel as much pain as if shot through the heart or brain. It's all over in the tenth of a second."

The discovery of the full text of Aristotle's "Treatise on the Constitution of Athens" among a lot of Egyptian papyrus recently received by the British Museum of London, hazards the San Francisco Chronicle, will be of great interest to all classical scholars. Perhaps the next lucky find will be the lost books of Livy.

Great anxiety is felt in Switzerland concerning the decadence of the watch making industry, which, next to the textile industry, is the mainstay of the inhabitants of the country. The profits are dwindling down, as the United States and England are every year becoming more powerful rivals in this field. The demand, too, for Swiss watches is falling off considerably in certain countries, notably in this country and in France.

"The machinery now in use by the life saving service is about as perfect," asserts the Mail and Express, "as anything well can be. The crews of the various stations often perform the seemingly impossible in their brave and well directed efforts. Without their assistance and the means they have at their command hundreds of lives would have been lost on our coast during the latter part of December. In view of the heroism shown and the severe physical labor required of them, our life savers are not sufficiently paid. These men daily literally take their lives in their hands, and we do not sufficiently esteem their services."

Pennsylvania is taking an important step in the direction of better roads; a step that, in the opinion of the New York Tribune, every State should take. Railroad traveling has become so general and so perfect that the common highways of the land are largely overlooked. Yet on them is the vast bulk of traveling and transporting done, after all, and upon their condition depend to an incalculable extent the comfort and convenience and prosperity of the vast bulk of the people. The improvement of county roads is a topic that should stand well toward the head of the list in every legislative assembly, until we have brought ourselves at least to an equality with the Romans of two thousand years ago.

If the discoveries made by the State Dairy Commissioner of New Jersey afford an example of the deleterious mixtures we eat and drink in New York, there is well-founded reason for alarm, confesses the New York News. According to his report, 2186 samples of food, drugs and dairy products were examined during the year 1890, and of that number 468 samples were found to be adulterated. Out of 196 samples of cream of tartar, sixty were within the requirements of the law. More than a third of the lard was impure. Forty out of fifty bags of coffee were bogus. Frauds were found in canned French peas, jellies, honey and olive oil. In ten lots of mustard, not one was pure; pepper was an abomination, and of 110 samples of drugs, such as are used in every family, forty-four samples were adulterated. Figures like the foregoing possess a lively interest and if a similar condition of the things exist on this side of the Hudson, the public would like to know the fact, and see the remedy promptly applied.

LIFE.

Our life, our life is like a narrow raft
Afloat upon the hungry sea;
Hereon is but a little space,
And all men, eager for a place,
Do thrust each other in the sea;
And each man, eager for a place,
Does thrust his brother in the sea.
And so our life is wan with fears,
And so the sea is salt with tears.
Ah, well is thee, thou art asleep!
Ah, well is thee, thou art asleep!

Our life, our life is like a curious play,
Where each man hideth from himself.
"Let us be open as the day,"
One mask does to the other say,
When he would deeper hide himself.
"Let us be open as the day."
That he may better hide himself.
And so the world goes round and round,
Until our life with rest is crowned.
Ah, well is thee, thou art asleep!
Ah, well is thee, thou art asleep!
—The Path.

THE ROOM-MATES.

BY JOHN B. RAYMOND.

Henry Hadley and John Ashton had roomed together for six months, but had never exchanged a word. There was no quarrel between them; they were not deaf mutes; they were normal, every-day young men, and one, at least, longed ardently to hear the other's voice.

It came about in this way: Hadley was a reporter on the News-Herald, where he had filled a certain round of dry-as-dust assignments for years and was not much liked by his associates. He had a tendency to dudge; he wore faint "mutton-chop" side-whiskers and turned up the bottoms of his trousers when it rained. But he was really a capital fellow, and in spite of his prosaic exterior he had a little romance of his own. He was engaged to be married, and Alice Tyler was a girl of whom any one might well be proud. She was the niece of a friend of Hadley's, and when he proposed to her, after a long, despairing courtship, he was astounded to find himself accepted. It seemed incredible that such a perfect creature could ever be his own, but after he had somewhat recovered from his transports his practical nature asserted itself, and he began to retrace his expenses in preparation for the event. Thus it was that he eventually answered an advertisement for a room-mate.

It so happened that the other occupant of the room was also a reporter, although a very different stamp of man. John Ashton was a meteoric genius. He was a waif from dead and gone Bohemia. His forte was the strange, the odd, and the grotesque, and his startling and unlooked-for strokes had gone far toward making the Chronicle famous. In his field he was invaluable, and he had long since killed his chance for promotion by merit; it too much.

The News-Herald, as everybody knows, is published in the afternoon, while the Chronicle is a morning daily, and Hadley, who had made his arrangements through the landlady, was disappointed when he awoke early on the first day in his new quarters, to find that his room-mate, who had let himself in sometime during the night, was then asleep in the little alcove opposite his own. He had promised himself much pleasure from the society of a man whose work he so much admired, but the pale, handsome face and slight form, relaxed in the languor of deep sleep, prompted him to dress as quietly as possible and slip out without awakening the other.

It turned out, to Hadley's infinite chagrin, and probably to Ashton's secret amusement, that this was no mere accident. The former went to work early in the morning and his duties ended when the big presses threw out the first copy of the last edition, at about dusk. Ashton, on the other hand, arose a little after noon, lounged about until dark, and left his desk any time between one and three o'clock at night. Consequently, when he reached the room he invariably found Hadley asleep, and when he awoke he was the only occupant. And vice versa. Several things conspired to maintain this fantastic relationship. Their offices were remote from one another. Their work was essentially different. It did not make common resorts or mutual friends. So it easily chanced that by day they never met.

Such was the curious train of events which had carried them through one summer and into an autumn that brought to Hadley many a miserable headache. A shadow had somehow fallen across the honest fellow's love affair. It was hardly to be defined in terms; that was the worst of it—it was so intangible; so difficult to say just what was wrong. There was a change in Alice. She was silent; she was distraught; her tears came and went like April rain. Yet she protested that nothing was amiss, and met his well-meant questioning with an impatience that surprised and frightened him; for he did not know very much of women, and her asseverations sounded to his ears like confessions in disguise. Above all, he felt a cumbersome untidiness to cope with the situation. It was like a plover-boy essaying to probe a sensitive wound, and at length he feared to speak lest he should precipitate some unknown crisis.

Thus it was, when at dusk one autumn day he walked from the office to Alice's home to pay one of his customary visits. It was an indolent evening, suave with the spell of Indian summer, and through the dreamy haze that wrapped the city even the hum of traffic sounded faint and harmonious, like a choir of giant insects

at the approach of night. He fell into a vague reverie as he walked on, and when he stopped mechanically before the house he did not ring at once, but sat down upon a little bench just within the gate and masked by lilac-bushes.

The narcotic calm of the scene and hour had lulled him into serenity, and night fell unmarked, until, at length, a familiar voice broke in upon his meditations. He recognized it on the instant as Alice's, but it was mingled with deeper tones that were unfamiliar to him. Although no words had yet detached themselves from the tangle of sound, it seemed to him that one voice was urging and one remonstrating. Presently they came nearer and stopped by the gate.

"Oh, I cannot! I cannot!" some one cried. It was Alice's voice, and although there was not a jot of the spy in Hadley's nature, something in the intonation held him spell-bound.

"But why not?" said the other voice, a melodious baritone—low, persuasive, thrilling. "But why not? It was a conditional promise; the conditions have changed and that is—"

"No; it is not that," broke in the girl. She was speaking quietly, but a pathetic little quaver ran through her words. "Oh, can't you understand! He is honest and true, and I could not break his heart!"

A moisture sprang on Hadley's forehead and very slowly he opened and closed his hands. There was pause, and then the pleasant baritone again: "Are there no rivers in Damascus? What of my heart, Alice?" Hadley heard no more. Something seemed to suffocate him. His breath went no further than his throat, and the dusky web of lilac-branches danced in black and shapeless phantasmagoria before his eyes. He was dimly conscious of a patter of feet, a wave of perfume, and a gust of yellow light as the hall door clashed open and shut, and then he knew he was alone again.

Alone! A hideous sense of loss, and bitter, hopeless desolation, such as he had never felt and never dreamed of, overwhelmed him. He did not think; he did not dare to think. He staggered to his feet, opened the gate and passed out.

To run away, to elude this thing as if it was some sentient, palpable pursuer, was the first impulse that possessed him, and he hurried on, blindly, stumblingly, he cared not where. How far he walked thus he had no means of knowing, but when he stopped it was on a thronging thoroughfare, before the window a great emporium, aglow with electric lights. He drew a long breath and pulled himself together. An illuminated dial that punctured the gloom of the upper air marked after midnight, and a faintness began to assail him, a deadly reaction that turned his knees to water. The careless, alien crowd jarred on him, the barbaric splendor of the windows smote upon his brain; he wanted to be alone, and presently he saw the open doorway of a cafe and entered.

A few people sat at tables here and there, and on one hand were the curtained doorways of a row of little rooms or stalls. He walked instinctively toward one of these and drew the drapery aside. A man within, who was musing, apparently, over a bottle and a half-eaten meal, turned at the sound, and the room-mates looked one another in the face.

Ashton was the first to recover himself, and sprang up with outstretched hand.

"Why, my dear fellow!" he exclaimed, "Am I indebted to insomnia for this pleasure?"

Hadley took his hand absently, but did not at once reply. What was there about that voice, with its plausible, vibrating timbre, that thrilled him so?

"I have been a little troubled," he said, hesitatingly, "and tried to—walk it off."

"Ha! And came in here, I dare say, to drown it in drink, as the proverb goes. My word for it, trouble is the thirstiest thing on earth. I tried to drown a small sorrow in drink once, and when I was under the table there was the sorrow, sober as a judge. But I'll tell you something, Hadley, it won't stand feeding. The proper thing to drown sorrow in is mutton chops and fried potatoes. Suppose we put it to the touch. Waiter!"

"Hold!" said Hadley, who burned to stop this badinage, "I am not hungry—not in the least. Let me sit down a moment and think."

He sank into a vacant chair and gazed at the other with a sudden, haggard intentness. A thought had just occurred to his distracted mind. Why was not this man, so bright, so versatile, so self-contained, so in rapport with the great world and its usages—why was not he the very man of all men to give him counsel in this predicament?

"Ashton," he said, "I am in distress. Will you give me your advice?"

Ashton smiled grimly.

"You have come to a good shop for advice," he said. "My whole life is more or less a warning. However, if I can be of any service to you, blaze away. Out with it, my boy!"

But Hadley did not find the story so easy to tell.

"I am engaged to be married," he said, at length.

"Ho! ho!" cried Ashton. "I foresee a stern parent with a prejudice against literary characters." Then something in the other's face checked him, and he dropped his tone of levity. "Forgive me," he said, gently. "What is this trouble of yours? You need not men-

tion the lady's name, of course. Make it a hypothetical case."

"Oh, no!" said Hadley. "I can confide in you. She is the best girl in the world. Her name is Alice Tyler."

Ashton was leaning over the table toying with a glass, but at the words he rose involuntarily and fixed his eyes upon the other with strange and challenging regard. Hadley paused for a moment with a dim and troubled conscience that he had touched some hidden spring; but only for a moment, and then, slowly and incoherently, he told his story. Ashton sank back as he proceeded and heard him in silence to the end.

"Do you know this man?" he asked, when it was done.

"No," replied Hadley, gloomily. "What does it matter who he is?"

Ashton did not reply; he seemed lost in thought.

"Hadley," he demanded, suddenly, "do you really intend to marry this girl? But please!" he continued, "you are too honest to be a trifler. And this fellow—why, a thousand to one he is amusing himself looking for a new sensation, and has no more use for a wife than he would have for a bishopric. You must have saved some money, have you not?"

"Yes," said Hadley, rather surprised; "I have a few thousand dollars in bank."

"Well," sighed Ashton, "this is a world of fact, but we can't all grasp it. Some men are made for homes and some are not. I might have ten times your income, and the last chapter would find me a vagabond. I tell you, Hadley, you have no real rival. This is a shadow that has already passed, and shadows leave no trace."

"What shall I do?" he asked.

"Do? Why, do nothing. For heaven's sake don't distress the girl with questions. I tell you this belongs to the past. Forget it. Bury it. Act as if nothing had happened, and all will come right in the end. If I were you I would make it convenient to be away for a few days. She will miss you, depend upon it, and you can begin where you left off. Can't you arrange to go away?"

"I think so," said Hadley. "When had I best go?"

"Go to-morrow. You will come back a new man and find her eager to welcome you."

Hadley reflected a moment.

"I will take your advice," he said.

When he returned home, at the close of the week, from a brief visit to a neighboring city, he mounted the stairs with an eager step, but paused, perplexed, in the open door. The room was dismantled of much of its furniture, and looked bare and unfamiliar. He entered, almost timidly, and read this legend, chalked upon the looking-glass:

KEEP WHAT TRAPS OF
MINE YOU FIND. HAVE
MIGRATED. GONE WEST.
GOOD-BYE. GOOD LUCK
TO YOU. J. A.

"It was an extraordinary thing," he used to say in after times, when he and Alice were happily mated. "Here was a brilliant, successful man, with the world before him, one might say, who pulls up stakes all of a sudden, goes out West, goes to the dogs, and inside a year winds up in a dance-hall fight with a bullet through his head. No, I can't say why he did it; he never mentioned it to me, although we roomed together over six months."—Frank Leslie's.

Frozen 600 Feet Deep.

For many years scientists have been perplexed over the phenomenon of a certain well at Yakutsk, Siberia. As long ago as 1828 a Russian merchant began to sink this noted well, and after working on it three years gave it up as a bad job, having at that time sunk it to a depth of thirty feet without getting through the frozen-ground. He communicated these facts to the Russian Academy of Science, who sent men to take charge of the digging operation at the wonderful well. These scientific gentlemen toiled away at their work for several years, but at last abandoned it when a depth of 382 feet had been reached with the earth still frozen as hard as a rock. In 1844 the academy had the temperature of the soil at the sides of the well taken at various depths. From the data thus obtained they came to the startling conclusion that the ground was frozen to a depth exceeding 600 feet. Although it is known to meteorologists that the pole of the lowest known temperature is in that region of Siberia, it is conceded that not even that rigorous climate could force frost to such a great depth below the surface. After figuring on the subject for over a quarter of century geologists have at last come to the conclusion that the great frozen valley of the Lena River was deposited, frozen just as it is found to-day, during the great grinding up era of the glacial epoch.—Chicago Herald.

Uniting Aluminum With Glass.

Bradford McGregor, the mechanical expert of Cincinnati, Ohio, has succeeded after numerous experiments in uniting aluminum with glass, and he claims to be the first who has done so. A large piece of aluminum with a glass tube in the centre was turned in his lathe and it was impossible to detect the slightest flaw or joint where they came together. In fact, it appears as one solid mass. Therefore, no metal could be made to unite with glass in which the contraction and expansion were the same, and it is claimed this will create a revolution in the way of reducing the cost of incandescent lights as it will take the place of platinum, which costs \$320 a pound, while the new discovery will not cost \$10.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A New Rogue's Dodge.

Individuals who live by putting their hands into other people's pockets and appropriating for their own uses what they may happen to find in them are obliged to invent new tricks to facilitate their operations, and one of the latest, which is new, at all events in Paris, seems to have answered the purpose on several occasions. Gentlemen in Paris are, however, now warned, and probably in future will be on their guard when a stranger seemingly accidentally runs up against them. The respectable-looking stranger who acts in this way manages, it appears, to throw the end of a lighted cigar into the pedestrian's great coat pocket, and, after apologizing for his clumsiness, he goes away, the well-dressed pedestrian being, of course, quite unaware of the trick that has been played on him. A few minutes later a couple of strangers hurry up to him, exclaiming: "Monsieur, your overcoat is on fire!" and, with the utmost politeness, they squeeze and compress the burning cloth, profiting, it is needless to say, by the opportunity to relieve the pocket of whatever of value it may contain. Several persons have, it is stated, been robbed in this way while walking on the boulevards, and before they discovered their loss the pickpockets were lost in the crowd. But in future, if some one stumbles up against a Frenchman in the streets of Paris, he will probably, if he has heard of the trick, look to see there is no lighted cigar end left in his coat pocket.—London Standard.

"Chaining-up" the Hudson.

In 1778 a great chain was stretched across the Hudson River at West Point, N. Y., to prevent the passage of British vessels. Lossing, in his "Field Book of the Revolution," gives a very interesting account of this work, of which we can quote only the leading facts. The iron of which this chain was constructed was wrought from ore of equal parts from the Sterling and Long mines, in Orange County. The chain was manufactured by Peter Townsend, of Chester, at the Sterling Iron Works, in the same county, which were situated about twenty-five miles back of West Point. "It is buoyed up," says Dr. Thacher, writing in 1780, "by very large logs, about sixteen feet long, pointed at the ends, to lessen their opposition to the force of the current at flood and ebb tides. The logs were placed at short distances from each other, the chain carried over them and made fast to each by staples. There are also a number of anchors dropped at proper distances, with cables made fast to the chain to give it greater stability." The total weight of this chain was 180 tons. Mr. Lossing visited West Point in 1848 and saw a portion of this famous chain, and he tells us that "there are twelve links, two cleavies and a portion of a link remaining. The links, some of which are in the museum at West Point, are made of iron bars, two and a half inches square, and average in length a little over two feet and weigh about 100 pounds each."—Scientific American.

Marvelous Piece of Mechanism.

Another marvelous piece of mechanism has recently been exhibited in Paris. It is an eight-day clock, which chimes the quarters, plays sixteen tunes, playing three tunes every hour, or at any interval required, by simply touching a spring. The hands go as follows: One once a minute, one once an hour, one once a week, one once a month and one once a year. It shows the moon's age, rising and setting of the sun, the time of high and low tide, besides showing half ebb and half flood. A curious device represents the water, showing ships at high-water tide as if they were in motion; and, as it recedes, leaves them high and dry on the sands. The clock shows the hour of the day, the day of the week, the day of the month and the month of the year. The mechanism is so arranged as to make its own provisions for long and short months. It also shows the signs of the zodiac and difference between sun and railroad time for every day in the year.—Boston Transcript.

The Wonderful "Changeable Flower."

During the summer of 1890 the botanists made a wonderful discovery in Tehuantepec, Mexico, having established the fact beyond a doubt that the native "hinta" has a flower that changes its color three or more times each day when the weather is favorable. In the morning it is white; at noon it has changed to a deep red; at night it is blue. It is even claimed that some individual trees of this species have a flower that changes to many intermediate hues during the night. There are only two hours out of the twenty-four, from 11 A. M. to 1 P. M., that this rarity gives out a perfume.—St. Louis Republic.

A Mammoth Tree.

There is an enormous tree in the Ocmulgee River swamp, near Abbeville, that rivals the famous giants of the California forest. The tree is of the tupelo gum variety, and towers above the surrounding forest of immense oaks. It is evidently of great age, and doubtless was inhabited by the Indians in the prehistoric age of this country. The tree is hollow at the base with an aperture large enough to admit a tall man. The hollow extends upward for a distance of fifteen feet, affording space enough for two stories. The hollow at the base is twelve feet in diameter.—Abbeville (Ga.) Times.

SOME THINGS LOVE ME.

All within and all without me
Feel a melancholy thrill;
And the darkness hangs about me,
Oh, how still;
To my feet the river glideth
Through the shadow, sullen, dark;
On the stream the white moon rideth,
Like a barque—
And the linden leans above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me,
Even me!

Gentle buds are blooming near me,
Shedding sweetest breath around;
Countless voices rise, to cheer me,
From the ground;
And the lone bird comes—I hear it
In the tall and windy pine
Pour the sadness of its spirit
Into mine;
There it swings and sings above me,
Till I think some things there be
In this dreary world that love me,
Even me!

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is a vast difference between living simply and simply living.—St. Joseph News.

Soldiers see a great deal of private life, but they don't enjoy it.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The only man contented with his lot occupies it in the cemetery.—Indianapolis Journal.

When it is an advantage to trade posts, every army officer is ready to become a post trader.—Texas Siftings.

Experience has established the fact that lawsuits are more wearing on a man than any other.—Boston Courier.

She—"What would you like—being a naval man—for a birthday gift?" He—"A little smack."—Drake's Magazine.

If smokeless powder is followed by gunless bullets, wars of the future will be made easy.—New Orleans Picayune.

The teacher wined the boy, one day,
Who disobeyed the rule.
The scholars did not laugh or play
To see that lamm in school.

Miss Burdy—"Yes, I will be yours on one condition." Jack Junior—"That's all right. I entered Yale with six."—Yale Record.

Mike—"Why do them false eyes be made of glass, now?" Pat—"Shure, an' how else could they say throo 'em, ye thick-head!"—Yale Record.

After one girl has given you the sack and another the mitten, it is time to give up trying to gain your suit on the installment plan.—Hullfax Critic.

Hilow—"Look look here, Bloombur, I wouldn't be a fool if I were you." Bloombur—"No; if you were me you wouldn't be a fool."—Epoch.

"Pa, what is an auction?" "An auction, my son, is a place where a man pays an exorbitant price for something he don't want and can't use."—Epoch.

Life drives us till we're out of breath
With striving, begging, giving,
We have to work ourselves to death
That we may get a living.

"Suggest a motto for my new business venture, will you, Miss Agnes?" "What is the business?" "A dairy farm." "Then suppose you take 'let well alone'."—The Jester.

Querious—"How does your friend expect to derive any benefit from being elected an honorary member of the football team?" Prettwit—"He's a doctor."—Chicago News.

Wibble—"Yes, I believe in the office seeking the man." Wabble—"I notice that it usually has to seek the boy. At least that is the case in my office."—Indianapolis Journal.

A book agent—he came inside;
He stuck to the man like glue,
But spite of all hints and nods and winks,
Never left till he got throo.

Giles—"I'm glad I let that fellow have the small loan. He seemed overwhelmed with gratitude and said he could never repay me." Merritt—"That was strange. He told you the truth."—Chicago News.

"You are the light of my life," she said to him as she told him good-night at the front door. "Put out that light," growled her father at the head of the stairs, and the front door slammed.—Washington Star.

"Let us see, a cynic is a man who is tired of the world, is he not?" the young language student asked. "No, no, my child," replied the knowing tutor. "A cynic is a man of whom the world is tired."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The optimist sees but the roses of life,
The thorns meet the pessimist's view.
But the sensible man with an eye to the facts

Notes and knows how to handle the two.

"I see that in the preface of your book you say that it is written to fill a long-felt want. What do you mean by that?" "Why, I've been needing a square meal for the last eighteen months. Don't you call that a long-felt want?"—Chicago News.