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The cigarette is an illegal luxury for youth in twenty-nine States.

A census of the Province of Quebec, Canada, compared with the returns of 1881, shows a great exodus of the population.

The University of Geno, Italy, has established an academy for scientific travelers. It proposes to teach students how to observe and investigate all phenomena.

The New York *World* estimates that "in Western Nebraska from 8000 to 10,000 people are on the verge of starvation, and in New York City about 20,000 families are evicted every year for non-payment of rent. But more corn is produced in this country than 80,000,000 people could consume and the landlords of New York pocket over \$70,000,000 rent per annum."

Many women are finding congenial employment in the various libraries which have been established in nearly all the cities and towns throughout the country. The work is eminently suited for them, declares the New York *World*, and they have been found suited for the work. Mrs. Caroline Le Conte has been appointed State Librarian of South Carolina. She is an accomplished student, a resident of Columbia, and is the first woman to hold such a position in the State.

If there is no law upon the statute books to prevent a same person from being dragged from home, declared insane on the authority of two physicians, and left to the chance of meeting an upright judge to save him from incarceration in a lunatic asylum, it is time, insists the New York *News*, that one should be passed. How easily a man may be got out of the way in New York has recently been shown in the case of a well-to-do citizen, and the fact is not creditable. The existing statute on the subject evidently requires overhauling.

The United States has now become the greatest iron producing nation of the world, having produced 9,202,703 gross tons of pig iron in 1890, against about 8,000,000 gross tons produced in Great Britain, an excess of about 1,200,000 tons, or fifteen per cent. It has been attained by the most astonishingly rapid development of a vast industry which the world has ever seen, our pig iron production having increased from 4.04 millions in 1885 to 9.20 millions in 1890, an increase of 5.16 millions or 128 per cent., during which period the British production increased only from 7.42 to 8.00 million tons, or about 7.8 per cent.

Says the St. Louis *Republic*: We think we have some big churches here in America, but few of them have a seating capacity of over 1500 persons. Compared with some of the big churches of Europe ours are but as mole-hills to mountains.

Church	Seating Capacity
St. Peter's Church, Rome	34,000
Milan Cathedral	37,000
St. Paul's, Rome	32,000
St. Paul's, London	35,000
St. Petronio, Bologna	34,400
Florence Cathedral	24,300
Antwerp Cathedral	24,000
St. Sophia's, Constantinople	23,000
St. John's, Lateran	22,000
Norte Dame, Paris	21,000
Pisa Cathedral	13,000
St. Stephens', Vienna	12,400
St. Dominic's, Bologna	12,000
St. Peter's, Bologna	11,400
Cathedral of Vienna	11,000
St. Mark's, Venice	7,000
Spargen's Tabernacle, London	7,000
Dr. Hall's, the great church at Fifth avenue, New York, but	2,000

That the Chilians, who have been dubbed the Yankees of South America because of their business enterprise and stability of character, should have a revolution on their hands has disappointed and even shocked their well-wishers in this country, admits the New York *Tribune*. But the trouble seems to have sprung not from the lawlessness or unrest of the people, but from the unpatriotic course of a few politicians, especially Senor Balmaceda. The Chilians have advanced too far in the path of civilization to make it either possible or probable that they will revert to the state of chronic insurrection which has characterized so many countries of Latin America. After they have taught some politicians a salutary lesson order will doubtless be restored, and the people will again resume the industrial and commercial pursuits in which they have so signally distinguished themselves in the past.

OUR KIND OF A MAN.

Not an Apollo with snow-white hand,
A trifle austere, nor yet too bland;
But a heart of gold all through and through,
And tender and sympathetic, too—
Our kind of a man!

Ah, one who, walking the world's broad ways,
Sees little to blame and much to praise;
Has cheer and smile for the weary throng
And bold contempt for the bitter wrong—
Our kind of a man!

Yea, one who, ignoring baser ends,
Liveth for home and the good of friends;
Where, self forgotten, broad manhood lies,
A star in the glory of the skies—
Our kind of a man!

Who not for theories but for deeds,
Christ's own apostle, with love for crowds,
The world's brave prophet, after God's plan,
In healing and teaching he leads the van—
Our kind of a man!

—E. S. L. Thompson, in Frank Leslie's.

AN EVICTION FIGHT.

BY LUKE SHARP.

This is the story of the house of Maginley, its building and its wreck. A few days ago Maginley himself in Montana. He made his money in Australia and then came home to Ireland and foolishly built a house on a landlord's estate. It was built where labor and material were cheap. Stones cost next to nothing; in fact, the land around produced little else, and so Maginley spent \$1500 in building a nice two-story house with a slate roof upon it. Maginley was in America. Times were bad. His boys had not been able to make any money in the Scottish harvest fields. They wanted an abatement of the rent, but that the landlord refused to grant. The money was subscribed and was offered to the evictors by the priest of the parish, the celebrated Fr. MacFadden. It was refused as being offered too late, and the command was given that the eviction must proceed. I arrived on the ground just at the end of these negotiations. The police refused to allow me to pass down the road near the house to be attacked so I struck across the fields, keeping on the outside of the police cordon—threatened every now and then when I approached too near that line—and at last took up a position on the hillside, just outside the line of policemen and facing the end of the house where I could see what was going on on both sides of it.

I will now mention a little incident which, although trivial in itself, goes to account for the hatred with which the police are regarded in Ireland. When I took up my position as near to the outside line as I was permitted, the policeman near where I stood thought it would be the correct thing to stand in front of me so that I could not see what was going on. I moved up the hill a little and he moved up in front of me. I moved down and he again moved down in front of me. "I don't think you have any right to do that," I said.

"You move on," was his answer. My own impulse at the moment was to hit the man across the face with my umbrella, but I realized the futility of doing this to a man armed with a rifle, so I called to an officer, who was standing near by, inside the cordon.

"You cannot get inside," said the officer, anticipating the question that was usually asked him. "I do not want to go inside," I said, "but I want to know if it is any part of this man's duty to obstruct my view of what is going on?"

"Not at all," was the answer of the officer. Then addressing the man he ordered him to keep his place and I had no more trouble with that man. The fact is the police are over-zealous in their duties and get themselves disliked—not to put it too strongly.

Although there were so many people around the line kept by the police the silence was most intense. The house showed no signs of having anybody in it, yet everybody knew that a number of young men were locked inside and were going to defend the place as long as they were able.

Here a certain comic element was introduced. One of the officers of the constabulary looked as if he had just come off the Savoy Theatre stage after playing the part of an officer in the "Pirates of Penzance." He was a fine looking man with a heavy mustache and he had one eyeglass stuck in his eye. This, which doesn't look at all bad on Piccadilly, seems rather comical out in the wilds of Donegal. He strode into the open space before the house and with his one eyeglass cast a look up and down the house as if judging the best place to attack. Then he walked a few steps further with that pompous stage air of his and again glanced up and down that house. Finally he walked down to the other corner and gave the same glance. It looked rather ridiculous when you remember that only five boys were in that house and this officer had at least 150 armed policemen at his back. Nevertheless he examined the house as critically as if Napoleon were defending it, and the Old Guard that might die but never surrendered were going to take part in the conflict. When he stood back a man with a crowbar advanced to the corner of the house and drove his crowbar in between the stones. At the same instant appeared the head and shoulders of a man from out one of the second story windows. He had a stone in his hand and he flung it with a

viciousness that I have never seen equaled at the man with the crowbar. The stone went wide of its mark. The next came closer. The third, with deadly accuracy, hit the man and keeled him over, while the blood spouted from his cheek where the stone had struck. His comrades pulled him back into line. The head and shoulders disappeared from the second-story window and a cheer went up from the crowd of peasants who saw what had been done.

Maginley's house is situated on the hillside. The main body of policemen were on the side above the house. After the repulse of the crowbar man a number of police picked up a ladder and placed it on the edge of the roof. Then very nimbly three or four policemen ran up the incline. Instantly there was a shower of stones from all that side of the house—knocking down a couple of the policemen, but one managed to secure his place on the roof. He raised a hatchet which he had in his hand and struck the slates, which flew off in a dozen pieces, rattling down the roof and falling in a shower to the ground. Blow after blow was struck. Those inside, being unable to hit the man on the roof, began flinging stones at the crowd of police outside. Then the police, seized with a sudden frenzy, began to throw stones back at those in the house. This, I was told, was against the law, and it has been denied that the police throw stones; nevertheless they did it, and did it with a vengeance. In a very short time every window on that side of the house was riddled. The police threw with an accuracy and vigor that was admirable, looked at from their point of view. When the man on the roof had smashed a sufficiently large hole in it two or three more policemen with armfuls of stones rushed up the ladder in spite of the missiles flung at them and began throwing stones down the hole in the roof at those inside. Then a body of police took another ladder and smashed in the paneless sash of one of the upper story windows, giving the ladder one or two swings as the sash gave way from its impact. Placing the ladder on the window-sill, a dozen policemen, with great nimbleness, rushed up the ladder and entered the house. Another dozen or more quickly followed. The men on the roof ceased throwing down stones. The man with a hatchet pulled out a handkerchief and began to mop his brow. The rain of stones from the police stopped and silence again intervened, only broken by a low wail from the peasants on the hillside who knew their fate would be. In a very short time the door looking out on the hillside was opened and twenty or thirty police marched out with five ill-clad lads ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-four. The first prisoner who came out had a fearful cut on his face until it presented a most hideous aspect. Another had his hand completely smashed, and as the boy stood on the road he held his hand out from him and the blood streamed from it as if it were poured from a teapot, forming a great slowly conulating pool on the road. The police were very much excited, and when some of the English ladies, who had been wringing their hands and crying as they looked at the scene, tried to pass down the road to say a word of comfort to the prisoners, the police shoved them back with some degree of rudeness, although for that they were checked by their officers, who explained to the ladies that they would not be allowed to have a word with the arrested men. One of the young men was the son of Maginley, who was off in America. The rest were neighbors' boys from the immediate locality, and their relatives and friends stood on the hillside crying, as they saw their hands held up while the steel handcuffs were clasped upon them. Thirty or forty policemen completely surrounded them. Nobody was allowed to approach them or speak to them. The constabulary formed two double lines on each side of the young men. The order: "Forward, march," was given, and the regular tramp of the troops echoed down the hard road.

Then an officer of the law went to the ruined house, picked up a piece of broken slate and a handful of the earth near the house. He went inside to see that the fire was trampled out, because if a spark of fire is left alive the eviction is not complete. He searched the house to see that no domestic animal was inside. A dog is a domestic animal and if left inside of the house invalidates the eviction; a cat is looked on by this law as a wild animal and does not matter. Coming out the officer handed the piece of broken slate and the piece of earth to the agent of the landlord, saying, as he gave the slate, "There is your house," and as he gave the earth, "there are your lands." This was accepted by the agent, and thus the house that Maginley, who is in America, built with his own money, becomes the property of the landlord, who never expended a cent on the house, and never expended a cent on the land.

Thus ends the story of the House of Maginley, its building and its wreck.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Tommy," said an anxious mother to her boy, "your uncle will be here to dinner to-day, and you must have your face washed." "Yes, ma, but s'pose he don't come. What then?"—*Texas Siftings.*

A barking dog cannot bite, but the trouble is that he is likely at any time to stop barking and take a piece out of your leg.—*Somerville Journal.*

COTTON IN THE ORIENT.

IRRIGATION THE SECRET OF ITS SUCCESSFUL CULTURE.

How the Crop is Raised in the Valley of the Nile—The Story of the Industry.

Surprises have been coming out of Egypt ever since outside barbarians picked up intelligence enough to recognize that which was odd when they saw it. Even down to this day the Nile country has continued to send forth strange things, and every-day things put to unusual uses, and curious things to be used for most prosaic purposes. It was not very long ago that shiploads of all that was left of sacred cats and a job lot of run-to-seed mummies arrived in New York en route to the fertilizer factory. That was certainly putting what had once been objects of veneration and affectionate care to strictly utilitarian uses. And now Egypt stands as the source of supply of shipments to this country of what has always been considered a peculiarly American product, at least in its best forms.

A few days ago the *Times* told of the arrival in this port of a large cargo of Egyptian cotton shipped from Alexandria, to be worked into fabrics in New England mills. It consisted of 2150 bales, was valued at about \$350,000, and was by far the largest importation of the kind ever made into this country. Persons who are interested in the trade say, however, that a good deal of Egyptian cotton has been coming here from Europe in the shape of goods manufactured in English and Continental mills.

One American manufacturer began to experiment with the Egyptian product three years ago. He began buying a lot of fifty bales; now he gets 2500 bales in a lot. About twenty owners of cotton mills in this country are said to be using the imported article. To handle it they have to use combing machines and that fact probably keeps it out of other mills.

In Egypt itself there is no manufacturing of the cotton. The product is exported to be made into cloth and that is the last the producer generally sees of it. Two kinds of cotton are produced—one white, the other brown. The white is the less valuable of the two, as the staple is shorter.

Cultivation on a large scale began in 1821, in the reign of Mahomet Ali. Experiments were made with the seed from plants growing wild, and cotton was produced of a character good enough to warrant a rapid spread of its cultivation throughout Lower Egypt. Very high prices were realized for this early product.

A Frenchman named Jumel, a merchant, brought about the next step in the development. He imported the seed of Sea Island cotton from Florida and devoted much care to its culture. His trouble was well rewarded, for his experiments were highly successful, and the new grade of cotton he secured was a great improvement on that formerly raised. One result of his enterprise was the giving of his name to Egyptian cotton which is called either Jumel or Mako. The latter name is that of a planter who, previous to the Jumel experiments, had raised cotton on an extensive scale.

In the beginning the cultivation was a monopoly farmed out by the Government, but later on the fellahs secured the right to become planters. There was a boom in the industry when that privilege was granted. Methods employed were rudimentary then, and they are still far behind the time. Primitive tools are used, such as an American planter would regard as beneath contempt. There has all along been one factor in the case, however, which the peasant understood thoroughly. He knew how necessary irrigation was to cotton-growing in his country.

They have two methods of cultivating cotton in Egypt, on known as "Mesgani," the other as "Bali." In the former the fields are regularly irrigated with water pumped from the Nile and carried over the country in canals. In the latter the fields are thoroughly saturated before the planting takes place. After that the plants have to get along without water until the Nile rises. Then pumps are set at work and the fields get their needed supply of moisture. In Upper Egypt the Mesgani system is generally followed.

Directly the Nile inundations are of no benefit to cotton, although for a long time a notion prevailed that the overflow would serve to fertilize and irrigate the fields. Experience showed, however, that too great floods often meant that cotton could not be raised. So weirs or dams were provided to carry off the surplus water into canals. Planters have more or less difficulty from the fogs which prevail in September and October to the detriment of the crop. When the British took hold of Egypt they went to work on vast improvements designed to extend irrigation. A great deal of money has been expended on these works, which are expected to prove of lasting benefit to the planters.

There is some doubt whether the area under cotton cultivation can be extended very greatly. In the delta about 1,000,000 feddans, or acres, are in use for the crop, or about one-third of the total area under cultivation of all sorts. One estimate is that the limit of the crop is about 100,000 bales in excess of any year's yield so far recorded. Further up the Nile, to be sure, the system of irrigation may be perfected, and perhaps

that region may increase the total production more than is at present expected.

Nearly half the Nile delta, which was cultivated centuries ago, is unproductive now, because the water supply for three months of the year is none too large for the fields in use. To get much bigger crops it is estimated that storage reservoirs will have to be constructed, capable of taking in from 20,000,000 cubic meters to 50,000,000 meters a day. Even the smaller figure calls for a flow of 8000 feet per second.

The crop for 1889-90 turned out to be better than the unfavorable conditions indicated that it would be. The Nile was unusually low, and the weather was not all that could be desired. Systematic irrigation produced a good effect, nevertheless, and the season proved to be fairly prosperous.—*New York Times.*

About Glass Eyes.

"Good glass eyes come high," said an oculist recently.

"Cost a big price, do they?"

"Yes, the good ones do."

"Then there is a good deal of difference?"

"Oh, yes. They range all the way from fifty cents to \$50."

"Is there such a big demand for them?"

"Larger than most people suppose. The fact is that many people get along so well with a glass eye that not one person in ten suspects the fact."

"Some of our friends may be wearing one of these solid visual organs and we do not it?"

"Precisely. I'll bet that several people in this city with whom you are acquainted are wearing glass eyes and the fact has always escaped your attention."

"Tell me something about the business, doctor."

"In the first place the greater share of glass eyes, so called, are not glass. The best quality of artificial eyes is manufactured in America by a process which is kept absolutely secret. These are the lightest and best and will last longer. The Germans also make a fine artificial eye. The best eyes are made of stone. The German article is cheaper than the American. The veining in the foreign eye is not so well marked."

"What makes the trade profitable?"

"I'll tell you. One-eyed men are likely to be rather scarce, and one would think that having once started up they would buy no more. But this is not the case. An artificial eye gets to be a nuisance after it has been on duty for two or three months. Another one has to be purchased. This explains the reason for the lively trade in these articles. There'll always be a trade in them, and a good one, too."

"How is it we don't notice a glass eye in some men?"

"Because they know enough to keep still about the matter and wear the best eyes obtainable. In this way, if you notice anything at all peculiar about their optics you imagine they save a squirt or are cross-eyed."—*Buffalo (N. Y.) News.*

Lobbyists in England.

In England lobbyists are called parliamentary lawyers, and they are upheld by some people who really do not know much about them as a class infinitely superior to our lobbyists. Maybe they are as a class better than some of our lobbyists, but there are some of them a great deal worse than our lobbyists are as a class. They are supposed simply to argue before parliamentary committees, but what is to prevent them from arguing with the individual members of the committees? In the House of Commons of Great Britain are some of the most disreputable scamps in England. They frequent the gambling houses and the low saloons, and they are just as purchasable by an unscrupulous "parliamentary lawyer" as any member of Congress is in this country by a lobbyist. If there were statistics in existence they would show, without a shadow of a doubt, a greater percentage of corruptible members of the House of Commons than of the House of Representatives. The British lobbyist is at any rate a luxury fully as expensive as one of ours. A number of years ago it is said, that the enormous sum of \$410,000 was paid the parliamentary "solicitors" for one railway bill that never got into the House of Commons at all. There is a story of another British "lawyer," "who being retained to appear before a number of different committees at the same hour of the same day, having received a number of guineas for each attendance, was found by a friend reposing under a tree in the park, in order, as he said, that he might do equal justice to all his clients." Perhaps the cunning of our lobbyists was an inheritance from the old country. If the truth were known it would be found that many lobbyists prey upon the credulity of their clients and that they pretend to do a great deal of bribing, where in reality they do but little.—*Washington Star.*

A Faculty Prairie Dogs Lack.

Dr. Wilder has made an interesting note relative to prairie dogs. They seem to lack any sense of height or distance, owing, it is thought, to the nature of their ordinary surroundings—a flat, level plain, destitute of pitfalls of any kind. Several dogs experimented with walked over the edges of tables, chairs and other pieces of furniture, and seemed to be greatly surprised when their adventure ended in a fall to the ground. One dog fell from a window-sill twenty feet above a granite pavement.—*New York Journal.*

AN AIR CASTLE.

I built a house in my youthful dreams,
In a sunny and pleasant nook,
Where I might listen the whole day long
To the voice of a gurgling brook;
A cottage with wide and airy rooms,
And broad and shining floors—
A house with the hidden charms of home,
And the freedom of out-of-doors.

Fair morning-glories climb and bloom
At will by the eastern eaves,
And on the doorstep and window sill
The roses shake their leaves;
And fair old-fashioned lilacs toss
Their purple plumage high,
While honeysuckles drop their sweets
On every passer-by.

Down at the end of a pleasant path
Is a group of evergreen trees—
Pine and hemlock, and spruce and fir,
With their spicy fragrances;
And, sweetest picture of calm content
That mortal ever saw,
Under a low-boughed apple tree,
Is a bee hive made of straw.

I have pictured it all a hundred times—
I shall do it a hundred more—
But I never shall own the pleasant home
With the roses over the door.
Never a dream of mine came true;
It is Fate's unbending law.
I never shall see the apple tree,
Nor the bee hive made of straw.

But yet, in the airy realm of dreams
Where all my riches be,
I enter into the heritage
Which is also denied to me;
I have but to close my eyes to find
My Eden without a flaw—
The home, the garden, the apple tree
And the bee hive made of straw.

—*Elizabeth Akers Allen.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The pickpocket has his business at his fingers' ends.—*Epoch.*

It takes two to make a bargain; but only one of them gets it.—*Puck.*

A man never fully realizes the wealth of information he doesn't possess till his first child begins to ask questions.—*Essex Gazette.*

"It don't pay to be kind to pets," said Johnny. "I filled the goldfish globe up with milk one day, and the fish all died."—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Are you acquainted with this?" asked Banks, as he displayed an unpaid note to its maker. "No," replied Keyting, "I never met it."—*Puck.*

Boggs—"Hicks seems to a well-informed man." Foggs—"Yes, his wife is Secretary of the Home Missionary Society."—*New York Herald.*

The young man sadly counts his cash,
And finds, to his great sorrow,
His sleigh ride's left him scarce enough
To hire a cab to-morrow.

—*Washington Star.*

Namby—"She is very rich; do you suppose he had a tender feeling for her?" Hooks—"Of course, of course, a legal-tender feeling."—*New York Herald.*

Frightened Female—"Leave the house, sir!" Unabashed Burglar—"Oh, I wasn't going to take it—only the silverware and jewelry, mon."—*Danville Breeze.*

Hard on the Nerves—"He (discussing electrocution)—'I think decapitation is the worst death. I don't think I could meet it calmly.' She—"No; you would probably lose your head."—*Yale Record.*

How of a vague presentation
Of coming ill depresses us,
When if we'd but look back we'd find
'Tis breakfast that distresses us!—
—*Puck.*

Harry—"I see it stated, Miss Dora, that London ladies are always in terror of being sun-kissed. That terror does not extend to this country." Dora (shyly)—"Well, it depends on the sun."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Patrolman—"They've just took a floater out of the river with a cross marked on his forehead with a knife." Chief—"Start right out and arrest every man that isn't able to write his name."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Do you frequently pen this sort of thing?" asked the editor of the poetic contributor. "Oh, yes; very frequently." "Well, why don't you pen them so that they cannot get away and stray around like this?"—*Light.*

At a Workingmen's Congress: Door-keeper (to stranger)—"What are you? A possibilist, Guesdist, solutionist, Marxist, Eupist, Blaquist or collectivist?" Stranger (taken aback)—"I'm a machinist."—*Chicago News.*

Since every dog will have his day,
Pray, Towser, take thine own;
But be content with that, we pray,
And leave the night alone.

—*Washington Post.*

"I noticed that a tramp left the house as I came over the hill," said the farmer. "Yes," replied his wife, "he left the house, but he managed to get away with about everything else in sight. Maybe he'll come back after the house later on."—*Washington Post.*

As one by one our idols fell
And we of heroes were bereft,
Our grief, of course, we sought to quell
By thinking there were others left;
But now the tides of sorrow swell
Unchecked, and deep's our melancholy,
There never was a William Tell,
And Vallombrosa's leafless wholly.

—*New York Press.*

Mild Old Gentleman (goaded to madness by next room lodger)—"Good gracious! What are you pounding the furniture in that way for?" Idle Party—"Trying to kill time." Mild Old Gentleman (after deep thought)—"Well, I suggest that you also try to deaden the sound."—*American Gleaner.*